

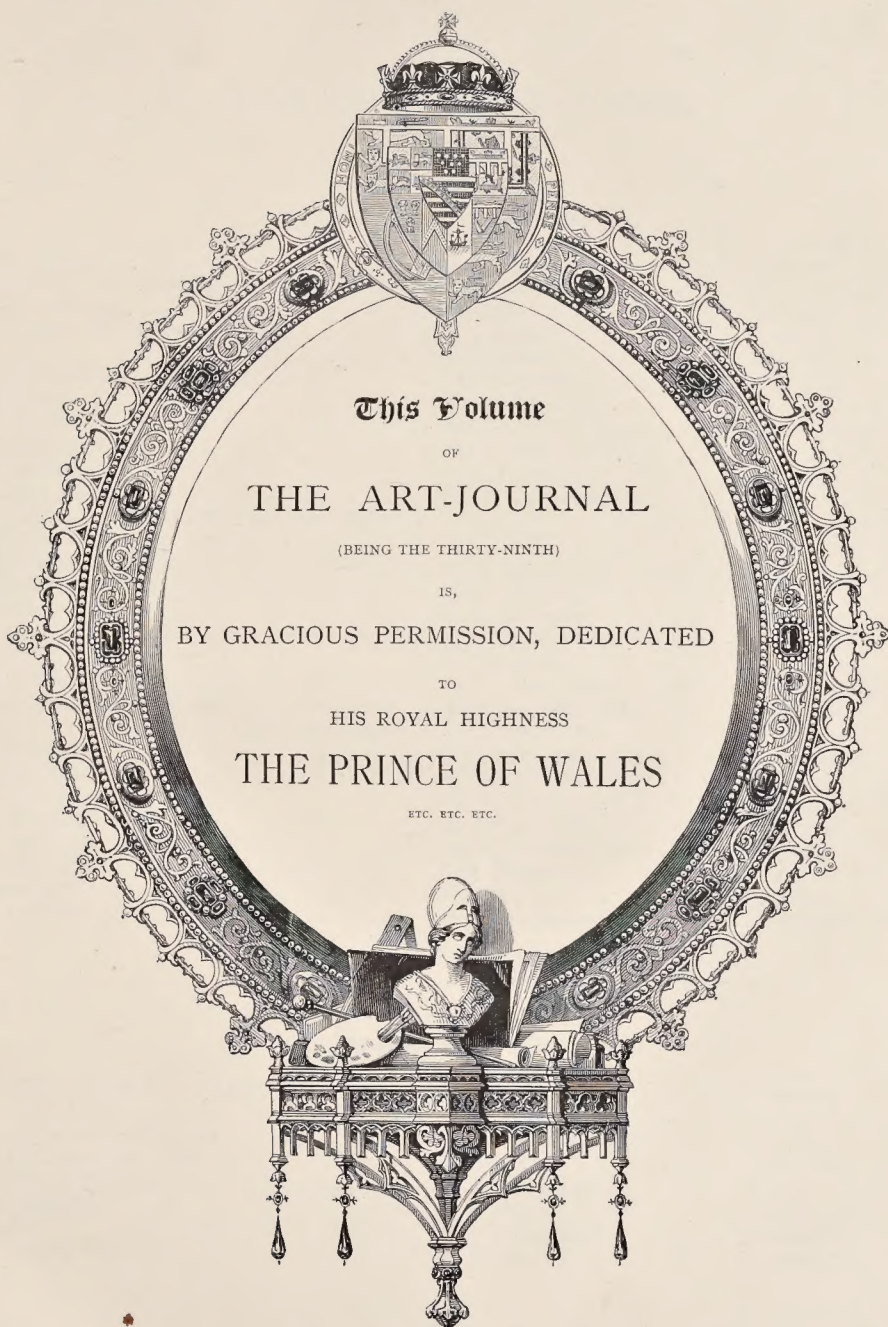
NEW SERIES.
VOLUME XVI.

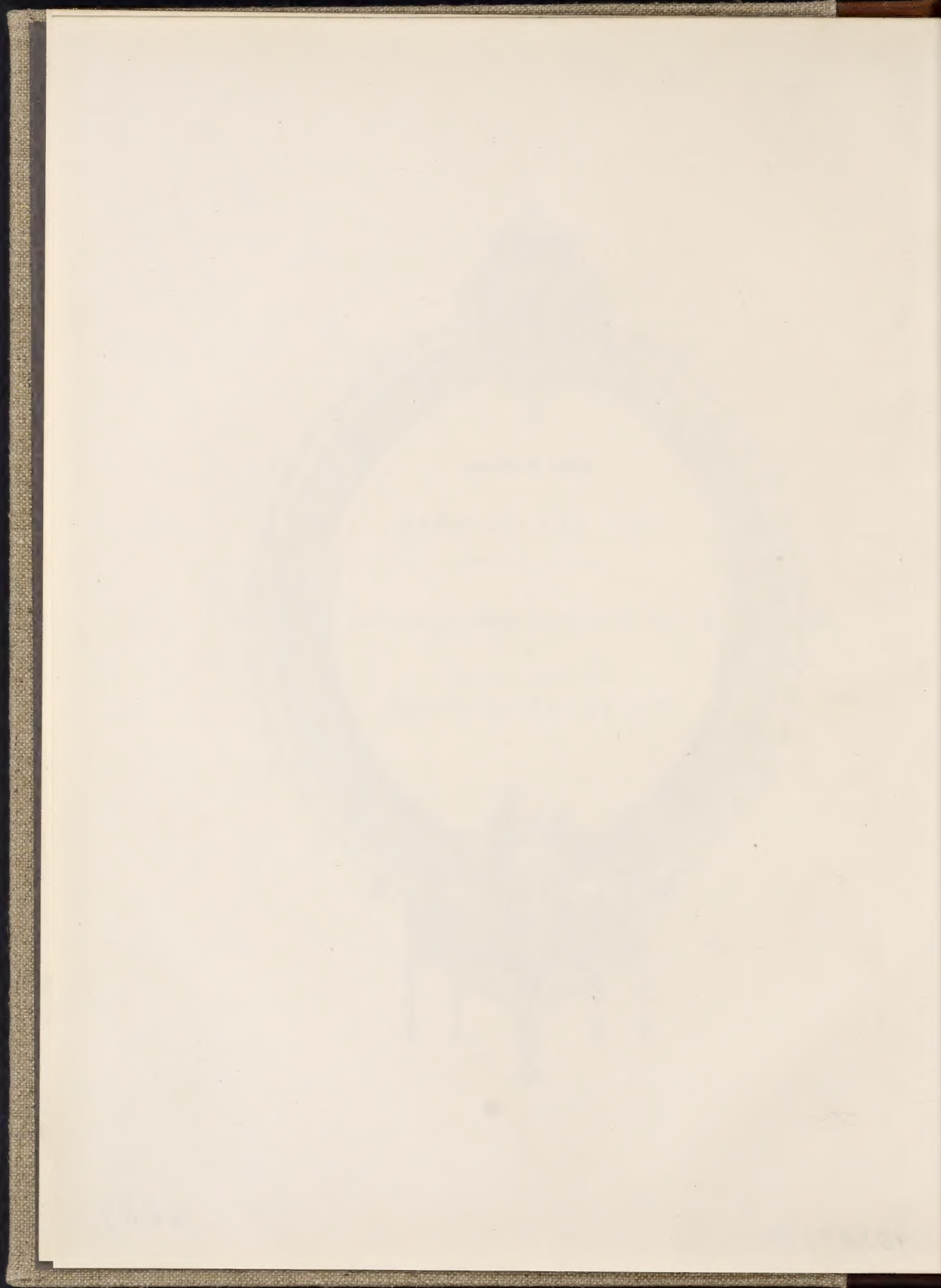
THE
ART JOURNAL



LONDON: VIRTUE & COMPANY, LIMITED.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY VIRTUE AND CO., LIMITED,
CITY ROAD.





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THE ART JOURNAL.

STUDIES AND SKETCHES BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A.

IT was our original intention to conclude this series of illustrations with the close of the last year, but we are induced to prolong it mainly by the fact that we have been honoured with the gracious permission of the Queen to engrave several drawings in *Her Majesty's Private Collection*. While we recognise in this act of royal favour the interest her Majesty feels in



Head of 'Duckel' (1840).—Lent by her Majesty the Queen.

what we have been doing in this matter during the last two years, we feel assured our subscribers will congratulate us on the grace accorded; and, at the same time, they will be gratified by the introduction of illustrations so beautiful in themselves,

JANUARY, 1877.

R

and so evident of the taste and judgment displayed by the Queen in selecting such subjects to enrich her portfolios. It is not, however, our purpose to continue the series monthly, as hitherto, but only at intervals, as circumstances may permit.

Though Sir Edwin Landseer held no such official appointment as "Court Painter," or any post equivalent to it, it is perfectly well known that no artist of the day was in so much request as he was at Court; and this can be no matter of surprise when we



'Eos,' 'Cairnach,' and a Dandie Dinmont (1841).—Lent by her Majesty the Queen.

remember, among other things, how great is the love of animals in every member of the royal family, from the Queen herself to the youngest of her illustrious children; and how much interest

the lamented Prince Consort took in our national field sports. Landseer was frequently an honoured guest at Windsor, Balmoral, and the other royal residences, and occasionally the



Shetland Pony and Hound (1857).—Lent by her Majesty the Queen.

companion of the Prince Consort in his Royal Highness's deer-stalking expeditions. Independently of the many pictures associated with royalty, of which, through engravings, the

public has been made familiar, the comprehensive catalogue of the artist's works published about two years since by Mr. Algernon Graves, includes a long list of his paintings, drawings,

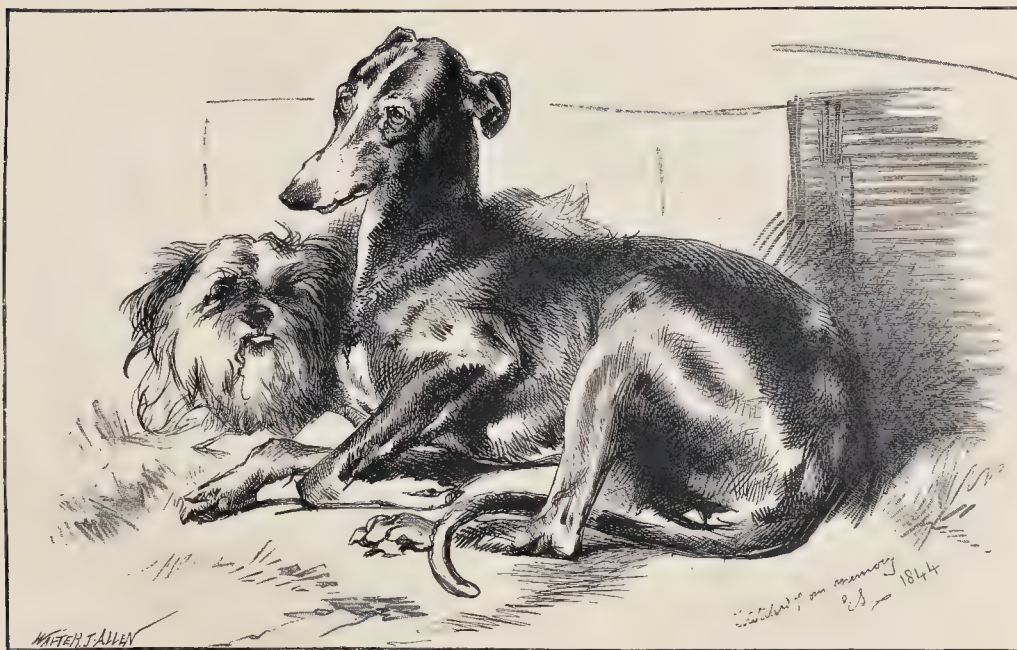
sketches, &c., the property of her Majesty, of which the world knew nothing. In a word, the Queen undoubtedly possesses the

finest and most extensive collection of "Landseers," with which no other collection in her Kingdom can pretend to compare.



An English Homestead.—Lent by her Majesty the Queen.

Though it would seem almost unnecessary, yet it may be as well, to say that the animals here represented were all of them



'Eos' and 'Cairnach' (1844).—Lent by her Majesty the Queen.

special favourites of her Majesty and H.R.H. the Prince Consort. 'Dücker' was, we have heard, a splendid specimen of a

breed of dog, the turnspit, now almost extinct—at least in this country. The group of three dogs in the next engraving represents

'Fos,' the favourite greyhound of the Prince Consort, 'Cairnach,' and a Dandie Dinmont. The 'Shetland Pony and Hound' were, it seems, sketched at Balmoral in 1857. Of the sketch of 'The

English Homestead' there is no date, nor any locality given, so far as we can ascertain. 'Eos' and 'Cairnach' appear on a larger scale in the next engraving. The group of two deer, on this



Stag and Hind (1850).—Lent by her Majesty the Queen.

page, was designed by Landseer for a heading to the Queen's *private letter-paper*; it was engraved for that purpose, and is

printed on the sheets: a somewhat similar, but smaller design, is used by her Majesty as a heading for her *private note-paper*:



A Dandie Dinmont (1842).—Lent by her Majesty the Queen.

we have an engraving also of this for future insertion. The 'Dandie Dinmont,' a splendid skye-terrier, was given to the Queen by the Prince Consort in 1842; a picture of him, endeavoring to worry a hedgehog, was painted by Landseer, and exhibited at the Academy in 1854: it was engraved by the late C. Mottram two or three years ago.

J. D.

AN APOLOGY FOR THE CONVENTIONAL.



IS it a sign of imagination in us, or of the lack of it, that we so frequently read words, and repeat them, having all the while only the vaguest idea of their strict meaning? Whichever it may betoken, there is no doubt that most of us are content with the hazy interpretation of a word suggested by the context, and seldom take any active steps to clear up our ignorance, even if we so much as recognise it. We meet with a word occasionally, at long intervals perhaps, and arrive at such a degree of familiarity with it that in time we fancy we know it, when, in fact, we know as little of its real meaning as of the true character of the lady with whom we now and then exchange compliments at the house of some common acquaintance. When a poor word happens to have several legitimate interpretations, they are as likely as not to get hopelessly confused, and to envelope in a haze of doubt the thing or thought to be expressed.

Such a word is "Conventional." Its common use only hinders, instead of helping, its exact interpretation as a term of decorative Art. People who are familiar with the word as a synonym for "orthodox," naturally attach that meaning to "conventional" when it is used as a technical term; and, since it is the fashion to talk glibly about Art, no matter how little one may know of the subject, they unhesitatingly use it in that sense; and so obscurity grows denser.

It is not to be supposed that a short paper like the present will suffice to disperse this haze entirely, still less to clear up all the misconceptions of which it is begotten; but it may at least be possible to define what is "conventional," and to give a reason for that preference for conventional ornament, which natural as it may be to savages, is among Europeans of the present day a sure sign of Art-culture.

The distinction between the Arts and the Trades is at all times rather a fanciful one. But let the painter and the sculptor and the poet claim what rank they please, the ornamentist bridges, though he may be no Colossus, the imagined gulf between the two. Sometimes he is at once designer, artificer, and vendor. Now in all trades there are traditions, and, as a rule, these traditions embody the accumulated wisdom of many generations. One who attempted to practise an art regardless of what had already been done in it by its masters, would simply waste good time over bad work. The best tools and the best ways of using them may not yet all have been discovered; but we may be pretty sure that in current modes of workmanship will be found the key to simpler and more perfect processes. A good workman is apt to hit upon a new manner, and good workmen following him will improve upon his discovery, so that the traditional ways of working represent the sum of trade experience. Unhappily, intelligent and earnest workmen do not largely preponderate in any art or trade. Adam Bedes are as exceptional as they are worthy. The lazy find out cheap and easy ways of shirking honest work, and succeeding lazy ones carry these tricks to the furthest possible point. One favourite expedient of laziness is never to go out of the beaten track, never to do anything that is new and wants thought, but to reproduce the same old well-worn pattern, till a man can do it almost with his eyes shut, certainly without consciously bringing his brains into play; and his handiwork is about as interesting as if it had been cast in a machine. It *has* been cast in a machine. This, it is to be feared, is what most men understand by "conventional" work, this stereotyped unchangeableness of detail!

But laziness is only one of the vices incidental to all crafts. The true conventionality that comes of knowing how to use one's tools with effect, controls to some extent the character of all good work; but it does not impose the slightest restraint upon variety or individuality, or even upon invention. Work is

conventional, inasmuch as it is characteristically smith's work, or embroidery, or wall painting, or whatever it may be—not at all because it is familiar. It may be at once perfectly conventional and perfectly original in design. A workman who is fairly proficient in any of the applied arts, and who is in the habit of thinking over what he is about, *must* produce work that is conventional. If he is a man of any individuality his work will be characteristic of him also, but it will be none the less conventional because he has put himself into his work. The least consideration will convince him that, having undertaken to ornament anything, whatever else he may do, he is bound to make it ornamental. For ornament is not a thing in itself; it has no separate existence. Before we begin to decorate we must have something to work upon, and it is the test of all good ornament that it is judiciously applied, that it does not in the slightest degree interfere with the use of the object decorated, and that it is strictly adapted to the nature of the material in which it is carried out. Misapply the most exquisite workmanship, and it is worse than wasted; add enrichment that unfits an object for its prime purpose, and it becomes offensive; work in antagonism to the material employed, and you produce, (perhaps) at great pains, an effect far inferior to what you might have gained with ease by an intelligent use of the means at your disposal.

If this were once for all understood, we might have some hope, however distant, of seeing the last of that detestable ornamental work which goes by the name of "naturalistic." But "naturalistic" is another of the words that are used without any definite knowledge of what they imply. For this so-called naturalism is not at all in accordance with the laws of nature. All the works of nature are adapted. Trees and plants are fitted for their parts and places—even when the circumstances of an individual plant are changed, nature modifies the habits of that plant to suit its altered state. If a flower that is naturally short in the stalk, with its leaves clustered closely round it, chance to grow among tall shrubs that overshadow it, it will shoot up so quickly, in its anxiety to get its share of the sunlight, that it will reveal long clear spaces of stalk between the leaves, quite contrary to its normal appearance. Again, the leaves of the ivy are spiral in their arrangement; but when it grows against a wall, they appear alternately on the stem, and the rooty fibres by which it attaches itself do not occur on the branches of the ivy when it has ceased to creep, and holds up its head among the trees.

Nature produces herbs and flowers that answer many human purposes; but her scope, apparently, does not include the art of decoration. If she had brought forth plants whose province in the world was that they should serve as models for the painter, or the carver, or the weaver, she would at least have modified existing forms and colours to suit this novel purpose. Since it is not so, it is obviously our business to adapt what we borrow from nature to the purposes of Art. Even the painter or the poet cannot afford to transcribe from nature too literally; many of the most beautiful but fleeting effects of nature decline to be transplanted bodily into Art, and appear, when isolated, to be discords. The grass in spring is never too green, for the shadows of the clouds flit constantly over it, and its intensest colour is only revealed by an occasional burst of sunshine that is too bright to last. But the grass in pictures, though perhaps never quite so vivid as in nature, is often far too startling to be pleasant.

Surely a picture or a poem should, before all things, fulfil its purpose. Both the Art and the nature in it should be subordinate to the impression that it is meant to convey; and all that interferes with this should be subdued. The higher the aim of any work of Art, the more dangerous become minuteness of detail and prosaic realism. In "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," the imagery all adds to the impressiveness of the poem; while in the picture of 'Christ Blessing Little Children,'

attributed to Rembrandt, which is now in the National Gallery (whatever may be the skill in drawing or in the management of light and shade), the realism that revels in rude Dutch humanity, and takes no heed of the Divine ideal, is quite out of sympathy with the subject, and the result is there is little in the picture to impress us either as men or Christians. A painter who had no feeling for the subject might have had the grace to leave it alone. How any one, having undertaken it, could so completely leave out all the beauty that seems essentially a part of it, it is difficult to understand.

Something like idealism in the higher walks of Art is conventional treatment in ornament. All ornament should be conventional. It may be said to be conventional when it *con-venit*—when it comes together, coalesces, and, in short, harmonises with the object ornamented. That it does not do this is the chief sin of all merely imitative work.

It seems as if this, once fairly stated, must be obvious—and yet it is strange how universally it is denied in practice. One can scarcely call to mind an instance in general literature of any hint of a restrained taste in decorative Art; examples of a preference for what is florid and ill-judged abound. Leigh Hunt enlivened his prison walls with a paper in imitation of a trellis of roses, and Byron was charmed with the effect. One would have thought that the prison was bad enough without the wall-paper! In "The Cloister and the Hearth," Charles Reade appears to sympathise thoroughly with his Margaret van Eyck when he makes her very wroth at the flat treatment of illuminations common in the fifteenth century. She ends by taking the brush from her pupil's hand and proceeding "to shade her fruit and reptiles a colour false in nature, but true relatively to that monstrous ground of glaring gold; and in five minutes out came a bunch of raspberries, stalk and all, and a' most flew into your mouth." Surely that is just what the illuminator should have avoided. One would have been inclined to credit an artist who had the tact to use "a colour false in nature, but true relatively," with wit enough to keep her raspberries within bounds. If one of the author's characters were accused of walking out of his pages, it might not appear to him to be the highest possible compliment on his work as Art. Another popular author shows a singular capacity for misunderstanding the gist of the whole matter. In a caricature of the early days of the Government Schools of Art, an examiner is made to say: "You are not to have in any object of use or ornament what would be contradiction in fact. You don't walk about flowers in fact, you cannot be allowed to walk upon flowers in carpets; you don't find that foreign birds and butterflies come and perch upon your crockery; you never meet quadrupeds going up and down walls; you must not have quadrupeds presented on walls." This may serve to raise a laugh—perhaps that was its sole purpose; but Charles Dickens should have known better than to abuse the public confidence in him by leading his readers astray. What he says amounts simply to nonsense, and does not touch the point at all. The flowers that overspawl so many drawing-room carpets are in bad taste, because they are obtrusive; they are uninteresting because they show a want of intelligence and purpose on the part of the designer; they are inartistic because they mimic, in a coarse and clumsy manner, the delicate tints and tones of nature; they are abominable because, if they *could* reproduce the beauty of nature, they would be quite unfit for their purpose.

It is not merely the representation of things that would themselves be out of place that is objectionable. It is the imitation that is out of place. A china flower-vase in imitation of wickerwork is no more deplorable than a dessert-dish which consists of vine-leaves modelled in majolica. The fact that the basket would not hold water, and that the natural vine-leaves might serve very well for an impromptu dish does not alter the case. It is necessary to distinguish clearly what it is that is wrong in these imitative tricks, and why wrong. Both examples err doubly. It is against all reason to make a vase after the model of a basket, or to fashion a dish in the likeness of a leaf. Equally senseless is it to treat porcelain as if it were osiers, or to confound the accidental fitness of a natural vine-leaf with the quite different characteristics of a really serviceable dish. For

it is an inflexible law of design that in every work of decorative Art the artist should be influenced by two distinct considerations, viz. by the purpose of the thing to be decorated, and by the characteristic qualities of the material in which he is working. To design, as has been done in these two instances, without regard to either consideration, is to confess one's incapacity, and to confess it twice over.

Perhaps one could not choose a better illustration of the necessity of some sort of conventional treatment in the Arts of design than that of the heraldic painter. In the light of the present day it looks rather a dried-up, mummy-like Art, dead to all intents and purposes, subservient often to the pomp and pride of those who display on their coach-panels a shield no ancestor of theirs was ever known to bear in war. One distinctive merit, however, belongs to heraldry. It is governed by fixed laws, which not only conduce to good effects of decorative colour, but render the gravest offences in that way impossible; for to use metal upon metal, or colour upon colour, is false heraldry, and there must, therefore, always intervene some gold or silver between any two colours, which serves both to mitigate any crudity in the colours themselves, and to soften the harshness of their contrast. This may account in some measure for the rather frequent use of heraldry in decorative Art. At any rate, this half-obsolete Art still lingers on, and people do not seem disposed to let it die outright. Well, if it is to be kept alive, in the name of all that is consistent let us have *heraldic* heraldry, something thoroughbred, not a mongrel something between heraldry and the illustrations of a natural-history-book! Heraldry is symbolism, and deals in symbols, not pictures. The mediæval designers knew far too well what they were about to paint "a lion, gules," in the form and fur of the lion at the Zoological Gardens, dyed red. Their object was to represent, not the anatomy of a natural lion, but the physical bravery, the lion-like nature (as they conceived it) of some fighting knight; and, regardless of zoology, they chose to symbolise it in forms that were sufficiently intelligible without being too literal, in colours that were gorgeous without much danger of being garish. And they were right: a zoological lion is as out of place on a shield-of-arms as an heraldic beast would be in the deserts of Africa. If you want to paint a lion, paint a lion, and not a nondescript creature that might with equal propriety be called a leopard or a cat! say the advocates of naturalistic treatment. Agreed. But what is wanted in heraldry is not a real lion, but a symbolical beast. Then paint the symbol. Take, for instance, the much-abused lions of Sir E. Landseer. Allowing that lions are so formed anatomically, and that a lion after a full meal, or a lion in love, might wear such an expression of maundering silliness as greets us four-fold in the countenances of the lions in Trafalgar Square—the accomplished painter has emphatically failed to represent "the British Lion;" and if it was desirable to have lions there at all, it was the British Lion, the symbolical embodiment of British power and sovereignty, that was wanted—any other lion at the base of Nelson's Column is about as appropriate as a rhinoceros would be, or a gorilla—not nearly so suggestive as a crocodile.

The reasonableness of an ideal or conventional manner is perhaps most obvious in this little Art of heraldry; but it is imperative that things represented in *any* decorative Art should be translated into the language of that Art. At the root of all that is beautiful in Art is loyalty to nature—not the mere fidelity to fact, but truth—truth to itself and to its own high aims. The expression of this deeper truthfulness is called "*conventional*."

The conventional forms common to any of the applied Arts are part and parcel of a workmanlike process. If a man who knew absolutely nothing about pottery were set to design a pot upon paper, he would probably imitate to the best of his ability something else; but if the Art of "throwing" were first carefully made clear to him, and he were to begin at once to work at the wheel, he would most likely (as soon as he could achieve anything) produce, in all unconsciousness, a replica of some rude Saxon, or Roman, or Mexican earthenware. If he proposed to add some further ornamentation, his box of watercolours would, perhaps, betray him into a design which was intended to rival

nature; but if he had the vessel before him, and the few fit materials for pot decoration at hand, he would more probably proceed to stamp or scratch on it patterns such as we find on the very earliest ware, or to paint on it something distantly related to the ornament on the Etruscan vases. To see a potter at his wheel is to realise how the common forms of pottery *could not* be different from what they are; and it is equally obvious to any one accustomed to invent, or even to reproduce, such work as the so-called honeysuckle pattern and others which occur in Etruscan pot-painting, that they were the natural and inevitable result of a free use of the brush, and of allowing it, in a measure, to have its own way. Just so the very different conventionality of Japanese ornament on lacquer (approaching sometimes very closely to nature), proceeds from the fact that the artist knew quite definitely what means of representation he had, and what he could do with them. He did not attempt what was out of his reach, or what would perhaps have been feasible with other materials; he contented himself with transcribing so much of nature as his tools would allow, and no more. In this way he succeeded in producing work which gives equal pleasure to those who have sufficient cultivation to appreciate the exquisite fitness of the Art, and to those who, ignorant of Art, recognise only its fidelity to nature. Greek ornament seldom approached very nearly to nature; but the best Japanese work is an instance in answer to the question as to how far one may go with safety in the direction of imitative ornament. The limit of natural treatment in design is not marked by a hard line separating ornament from all that is pictorial in Art: there is no fixed boundary anywhere, only, as it were, a high-water mark, beyond which the tide of nature seldom dares to rise. Imitation may be carried as far as you please, so long as the object ornamented does not obtrude itself. The thing to be decorated must always be in the artist's thoughts. If for a moment he be perverted from his decorative purpose by the delight in the power of copying nature, the probability is that his work will distract attention from the object it professes to ornament to itself; or, perhaps draw to it more notice than is becoming. The nearer the decorator ventures to nature, the greater the danger of falling into the vulgarity of making his Art obtrusive. It is wise to be sparing of imitative ornament; the more sparing, the closer the imitation comes to nature.

This implies that where ornament occurs in masses, and where a pattern is many times repeated, the nature in it must be toned down to the necessary key and made subsidiary to Art. To

some, no doubt, this assertion will seem a sort of heresy, a kind of treason against nature; but it is a treason of which they too are guilty when they cook their food before eating it. The degree of cooking necessary varies with the circumstances; but it may safely be said that the more frequently the pattern is repeated, the more imperative it is that it should be thoroughly well done. The best carpets, for instance, are the Persian, Indian, and Turkey—and all the nature has been pretty well cooked out of their design: they are the very reverse of naturalistic.

In all fabrics that occupy subordinate places in decoration, a too-natural treatment will bring them out of their places. Wall-papers and carpets are, after all, only backgrounds, and they are therefore best when, at a little distance, they lose themselves in a pleasant haze of soft colour, only revealing the beauty of design that is in them when we come closer and look for it. Such fabrics, if further designed with a view to the respective positions they are intended to occupy in a room, and to the processes of their manufacture, *must* assume a conventional character that is peculiar to them. The patterns of the Persian rugs and carpets show distinctly how they grew out of the Art of weaving—and how admirable they are!

Certain objects, such as things purely ornamental, and certain portions of objects, such as the doors and panels of furniture and the like, deserve more prominence; and in these posts of honour the artist is justified in a freedom of treatment that elsewhere would be license. Yet even where he comes nearest to the liberty of the painter he cannot afford to forget that their aims are distinct. Pictorial Art may lay some claim to a separate and independent existence; but decorative Art exists only relatively. Its relation to the thing decorated is its measure of conventionality.

To judge anything by a false standard is to misjudge it, whether it be Art that we misjudge by comparing it with nature, or decorative Art by considering it as if it were pictorial. Judge ornament after its kind, consider it as ornament, and you cannot fail to see that it must of necessity be conventional. However closely it may at times approach the borders of naturalism, the ornament that "o'ersteps the modesty of nature" oversteps itself, and falls from its ambitious height into the slough of bad taste. The touchstone of taste in decorative Art is fitness. Beauty queens it over all, but she does not step forward and assert herself—that would ill become the queenly dignity.

LEWIS F. DAY.

ON THE PROBABLE INFLUENCE WHICH THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION WILL HAVE ON THE PROGRESS OF ART IN AMERICA.

By PROFESSOR T. C. ARCHER, F.R.S.E., Etc.

A GREAT Exhibition like that which has just been held in Philadelphia must produce great results amongst a people so ready to learn as our relations on the other side of the Atlantic undoubtedly are. We ourselves have only to look back over the comparatively short space of time which has intervened between our first Exhibition in 1876 and the present, and we shall see that a quarter of a century only has been required to raise us greatly in our feeling for Art, and has gained for us a respectable position in the Art world, particularly, and chiefly, as respects decorative art, in which, prior to that event, we had sunk very low. That Great Exhibition not only stimulated taste, but it may almost be said to have created it amongst the general public of this country, where it was almost extinguished. In the United States, however, there has been for a long time past a strong desire amongst the cultured classes for improvement in everything artistic connected with their everyday life, whether in the style of their houses and furniture, or in objects of personal adornment; and if they had had the same opportunities as

most of the communities of the old world possess, they would long ere this have taken a high position in this respect. But they have had two great evils to contend against; one, of course, their separation from all the great Art museums and private collections which are so available to the anxious European student; the other, and perhaps the worse one, the mischief of bad teachers, who, taking advantage of the want of better ones, have occupied the field, and sown therein weeds which will not easily be eradicated. It would be very difficult to describe some of the *bizarre* effects produced in many of the attempts to decorate certain of the most modern buildings—Moorish, with a mixture of Persian and Gothic, with not unfrequently a touch of Chinese, is seen in some pretentious efforts which could be easily named; but it is fair to say that they have met with the inevitable fate of such incongruities, they have dissatisfied the educated classes, and have been nicknamed "Dutch style," not from any supposition that our Netherland neighbours are considered responsible, but because

the German artists have been mostly employed in such designs.

But as a set-off against these two great evils, there is amongst the educated and wealthy classes a large proportion who have travelled with good effect in the old countries, and who have taken home with them sound principles of Art, which lead them to seek by every means in their power to introduce examples that cannot fail to do their work. Besides which admirable museums are already formed, and are beginning to produce their natural effects in the localities surrounding them. The Metropolitan Museum, New York, the new Fine Art Museum at Boston, the Museum of the Academy of Fine Art, Philadelphia, are grand institutions, liberally supported and admirably managed; whilst many others are springing up in the various States, and will in time give a healthy tone to American Art. All these public institutions will become greatly enriched by purchases and gifts from the Centennial Exhibition, and the objects acquired will remain as permanent lessons to the numerous visitors who throng the museums in great numbers whenever they are open. But the millions who have thronged the vast buildings of the Exhibition itself have not been idle. Some have undoubtedly visited it without much benefit to themselves or others, but a very large proportion went with a determination to gather from it valuable information. Manufacturers had their eyes open, and studied carefully the points in which the old world manufactures surpassed their own; and that they would find the case in almost every instance in which decorative Art was employed to enhance the value of the object. To them the lessons of the Great Centennial Exhibition would be of priceless value, which they will be obliged speedily to turn to account, for the same process that has taught them has also instructed those whom they wish to be their customers. Just such was the case in 1851, when our manufacturers learned that it would no longer do to go on in the old groove; their customers were instructed by the Exhibition, the standard of public taste was raised, and they must either rise up to the new level, or the continental agents would soon meet the demand. They accepted the inevitable, and met the difficulty by unsparingly suiting their establishments to the new state of things, and most of them have been rewarded. It would not be difficult to mention firms of whom as a nation we are proud, who then entered into a course of expenditure in their various establishments which was looked upon by more timid people as positively ruinous, but which has happily turned out exactly the reverse. Happily, because it has benefited instead of ruined those who so nobly tried the experiment as much for national credit as for their own interests, and because their public spiritedness has had the effect of elevating in a remarkable degree the tastes of the people of Great Britain, and is in so small degree extending to many other countries. It is difficult, with such lessons before us, to believe that similar benefits will not arise from the Exhi-

bition so recently closed. The great American people are apt scholars; they have advanced many points beyond where we were in 1851, and they know the impossibility of standing still either in the Arts or manufactures. They have plenty of highly-cultured men amongst them who will gladly direct any movement in the way of improving the national taste: and teachers will be soon tempted to leave their European homes when they see that Art has a home in the New World.

One of the evils of the late Exhibition is the very large amount of meretricious Art which was displayed. Take, for instance, the Art Department *per se*. It seems to have been thought that everything which would not sell in Europe would be welcome in America. It is a satisfaction to know that this speculation was a failure. Mr. Sartain, who so ably presided over the Fine Art Bureau, must have suffered terribly, for he is an earnest and an accomplished connoisseur; but there was one regulation wanting in the generally admirably-planned rules of the Exhibition. It was carried out in the British department, because it has been our rule. Had our American friends adopted it, it would have saved them the erection of a costly building, and it would have saved the public from wandering uselessly through its spacious halls. The rule is a simple one. Every country sending a display of its Fine Art should remember that its credit is at stake, and should therefore with the greatest care appoint a most competent committee to select such works only as are fairly representative of the best artistic feeling of that country. Had this been done, the immense Annex would not have been needed for Memorial Hall, and an enormous amount of unprofitable fatigue would have been saved to the visitors; and what would have been of still greater importance, the vicious lessons of depraved Art would not have been taught. But the experiment of a Great Exhibition so far off from what have always been considered the Art centres was so questionable, that the executive could never have counted upon anything so successful as that which they actually realised; perhaps had they attempted to repress too much the meretricious, they might have checked the meritorious; we must, therefore, take the good with the bad, and it is a pleasant thing to be able with truth to say that the latter was so small relatively to the former that its effects are almost certain to be soon neutralised. One lesson has been taught by the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia from which the long-practised organisers of European Exhibitions may well take a lesson. From first to last the Executive Department, although saddled with a cumbersome Federal combination called the Centennial Commission, has displayed an ability for pleasing everybody, and making all things go on smoothly, which has never been surpassed; and the names of Director-General Goshorn, Mr. John Welsh, Mr. D. J. Morell, Colonel Asch, Mr. Shoemaker, Mr. Thomas Cochran, Mr. Henry Petit, Mr. H. J. Schwartzman, and some others, will be added to the roll of names which have made Exhibitions famous.

SIMPLETONS.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE PUBLISHERS.

S. L. FILDERS, Painter.

C. COUSEN, Engraver.

THE old and almost worn-out aphorism, "it is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous," might, if the relative terms were reversed, be not inaptly employed in speaking of this picture, exhibited at the Academy in 1873, and of Mr. Filders's dismal work, hung there in the following year, 'Applicants for Admission to a Casual Ward,' with its "Dumb, wet, silent horrors! Sphinxes set up against the dead wall, and none likely to be at the pains of solving them until the *general overthrow*." The one, "sublime"—if such a term may be used in such a sense—only in its appalling wretchedness, destitution, want, and wickedness; the other, ridiculous, but only to those who have themselves never been similarly circumstanced, or who regard all lovers as imbeciles or lunatics; and it may be

doubted whether any one of either sex who has reached the age of five and twenty, for example, has not at some time or other played the "simpleton" as these two in the boat are playing. The gentleman has pulled his boat into a secluded and very pleasant nook, where the tall rushes and shady trees screen them from observation, and white water-lilies float on the surface of the stream. Though the lady appears to be abstractedly dabbling her fingers' ends in the water, she is listening to all the soft words he addresses to her; while the pet dog looks on as if trying to comprehend the meaning of what is taking place. The composition shows no originality, but the subject is very nicely put together, is very well balanced throughout, and the picture bears evidence of much careful painting.







NORWAY.

By R. T. PRITCHETT, F.S.A.

CHAPTER I.



Tyssestrængene Foss.

sixteenth century, and introduced by our immortal bard of Stratford-on-Avon into *Hamlet*.

Norway is grand, picturesque, wild, and bold, its principal features being the long arms of the sea running inland for many miles, sea water dashing against the most precipitous façades of rocks, and the snow water coming down from the high ranges in many instances, and falling straight into the sea itself. These arms of the sea are called "Fjords," and two are especially grand and of immense expanse, the Sogne Fjord, the largest, and the Hardanger; both of them are rich in snowscapes and waterfalls, and the latter will be taken for the subject of the present paper. The Hardanger is the richer of the two in the matter of waterfalls, having two to boast of, the Voring Foss and the Skjæggerdal Foss, sometimes called the Ringedal Foss, as falling into the Ringedal Vand. The Voring Foss, which is approached from Vik, is better known than the latter fall, which is more grand in form and power; to reach it one should stop at the end of the fjord. The difficulty of access and roughness of road have prevented many from attempting to reach it; still it is well worth any passing discomfort or fatigue to have the privilege of communing with nature under such a combination of circumstances. Arrived at Odde, arrangements must be made to remain at least three or four days, so as to visit the following most interesting localities:—

1. Skjæggerdal Foss.
2. Buerbræ Glacier.
3. Folgefond.
4. Grondal Laate Foss, and other fosses.

1877.

The immense extent of the snowfields of the Folgefond should not be missed, and for these a day not too bright should be selected especially; for pleasant as fine weather is, still, nature is not always seen to the greatest advantage in cloudless weather, and more particularly in mountain scenery, where mist and broken cloud relieve the various peaks, detach them one from the other by the most delicate films, impart grandeur with endless variety, and give size, draping the peaks with mystery and majesty. Now for the foss.

What a delightful sensation is that of rising on a fine morning, with a glorious excursion before one, in a mountainous country. The freshness of the morning, the early mist waiting its bidding to rise, the anticipation of coming pleasure—these were at Odde, our starting-place.

The village of Odde, with its simple church, a station for carriages and boats, its few wooden houses, kind, simple people, and one lazy-looking sailing craft, or "jagt," is fortunate in having a young guide, who, following in the steps of his father, has by his many good qualities influenced numerous people to visit this most excellent place; and all who have been there once seem to wish to go again. Our arrival from the Hankelid route, coming down the Grondal, was late, in fact about 2 A.M.; leaving the lake above Odde, we first caught sight of the Hardanger Fjord, with the village lying below, the church in strong relief, with its few buildings against the bright water. One felt greatly inclined to sit and muse over such a scene, so calm, so peaceful, so solemn, so silent, for no singing-birds ever chirrup in this northern land, and their absence is most noticeable.

Early in the morning we are up, and with every promise of fine weather, and comfort from our "nosebags" (most necessary items for this travelling), we start for the Skjæggerdal, an excursion which should take fourteen hours to do comfortably. What enjoyment can there be, what satisfaction, what knowledge gained in a strange country, if one flies through it as if training for some event and engaged in athletic sports themselves? The start is made from Odde down the lake to Tysedal, about an hour's row on the fjord; soon is seen a white line running out from the shore, soon the boat is caught by the stream, swung round, and we near the land in the backwater. This is the exit of the snow water coming from the foss into the sea water of the fjord.

Now to begin three hours' good steady walking up, up, up through pine woods, with boot soles polished by slippery needles, now and then ledges of rocks, and oftentimes a sweeping, shelving sweep of smooth rocks, dangerous for most, ticklish for every one, especially should they have any tendency to giddiness. In some parts logs have been laid in the fissures, and in one place a kind of all-four ladder; still all enjoy it, and glory in the freshness of the trip. After this tough walk the upper valley is reached, and the farm, Skjæggerdal "gaard," is in sight. Here was found milk and coffee, a kindly people quite out of the world. The homestead, so lonely in winter, now bright in summer-light, with peasant farmfolk and a singing guide; but even "Danjel," with his eagle profile, is not always inclined to sing his best; perhaps he is aware of the report that the priest, having heard that Danjel had fallen in love, had forbidden the banns, simply on the score of his too strong resemblance to the feathery tribe just mentioned. Leaving the farm, we go down to the boathouse, covered with huge slabs of stone to prevent it being blown away by the "wintry winds," and enter the boat to cross the river at the foot of the foss, from the Ringedal Vand. Once over, we are soon at the Ringedal Lake, which is all snow water, most crystally clear, and containing no fish, no life, on account of its extremely low temperature. On the left of the lake is seen high up the Tyssestrængene Foss, as shown under our initial letter. Near the foot of this we stop to go up and see the "bear self-shooter," or

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trap, where bruin, it is hoped, may run against a wire, which fires two barrels heavily charged; a bad look in the future for tourists who eschew guides, as this is the only accessible road. At the back is the immense snow expanse of the Folgefond, and in

front of us we hear a distant roaring thud of continuous waters, our "fall." Rounding a point, we look up and see it. The best time is when the snow water is in full spate, then it is truly majestic. The whole air seems whirled round in eddies;



Buerbræ Glacier.

the fall comes shooting and leaping over, falling in inverted rocket forms, half breaking on a ledge of rocks; the foam, the roar of waters, the vast spray, everything is soaked and dripping;

the energy of nature in a most sublime form—the Skjæggerdal Foss itself.

We were loth to leave the spot, but started off a little taci-



Odde, Hardanger.

turned by the impression the scene had made on us, and safely returned to receive the kind hospitality of our friends at Odde, and next, to visit the "Buerbræ Glacier." This glacier has especial interest for all lovers of nature, from the fact of its being not only a new formation, or creation, but being still in progress of

development. This is caused by the immense pressure of the large snowfields above in the Folgefond, which bodily weigh and force down the ice into the valley. Our good friend Tollefson, father of the young guide previously mentioned, was born in the valley where the glacier is now gradually carrying all

before it; fifty years ago, he told me, there were no symptoms of ice; gradually it formed and advanced—in 1870, ninety yards; in 1871, four yards in one week; and in 1874 it made a more rapid advance. When we were there the front ice was just ploughing up a large rock and pushing it over; on either side the rocks are steep, and, throughout, the colour of the ice is very beautiful, for the ice itself is as lovely in colour as the Rosenlain Grindenwald. Where will it end? Most likely drive steadily on to the lake above Odde. Who can tell?

At the farm was seen a beautiful piece of carving, in the form of a saltbox, very old, but well worth preserving. In a future number will be given some specimens of the native work.

The costume of this district is very striking and characteristic, the chief feature being the head-dress, or cap, called in Norske "skaut;" it is formed of white muslin crimped, the hair hidden by the white band over the forehead, the white cap rising in a semi-circle above the head; the corners fall down the back nearly to the waist in a point; white linen sleeves, with scarlet



Skjæggerdal Foss.

body bound with black velvet, the stomacher worked in different coloured beads and bugles; the chemisette fastened with old silver brooches, and the collar joined either by a stud or brooch. The apron is equally picturesque: it is of white muslin, with three rows of open insertion-work on a pink ground; this is generally well thrown up by a dark petticoat, so that the whole costume produces a very striking effect. These costumes were pleasingly brought together one evening when we were invited by Svend Tollefson to a little dance at his mother's house. The

father and mother sat together, whilst the younger folk stood round, some few sitting. The fiddler was grand in action and eccentricity, with tremendous catgut fire; a few involuntary notes trespassing now and then, with good stirring effect on the dancers. The young Svend, evidently a favourite with the youth and beauty of Odde, was continuous in his dancing, principally the "Spring Dance," a waltz in which it is most desirable that the swain should be taller than the maiden, for the former has to run round the latter as she waltzes, holding her hand over

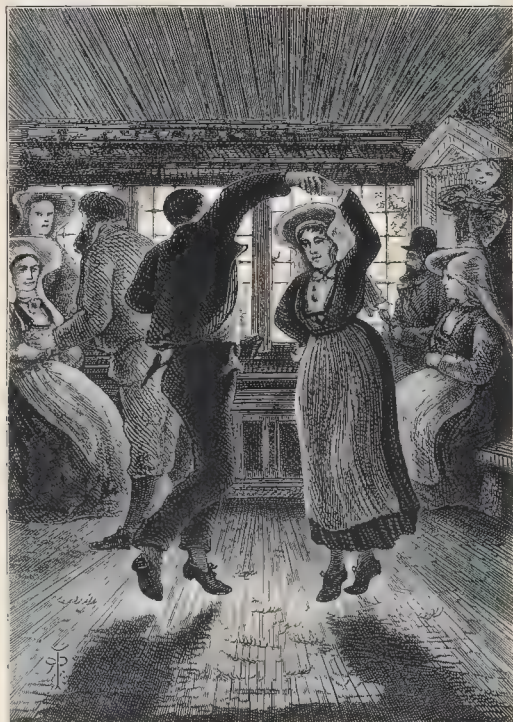
her head. The Halling dance, in which the dancer jumps a great height into the air, was attempted out of doors, but hardly

giants are most noticeable in their politeness; there was a constant shaking of hands after taking wine, to thank the host



Oldie, Hardanger.

with success. After each dance the guests took some wine, and on this occasion we had some "gammel fiin hvid portvün" (fine old white port wine), which was very good. The Norwe-



The Spring Dance—Hardanger.

gians are most noticeable in their politeness; there was a constant shaking of hands after taking wine, to thank the host

CLEOPATRA AND CÆSAR.

J. L. GÉRÔME, H.R.A., Paint.

J. C. ARMYTAGE, Sculpt.

UNDER the title 'Cléopâtre apportée à César dans un tapis,' the distinguished French painter, M. Gérôme, who is also an Honorary Member of our Royal Academy, exhibited this picture in the gallery of that institution in 1871: the incident thus depicted seems to be no other than the artist's version of an historical fact. Cæsar went into Egypt in pursuit of Pompey, and there determined to settle the dispute between the young queen, "the fascinating, dexterous, and incontinent Egyptian," and her elder brother, both of whom had been left by their father, Ptolemy Auletes, who died B.C. 51, joint sovereigns over the kingdom; but they soon disagreed, and Cleopatra was compelled to take refuge in Syria. Plutarch says that "Cæsar privately sent for her out of the country," and narrates the interview in these words:—"This princess, taking only one friend (Apollodorus, the Sicilian) with her, got into a small boat, and in the dusk of the evening set off for the palace. As she saw it was difficult to enter undiscovered, she rolled herself in a carpet. Apollodorus tied her up at full-length like a bale of goods, and carried her in at the gates to Cæsar. This stratagem of hers, which was a strong proof of her wit and ingenuity, is said to have first captivated Cæsar's heart; and the conquest advanced

so fast by the charms of her conversation, that he engaged to reconcile her brother to her, and insisted that she should become the partner of his throne."

There is nothing in this account—and there can scarcely be any other in existence—to justify the painter in presenting Cleopatra in the semi-nude state in which she here stands.

M. Gérôme's subject would find far more favour, as a subject, in his own country, where "proprieties" are not so strictly observed in the public picture galleries as they are with us. And yet it is not so much improper, as it is disagreeable as a piece of painting; the flesh tones are black and opaque, and inasmuch as the figure of Cleopatra is the point—indeed, is the leading feature—of the composition, this defect is all the more noticeable. On the other hand, the carpet which Apollodorus is removing from his mistress, glows with the most brilliant colours, and is admirably painted throughout. Cæsar's face, stern and hard in expression, certainly does not show any sign of fascination by the sight of his visitor, who, however, excites the curiosity of the noble Romans in the apartment. The architectural background appears to have been copied, or adapted, from some old Egyptian wall-paintings.





J. C. ARMYTAGE. SCULPT

THE WINTER EXHIBITIONS.

THE FRENCH GALLERY, PALL MALL.

WITH the exception of the figure subjects of Mr. F. Goodall, R.A., Mr. T. F. Dicksee, and M. Gierymski, the landscapes of Mr. B. W. Leader, and the seapieces of Mr. H. W. Mesdag, the hundred and ninety-five oil pictures forming the present exhibition are all of small cabinet size. The space at disposal is shared equally between the works of British and foreign artists; and if a Briton occupies the place of honour at this end, a French picture, in all probability, faces you at that.

The works at the end of the catalogue being very small, and from their place in the middle of the room being rather liable to be passed over, we would call attention to them first. Their quality, moreover, is of a supreme kind, and in a certain sense they are the gems of the exhibition. 'The Traveller' (191), by J. L. Meissonier, sits in a long pale green coat and jack-boots, smoking a German pipe, and furnishes one more proof that minuteness need not mean littleness, and that care and finish in details are perfectly compatible with breadth and effect. H. Kauffmann illustrates the same paradox on a still more miniature scale in his 'Politician' (189), in which is seen an energetic, but scraggy-looking man, reading the newspaper to a rather dull, lymphatic individual, who leans against the wall and smokes leisurely his pipe as he listens; and in the two old men, one of whom is 'Baffled' (190) in the game of cards. In the same neighbourhood will be found an interior by E. Frère, which will compare favourably with anything he has done lately. It is the 'Workshop of a Sabotmaker' (193), and, with the 'Engraver's Studio' (194) of J. G. Vibert, shows as fine a treatment of *chiaro-oscuro* as one could wish. 'On Mischief bent' (192) is the name given to the head of a bright, black-eyed little boy of swarthy complexion and intense vitality, by its painter, Professor L. Knaus, formerly of Dusseldorf, but now Director of the Academy at Berlin. Another miniature subject of Meissonier-like quality is the young lady in pale yellow dress drawing aside a heavy curtain to gratify her 'Curiosity' (195), by A. Moreau.

Turning to pictures of larger dimensions, and on that account less likely to be passed by, we have to record our approval of the two dark beauties whom we see laughing and talking 'Scandal in the Harem' (89): the character of the two women is well differentiated, and their author, Mrs. Anderson, of Capri, has produced an effective work. Of kindred quality, both in subject and tone, is the 'Reprimand' (76), by J. B. Burgess, which hangs immediately beneath pretty 'Little Miss Rose' (75), by J. Archer, R.S.A.; it represents an old lady pointing out wrathfully to the venerable priest the younger of her two daughters, who stands in momentary penitence before them. In spite of the indignation of the old lady, and the kindly reproof of the reverend father, we are very much afraid that the young lady will forget all that is being said to her the very next time she has an opportunity.

In respect of these two qualities, M. Gierymski, a Polish artist, in his 'Trial Scene from the Merchant of Venice' (109), falls rather short. The general effect is certainly good, and the tone admirable; but variety, action, and individual character are wanting, and not a single member of the *dramatis personæ* stirs in us the faintest interest.

In the corresponding place of honour at the other end of the gallery hangs T. F. Dicksee's 'Cleopatra' (19), which, considering her queenly estate, is full of that dramatic intensity we desiderate in M. Gierymski. She sits back in her chair, with the asp writhing restlessly in her listless hand, while we can see by the quiver of the lip and the dreamy, far-away look of the eye, that the happy days of love-dalliance will come back no more, and that she has done with the world and its pleasures for ever. The drawing of Cleopatra is, in every part—hands and arms, face and drapery—simply splendid; and we think, further, that Mr. Dicksee never painted so fine a picture.

1877.

Its bright and lively colouring contrasts with the sombre tones of the picture opposite.

'The Holy Mother' (65), in white headgear and blue robe, sitting with the naked Infant in her lap, is a reduced *replica* of the Madonna picture, by F. Goodall, R.A., that hung in the Royal Academy last season, and which we praised heartily at the time: on renewing our acquaintance, we think more of the picture than ever. The eyes of the infant Saviour beam out on the spectator with divine sweetness, and in looking at the Mother we feel that maternity also is divine. Mr. Goodall's other work shows 'Rebecca at the Well' (157), in white linen veil and rich yellow dress, full of Oriental grace and beauty.

Opposite this work hang two large canvases by H. W. Mesdag, representing the 'Lifeboat going out to the Rescue' (54), on the coast of Scheveningen, and the triumphant 'Return' of the same (69). The horizon of the first picture gleams with a whiteness which, when contrasted with the darker storm-clouds, has a wicked and threatening look; on the return of the lifeboat this angry white light gives place to a rosy brightness, indicating the peaceful setting of the sun. The life and excitement on the beach are finely rendered in both instances, and the pictures are, certainly, characteristic of the painter in his very best moods.

B. W. Leader strikes a key more cheering, and in 'Making Hay while the Sun shines' (70), shows, by the number of his figures male and female, and the liveliness of their action, what a pleasant thing haymaking must be. In No. 5 he presents the aspect of an English landscape a few months later in the year; he calls it 'An October Day on the River Teme,' and the almost leafless state of the trees, the yellowish tone of the fields, and the coolish greys of the light sky, lead one easily to the time of year indicated.

Above this hangs a clever study of a handsome young lady in a dark dress (4), by Miss Hilda Montalba; and in the corner, by her gifted sister, Miss Clara Montalba, is a very telling piece of colour, representing a rather narrow 'Water-lane in Venice' (180). While with the ladies, we can scarcely do better than call attention to the 'Great Expectations' (182) of Miss Louise B. Swift; 'Foam' (183), a girl standing on a sea-girt stone, by Matilda Goodman; and 'Silvia' (125), a three-quarter face of a young girl seen against a damask background, by Miss Jackson.

Among pictures we have marked for warm approval may be mentioned 'Dangerous Roads' (2), by A. C. Gow, showing an old coach guard loading his blunderbuss in presence of a deeply-impressed postboy: it is the best picture we have yet seen by this artist. 'Afternoon Sunshine' (8), with sheep coming along a road which leads through a heathery muir, by J. Clayton Adams, is another highly-meritorious work. The remark is equally applicable to the 'Flemish Landscape' (11) of E. Des Schampheleer, and the contributions of P. Seignac, V. Chevillard, C. Moreau, and T. Spring. T. Weber sends a couple of his fine seapieces; the one representing the 'Old Pier at Flushing' (31) running out into the rough water, and the other the 'Ostend Pilot-boat Going Out' (41). Percy Macquoid's 'Breton Girls' (102) are evidently trustworthy souvenirs of his visit to Brittany. J. Forbes-Robertson's illustration to Longfellow's lines—

"Long was the good man's sermon,
But it seemed not so to me,
For he spoke of Ruth the beautiful,
And still I thought of thee"—

reveals two young lovers in an old-fashioned pew, in old-fashioned attire, rehearsing once more the old, old story. There is a Ruth-like earnestness and sweetness in the face of the girl which enlists at once our sympathy, and we share the keen interest in her fair face which the young man at her side evidently feels.

Haynes Williams shows in his 'Rivals' (115) two pigeons about to alight on a lady's hand. How exquisitely he can paint the varied textures which enter into the composition of a lady's

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dress, and make a pleasing picture out of very limited materials! E. Long, A.R.A., sends a life-sized figure of a handsome fair girl, whose sweet face and finely-modelled naked arm call forth at once the admiration of the visitor. He calls it 'Fanchette' (170). We are glad to see that the question, 'Who was Job?' (174) put to the schoolchildren by the lady in J. Morgan's picture, will meet with half-a-dozen ready answers from the eager pupils. The subject is treated with great freshness and spirit.

It will thus be seen that the twenty-fourth annual exhibition at the French Gallery meets with our hearty approval.

THE DUDLEY GALLERY.

THE noticeable fact in the present exhibition of nearly five hundred cabinet pictures in oil, with 'Hesitation' (482), a bronze statue of a sweetly-modelled girl on a rock about to bathe, by C. B. Lawes, and a wonderfully-sympathetic statuette in terra-cotta, by J. Dalou, of 'Paysanne en prière' (480), and a well-considered bronze statuette of 'Whittington' (483) leaning against the milestone at Highgate, listening to the far-away sound of Bow bells, and fashioning it into prophetic speech, is the advance in their art made by the younger exhibitors.

The older men, artists of standing and recognised reputation, send contributions of a very cabinet size indeed, and for the most part satisfy themselves by putting in simply an appearance. J. E. Hodgson, A.R.A., for example, sends three pictures, 'Ferry near Fowey, Cornwall' (285), old houses overlooking 'Weymouth Harbour' (286), and a 'View in Dartmouth Harbour' (469), all very tiny and photographic in detail; H. Stacy Marks, A.R.A., clever studies of 'A Suffolk Marsh' (78), 'An Old Pier' (80), a girl with 'A Book for the Beach' (265), and, in his own special vein of humour, portraits of two boys sitting on a log; they are 'Twins' (58), and never was the comicality of twin likenesses rendered more gravely or with less of caricature. Edwin Hayes, R.H.A., sends 'A Calm on the Maas, Holland' (28), and 'Dutch Craft on the Zuyder Zee' (138), which are both worthy of his reputation as a marine painter. We can scarcely say so much for the 'Kentish Bacchante' (289) of E. Armitage, R.A. The two lovers strolling by the side of a quaint, timber-built house, all in the 'Moonlight' (88), not altogether unwatched, is pleasing enough, but it scarcely enhances the reputation of W. F. Yeames, A.R.A.; and as for the 'Samson' (182), by G. F. Watts, R.A., which occupies the place of honour in the far end of the gallery, as it is only a very small study, we can scarcely say whether it is worthy of the great Hebrew hero or not. He sits on a rock, semi-nude, leaning on his left outspread palm, from which the arm rises straightened, but loses itself too much behind the body, and thereby gives to the shoulder a truncated look. The other hand lies listlessly on his right knee, and he looks dazed and dreamy, with the jaw-bone and slaughtered Philistines at his feet. This figure is immensely superior to the artist's 'Eye' of a few seasons back, and we can easily imagine it being a success when fully and completely carried out.

Immediately above this small sketch hangs Val. Bromley's 'Sweet Home' (180), a large canvas representing an elegantly-appointed room, with the lady of the house, a young brunette, lying luxuriously back in an arm-chair of figured brown velvet, against which her own bright yellow shawl tells well. On her shoulder purrs a cat, and in front of the fire is stretched a noble Newfoundland. All parties seem very much "at home." The idea of the artist was, doubtless, to show that the splendid and fashionable interiors to which A. Stevens and the rest of that French school have attracted so much deserved admiration lately, could be successfully emulated by English Art.

In this part of the gallery are many of the best pictures in the exhibition. There are, for example, Joseph Knight's 'Moorland' and 'Showery Weather' (181 and 183), two splendid landscapes; Thomas Danby's 'Welsh Stream' (184); T. O. Hume's 'Rustic Scene from the Pas de Calais' (154), two girls lying on the grass where some linen is being bleached; and H. Helmick's 'Leisure Hour' (155), an old peasant in a red waistcoat lying on his back enjoying seemingly a quiet pipe; for the picture is so

high up we can scarcely determine the precise manner in which the man is spending his "leisure hour."

The pictures, however, which most delight us are the sketch of 'Breezy June' (177), two lovers smothering each other with armsful of hay; and 'Dust Clouds' (197), two girls being pushed along by the wind with their dresses reduced to a grey monochrome by the dust it raises; and 'Twilight Tones' (353), showing a young reaper, scythe on shoulder, walking homewards, hand in hand with the young reaper girl whom he loves and whose little sister trots on in front. This last picture has all the poetry of Mason and all the subtle sense of "tone" for which Whistler is so famous among his friends. Mrs. Louise Jopling has a very effective picture of an old woman at her distaff, while her little grandchild blows bubbles. It is called 'Work and Play'; Miss Osborne, a splendid 'Sunrise on the Guidecca, Venice' (314), and Clara Montalba, a very telling 'Sketch of Fishing-boats' (337) in the same city of the sea; her sister Hilda sends some beautifully-painted 'Birch Trees' (387), as seen at Naas, in Sweden; and Kate Bisschop, one of her vigorous bits of brushwork representing a mother in the Island of Marken presenting a Bible, 'The Treasure of the Family' (386), to her little boy and girl. We have nothing but praise for Shenck's 'Roebuck in the Snow' (356), Napier Hemy's 'Baiting the Lines' (368), and for Arthur Hill's beautifully-drawn 'Andromeda' (6). The 'Green Girl' (400), by J. Griffiths, a stately young damsel of Bombay, bearing a water pitcher on her head, walking through a scene rich with the excess of tropical vegetation, is a work which challenges attention. If the right arm is not too long, all the rest strikes us as perfectly sound in drawing; and, granting that it is fairly legitimate for an artist to make a picture in one colour just as it is permissible for a fiddler to play on one string, we cannot but say Mr. Griffiths has executed his arduous task well, and managed, by varying his shades, to give us variety and pleasure. With the exception of the bronze face of the girl herself, everything on and around her is in colour green.

Among the young artists to whom we alluded in the opening of our notice as marching steadily to the front is Tom Pyne, whose 'Fishing Boats, Venice' and 'Moonlight, Venice' (82 and 235), if falling short of the genius of his father, are, nevertheless, handled with much artistic delicacy, and betoken a sympathetic perception of those things which nature has to show. Frank E. Cox's 'Treachery' (238), a girl approaching two brown calves with an apple in one hand and a halter held behind her in the other, is a manly bit of work, and so is 'Quite Safe' (250), by J. T. Nettleship, a stag-hound and a blood-hound, whose companionship makes the little girl in the wood "quite safe." Tom Lloyd's 'Barley Ricks' (299), behind a stone dyke with geese in the foreground, is another clever bit of nature by one of our coming men. W. B. Richmond's two angel 'Watchers' (298), is a decorative work of great merit, inasmuch as it adapts itself completely to the laws which ought to regulate such productions. Tristram J. Ellis sends 'The Yellow Afternoon' (100), among some straggling trees on the seacoast, and the 'End of a Pleasure-boat' (131), about whose sadly-reduced skeleton some children play; both are considerably in advance of anything he has yet done. E. Ellis delights us with his sheep in the 'Autumn Fields' (347), as Hubert Herkomer does in another way, with his lovesick girl at her spinning-wheel. Percy Macquoid sends sundry pictures from Brittany, the best of which, we think, is his 'Washing-place on the River' (114), showing a garden-gate in a wall leading down steps to a rocky stream. G. F. Munn, another very rising artist, sends a 'Sunny Day, Pont Aven, Brittany' (61), with a girl closing the shutters of a rather dilapidated old house, in order to exclude the strong glare of the sun. 'Two's Company, Three's None' (165), 'Who Goes There?' (228), both by S. E. Waller, are prophetic of coming excellence in Art. Ernest Waterloo is represented by several landscapes, which show sound work. P. Macnab, Heywood Hardy, A. Legros, the Slade Professor, with whose silver birch (348) we are very much pleased; Ernest Crofts, J. D. Watson, Mesdames Cazin and Bodichon, Charles Robertson, A. B.

Donaldson, Frank Walton, Hamilton Macallen, James Macbeth, William Gale, and J. A. Fitzgerald, we do not feel much compunction in only naming, because we are certain of meeting their works elsewhere. As a whole the exhibition is an average one, but nothing more.

MR. C. DESCHAMPS'S GALLERY, BOND STREET.

THIS is a collection of over a hundred pictures in oil by British artists of approved ability and reputation. The exhibition is lifted out of the common rut by the presence of two of Madox Brown's masterpieces, and by works of the highest order by G. F. Watts, R.A., and H. Wallis. Mr. Madox Brown's contributions are, first, 'St. Ives, A.D. 1630,' showing Oliver Cromwell sitting on his white horse in a religious trance, deaf to the lowing of the many cattle on his farm, and to the loud bawling of one of his maid-servants who summons him indoors. The landscape portion of this thoughtful composition was painted on the spot, and represents faithfully the character of the level reaches of Huntingdonshire bordering the Ouse. His other picture tells of Haidee discovering the seemingly lifeless body of Don Juan washed ashore by the storm. The sunny haze on the rocky isles and on the smooth sea, creates opalescent effects which are beautiful to behold, and the whole scene is set forth with much appreciation of human nature, and with a thorough knowledge of its emotional side; showing how it would, under certain circumstances, develop itself. It is rather late in the day to discuss the art, theory, and practice of Mr. Madox Brown. It is enough that we have two of his grand works before us, with full opportunity of judging of the high intellectual and poetic character of his attainments.

'The Three Graces' (55) is, to our thinking, by far the best figure picture which Mr. G. F. Watts has yet produced. We have repeatedly of late had occasion to find fault with his drawing in similar subjects, and even with his idea; but here, both for the conception and execution, we have nothing but praise. The colour, if low in tone, is wonderfully rich and suggestive, and the figures, in their warm pearliness, pure and noble.

The third artist, whose work is exceptionally fine and helps to give character to the exhibition, is Mr. H. Wallis, and strange to say it is not a figure picture, but a landscape showing a hill-encircled moorland at the approach of gloamin', with brilliantly-edged cumuli rolling along between the spectator and the deep blue of the sky. The work shows an intelligence and a knowledge of relationship and effect which are all Mr. Wallis's own.

Although the three names we have mentioned are, in our opinion, supreme, there are other exhibitors whose works are also to be measured by lofty standards. E. J. Gregory's 'Dawn' (31), a young lady and her male companion, who holds her furred cloak as he leans in a languid and *blazé* manner against the grand piano, while both watch the departing guests or their whirling through the last waltz. The conflict between the artificial light of the ballroom and the coming brightness and purity of the day, the different textures of dress, and the individualising of the persons of the drama, are all excellently given, and demonstrate conclusively enough that this artist is capable of painting any class of subject to which he cares to apply himself. The only jarring element is in the gentleman, who looks too like Mephistopheles to be pleasant. Another effective rendering of conflicting lights will be found in the sketch of a warrior's head (73), by J. Pettie, R.A.

Mr. Val. Bromley has produced a powerful piece of work in his mediæval figure in red and white hood, which he describes as 'One from Venice' (17). In W. Q. Orchardson's, A.R.A., 'Tête-à-Tête' (33), we see an old lady with hand to her ear listening eagerly to what her young friend has to communicate; this is very near the perfection of *genre*, and delicious in colour.

R. W. Macbeth's 'Sheepshearing' (60), in a large barn, is vigorous but coarse. P. R. Morris has not possibly put the finishing touches to his fisher girl, who lends a 'Helping Hand' (66), by way of pulling in the net; but that does not prevent our being delighted with the lithe figure of the girl and the naturalness of her action. His 'Hour before Dark' (59), a girl driving

home cows, is a pastoral which is only equalled by J. D. Watson's 'Afternoon' (63), in which we see cattle wandering away from a rocky pool. We would call attention also to 'The New Hayrick' (97), by H. R. Robertson; 'Boys Bathing in the Thames' (67), by Cecil Lawson; the young girl 'Mending the Nets' (18), while grandmother reads the Bible, by C. N. Hemy; 'A Wet Sunday' (30), by G. H. Boughton; and to the 'Crabbed Age and Youth' (87), of E. F. Brewtnall. On the screen will be found works by J. McWhirter, Val. Prinsep, the Wyllies, F. Sandys, and W. Gale. We shall not be far wrong if we call this one of the highest-class exhibitions that will be held in London this season.

Hitherto this gallery has been chiefly devoted, in its 'winter' exhibitions especially, to the display of pictures of the French and other foreign schools; but this year, as we have shown, our own artists are the principal, in fact, almost the only contributors. Mr. Deschamps has been fortunate in securing for his rooms so many excellent English works.

MR. McLEAN'S GALLERY, HAYMARKET.

THIS is the twelfth annual exhibition of water-colour drawings which has been held in this gallery, and it is satisfactory to note that the judgment in selection, and the taste in arrangement, are as palpably to be noted as ever. The drawings, indeed, are all of a superior class, and there is not a single picture which one would wish to see away. We have only space to run over a few of the more prominent performances. The 'Interior of Milan Cathedral' (8), by Wyke Bayliss, is a very impressive architectural drawing; the artist renders what is peculiarly characteristic of this cathedral, and that is the sense of space. Clara Montalba is equally full of local truth in her 'Fishing-boats, Venice' (10), as is also Madame Bisschop in her drawing of 'A Dutch Mother' (24) suckling her child. Madame Lemaire is another lady who is a perfect mistress of the pencil, as may be seen in the fair girl smiling in the glass at 'The New Necklet' (78) which she has just put on. O. De Pinne, in his 'Morning—Going Out' (20), a pack of foxhounds waiting by a gate, shows as thorough an intimacy with canine nature as L. De Nittis does with fashionable life; see his two ladies seated by the 'Banks of the Seine' (28). Near this hangs a view of 'Tynemouth' (27), by S. L. Fildes, with the smoke of its chimneys and the palpability of its atmosphere above and beyond the housetops; all so exquisitely given that we are inclined to regard it as the finest bit of landscape we have seen for a long time. This is another illustration of the old fact that the greater always includes the less, and that the man who has made his mark as a figure painter, can always take up landscape when he lists. Josef Israels has two excellent drawings here, the one representing a woman with a baby at her breast in a humble cottage' (36), and the other 'The Widower' (65), sitting at a low table, busying himself with domestic duties. We are much pleased with Gabriel's 'Dutch Peat Boat' (42), A. C. Gow's 'Hoisting the Standard' (44), S. Palmer's 'Quiet Nook on the Thames' (154), and with the Cox-like character of 'Spring-time on the Trent' (148), by E. Ellis. Of E. Wimperis's two drawings—both of them really excellent—we prefer 'Cockle-gatherers going out on the River Dee,' showing a winding shore skilfully represented to give distance and space. There are, moreover, a couple of capital landscapes by C. McArthur (109 and 116), a clever 'Italian Peasant Boy' (68) by W. C. T. Dobson, R.A.; 'Tigers at Play' (89) by Basil Bradley, a really beautiful bit of animal drawing; some brilliant flower-painting by Mrs. Coleman Angell, and a couple of landscapes from the masterly pencil of J. W. Oakes, A.R.A. The lady in the Turkish trousers, and nothing else, enjoying her siesta, by S. Arcos, is very clever, but very, very 'Paphian.'

THE FINE ART SOCIETY'S AUTUMN EXHIBITION, BOND STREET.

THE distinguishing fact connected with this exhibition is that the contributors are members of neither of the two societies of Painters in Water Colours. The names of many of the

leading exhibitors are unknown to us, but are not likely to remain so long. Among the artists who attracted our attention are the following:—P. Hoedt with his cattle 'In the Marshes of Holland' (25), Bernard Evans with his 'Estuary of the Mawdach' (35), Cuthbert Rigby with his little boy 'On the Anglesea Coast' (41). To these must be added J. Jackson Curnock on account of his 'Birchwood at Capel Curig' (52), D. Law for his 'Peat-gathering in the Isle of Skye' (48), T. Haywood for his most masterly drawings of lions and lionesses; T. Lloyd, C. Davidson, jun., Joseph Knight, and Harry Hine. The two views of St. Albans (153 and 168) by the last named are really worthy of the elder Hine. Mrs. Paul Naftel, widow of the late distinguished member of the old society, sends a charming picture which she calls 'Through the Wood' (172), and Charles E. Fripp, son of Mr. George Fripp of the same society, contributes a drawing of a hunter of the olden time (171), which shows a nice sense of the pictorial. When we look at 'Sunset at Burnham' (182), we are surprised its author, W. Ward, could so misspend his time by copying the vignettes of Turner.

In this gallery will also be found a very interesting collection of Mr. H. A. Harper's sketches, taken at and near Constantinople, which cannot fail to be acceptable just now.

MR. TOOTH'S GALLERY, HAYMARKET.

THIS gallery claims public recognition from the simple circumstance that its collection of cabinet pictures in oil are all of a high character, deserving the attention of the connoisseur and collector. Here, for example, is a vigorous sketch of an old cardinal 'In Debate' (64), from the pencil of John Pettie, R.A.; a little further on is a picture by P. Jovis, an Italian of the "Fortuny" school, showing the domestics of a grand place clearing the tables in the garden 'After the Picnic' (81), while the ladies of the house lounge listlessly and fatiguedly about. Then there are landscapes by Linnell the elder, James Webb, C. E. Johnson,

Edmund Gill, Peter Graham, and Colin Hunter. Among figure painters are G. H. Boughton, J. E. Millais, R.A., P. R. Morris, Louis Jimenez—with a wonderfully-clever picture representing a 'Tailor's Shop' (88), with lots of sewing girls, and a concealed bumpkin being measured; and above all, J. L. Gérôme, A.R.A., with his impressive 'Prayer in the Desert' (141), and his exquisite piece of nude figure painting in a picture called 'The Bath' (114). The names we have mentioned are evidence that Mr. Tooth's gallery possesses much which is both interesting and of good quality.

THE OLD BRITISH GALLERY, PALL MALL.

THIS gallery has added to its other attractions Mr. Frith's famous picture of the 'Salon d'Or, Homburg,' by which the rising generation will be enabled to judge of those scenes which their fathers often witnessed if they did not always act in them. Those, also, who care to know how Mr. Millais painted when he was a lad of seventeen, will find in this gallery his picture representing 'The Tribe of Benjamin Carrying off the Daughters of Shiloh,' which gained him the Gold Medal of the Academy, and it is astonishing how vigorously and with what mastery he painted it. Other magnates of the brush are represented here, not by bits and scraps, but by notable works. Among them we would name C. L. Müller, William Etty, Constable, Turner, and Sir Joshua Reynolds. Most of the coming men are also fairly seen on the walls, and to one with an hour's leisure we could scarcely name a gallery in which he would find more pleasure or more instruction in the history of English Art.

[These "Winter Exhibitions" have multiplied so greatly of late, that it is somewhat difficult to keep pace with them. Besides the above, there are others which will be opened after our sheets are at press; for example, the two Water Colour Societies, the Society of British Artists, &c.: they must for the present wait.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

EARLY ART.

To the Editor of the ART JOURNAL.

SIR,—I should feel greatly obliged if any of your readers, through your valuable Journal, throw some light on the following processes of Art; as so little is known of the methods, it would be highly interesting to the Art community. Vasari, in his "Lives of the Painters," mentions a Margaritone, painter, sculptor, and architect of Arezzo, and says:—"But to return to Margaritone; he appears to have been the first, judging from what we see in his works in painting, who considered the precautions required by him who paints on wood, to the end that the joints should hold firmly, and that no clefts and fissures should become apparent after the completion of the painting. It was his custom to cover the whole surface with canvas, which he secured by means of a strong glue, made from the boiled shreds of parchment, over the canvas; he next applied a layer of gypsum, as may be seen in his pictures, as well as in those of others; on the gypsum, which was mixed with glue, above described, he then formed diadems and other ornaments in relief."

It is generally admitted that the above methods were all practised before the time of Margaritone. We must observe that Vasari fails to mention the names of those other artists to whom he alludes; neither does he give the process any particular name, nor the originality of the method above described.

Proceeding to a more recent period, we find in the pictures of Carlo Crivello a similar method adopted in the dress of St. Peter in the National Gallery, his costume being enriched with portions in relief, and studded with imitation pearl and other

ornaments or jewels also in relief. Leaving the Italians, we find, also, examples of the same kind of workmanship among the old Flemish masters.

A picture similarly executed came under my observation; I made a careful examination of it, and found canvas glued on deal board, then the canvas was covered with a fine white plaster or cement, which was covered with gold. The heads and hands of the figures are painted, and are artistically good and finely coloured. The robes are formed with pearls or shells cemented and joined to each other, but the lines of the joinings are distinctly observable, and the whole are coloured and finely embroidered, with the pencil, in gold; above the figures in the background the shells or pearls are abundantly diffused.

The work is attributed to John Van Eyck, as the picture contains his portrait; and from a Spanish inscription on the back it was probably painted and embellished by him during his connection with the Spanish court.

Again, we have the name of Hugo Vander Goes, whom, we are told, beautified some of his pictures in the same manner. It can only be supposed that it was a species of Art practised by the Greeks, then by the Italians, and afterwards by the Germans, and most probably suggested the idea of enamelling on gold and silver. Who were the originators? what has been its progress from one period of Art to another? and who were the artists who generally followed such practices? are questions which require an answer at the present time, as it seems to be an important feature of Art which has through ignorance or neglect fallen into disuse, so far as pictures are concerned.

JOSEPH SIMPSON.

Bradford, Yorkshire.

THE WORKS OF EDWARD J. POYNTER, R.A.



URING the last nine or ten years few pictures in the exhibition of the Royal Academy have received more marked attention from visitors than those from the hand of Mr. Poynter. He has introduced into the gallery a number of works to which, as regards both subject and character, it had been almost a stranger; while the absorbing interest of these pictures—rendered, as most of them are, with unquestionable mastery over all the technical qualities of good Art—amply justifies the special notice they received. Well trained in a school which, generally, admits of no getting rid of difficulties and labour by disingenuous practices—if such a term may be applied to what is called tricks of Art—or by ignoring its essential requirements, he has produced works that may take their

stand among the greatest this or any other country has produced in modern times, and of which we have reason to be proud.

Art, though of a different kind to that practised by Mr. Poynter, seems to have been inherited from his ancestors; for he is the son of Mr. Ambrose Poynter, architect, and the great-grandson of Thomas Banks, R.A., one of our most eminent sculptors of the last century, whose name appears on the list of the earliest members of the Royal Academy. He was born in Paris in 1836, but was brought over to England when an infant, and was here trained and educated. At the latter end of 1853 he went into Italy, where he passed the winter, and there formed the acquaintance of Mr. F. Leighton, R.A., who took the kindest interest in his studies, admitting him at all times into his studio. Mr. Leighton was then engaged upon his great work, 'The Proces-



Drawn and Engraved [s]

The Catapult.

[J. and G. P. Nicholls.

sion of Cimabue's Madonna through the Streets of Florence,' a picture which, when exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1855, took all the world by surprise, as coming from the hand of an artist whose name even was scarcely known in England: his example and influence had, no doubt, much weight in determining the resolution of Mr. Poynter to adopt Art as a profession. Accordingly, on his return to London he commenced

his studies in the academy of Mr. Leigh, Newman Street, and was afterwards for a year with Mr. W. C. T. Dobson, now R.A. In 1855 he obtained admission as a probationer into the schools of the Royal Academy, where he continued till the early part of the following year; but having visited Paris in the summer of 1855, when the International Exhibition was open, the pictures of the French school he saw there induced

him to form so high an estimate of its excellence, that Mr. Poynter obtained permission from his father to pursue his studies in Paris; in furtherance of this object he entered, in 1856, the atelier of M. Gleyre, of whom Delaroche formed so high an opinion as a master, that when the latter relinquished tuition he recommended his pupils to go to Gleyre. Later in the same year Mr. Poynter was admitted a student in the École des Beaux Arts; the four following years were spent by him in England and



Drawn and Engraved by] *The Festival.* [J. and G. P. Nicholls.

France alternately. The first of his pictures exhibited in London, 'Two Italian Pifferari,' was painted in Paris in 1858, and was hung in the gallery of the British Institution in 1859. In 1860 he finally settled down in London. About that time the old abbey church at Waltham was being restored under the direction of Mr. William Burges, and Mr. Poynter was engaged to decorate the ceiling, for which he painted, on canvas, a large number of

pictures, nearly thirty I believe, the designs containing life-size figures; these canvases were fixed to the ceiling. He was also employed about the same time in making drawings for stained glass, and among these were four large historical subjects for windows in the Maison Dieu Hall at Dover, and two for windows in the church of St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

Henceforth we follow the footsteps of Mr. Poynter as he passes through the galleries of the Royal Academy, where he appeared for the first time in 1861, in a small picture, called 'Alla Veneziana;' which was succeeded, in 1862, by two works, 'Heaven's Messenger,' and 'The Bunch of Blue Ribbons.' His two pictures in the Academy in 1864 were the first to gain my especial attention: 'The Siren,' a nude figure of great beauty, holding a harp in her hand; and 'On Guard, in the Time of the Pharaohs,' an Egyptian soldier standing sentinel on a watchtower: this last work was the forerunner of several pictures carrying back the spectator to a country and a chronology almost strange to modern Art—at least, as Mr. Poynter showed them—both in time and place. Before, however, resorting again to the land of the Pharaohs, he exhibited, in 1865, a subject recalling to mind the destruction of Pompeii: it was called 'Faithful unto Death.' The subject is explained by the artist himself, who appended to the title of the picture the following explanation:—"In carrying on the excavations near the Herculanean Gate of Pompeii, the skeleton of a soldier in full armour was discovered. Forgotten in the terror and confusion that reigned during the destruction of the city, the sentinel had received no order to quit his post, and while all sought their safety in flight, he remained faithful to his duty, notwithstanding the certain doom which awaited him." The man, a true hero, swerves not from his fidelity to his trust, though the burning red liquid streams along the corridor, carrying terror and destruction with it, as evidenced by dead bodies already lying around him. There is unflinching firmness manifest in the expression of the man's face, and in the attitude of every limb; but the picture is not agreeable to contemplate, as much from the necessary prevalence of strong red colour, as from its painful association with what may be called a living death.

Passing over Mr. Poynter's only contribution to the Academy in 1866, 'Offerings to Isis,' with the simple remark that it is a very skilful rendering of a novel, peculiar, yet most attractive subject; I come to a work showing still more all these qualities, and which formed a prominent and striking feature in the Academy Exhibition of the following year; the title of the picture, 'Israel in Egypt,' might reasonably suggest other incidents, showing the bondage endured by the Hebrews in the land wherein their great forefather Joseph once ruled "as a king," than that the artist has presented: in which, as related in the Book of Exodus, they are indeed "serving with rigour:" a "gang" of the unhappy slaves being harnessed together, and cruelly driven by the overseer's lash while dragging a colossal granite lion to its place in a temple that occupies the background of the composition, and which appears to be standing on the bank of the Nile. Not only the subject of this remarkable picture, in all its great variety of details, but the manner in which it is placed on the canvas, would fully justify almost any length of comment; it must, however, suffice to say that everywhere it shows ample evidence of the painter's mastery over all the technicalities which combine to make Art good and acceptable.

Designed in a somewhat similar spirit is the picture engraved on the preceding page, 'THE CATAPULT,' contributed to the Academy in 1868; if the subject is less interesting than that last referred to, the work shows quite as much artistic power and diligent study of details. The huge, ungainly, warlike machine is certainly not picturesque, and intrudes on the eye unpleasantly with its mass of ponderous beams intersecting each other in almost every direction; and it is to the base of the composition we must look, chiefly, for the display of the artist's knowledge and skill, in the drawing of the Roman soldiers, and in their harmonious arrangement; here, without any unnecessary anatomical display, "there is a just sense of composing lines in the radiating arms, legs, and *torsi* of the figures."

The next step in Mr. Poynter's art, though he did not forsake

altogether those he had hitherto practised, passed more immediately into that of classic legend or fiction; but the works he had already produced gained for him admission into the ranks of the Royal Academy; for in January, 1869, he was elected Associate of that institution. The first of the mythological subjects, 'Proserpine,' appeared in the Academy exhibition of that year, and was followed in 1870 by a small but lovely little picture 'Andromeda,' beautiful in colour and deeply expressive of sadness in the half-turned head of the captive. With it the artist sent his two cartoons, 'St. George' and 'Fortitude,' designed for mosaics in the central hall of the House of Commons. 'The Suppliant to Venus' (1871) is another of Mr. Poynter's small but specially-attractive pictures. Cupid stands in the portico of a classic temple rapt in devotion before the goddess of beauty, who, partially clothed in leopard-skin, "glows in colour;" the tessellated floor, the marble columns, the blue sea, and golden sky traced with purple clouds, are wrought into a most harmonious composition. 'Feeding the Sacred Ibis in the Hall of Karnac,' engraved in the *Art Journal* for 1874, was exhibited with it.

The most daring attempt the painter had yet made in the matter of mythological art was his large picture 'Perseus and Andromeda,' contributed to the Academy in 1872. "The applause which greets Mr. Poynter on the score of this performance will resound through a long hereafter, not for any high quality in the art or happiness in his reading of the story, but simply because he has undertaken the subject at all." Such were the remarks that prefaced the notice of the picture in our *Journal* at the time of its exhibition. Andromeda appears chained to a rock, according to the story; the sea dragon, a veritable sea monster, is almost within reach of his victim when her deliverer is seen descending from the clouds upon the enemy, brandishing in his hand the weapon wherewith the dragon is to be slain. There is unquestionable grandeur in the whole design and much beauty of colour, especially in the figure of Andromeda; but objection may be legitimately taken to the enormous size of the monster compared with that of Perseus; the disproportion is so great one can scarcely expect that even this son of Jupiter could prevail over his antagonist, which also occupies too much of the canvas to render the composition harmonious as to scale: the two figures seem to have but a secondary place. It is but fair to add that the great length of the canvas, prescribed by the wall space it had to fill, must have increased the difficulties of the composition.

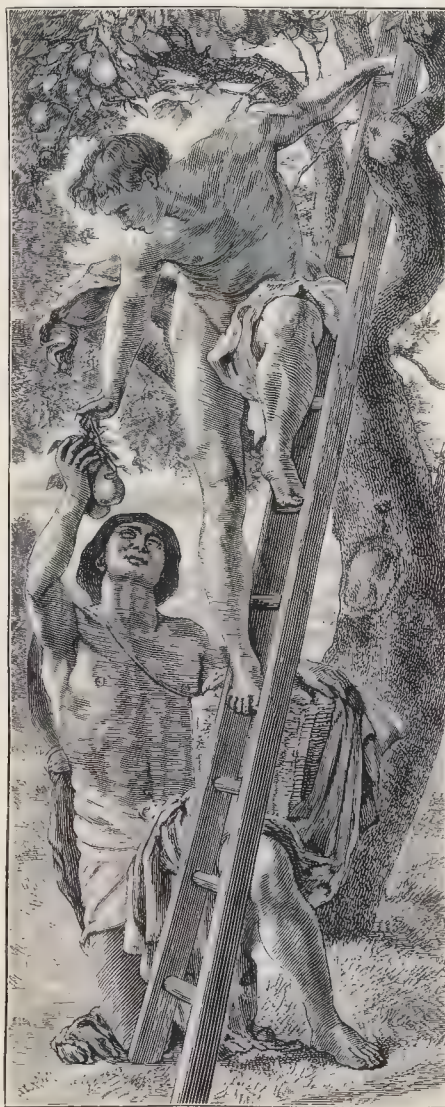
As a companion picture to this last, Mr. Poynter painted, and sent to the Academy in 1873, 'The Fight between More, of More Hall, and the Dragon of Wantley,' a very large composition and of ambitious pretensions, lacking but little to make it most successful, and the little refers more to the quality of portions of the work than to anything else.

'Rhodope' is a small figure of elegant design; it was the artist's solitary contribution to the Academy in 1874: in the next year he sent the pair of subjects introduced on these pages, 'THE FESTIVAL,' and the 'GOLDEN AGE;' in the former we see two Greek girls decorating an apartment with flowers, in the latter two youths are gathering fruit from a large tree in an orchard. It is in compositions such as these that Mr. Poynter shows his skill as a most graceful designer and masterly draughtsman. The arrangement of these figures and their harmony of form entitle each group to all the praise which could be bestowed on them. 'Atalanta's Race,' the artist's last great work, must be so fresh in the memory of a very large number of our readers as to render any explanatory description quite needless; it will suffice to say that it was one of the very few remarkable pictures in the Academy last year.

Besides the works to which reference has been made, Mr. Poynter has been a frequent exhibitor in both oil and water-colour paintings at the Dudley Gallery. The mosaic figures, representing respectively 'Phidias' and 'Apelles,' executed for the South Kensington Museum; and the architectural and pictorial decorations of the Refreshment Room, are also from his designs. His works of every kind testify no less to the grace

of his pencil than to his artistic learning and most attractive manner of displaying it. He is one, among a limited class of our painters, who seek rather to obtain the good opinion of the comparatively few qualified to estimate aright the real merits of a picture than the applause of the indiscriminating multitude.

When, three or four years ago, the "Slade" Professorship of Art was founded at the schools of University College, Mr. Poynter was elected to fill the chair; he resigned this post about



Drawn and engraved by

The Golden Age.

[J. and G. P. N. Collins.]

a year or so since, when he received the appointment of Director of the Art Schools, under the Department of Science and Art, at South Kensington Museum, on the resignation of Mr. R. Redgrave, R.A.: it would have been a very difficult matter to find an artist so eminently fitted in every way for such a position. Last year the Royal Academy elected him Academician.

JAMES DAFTORNE.

ART-NOTES FROM THE CONTINENT.

COPENHAGEN.—A statue of the famous Danish astronomer, Tycho Brahe, has recently been erected in this city: also one of Hans Christian Oersted, the discoverer of electromagnetic power, who is represented leaning against a pillar, holding in his hand a telegraph wire, against which he points a needle. This figure is the work of the Danish sculptor, M. Jerichau.

DRESDEN.—The gigantic picture on which the artist, M. Wilhelm Walther, has been engaged, it is reported, for the last four years, is now completed. Its length is stated to exceed four hundred feet, the subject being a "procession headed by heralds and musicians, followed by nobles, pages, soldiers, groups representing the army, instruction, and industry; a cavalcade of Saxon princes, from Conrad the Great to the present king, whose brother brings up the rear." This monster of a picture, which is in fact a frieze, was painted in the Royal Riding School, Dresden.

LOUVAIN.—A colossal statue of M. Sylven Van de Weyer, so favourably known among us in years gone by as the Belgian minister in London, has somewhat recently been erected in Louvain. The figure is in bronze, from a model by Charles Geefs, of Brussels; the cost of the work being defrayed by public subscription.

PARCHIM.—A bronze statue of Field-Marshal Moltke, cast out of French cannon, has been erected in this town, the birth-place of the distinguished soldier, who is represented in his uniform, a military cloak being thrown over the shoulders: the figure stands on a pedestal of dark granite. The little town of Parchim is in Mecklenburg-Schwerin.

PARIS.—The large and valuable collection of engravings formed by M. Firmin Didot, and which occupied him many years in getting together at a great cost, is, we hear, to be sold at the Hotel Drouot, in the month of February.

STOCKHOLM.—We learn from the *Moniteur des Arts* that Madame Goldschmidt (Jenny Lind) has been nominated an honorary member of the Academy of Arts at Stockholm; she has presented to that institution a sum of 40,000 crowns, the interest of which is to form a prize for a travelling studentship in painting, sculpture, and architecture.

SYDNEY.—The praiseworthy energy of Messrs. E. L. Montefiore, E. Du Faur, J. H. Thomas, and E. Combes, has been rewarded by the establishment of a public gallery of Art at Sydney, towards which the Government has voted various sums of money. The committee of selection, of whom Mr. Cave Thomas is one, have already purchased works by various artists, the chief of which is the fine picture by Mr. F. Madox Brown, 14 ft. by 11, of Chaucer reading his poems to John of Gaunt, figures life-size. Also works by J. B. Pyne, Leitch, De Wint, T. W. Richardson, Paul Naftel, O. W. Brierly, J. W. Whymper, J. H. Mole, and H. Brittain Willis. The committee also laid out one hundred pounds on a collection of autotypes from the gems of the great masters; this was, we think, an experiment in a wise direction, for the gallery of actual works can grow but slowly, whilst these autotypes will at once form a gallery in themselves which will alike be interesting to the public and the students of the Sydney Academy.

VALPARAISO.—A bronze statue of the late Mr. William Wheelwright, who died in London in September, 1873, is intended for Valparaiso. It is the work of Mr. G. W. Lawson, and has been cast at the foundry of Messrs. Cox and Son, Thames Ditton. Mr. Wheelwright, an eminent engineer, was an American by birth, and was the first who introduced gas and the supply of water by pipes into the city which is thus honouring him. Another of his great works was the Rosario and Cordova Railway. The statue, which is nine feet high, represents the original standing, with a charter of the Royal Pacific Steam Navigation Company in his hand.

OBITUARY.

[OUR notices under this heading unavoidably got into arrears at the close of the past year: we find room for some at the present time, but others already in type must be postponed.]

THOMAS CLARK, A.R.S.A.

THE Scottish school of landscape painters has lost an efficient member by the death, on the 7th of October, of Mr. Clark, whose works, both in oils and in water colours, have for many past years been regularly contributed to the exhibitions of the Royal Academy of Scotland, of which institute he was elected an Associate in 1865. His pictures, chiefly scenes in his own country, but sometimes taken from localities south of the Border, evidence care and truthfulness rather than the vigour and striking effects characteristic of the Scottish landscapists.

CHARLES MOTTRAM.

The announcement of the death—on the 30th of August, after a short illness—of this engraver is reported, at the age of sixty-nine. Mr. Mottram has ranked with the best engravers, not strictly line engravers, of our time. He executed, among numerous other plates, several after Landseer; for example, 'Boy with a Rabbit,' 'The Challenge' (the middle-sized plate); 'A Dandie Dinmont and the Hedgehog,' 'The Highland Shepherd's Home' (small plate); 'The Rescue,' 'Stag at Bay' (small plate), &c. &c. In the Royal Academy exhibition of the pre-

sent year were proof impressions of his 'Shadow of the Cross,' after the picture by P. R. Morris, and 'The Ashdown Coursing Meeting,' from the painting by S. Pearce.

GEORGE JAMES MILLER.

The death of this sculptor occurred in the month of August last. Mr. Miller studied in the Royal Academy, and gained, in 1857, a gold medal for the best "historical group in sculpture." The same year he exhibited a group, 'Ancaeus,' in 1858, 'The Good Samaritan'; 'Griselda and Janicola' in 1862, and a group of three children of Mr. N. Beardmore. Among the numerous busts exhibited by Mr. Miller may be mentioned those of Sir R. Mayne, Mr. Alfred Mellon, the Rev. Canon Cureton, D.D., Right Hon. Sir G. C. Lewis, Bart., Mr. C. Santley, the Rev. Lord John Thynne, Archdeacon Wordsworth, Sir George Musgrave, Mr. C. Vignoles, C.E., the Rev. J. Lupton, &c. &c.

BENJAMIN R. GREEN.

The name of this artist must be widely known in the profession, from the fact of his having during many years acted as secretary to the Artists' Annuity Fund. He had long been a member of the Institute of Water-Colour Painters, at whose gallery he frequently exhibited his works, chiefly architectural subjects of a pleasing character. Mr. Green died on the 6th of October, at the age of sixty-eight.

ITALY.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN AND HALL have issued a truly magnificent volume,* of large size, containing about four hundred engravings, and descriptive of all matters that relate to the most interesting country of the world. It is a translation of a German work—



the joint production of three distinguished German authors:

*"Italy: from the Alps to Mount Etna." Translated by Frances Eleanor Trollope, and edited by Thomas Adolphus Trollope. Illustrated with upwards of one hundred full-page and three hundred smaller engravings. Published by Chapman and Hall.

1877.

Karl Stieler, Edward Paulus, and Waldemar Kaden. The work is admirably translated and edited. We postpone our review of the sumptuous volume in order to introduce one of the four hundred excellent engravings.

THE USE OF ANIMAL FORMS IN ORNAMENTAL ART.

By F. EDWARD HULME, F.L.S., F.S.A.

CHAPTER I.



IN the series of papers that will from time to time appear under the above title in the pages of the *Art Journal*, it will be our endeavour, as far as may be, in the brief way that is alone here possible, to point out some few examples of the use of the higher natural forms in decorative compositions. We propose, however, to limit ourselves to the illustration of the use of the lower animals alone—the beasts of the forest, the companions and servants of man, the birds of the air, and the fishes of the sea; leaving man—the human form divine, the crowning work of all these created forms—to some future occasion, and possibly to some other pen.

Animal forms do not enter nearly so largely into ornamental Art as do those of the vegetable kingdom, and several reasons why this should be so naturally suggest themselves to the mind. The very fact of

animals being far higher in the scale of creation than any merely vegetable growths unfits them for many positions where some ornamental treatment is desired. The symmetrical balance that is often advisable in a decorative design is much more readily obtainable by the use of some plant-form than by any higher means, as the eye that is not offended by seeing a symmetrical grouping of buttercups or maple-leaves, would feel a certain incongruity in seeing two animals, creatures having volition, placed with like rigidity and formal balance. The repetition of forms that is so marked a feature, too, in all work produced under the influence of machinery, is also greatly against the use of these higher forms; for while the inherent Art instinct is not greatly perturbed by the formal repetition of some pleasing

floral form, incongruity is again felt when some animal—even so low in the scale of life as a butterfly, for example—an animal endowed with the power of motion, and able to throw itself into almost any number of varied positions, expressing so many various emotions—is mechanically repeated



Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.

over a surface, so that we get fifty butterflies all descending at the same angle on some blossom, or fifty stags all tripping with the same measured gait, all advancing with the right leg raised in air with a perfection of discipline that suggests the monotonous drill of the barrack-yard rather than the glorious freedom

of the ferny glades of the forest or the wide expanse of purple moorland.

From a consideration of these and other reasons that will occur on reflection to our thoughtful readers, but which we now need scarcely linger over, it will be evident that animal forms



Fig. 4.



Fig. 5.



Fig. 6.

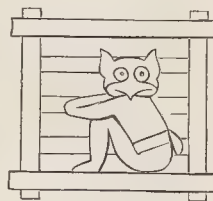


Fig. 7.

are best suited to the higher class of design, where rigid symmetry gives place to a general balance of parts, and where mechanical repetition is superseded by a more or less possible amount of variation in the details. Animal forms are therefore more commonly found in ancient and mediæval Art than in

modern work, where the individual fancy and tastes of the designer had far freer scope than is now ordinarily the case.

The question as to how far a direct copy of nature is permissible in decorative Art is a farther complication of the difficulty that attends the successful introduction of animal forms,

since a conventional treatment of the higher form would not so readily satisfy the eye, as it does in the lower forms, while a mere transcript of nature, beautiful or clever as it may be in itself, would often be offensive to all true Art requirements; as, for example, the elaborately-counterfeited earthenware salmon that conceals within its recesses the pickled remains of the genuine thing, or the elaborately-simulated hen that on some breakfast tables covers the boiled eggs, that the lowly original has contributed to the family meal. Animal forms in the ornament of the past will ordinarily be found to owe their introduction either to their connection with some mythological association, as in much of the Art of ancient times; or to some symbolic meaning that has been attributed to them, as in many examples to be met with in early Christian Art; or to the requirements of heraldry, as illustrated by numerous examples in mediæval and modern days; or, fourthly, from a loving appreciation of them, that causes the designer to revel in the representation of them for their own sakes.

The mythologic and symbolic may advantageously be blended



Fig. 8.

together, as they represent to a great extent the same influence, the religious, the chief difference being that we naturally class as myths many of the beliefs of the Assyrian, Greek, or Roman, since they appeal but little to us, while we equally naturally only consider as symbols those forms that are to us symbolic; the eagle of Jove was to the Greek or Roman as much a symbol as the eagle of St. John was to the men who painted or carved in mediæval days; and the wolf of the Capitol, the chimæra or the hydra pointed to the favouring interposition of gods and demi-gods to these followers of an older creed, no less than the various forms that in like manner symbolise to us an overruling power. Symbolism, however, though ordinarily used in the service of religion, is not thus absolutely limited; hence we have been careful to point out above that symbolic and mythologic influences are not strictly identical. Symbolism, as we have already pointed out in our papers on the principles of ornamental art, in a preceding volume, is the employment of some positive or visible form as the equivalent of some other thing incapable of this direct representation, as, for instance, fidelity;

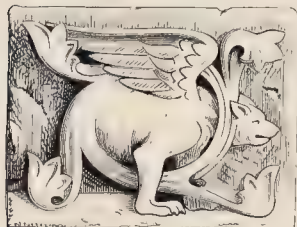


Fig. 9.



Fig. 10.

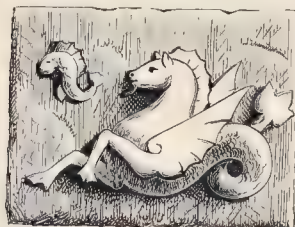


Fig. 11.

this form, often rude and barbarous in itself, thus becomes the symbol of this idea. It is, therefore, naturally used in the service of religion, but it also enters largely into the devices of the herald, the lion of England being as truly a symbol as the lion of St. Mark; the eagle on the coinage of Germany as veritably symbolic, though in another direction, as the bird of Jove.

The dog as an emblem of fidelity, the ass as a type of stu-

pidity, the fox as a symbol of craft, are but a few examples of the inner meanings that have from time to time influenced the mind of the artist, and directed, under varying circumstances, his choice of those forms that appeared most fitly to suggest to the minds of others the ideas that he was desirous of conveying to them on the contemplation of his work.

Having thus briefly indicated the various influences that assist

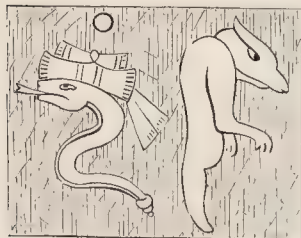


Fig. 12.

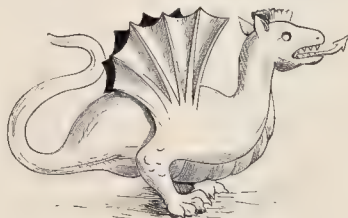


Fig. 13.



Fig. 14.

or prevent the introduction of animal forms into ornamental Art, we now proceed to examine more in detail the forms that are actually met with, endeavouring, so far as we are able, to indicate what influenced the choice.

We propose to commence with those mythical forms that may so freely be met with throughout all Art periods, afterwards passing to the various forms of beasts, then of birds, and so

down, so far as our limited space will permit, to the lower forms, those of reptiles, fish, and insects.

The principal mythical forms that we find represented in Art are the sphinx; the sea-horse, shown in Fig. 11; the sea-lion, represented in Fig. 1; phoenix; cockatrice, represented in Fig. 5; griffin, as in Fig. 6, from a coin of Teos, a city of Ionia; the dragon; the chimæra, of which Fig. 8, taken from an old mosaic,

is a representation; the mermaid, the wyvern, the centaur, the unicorn, the hydra, Pegasus, Cerberus, the basilisk, the harpy, and the salamander.

The sphinx is more especially met with in Egyptian and classic Art; and again, naturally, in the Renaissance work of France and Italy, which was professedly a return to classic types. The sphinx is composite in nature, being in Greek Art ordinarily the combination of the head and bust of a woman with the body of a lion; in Egyptian Art the leonine body is surmounted by the head of a man, hawk, or other creature, according to the ideas that were to be embodied in the creation. It is a curious feature to notice how frequently these mythical forms are compounded of parts of other and natural forms; the new animal is not a new creation, it is but the aggregation of features derived from natural types. In cases where such attributes as the courage of the lion, the wisdom of the serpent, were to be expressed, the leonine body and claws, or the head of the serpent itself, would evidently best convey the required characteristics to the eye and mind of the beholder; and in other cases, where such an employment of the divers parts is not so obvious, we must not too readily assume that it has no significance because it is to us meaningless.

The sea-horse, like the sea-lion, is freely met with in Greek and Roman Art, and both forms are largely introduced again in mediæval and modern heraldry. The phoenix had what we may be allowed to term a literary existence among the Greeks and Romans, but, so far as we are aware, he did not become a creation of the artist until the mythic creature was accepted by the early Christians as a type of the resurrection of the body; an association of ideas that has since rendered its use very common; while other features, such as its solitary state, narrated of it by the old writers, are in like manner, though less frequently, the causes of its introduction.

According to a tale narrated to Herodotus on his visit to Heliopolis, the phoenix visited that place once every five hundred years, bringing with it the body of its predecessor, and burning it with myrrh in the sanctuary of Helios: but the version on which the Christian moral and application is based is somewhat different. It is founded on the old belief that the phoenix, when it arrived at the age of fourteen hundred and sixty one years, committed itself to the flames that burst, at the fanning of its wings, from the funeral pyre that it constructed of costly spices, and that from its ashes a new phoenix arose to life. This belief, which appears to us so absurd, was for hundreds of years as accepted a fact as any other point in natural history. The home of the phoenix was supposed to be somewhere in Arabia, and the bird itself is represented as being very similar to an eagle. The phoenix is very freely used as a device in heraldic art; thus it was assigned to Joan of Arc, with the motto "Her death itself will make her live;" and, to give but one more instance out of the many that might be brought forward, it was the badge of Jane Seymour; Edward VI., her son, adding to it the motto, "Nascatur ut alter," "That another may be born," a delicate way of alike hinting at the nature of her death, and of his own claim to occupy a position so proud and unique.

We must defer further comment on many of these mythical forms until our next paper. As we see that we have not yet referred at all to Figs. 2 and 10, we may just point out that they are both Italian in their origin; Fig. 4 is from a Greek coin, of which we shall have more to say; Figs. 13 and 14 are what profess to be true representations of a dragon and a mantichora respectively; Fig. 9 is a powerful piece of French mediæval carving; while Figs. 7 and 12 are taken from old Mexican MSS. in the Bodleian and Vatican libraries. These Mexican retorts abound in every page with illustrations of animal forms of the most grotesque character and of most varied nature.

GENERAL THOMAS JEFFERSON ("STONEWALL") JACKSON.

Engraved by H. BALDING, from the Statue by J. H. FOLEY, R.A.

THIS statue will, doubtless, be remembered by many of the visitors as occupying a central position in the Lecture-room of the Royal Academy, in 1875: it is among the last, as it is also among the finest, portrait-statues designed by Foley. Whatever opinions the countrymen of "Stonewall" Jackson may form as to the part he took in the contest between the Northern and Southern States of America a few years ago, one may be fully assured that every American ought to feel proud to recognise as a fellow-countryman so distinguished a soldier and so good a man: the intrinsic worth and the military capacity of the general were freely acknowledged even by those who fought against him on the field of battle. A Virginian by birth, he received his education at West Point Military Academy, and entered the Artillery in 1846. After distinguishing himself in the war against Mexico he attached himself to the Confederates when the civil war, or rebellion, broke out in 1861, and proved himself a most efficient, enterprising, and successful commander on the side he espoused. It is unnecessary to follow him through his campaigns; it will suffice to say that after the battle of Chancellorsville, in May, 1863, he was fired on, inadvertently, by his own men, and died in hospital about a week afterwards, at the early age of thirty-seven.

Among the prominent traits of "Stonewall" Jackson's personal character is said to have been that of earnest piety, for which by his own men he was as distinguished as the late Sir Henry Havelock was by the troops under his command. The account of his death given in the *Times* by the New York correspondent of that paper concluded thus:—"Then his manner changed, and he murmured, 'Let us cross the river, and rest under the shadow of the trees:' these were the last words of 'Stonewall' Jackson;" and very beautiful and touching words they are;

they suggested the following lines, which appeared not long afterwards in *Once a Week*:-

"Over the river—over the river!
There, where the cool, freshening shadows invite;
And, stirred by the south wind, the forest-leaves quiver,
And fire-flies dance through the sweet summer night.

"Soldiers and comrades, we'll cross that broad river,
Far from the tumult of trumpet and drum,
And the cannon's deep boom, and the fierce squadron's shiver
As they reel in their saddles: then come, brothers, come!

"Over the river—over the river!
Come, ere the sun has gone down in the west;
Angel forms beckon us, sent to deliver
The weary from labour, and offer him rest."

"Over the river—a fathomless river,
Is the land where no shadows are needed or seen;
Where the leaves of the forest-trees wither—no never;
And the fruits are all golden, the pastures all green.

"From the couch where the warrior lay wounded and dying,
He saw in a vision that country so fair;
All its streams and its valleys, its mountains outlying,
And the city whose walls are of pearls rich and rare.

"Over the river—the dark flowing river,
Death bore the hero, the victor, the saint;
Great in ear.h's conflicts—greater than ever
When they had left him, weary and faint.

"Waiting to cross it, radiant with glory,
Strong in the faith which is born of pure life;
Bequeathing a name to the records of story
That tell of bold deeds in the patriot's strife."

JAN. DUNLOP.

Mr. Foley's statue was a commission given by a number of Englishmen desirous of doing honour to Jackson: it is erected, we believe, at Lexington, Virginia, U.S.





GENERAL THOMAS J. JACKSON

GENERAL JACKSON IN THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN

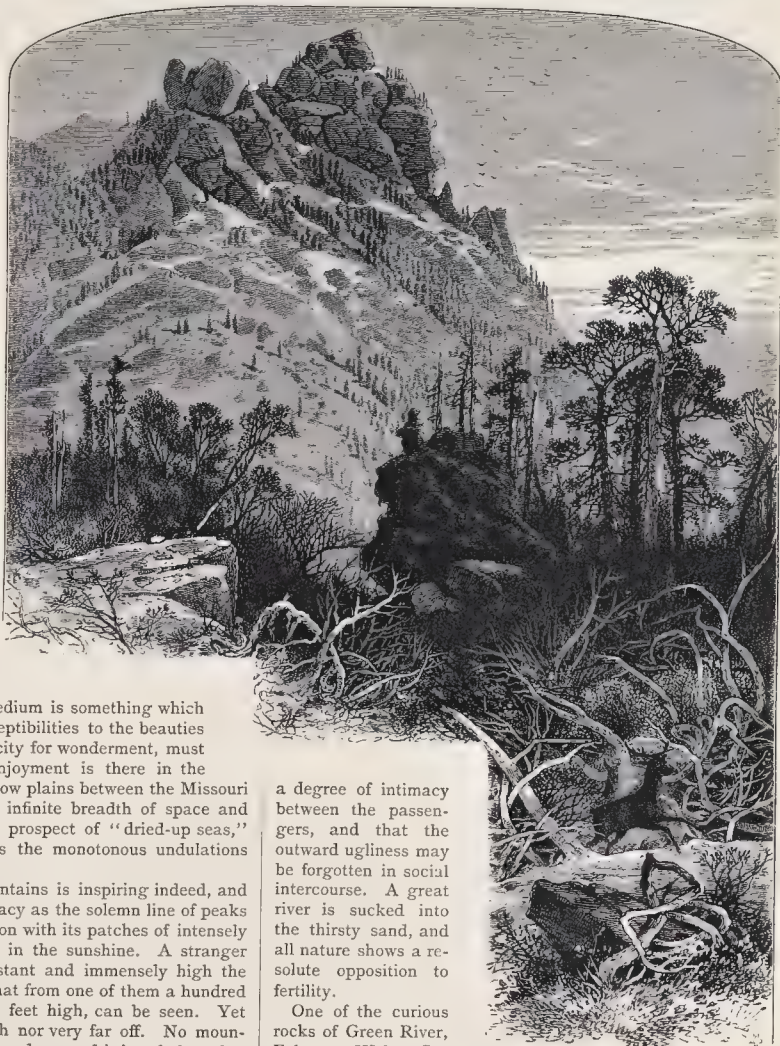
SCENERY OF THE PACIFIC RAILWAY.

I.

AFTER having travelled many thousand miles in the far West and South-west with the unusual opportunity for careful observation afforded by the Wheeler Exploring Expedition, the writer is prepared to say that the scenery of the Pacific Railway embraces nearly all the memorable and curious phases of the whole western country. The sage-plains of Colorado and New Mexico are repeated wearisomely between Omaha and Cheyenne, and in the great Humboldt Desert; the marvellous *mesas*, or tablelands, of the Black Hills and the Yellowstone, with their broadly defined strata of crude colour, have their counterparts on the borders of Green River; the fantastic erosions of sandstones that have made Monument Park in Colorado famous, crop out on the line so frequently that they cease to excite any wonder; and the grandeur of the abrupt cañons that cleave the heart of the main Rocky range may be judged from the sheer walls and purple chasms of Echo, Weber, and the American River. He is also prepared to say, heretical as it may seem, that what is true of nearly all travel is especially true of the transcontinental journey: the pleasure of it may be divided into ten parts, five of which consist of anticipation, one of realisation, and four of retrospect. As a matter of stubborn fact, few people who have crossed the continent once by rail care to undergo the tedium a second time; and the tedium is something which even those with the keenest susceptibilities to the beauties of nature, and the largest capacity for wonderment, must acknowledge. What possible enjoyment is there in the long and dreary ride over the yellow plains between the Missouri River and the mountains? The infinite breadth of space and air does not redeem the dismal prospect of "dried-up seas," as a Western poet apostrophises the monotonous undulations of land.

The first revelation of the mountains is inspiring indeed, and one is conscious of a thrill of ecstasy as the solemn line of peaks slowly rises above the sharp horizon with its patches of intensely white snow, that seem iridescent in the sunshine. A stranger marvels when he is told how distant and immensely high the nearest of the pinnacles is, and that from one of them a hundred and fifty others, each over 12,000 feet high, can be seen. Yet they neither seem to be very high nor very far off. No mountain in this land of lucid skies ever does, and it is only by reference to experience that we can convince ourselves of their truly great altitude. As we continue to look at them—the hollows holding pools of blue haze—and the innumerable intermediate ridges become slowly visible, it dawns upon us by degrees how vast they are.

The desert between Ogden and Truckee is duller than that between Omaha and Cheyenne—duller than Sahara itself—a sterile basin locked in by sterile mountains, and overcast by the brooding despondency of a wintry sea. Who, left to himself, is proof against *ennui* here? Who is not affected, more or less, by the melancholy desolation of the purple mountains? It is a fortunate thing that the length of the journey admits of



Black Hills, near Sherman.

a degree of intimacy between the passengers, and that the outward ugliness may be forgotten in social intercourse. A great river is sucked into the thirsty sand, and all nature shows a resolute opposition to fertility.

One of the curious rocks of Green River, Echo, or Weber Cañon, set up in England, or any part of Europe, would make a popular resort; but abnormal geological developments are multiplied indefinitely along the line of the Pacific Railway—and we soon learn that the mere oddities of

creation have no lasting charm. In these two cañons, however, there is superlative grandeur, both in the enormous bluffs a thousand or more feet high, and in the barriers of rock that would seem impenetrable were it not for the positive evidence of the long tunnels, cuttings, and bridges. From the yellow-

no other support than a few besotted miners. During the evening and night we cross the Sierra Nevada, and on the next day, the last of the journey, we make the passage of American Cañon, Cape Horn, and the fertile valley of the Sacramento.

This, in epitome, is the ground we purpose going over in detail. The Union Pacific road begins, as all travellers know, at Omaha, on the western bank of the Missouri River—where it is "fed" by seven other lines, three of which have their termini at Chicago: namely, the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy; the Chicago and North-western; and the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific. From Omaha it proceeds 516 miles westward in an almost straight line over the plains to Cheyenne, and it ends at Ogden, 1,033 miles from Omaha, the Central Pacific road completing the distance to San Francisco.

Between Omaha and Cheyenne nature has struck but one key in her symphony, and that is an uninspired monotone. In the popular imagination the great plains of the West are perfectly level and a vivid green in colour, which description answers for the teeming prairies of Illinois and Iowa. But in reality the plains are never level and scarcely ever green. They undulate from ridge to ridge and hollow to hollow, like a petrified ocean, sparsely strewn with grass, cacti, and knots of sage-bushes. At one time, no doubt, game was plentiful, but the an-

telope has almost wholly disappeared, and the only reminiscence of it is the flabby steak on the eating-house table. The only buffalo that I ever saw near the Pacific Railroad was a tame calf among a herd of domestic cattle, and even the once multitudinous prairie-dog, all energy and tail, is removing his dwelling out of the way of the steam and cinders.

We glide from wave to wave of land, ascending by imperceptible degrees, until we reach Cheyenne, which is a welcome break in the monotony of a twenty-six hours' ride. In July, 1867, there was one house here; six months later there were 3,000. The building lots were first sold for \$150 each, and resold within three months for twenty times that amount. In spite of the uninteresting situation, we are amazed at the vitality that has lifted this city out of the sand of the plains; and the work is not yet complete. The air resounds with the tap of the mason's trowel, and the wooden buildings are rapidly being replaced by more substantial structures of brick and iron. The population is close on 7,000, mostly stock-raisers, miners, and soldiers—a constituency whose salient characteristics are tremendous energy, incurable speculativeness, and equanimity in both success and defeat.

The grade of the road increases west of Cheyenne, and two locomotives are attached to the train, but the ascent is imperceptible. The snow-fences and snow-sheds, a few of which were passed east of Cheyenne, become more frequent, and the preparations made for protection indicate how terrible the winter storms are. A plaintive look of apprehension may be seen on the faces of the emigrants in the forward cars, and an occasional mutter of disappointment is heard. A stock-raiser points out an ominous little valley in which several thousand sheep were frozen to death in one night, and a scattering of bleached bones confirms his story. Here we cross a shallow cañon, and



Maiden's Slide, Dale Creek.

green plains we are borne down a steep slope into the very heart of the Wahsatch Mountains; through a red-walled ravine, by a frothing mountain-stream, among wind and water worn miracles of sandstone and granite, and out into the beautiful valley of the Great Salt Lake, as the warm haze of sunset is melting the circling peaks and flooding the gardens of Ogden with its gold. Whatever the territory may be beyond, the belt of Utah traversed by the Union Pacific Railway is the best-looking agricultural country between Iowa and California. Yellow hayricks, verdant meadows, waving fields of corn, and plethoric orchards, make a most grateful relief to the wonderland of rocks through which we have come: but they are soon passed, and we wind out from Ogden into a white alkali-plain bordering the Salt Lake.

The next day's ride is the most wearisome of all. The train whirls through the Humboldt Desert in a stifling cloud of dust, pausing every hour or so at little sandy stations, which apparently have no other reason for existence than a bar-room, and

the track is hedged on both sides by a fence. The wind blows with such fury in winter that it lifts the snow up out of this ravine and over the bridge on which the railway is carried. Bleak and profitless hills of loose sand, strewn with boulders and

ribbed with buttresses of weathered granite, limit the prospect; and the high peaks of Colorado, which were visible as we approached Cheyenne, are hidden by the intermediate ridges.

But in the neighbourhood of Sherman, thirty-three miles to the



Emigrants' Camp, Laramie River.

westward, these superb mountains reappear, stretching a hundred miles or more to the southward, bathed in white vapour near the summits, profoundly blue as they slope down to the foot-hills, chequered with broad streaks of light, dazzling snowfields, and voluminous shadows. A description of them serves not at all in their identification. Their appearance during one hour eludes recognition the next. At one season and in one condition of the atmosphere they are huge masses of unlovely and unsentimental rock, noticeable only for their Titanic size; again they are dense masses of blue thrown up against the horizon like an impending storm, and, on a clear evening, the passionate western sun inflames them with an effulgent crimson that quickly changes to a pallid grey before the approaching night.

The Black Hills that we are gently ascending, and that extend into the north, have little or no poetic charm. They are insignificant in height and dull in colour. A few stout pines and firs, dwarfed by the inclemency of the weather, crawl out of the crevices between detached masses of tempestuous rock, and these are the only touches of vegetation that can be discovered. By-and-by we attain Sherman, a small collection of frame buildings, the highest railway station in the world.

The ascent has been so gradual that we find it difficult to realise how great our altitude is, but we are 8,242 feet above the level of the sea, and 2,170 feet above Cheyenne.

From Sherman we go down to the Laramie Plains through an amazing region of rock *diablerie*, where the granite and sandstones are cast in such odd shapes that they seem to be the work of goblin architects, or the embodiments of a madman's fancy. Pillars which caricature the form of beast and human; circular and square towers that might have been part of a mediæval stronghold; massive structures that have no small resemblance to the fortress itself; and preposterous creations, unlike anything else seen on earth or heard of in heaven, barricade the track on both sides. The geologist's explanation of them is simple: they were once angular, cube-like masses, and have been worn into their present form in the process of disintegration by exfoliation. Sometimes they are honeycombed with tiny cells like a worm-eaten piece of wood from the tropics; sometimes they are a yellow ochre in colour, or a pale yellow tinged with green; and again they are a vivid crimson, or the several strata are marked by many different tints. They abound in Dale Creek Cañon, two miles west of Sher-



Red Buttes, Laramie Plains.

man, which the railway crosses at a height of 127 feet by a trestle-work bridge 650 feet long. Here, among others, is a great pile of rocks, called, for some occult reason, the "Maiden's

Slide," and in the same neighbourhood is another pile bearing the ghastly name of "Skull Rocks."

Near the western terminus of the bridge the road has been

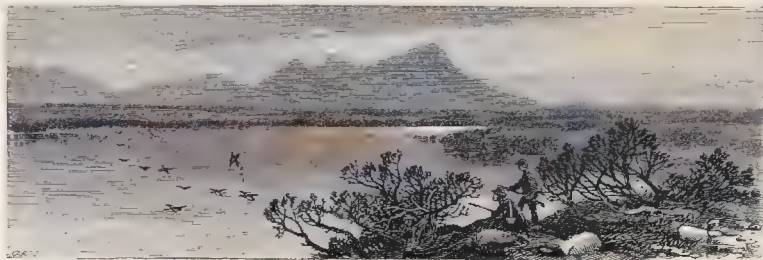


Elk Mountain.

drilled and blasted through a compact and massive red granite, and, as we reach the plains again, a large number of strange rock formations, a bright crimson in colour, appear on the right side of the track, these being known as the "Red Buttes."

The great Laramie Plains are about forty miles wide on an

average, and one hundred miles long, bounded by the Black Hills and the Medicine Bow Mountains. These mountains are a range of wild, acute, snowy peaks, and, as the traveller looks west from Laramie City, the most prominent elevation is Sheep Mountain. Elk Mountain, the northern spur, is the highest peak in the range,



Lake Como.

however, and has an elevation of 7,152 feet. The emigrant-road follows the railway closely, and canvas-covered waggons drawn by ox-teams are often passed, sometimes alone and sometimes in trains of five or more. The whole establishment of a migrating

family—women, children, furniture, cattle, and pets—is included in the caravan; and in the evening it is a common thing to see the wanderers drawn up by the side of a brook or spring for the night.

WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

MINOR TOPICS.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—The annual distribution of medals took place on the 10th of December. The following is the prize list:—Architectural travelling studentship, Thomas Manly Deane. Cartoon of a draped figure, silver medal, Frederick Hamilton Jackson. Painting from the life, silver medal, Henry Gibbs; ditto, extra silver medal, Walter Charles Horsley. Copy of an oil-painting, silver medal, Janet Archer. Design for a coin, silver medal, not awarded. Drawing from the life, first silver medal, L. Lexden Pocock; ditto, second ditto, H. H. La Thangue. Model from the life, first silver medal, Will. Silver Frith; second ditto, not awarded. Architectural drawing, first silver medal, Sydney Vacher; second ditto, Eley Emlyn White. Drawing from the antique, first silver medal, W. Gunning King; second ditto, Edgar Hanley. Model from the antique, first silver medal, Thomas Stirling Lee; second ditto, not awarded. Perspective drawing in outline, Robert W. Gibson. Drawing executed in the life-school during the year, premium of £10, P. Homan Miller; ditto, extra premium of £5, Stanhope A. Forbes. The President, in the course of a short address to the students after the distribution, expressed the satisfaction of himself and the members of the Academy at the general excellence of the paintings and drawings in all the competitions.

THE GIBSON COLLECTION is now placed in a gallery of the Royal Academy—a bequest which that body has at length fully acknowledged. It is an assemblage of sculptural models and sketches of very great interest, and certainly enriches the nation. And this collection is not alone, as evidence that sculptors deserve some permanent mode of showing a life-work after life is over. Foley has done as much for his native city, Dublin; and Lough as much for his native town, Newcastle. Macdowell's "remains" were unfortunately scattered; but at a public auction the best of them were bought by Mr. Bicknell, and presented to the Crystal Palace. Those of unhappy Behmes were distributed no one knows where; but there is a dealer at Knightsbridge who has several of his best—bought for little more than nothing. No doubt the works of Gibson will be fertile of fruit to many young sculptors; they are the productions of an earnest worker who sought for truth—and found it: who believed in Nature as the great teacher whose lessons could never lead wrong. It is needless to pass the collection under detailed review; several of his finest and best works have been from time to time engraved in the *Art Journal*; and in the pages of this publication he has frequently received the praise to which he was eminently entitled, and of which we know he was proud.

THE BYRON EXHIBITION.—Great efforts were made to raise a sum of money so large as to enable an influential committee to place in the Green Park a national monument to the memory of the poet: these efforts failed to a certain extent. The amount is somewhat short of £3,000; enough to erect a statue and pedestal with bas-reliefs, but not sufficient to show that the nation has desired to preserve "a national record of Byron worthy of the subject, the age, and the Art." Of some twenty models sent in competition there was not one of undoubted excellence—hardly one that passed the boundary of mediocrity, while some were so strikingly bad as to have merited scornful rejection by a plaster-moulder of the "New Road." Yet such is the result of a competition to which the sculptors of all the world were invited! Certainly all those who merit that distinction did not compete: of English sculptors there was not one candidate either a member or associate of the Royal Academy; of the sculptors of France there were few or none—we hear of no names except that of Carrière-Belleuse: his statue-group is certainly among the best, if not the best; while the American, Storey, who is to be regarded as half a Roman, makes an appearance much more than respectable. Mr. Bell and Mr. Williamson are among the more satisfactory contributors; but, as a whole, the exhibition can be fitly described by no other word than lament-

able. If the nation did not answer the appeal the artists certainly have not responded to it; and it is no wonder that the committee refused to select the best of the bad; that they require another attempt; "encoring" the effort in a very different sense from that which infers applause—desirous to see, before they expend the sum in hand, what they are likely to get for their money. We confess we do not much grieve at the result—at the evidence thus supplied of national indifference to the poet, and the proof thus obtained that his poems have failed to stir the heart of the artist. If Byron is to be regarded as the greatest of the poets of the nineteenth century—a belief by no means universal—it is quite certain that he is a poet who inculcated evil: who by precept and example taught the doctrines that corrupt the minds and peril the souls of those of the generation over whom he has had influence. So much has been said and written on this matter that it is needless to go into it here. It would be easy to adduce proof that nearly all the poems of Byron are pernicious, and that any attempt to extend the knowledge of them among the humbler classes (which the placing a statue of him in some public place is calculated to do, and probably intended to do) would be for evil and not for good. There are a score of British poets whose lives and writings advocated virtue, loyalty, uprightness, and religion, of whom no monumental record exists in the metropolis or anywhere else.

CRYSTAL PALACE PICTURE GALLERY.—The Directors of the Crystal Palace announce their determination again to offer prizes, in the form of medals, gold, silver, and bronze, for pictures sent in for competition in the forthcoming season. The conditions will be the same as those issued in former years: particulars may be ascertained on application to Mr. Wass, Superintendent of the Gallery. The days named for the reception of all works of Art intended for exhibition are February 19th and 20th; they must be sent to St. George's Hall, Langham Place, Regent Street.

THE ART UNION OF LONDON.—This valuable and valued institution, to which Art and the British public owe so much, made extraordinary progress during the year 1875-76. The subscriptions exceeded £20,000, a sum it has never but once before reached. The Report, recently issued, is exceedingly satisfactory, and that satisfaction arises as much from what has been done in the colonies as at home: £640 came from New Zealand; and altogether from Australia and New Zealand the society has obtained the enormous sum of £28,800. The print for distribution this year is the 'Joseph and Mary' painted by E. Armitage, R.A., and admirably engraved by C. H. Jeens. It is a work that many will prefer even to the famous engravings after Maclise, for it appeals to the religious sentiment, but treats the sacred theme in reference to the feeling common to human kind, "And when they found him not, they turned back into Jerusalem seeking him." "The point in the narrative represented in the picture is this: weary with the long journey over the hot plains of Palestine, Mary, resting her hand on the margin of the well, asks the women who have come to fill their water-jars for any tidings of her son, while Joseph, leaning on his staff, goes forward to prosecute the search."

'THE POOL OF BETHESDA,' painted by Mr. E. Long, A.R.A., and exhibited in the Royal Academy last year, is to be engraved by M. Ballin on a commensurately large scale: it will be published by Mr. Arthur Lucas. The composition and general treatment of the subject are well calculated to make, and doubtless will make, a very effective print.

PICTURE SALES.—We understand that the forthcoming season promises to be an unusually busy one: Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Wood's engagements are reported to be numerous almost beyond precedent; owing in a great measure, it is pre-

sumed, to the depressed state of the commercial world, and the consequent desire of collectors to "realise." The prospect is certainly not cheering for artists who are preparing new works for the year's public exhibitions.

THE WALKER FUND.—Soon after the death of Mr. F. Walker, A.R.A., a number of his personal friends, with other admirers of the painter's works, desirous of raising a memorial of him, subscribed a considerable sum of money for this purpose. The deceased artist left, however, one unmarried sister, with whom he lived, and to whom his lamented death was something beyond the loss of a dearly loved relative; and accordingly it was deemed advisable to devote the money which had been collected to her benefit. But the sorrowing lady unhappily did not long survive her brother; grief for his death, acting upon a very delicate constitution, terminated her life within a few months. It has now become a question what should be done with the fund collected. There are surviving members of the family, but fortunately they do not stand in any need of such aid, and it appears not to be improbable that it will revert to its original object, and that a memorial of some kind will yet be erected.

SCIENCE AND ART DEPARTMENT.—A meeting of the past and present students of the National Art Training Schools, South Kensington, has been held in the studio of Mr. R. Collinson, to present that gentleman with a testimonial on his retirement from the duties of painting master in the above schools—a position he has held since 1853. The testimonial was a handsome one, consisting of a black marble clock with bronze figure, and vases *en suite*, a well-bound selection of the poets in oak case, and an illuminated address. Mr. Collinson, in accepting the testimonial, warmly thanked all his old pupils for their expressions of esteem towards him, and said he should always look back with great pleasure upon his connection with South Kensington and its schools.

IN THE GALLERY OF MR. BORGES—the Danish Gallery in New Bond Street—there yet remain some admirable specimens of Art, although the exhibition of marine pictures is for the present suspended. We have been gratified by examining several plaques and vases painted by an English artist, Mr. R. J. Mackay, who promises to rank with the best producers of works of the class. They are of flowers, principally wild flowers, obviously copied from nature, of great merit in design, grouping, and arrangement, and of much delicacy and minuteness of finish. A rare amount of skill is required to place together such flowers on porcelain slabs: to give contrast with harmony, and so to study the theme that over-strength in one part shall not suggest weakness in another. Mr. Mackay is a painter of much ability, and we are glad to find he is devoting his talents to this always arduous and difficult branch of Art.

MESSRS. SOANE AND SMITH, of Oxford Street, the eminent dealers in porcelain and glass, have received a commission from the Sultan of Morocco for six immense bowls and dishes of glass, and the same in porcelain. They are in size—the dishes 26 inches in diameter, and the bowls 20 inches. The latter are admirably designed, the composition being of leaves and flowers. The former are simply diamonds and squares cut, but singularly brilliant, the effect being indeed gorgeous. Both are of great excellence as examples of British Art-manufacture. No doubt they will make a sensation in Morocco, as certainly they are calculated to do in England. The event is worthy of record, as one of the signs of progress of the age of intercourse with all parts of the world.

MR. S. C. HALL, in a Preface to a new edition of his "Book of Memories," states that he is occupied in preparing a volume of "Recollections of a Long Life." He published a book so long ago as 1820, was a parliamentary reporter in 1823, was intimately acquainted with Ireland so far back as 1816, and commenced the *Art Journal* in 1839—having been an Editor upwards of fifty-three years.

ART-PUBLICATIONS.

[So many illustrated books (and not all of them designed for a "season" only) are upon our table that we must of necessity limit to a few lines our notices of some of these works; and we shall be compelled to put aside, or postpone to a future occasion, reviews of several—a large proportion of them being entitled to greater space than they can receive.]

A THIRD volume, illustrating the books of the New Testament, is very welcome to our table: "The Gospel according to St. Luke."* The etchings of Flameng, from the designs of Bida, form a noble folio volume, beautifully printed. The artist has felt the sacred theme, and not as a painter merely. It has made its way into the heart; exciting imagination, no doubt, but realising the ways, the precepts, the example, the character of the Lord Christ. A holy sentiment pervades the pictured scenes or events. The incidents are not only graphically related: Art is their commentator, impressing the sacred truths on which Christianity is based, and promoting as its loftier duty the cause of virtue. Such a volume is indeed a valuable boon to all who can appreciate excellence in Art, and think its best employment is in the service of Religion.

MRS. NOSEDA, of the Strand, has recently published three prints of great excellence; they may be rightly termed the classics of Art, for two of them are from paintings by Reynolds, and one is from a painting by Gainsborough; the originals ranking among the most famous of their works. The engraving of 'The Three Ladies Waldegrave' has been much talked of, but is little known, for a good impression of the old plate is rarely seen; indeed, very few such have ever existed. This charming copy,

made by favour of Frances, Lady Waldegrave, is by the engraver J. S. Shury. 'Mrs. Abingdon as Miss Pine' is engraved by R. B. Parkes, and the 'Mrs. Siddons' of Gainsborough by the same good artist. They are very perfect engravings; their value being enhanced by the fact (a rarity now-a-days) that they are pure mezzotints, and not specimens of the "mixed" styles. They are rare and valuable acquisitions to the connoisseur, while to the general lover of Art, who is not content with things that are merely pretty, they are desirable boons. We thank Mrs. Noseda for these additions to the Art-treasures of the country: happily there are many collectors into whose portfolios these admirable prints will find their way. Another print, also of the lady's issue, is a sweet specimen, entitled 'Nina,' after the painter Greuze, admirably engraved in line by the artist Joubert. It is small, but of the highest quality; the style is unfortunately going out in England, and to a great degree in France also; it is seldom a print so entirely charming as this is laid before us for criticism and for enjoyment. It should be added to this brief notice that Mrs. Noseda has published other prints after Reynolds: all, excepting the 'Ladies Waldegrave,' being from pictures not previously engraved.

WE are always well pleased to see artists employing the pen conjointly with the pencil in the cause of Art; and especially so when the former is used with as much imaginative power and beauty of expression as are manifest in a small volume of essays written by Mr. Wyke Bayliss, under the title of "The Witness of Art."* One or two, if not more, of these papers made their

* "The Gospel according to St. Luke." Published by Sampson Low & Co.

* "The Witness of Art; or, The Legend of Beauty." By Wyke Bayliss, F.S.A., Vice-President of the Society of British Artists. Published by Hodder and Stoughton.

appearance several months ago in the *Argonaut*, where we remember to have read them, somewhat cursorily certainly, but with sufficient attention to be attracted by their richness of thought and poetic language. Taking as a kind of text or model the child's old story of "Beauty and the Beast," Mr. Bayliss has founded an allegory in which Art is made the "Witness" of the beauty visible in the whole world of nature; and in speaking of Art, the term is not to be limited to the works of the painter and the sculptor, and whatever is associated with these, but it must include poetry. In working out his theory, so to speak, he refers to Art as practised by the classic and mediæval schools, just touching upon that of our own times. A chapter on Landscape Art, entitled "Blessing the Cornfields," is full of very interesting writing, in which the ideal and the real are most felicitously combined. Much could we find to say about this little volume did space permit; but it cannot be dismissed by us without the remark that every page of it has a high—it may truly be said a holy—aim: "Art," says the author, "stands like the great Angel of the Apocalypse, with one foot upon the earth, one foot upon the sea, its head encircled with a rainbow, and in its hand a book in which are words written." Unquestionably these pages were not penned to amuse, but to profit, fanciful as some of them are; yet is there a charm in them which would render it difficult for any one to lay the book aside, when he has begun to read it, till the last page is reached.

'MARIETTA' is the title given by Mr. Lucas, of Wigmore Street, to one of the most graceful prints we have ever had the gratification to review. It is an engraving by Samuel Cousins, R.A., from a painting by Frederick Leighton, R.A., and represents the picture-portrait of "a little dark-eyed one of Venice." We believe this is the first engraving that has yet appeared after a work of this artist, who holds the highest professional rank, and it is to the credit of Mr. Lucas that he has added the name to his long list of works by famous painters of the age and country. The picture has received ample justice at the hands of the renowned engraver. It is a most beautiful work; and the portrait, no doubt aided by fancy, is of a lovely girl in earliest youth. That is all; but it is enough. Art has here triumphed in copying nature. The print is sure to be a favourite, and is a rare example of exquisite conception and perfect finish, to which time will add value.

The *Graphic* illustrated newspaper has obtained renown throughout the world; some of the best of living artists have gratified and enlightened the public, week after week, through its pages. Its conductors have given to it a very high position, and it has become one of the marvels of the age. In our younger days to have produced such a work was impossible, and even now to do it on every seventh day must be a task of very great difficulty. It is in all its parts well done, and makes good its claim to the respect with which it is accepted. We have here in one goodly folio volume fifty engravings on wood that have from time to time appeared in the paper.* They have been judiciously selected, the series comprising specimens of a large number of artists who have worked in this way and for this publication; and the excellence of their work is at once manifest. Altogether it is an interesting and attractive giftbook.

MISS JANE E. COOK, whose pleasant *brochure*, "The Sculptor Caught Napping," we noticed last year, has this year produced another book of the class. The idea was a good one; we question if it gains by repetition; the lady in this case aims at too much. The manner is a kind of imitation of scissor-cutting; we hardly know how otherwise to describe it. The book manifests great ability; the marvel is how, without design or previous drawing, there can be such accuracy of character, contour, finish and humour, combined with great artistic skill. The subjects illustrated are two of the "Ingoldsby Legends."† The fair artist can do better, and will do better.

* "The Graphic Portfolio: a Selection from the admired Engravings which have appeared in the *Graphic*, and a Description of the Art of Wood-Engraving." Published at the *Graphic* Office, Strand.

† "The Witches' Frolic and The Bagman's Dog." By Thomas Ingoldsby. Illustrated by Jane E. Cook. Published by Bentley and Son.

A DOZEN books for the young from the long-renowned firm at the memorable "corner of St. Paul's Churchyard" cannot fail to be a source of enjoyment; Messrs. Grant and Griffith have laid little readers under another annual obligation. Their books, always good, pleasant, as well as instructive—teachers, although by no means preachers—inculcate the best principles in a manner that attracts and never repels. They are aided also by good, if not first-class Art, and the publishers do not forget that the outside must give pleasure no less than the inside. The list of authors is satisfactory; foremost among them are H. G. Kingston, always a special favourite with boys, the Rev. H. C. Adams, Augusta Marryat, who tells exceedingly well a tale of the Indian mutiny, and W. Westall, who has brought together some interesting legends of Saxony and Lusatia. Perhaps the pleasantest of the books is a series of starlight (fairy) stories by Fanny Lablache; and it is the best illustrated.

GENERAL JAMES GRANT WILSON, an American, has published a second volume of "The Poets and Poetry of Scotland,"* the country of his ancestors. It is a goodly volume of nearly 500 pages, admirably printed, and preserves the memories of some three or four hundred of the poets of Scotland, many of whom yet live, although most of them are tuning their harps in the better land. The brief memoirs are well and sensibly written, and the selections judiciously made. It is impossible that a book of the size and kind should be without errors; some we could point out: for example, he omits James Montgomery, who was a Scotchman, and introduces Will Kennedy, who was an Irishman. But, as a whole, the work has been very conscientiously and ably done.

A VERY excellent volume comes to us from Bath, where it is printed as well as written. It describes and pictures the village churches of Somersetshire,† or rather such as more immediately surround its capital. They are of deep interest and of great beauty; venerable remains of a long-ago period, and still consecrated to public worship. It is an acceptable offering to readers everywhere, but a very useful acquisition to the thousands who—residents in the fair locality—will find in it an unusual amount of information, conveyed in pleasant language and in a spirit of religious fervour far removed from sectarian zeal. Each chapter is a minute and sufficiently elaborate history of the church, with some details as to adjacent scenery, often highly picturesque and attractive. The author is a most intelligent guide, has obviously taken great pains to obtain knowledge, and added to literature of this class a volume of much worth and of very deep interest. We trust he will not stop here: that his most pleasing, profitable, and well-written volume is only the first of a series.

A HANDBOOK to the environs of London has long been greatly wanted; to do the work properly infers an immense amount of labour; such a task, whatever it might do for the publisher, could not pay the author. It is not improbable that Mr. Thorne has been many years about his work, yet there is no one living who could have done it so rapidly or so well.‡ It forms, in its present state, one of a series of books that have been very useful in every part of the world; a traveller can go nowhere—or at least will willingly go nowhere—without a "Murray" in his hand. Yet, in accord with the proverb, "The shoemaker's wife is always ill-shod," we have been more ignorant concerning the environs of London than we were as regards those of any foreign city of Europe. Mr. Thorne has effectually removed the evil and the reproach. It is an absolute marvel how minutely he notes every topic of interest. It is as remarkable an instance of well-applied industry as we could quote in the whole history of letters.

* "The Poets and Poetry of Scotland, from the Earliest to the Present Time." By James Grant Wilson. Period from Thomas Campbell to the Marquis of Lorne. Published by Blackie and Son.

† "The Church Rambler: a series of Articles on the Churches in the Neighbourhood of Bath." Published by Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

‡ "Handbook to the Environs of London, Alphabetically Arranged; containing an Account of every Town and Village, and of all Places of Interest, within a Circle of Twenty Miles round London." By James Thorne, F.S.A. In Two Parts. Published by John Murray.

MR. RAPHAEL TUCK, an enterprising publisher of the City Road, has issued two very remarkable works; we do not know where they are produced, but they are marvels, considered as copies in oils of two paintings in oil-colours—"Oleographs" as they are called. The originals are by a German painter, Eschke. Viewed at a short distance, it would be difficult to tell the original from the copy—which was the work of mind and hand and which an imitation. Surely those before us are sufficient to satisfy any Art-lover whose means cannot reach the originals of which these are wonderful copies; and he who can furnish his house with the "Oleo" is not greatly to be pitied. Although paintings by a foreign master, the subjects are English: the one pictures The Needles, at the Isle of Wight; and the other the Clyde, near Greenock. The themes have been chosen by the artist with a view to popularity: perhaps on no part of our British coast could two better or more characteristic have been selected. As "furniture pictures" they are to be coveted; but we think they are of merit sufficient to content the advanced and even wealthy Art-lover.

THE publications of the Religious Tract Society are this year not numerous, but they are of the usual excellence; and that is saying much. They are chiefly for the young—some for the very young. Of the latter we may specify "The Toy Books," a full and luscious holiday feast; and of the former "The Months Illustrated," the engravings in which are of the highest merit; indeed, it would not be easy to get better. The society has done an immense amount of good by introducing fine Art to the little folk: taste is thus advanced, the young mind is educated while it is amused, and lessons are learned while at play. The published list of works of all kinds issued during several years past by the society contains the titles of more than a thousand, of varied forms, sizes, and prices; and we are fully sure there is not one that may not be bought with confidence by parents, to place in the hands of children.

It would be difficult to exaggerate in estimating the debt that society of all grades owes to Mr. Samuel Smiles. No worker in any useful way has had a better stimulator or a more useful guide. We have to thank him for another book,* and a delicious book it is. The author is throughout in harmony with his theme—Nature. We are not quite sure, as we read page after page of this volume, that it is not a work of fiction we are reading; at least, it is very like a romance—the story of this uneducated, but certainly not unenlightened working man, humble of station all his life from the cradle to the grave, who did what the man of science, largely endowed, could hardly have done. Thomas Edward was a Scotchman, and began his course and ended it as a shoemaker: steady, sober, honest, good; always cheerful, always happy, leading apparently a life as joyous as that of a butterfly in the sun; but ever working for a high and holy purpose—to lead from nature up to nature's God! The story of the naturalist is beautiful: the perusal of it will make any reader wiser and better.

Two little treatises have come into our hands which, as they professedly have a somewhat analogous object in view, may be noticed together.† The Misses Garrett, in their "Suggestions for House Decoration," make some sensible observations calculated to improve the taste of those who may have to superintend the ornamenting and furnishing of a dwelling-house—matters too often quiescently left in the hands of the professional decorator, and the cabinet-maker and upholsterer, from whose opinions of beauty or ugliness few persons care to differ; their own ignorance often proving a stumbling-block to any practical improvement, or suggestion of any real value. Mr. Loftie's "Art in the House" touches on some of the subjects discussed in the ladies' manual; but his main purpose is to direct attention more especially to the Fine Arts as conducive to making the "home beautiful;" and thus he gives chapters on "Picture Buying,"

* "Life of a Naturalist, Thomas Edward, Associate of the Linnean Society." By Samuel Smiles. Portrait and Illustrations by George Reid, A.R.S.A. Published by John Murray.

† "Suggestions for House Decoration in Painting, Woodwork, and Furniture." By Rhoda and Agnes Garrett. "A Plea for Art in the House." By W. J. Loftie, B.A., F.S.A., author of "In and Out of London." Published by Macmillan & Co.

the "Prudence of Collecting," "Books and China;" and in the first two of these subjects he tells some anecdotes of a very commonplace nature, to which one can scarcely give credence from their improbability. His recommendations as to what should be purchased and what avoided may be accepted, but collecting is at all times a costly indulgence, and a man should have a thorough knowledge of the objects he seeks for before laying out his money upon them; above all he should avoid buying simply because an artist is fashionable.

ANOTHER instalment of the series of Lectures on Architecture by M. Viollet-le-Duc, the distinguished French architect—whose name, by the way, is now enrolled on the list of our Royal Academicians as an honorary foreign member—has made its appearance.* The part just published contains Lectures VI. and VII.; the former treating, as a consecutive subject, of the period of ancient architecture, the origin of Byzantine architecture, and Western architecture since the Christian era. The latter lecture discusses the principles of Western architecture in the Middle Ages. In his opening remarks of this lecture, M. Viollet-le-Duc makes a statement which, though well known to those who have studied the subject, seems scarcely credible to those who have not, and which few in our own day, it may be presumed, would care to see carried out. He says:—"The Orientals and Greeks, and even the Romans, rejected the principle that the naked material of which an edifice was constructed should remain visible. The Greeks coloured white marble when they employed that beautiful material." This, in very truth, is "painting the lily." He continues:—"However slight that colouring may have been (though everything leads us to suppose that it was, on the contrary, strong and vivid), its result was none the less that of concealing the real material under a kind of tapestry independent of that material." The practice in question, like that of colouring statues, admits of too wide discussion for us to enter upon it; nor have we room to say more about the lectures themselves than that they are singularly replete with most varied interest, not alone to the professional student, but to the educated reader of every class, so large and comprehensive a view does the author take of his subject, both in itself and in its historical collaterals, and so invitingly is it placed before us. Mr. Bucknall's translation does full justice to the original.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE & Co. have issued their annual volumes, formed out of their monthly publications, but have this year sent out no separate books, confining themselves to those which are, as they have always been, of the highest excellence: pure and useful in literature, and very valuable as instructors in Art. In the Art-view, indeed, it is impossible to make them better: the designs and engravings cannot be surpassed. We trace over them all the good influence of Mr. T. B. Smithies.

MR. STREETER may have a purpose to answer in publishing "Gold;" but, be it what it may, a more useful publication has very rarely come into our hands.† It abounds with facts, communicates an immense amount of information, and is a contribution to Art-literature of very considerable worth. Mainly, it is a translation, but the notes materially help us to comprehend the somewhat intricate subject. Mr. Streeter is a goldsmith; long ago he gave a pledge to the public that from his establishment nothing should go forth that professed to be gold of less than eighteen carats. He reasonably asks, "If a man who coins a base sovereign is in the eye of the law a criminal, why should not the trader, who marks his spurious gold with a stamp intended to deceive his customers for hall-marking, be also so deemed?" Much of the information is curious and interesting to the general reader, and the book abounds with singular facts; but to the professional reader the little volume is indispensable.

* "Lectures on Architecture." Translated from the French of E. Viollet-le-Duc, by Benjamin Bucknall, Architect. Part II. Published by Sampson Low & Co.

† "Gold; or, Legal Regulations for the Standard of Gold and Silver Wares in Different Countries of the World." Translated from the German of Arthur von Studnitz, by Mrs. Brewer. With Notes and Additions by Edwin W. Streeter. Published by Chatto and Windus.



NORWAY.*

By R. T. PRITCHETT, F.S.A.

CHAPTER II.

HELEMARKEN is a large district or "amt," lying in the south-east of Norway, north of Sæterdal, which is the most southern part of the kingdom. It is characterized by forest and costume; the former naturally bringing about a third characteristic, which is wood-carving—on a larger scale—applied to the external decoration of houses, and especially to the storehouse, which is always a separate building of one storey, and locally called the "stabur." On this structure is lavished externally all the carving talent and energy of the proprietor and his friends; and inside will be found good old coffers, containing the silver and the tankards, the brooches, and the bridal crown—which is handed down from generation to generation amongst the bonders or farmers. A public parochial crown is

sometimes to be heard of, and may be seen at the lawyer's—for that profession is

known in Norway; and when litigation commences it is impossible to even guess the time over which it may extend. But as to wood-carving—so important a feature in the dwelling of the inhabitants of this part: a fine specimen of carved lintel, or side-post, is in existence near Lysthuis—such solidity, so runic a design, so flowing, so difficult to copy, as mere copying! How was it originated? what "motif" of design? After making a careful study of it, it appears to be the result of "eyes"—generally associated without hooks—being kept to themselves, and interlaced, one following the other. On trying this practically it was found to be practicable and most successful. Talking over this glorious old work with the good housewife, she called her husband, who went off to the "stabur," and quickly returning told me there was a very old and handsome pair of these lintels lying under the "provision-house," and begged me to accept them in recollection of my visit, and take them home to my own house, that they might give me pleasure there. Great was my wish to accept, but the difficulty of transit soon flashed across my mind. Our route laid over the Haukelio, with hours of snow—ponies sinking in, and perhaps through. So the transit being impossible, I

tendered my thanks for the kindly offer; it was with much regret that I did so, but what could be done hundreds of miles from home, and just starting over the roughest mountain-tracts to the north-west of Norway? nothing but a grateful negative, and a suggestion that they should be given to the next nice young couple who were starting housekeeping. The principal carving is on the storehouses; and as soon as a young couple are engaged, the "man" begins to build his nest, with nothing much but his axe for strong work and the knife for ornamentation. The latter instrument is most adroitly used by the peasants, cutting all sweeping curves, with the left-hand thumb used as a lever. The house-building is characterised by large timbers squared and afterwards caulked with moss, like ship-caulking, the ends crossing, and, as will be hereafter shown, the timbers numbered outside generally up to twelve, so that they may be easily rebuilt should the occasion arise to remove it elsewhere. Looking at these immensely solid timbers, what a contrast they present to present work; how like their sturdy forefathers who worked so solidly: how unlike the feather-edged boarding of the new half-civilised houses which are now being introduced near towns, and are flimsiness itself, and only carpenter's shoddy!

Kongsberg is a city of rushing waters—or rather a small town; approaching it is suggestive of proximity to a Seltzer-water bottle with the cork partially out. The river rushes, splutters, fumes, foams, and steams; huge sticks, fir poles, and stems battling their way down the broken waters to Drammen, preparatory to their being shipped for the warmer and drier sphere of civilisation and circular saws.

Kongsberg is a centre of interest, as close by are found the silver mines which have for ages supplied the raw material for silver crowns ("gammel sul"), belts, cups, tankards, and all the endless variety of ornament for which "Gamle Norge" has been, and is, so famous and interesting.

We will not refer to the fact just now, but many interesting specimens of this class of work are to be found in England, souvenirs of travel which afford delightful moments to the happy possessors and their friends also. The silver is not considered very pure, but the design of the old silver is very grand and powerful, admirable and fine in character. The modern work, and especially the filigree-work, is far inferior—poor, weak, wanting in design, and feeble as to solidity.

Forests are most typical of Thelemarken, and very suggestive of bears in winter, a season much more severe here than in other parts of Norway, as the district is away east of the influence of the Gulf Stream. It is a very curious fact that directly an Englishman arrives in Thelemarken everybody seems to have seen bears, or, to be more precise, to have had visions of bears. That there are bears is certain. A sport-loving Oxonian last year was disappointed of a bear in the north, and, coming south on his return to shoot blackcock, had lit his pipe, and walking quietly back saw a bear! He had only one cartridge—seventy yards—he fired. Bruin, going back on his haunches, put out his "embracers," and rushed forward for the "hug." Only one cartridge! As he rushed on he rolled, and fell backwards—dead. He was a splendid beast, judging from the skin. What a trophy to bring home; what luck, some said! On his return the fortunate hunter, who, by-the-bye, was a week

* Continued from page 12.

later than he should have been, heard the momentous words | from his dear parent, "Well, sir, where is the bear you went out



Norwegian Carved Lintel.

to shoot in Norway?" "Have you not seen it? it's in the | hall." "Oh, my dear boy, I am so delighted—am so glad.



Carved Houses at Thelmarken.

Come, let us have the skin up here; send for mamma. This is | to have to say, "Didn't shoot one." Who does not know what
capital!" How much nicer it is to bring home a bearskin than | zest there always is in success?

The costume of the district is worn in everyday life, by the farmers as well as the peasants; in fact, the farmers, or bonders, are very proud of their dress. First and foremost is the typical white jacket, with light blue facings and silver buttons: blue collars, blue pocket-flaps, with silver buttons also; the

jacket turned vigorously back with a light blue "revers," I think the ladies call it. But the great characteristic of the jacket is not to be too long; the "ton" only have the back to come down just below the shoulder-blade; and, as the black trousers rush up to meet the curtailed garment, one can imagine the vast



Smoking the Cows. Thelemarken.

area of black trouser before arriving at the foot of the figure; it really makes them all look out of drawing.

The women wear a chocolate-coloured handkerchief cleverly twisted round the head and falling down the back, with the hair plaited; and how well they look with their fair hair and ribbons,

their homespun or "vadmél" petticoats closely kilt-pleated; old silver brooches and studs, and sometimes silk handkerchiefs as aprons, with coloured ceintures, the bodice with dark ground and flowers, crewel-worked, in relief. Near Lysthuis the costume is nearly all blue, a kind of short frock-coat, with dark



The Raft Boat. Thelemarken.

blue trouser-gaiters embroidered up the side with yellow and scarlet; but this is not a successful phase of costume.

On Sunday every variety is seen, and the additional interest of lake travelling is met with—namely, the raft boats. Seven stems of trees, the longest in the middle, the six cut shorter, like

organ-pipes; midships a seat for one; the oars tied in with green birch twigs with the leaves on. How suggestive of early lake habitation, and yet how like a modern outrigger, for there is only room for one and a "teena," or provision-box, from which a Norwegian, male or female, is inseparable.

The shortness of the jackets is shown in an illustration which represents a custom peculiar to this part, namely, smoking the cows. Many travellers have complained of the "flies" in Norway, and now even Norwegian cows object to these flies, and the farm folk, in kindly sympathy, make fires of juniper, the smoke of which is unwelcome to the mosquitoes; into the smoke the cows are only too glad to go, and being well atmosphered with juniper, are ready to start forth for the day, regardless

of their little winged enemies. The traveller will be rather benefited by taking a turn at the juniper smoke, if we may speak from practical experience.

Before closing this chapter reference must be made to the hour-glass under the initial letter; it is composed of brass, and placed by the side of the pulpit, which is opposite to the king's pew or box, in the church at Kongsberg. There are four hour-glasses, quarter, half, three-quarters, and hour, so the "domine" or



Kongsberg, Thetemarken.

minister turns the glass before commencing his discourse, and the congregation know how long he will continue. At Kongsberg there is a curious mural but very historical souvenir; the top of a stool is let into the wall, and on it may be read the following:—

"In the year 1589, being the 11th day of November, came the well-born gentleman, Mr. Jacobus Stuart, King of Scotland:

and the 25th Sunday after Trinity, which was the 16th day of November, he sat on this stool and heard a preaching from the 23rd Psalm, 'The Lord is my Shepherd.' Mr. David Lentz preached, and he preached between 10 and 12."

This "well-born gentleman" was evidently James the First of England and Sixth of Scotland, who married Anne of Denmark, sister of Christian IV.

SUNSET—SUSSEX.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF MR. A. TOOTH.

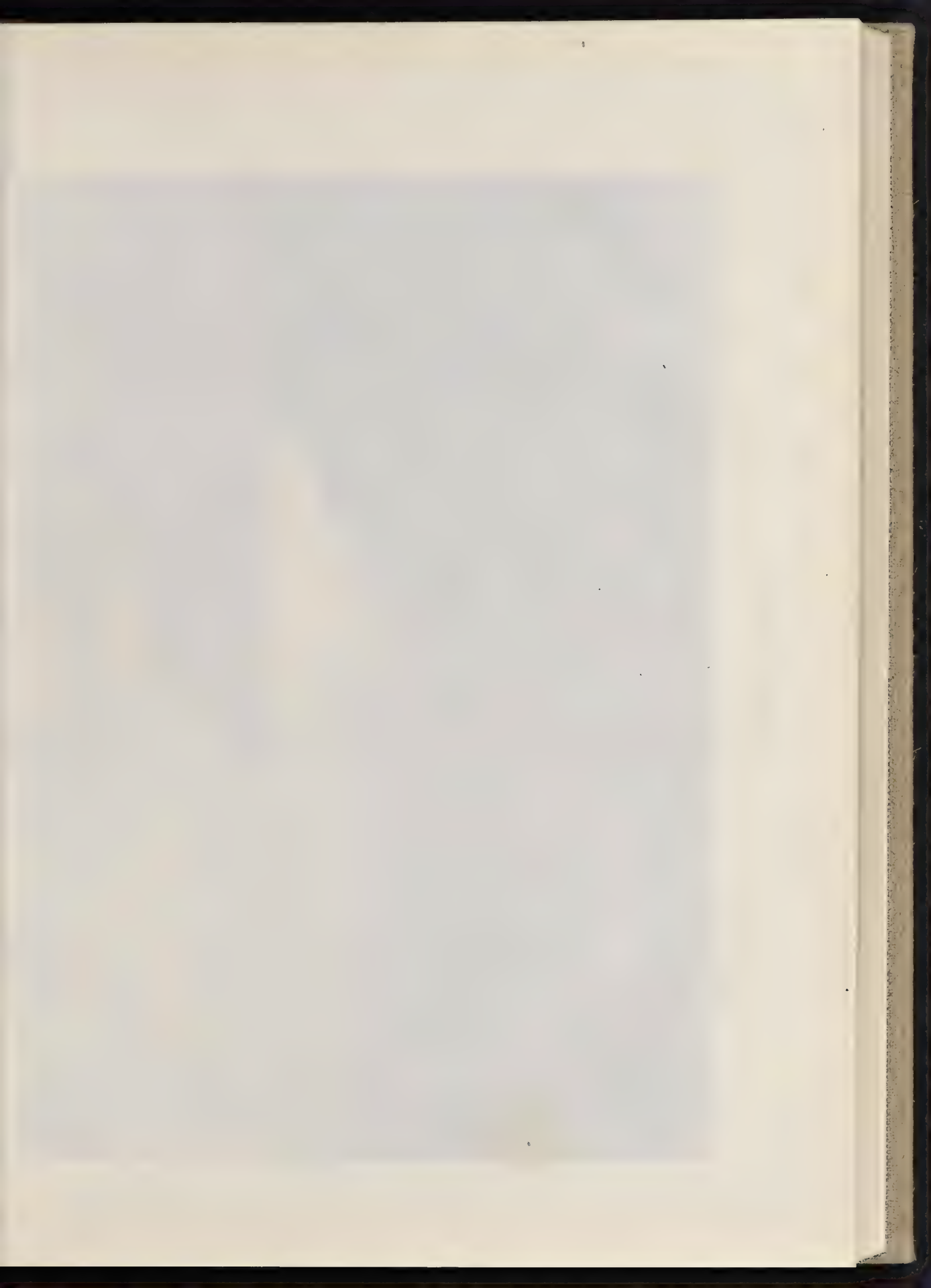
G. COLE, Painter.

J. SADDLER, Engraver.

THE painter of this picture has for more than a quarter of a century been enrolled among the members of the Society of British Artists, in whose gallery in Suffolk Street his works have held a very prominent position; and most deservedly so, for in many respects Mr. George Cole, father of Mr. Vicat Cole, A.R.A., may be classed with our best living landscape painters, his pictures having found entrance into some of the chief private collections in the kingdom.

We remember being attracted by the picture we have en-

graved when it hung in Suffolk Street, in 1875, if we remember rightly; it was called 'Landscape, Evening—Sussex.' Mr. Cole has imparted to it, by skilful arrangement of materials and glow of colour, a charm that is quite irresistible. The sun is going down in a blaze of glory, throwing brilliant rays from behind the dark cloud on the sky above, on the little village which it momentarily lights up, and giving richness of tint to the purple and red heather that clothes the hill on the right. The picture is, in its treatment and its accessories, an idyl of much beauty.







J. S. K. & S. W. L.

1857

CHRONOLOGICAL

TABLE OF THE PROGRESS OF THE WORK DURING THE YEAR 1857

JAPANESE LACQUER-WARE.

JAPANESE lacquer-ware, which is made in almost every variety of colour and design, and is so cunningly and beautifully manufactured as to defy competition on the part not only of European, but—strange to say—of the most skilful Chinese artificers, has in recent years attained such popularity in this country that our readers will doubtless be interested by a brief description of the processes necessary to bring about the effect which is so much admired in cabinets, trays, saucers, &c.; and the subject, moreover, acquires additional interest from the fact that in Japan many articles of daily household use are of plain, unornamented lacquer-ware, so that the industry furnishes employment to a large number of people. In giving the following sketch we are indebted to a carefully written report on the trade of his consular district by Mr. R. B. Robertson, Her Majesty's Consul at Kanagawa (commercially known as Yokohama), the chief of those ports which are open to foreigners in Japan. Before proceeding with our description, it may be well to mention that the lacquer-ware exported from Japan is, generally speaking, that kind into which a preparation of gold powder enters, and which is known to the Japanese as *makiyé*.

The groundwork of lacquer, Mr. Robertson tells us, consists in the sap of the *urushi*-tree, the fruit of which produces the vegetable wax. The Japanese distinguish between the male and female *urushi*-tree, the former bearing no fruit. The trees ordinarily attain to a height of about forty feet, and in those parts of the country where the trade in lacquer (that is, the crude varnish, not the manufactured ware) is of any importance, the varnish is taken from the tree, when it is from four to eight years old; at the last-named period it is cut down. Where the tree is cultivated for the sake of the wax the sap is not extracted, and in some districts, where the trees are specially reserved for wax, they will be seen to grow to a considerable height. The *urushi*, or lacquer-varnish tree, is cultivated in two ways, by sowing or by cuttings. When the former plan is adopted, the fruit of the tree is lightly pounded in a mortar, so as to remove the rind from the seed. The seed is then mixed with wood ashes, and moistened with water; and it is afterwards put into straw bags, over which liquid manure is poured, and which are left to soak in water till the close of the winter. Just before the commencement of spring, on a day duly noted in the Japanese farmer's almanac, the seed is sown broadcast over the ground, and slightly covered with earth. With regard to the second method of propagation, the slips or cuttings are planted out in rows, and thinned out as soon as a leaf or two appears. Sowing, however, is more usually resorted to, as it is found very difficult to rear the *urushi*-tree from cuttings. The amount of varnish obtainable from any one tree, of course, depends on its vigour and the quality of the soil. A good, vigorous *urushi*-tree will, after four or five years' growth, have a stem of about six inches in diameter. The sap is generally drawn off when the tree has attained its fifth or sixth year of growth, and this is done in the following manner. A lateral incision is made with a knife in the trunk of the tree, and four days later this incision is punctured. The sap that exudes is then removed with a small spatula, and put into a wooden jar. One incision is made at a time, commencing from the root upwards, and the trees are taken in turn. This is continued until each of them exhibits a series of cuts all up its trunk, and they are then felled. The drawing off of the sap is begun in the middle of summer, and continues till about the month of November. The first and last sap drawn off is not considered to be of good quality, the best being that which is obtained late in the summer. From spring to summer the sap ascends the tree, and afterwards descends; the expert is therefore guided by this fact as to where the incision should be made. When the sap is descending the stem in the autumn, it is thought to be inferior. The bark of the larger *urushi*-trees being somewhat thick, the instrument ordinarily in use sometimes fails to

make the proper incision, in which case the bark is first taken off.

The *yamo urushi*, or wild varnish-tree, grows plentifully in Japan, and in leaf and flower closely resembles the *urushi*, but it meets with little attention, as it yields only a small amount of sap. There is also a species known as the *tsuta urushi*, or ivy-lacquer tree, which attaches itself to trees in the same way as ivy does; but this, again, yields even less sap than the *yamo urushi*, or wild lacquer-tree. Lacquer is obtained to a very small extent in the western portion of the empire of Japan, but several of the eastern provinces supply lacquer of excellent quality. Echizen has always held, and still continues to hold, the foremost rank for this product as a staple (although the choicest quality comes from Yoshimô in Yamato), and in any part of the empire where lacquer is obtainable there is a great demand for Echizen labourers, as they have the reputation of being exceedingly skilful in extracting the sap. Lacquer varnish is sold in Yokohama at about £17 or £18 per cwt.; and the wood of the *urushi*-tree, being exceptionally good, is applied to many uses, notably to the making of floats for fishing-nets.

Having thus given a brief description of the manner in which lacquer varnish is obtained, Mr. Robertson proceeds to make some remarks on the preparation of lacquer-ware. There is some difference of opinion, it seems, among the Japanese as to the date at which the art of lacquering was first discovered. Some Japanese give it as A.D. 724, but those natives who have paid more particular attention to the subject, assign its discovery to the end of the following century. It would appear to have attained to some considerable perfection in the year 1290, for the name of a distinguished painter who lived at that epoch is still handed down as the founder of a particular school of Art in lacquer-painting, and from that time it was gradually developed, until it reached its present degree of perfection. The following is a concise sketch of the mode in which designs in lacquer are worked:—

The first step taken is to trace out on extremely thin paper the required pattern or design, and the tracing is then gone over with a composition of lacquer varnish and vermilion; it is afterwards laid on whatever it is proposed to impart the design to, and well rubbed over with a bamboo spatula. The paper is now removed, and the outline, impressed upon the material, is gone over with a particular kind of soft lacquer varnish. When this industry is carried on in hot weather, the varnish dries very quickly, and consequently where the pattern is a good deal involved—such as one representing bunches of flowers or flocks of birds—a small portion only of the design is executed at one time, and the gold powder, which enters largely into most of the lacquer-ware intended for exportation to Europe and America, is applied to each part as it is being executed. In doing this portion of the work a large and very soft brush is used, and by means of this the gold powder is well rubbed in with the lacquer or varnish. The work is then left to dry for the space of about twenty-four hours, after which the pattern is lightly rubbed over with charcoal, by which process the skilful workman secures evenness of surface. The work is next rubbed with polishing powder, and afterwards carefully wiped. The preceding description simply applies to the mere outlining on any given surface, or the groundwork of figures of men, women, birds, flowers, &c., and there still remains a good deal of finishing work to be done, as, for instance, the tracing of leaves on trees, the petals of flowers, the wings of birds, &c., according to the particular subject in hand. Into all these gold powder largely enters, the working in of which requires a light brush and a skilful hand, so as to ensure an even mixture of the powder and varnish. After this has well dried a lacquer varnish known as *yoshimô urushi* is well rubbed in, and the whole is then polished with horn dust; this polishing process is done with the finger, and is continued until the gold glitter shows out well.

Briefly, then, the designing on lacquer-ware is done thus. The subject (a flower, for instance) is traced out on paper, and imparted to the groundwork of wood; gold powder is then sprinkled over the work by means of a bamboo tube, and is well rubbed in with a brush; when dry the work is polished and varnished, the process being repeated until it assumes a rust

colour. The veins or tracery of leaves are now worked out with lacquer varnish, and before this dries gold powder is again sprinkled on, and rubbed in as before. When the surface has dried it is rubbed over with a piece of charcoal, in order to tone down any irregularities; it is then finally polished, and the flower appears in all its beauty.

EDW. DUFFIELD JONES.

OBITUARY.

WILLIAM RIVIERE.

MANY years have passed away since the name of this painter appeared on the roll of cotemporary artists, though other members of the family have survived to keep it alive. He was born in London in 1806, and followed the profession of his father, an artist, who in his younger days gained a medal in the Royal Academy; the son also entered the schools of the institution, where he acquired great distinction for his powers as a draughtsman, and was remarkable for his devotion to the study of the old masters, especially those of the Roman and Florentine schools. When the cartoon competition was announced with reference to the decorations of the Houses of Parliament, Mr. Rivière was among the competitors, having previously painted several large works, which were exhibited at the Academy and other galleries. The result of the competition, and the circumstances attending it, induced him to leave London in the year 1849, when he obtained the post of drawing master at Cheltenham College, with the object of putting his theories of Art into practice by training the students in the principles he advocated. His success was unequivocal; he created there a drawing school which was considered at the time to be the best out of London. After ten years' residence at Cheltenham Mr. Rivière removed to Oxford, with the hope of developing his plans of making the study of Art an essential part of the high education carried out in this great seat of learning. In Oxford he met with very much encouragement, and lived to see many of his early dreams actually realised. He died about the middle of September last, leaving a brother, Mr. H. P. Rivière, Associate of the Water-Colour Society, and an only son, Mr. Briton Rivière, whose works are well known, to sustain the family honours as artists.

J. W. WHITTAKER.

Mr. Whittaker, landscape painter, and a member of the Society of Water-Colour Painters, whose works have frequently received favourable notice in our columns, has, unfortunately, met with an untimely death, by being drowned, on the 9th of September last, in a stream near Bettws-y-Coed. It appeared in evidence that he had trodden on a piece of rock covered with moss, when his foot slipped and he was precipitated into the narrow but deep surging current below; no help being near, he lost his life. He had long resided in North Wales.

THOMAS CLARK, A.R.S.A.

This Scottish artist, a landscape painter whose works were held in good esteem in his own country, though we do not remember to have seen them at any time in London, died at Aberfoyle, Perthshire, early in October last. Mr. Clark was elected an associate member of the Royal Scottish Academy about seven or eight years ago. His pictures have not escaped our notice when reviewing the annual exhibitions of that institution.

NARCISSE DIAZ DE LA PENA.

Among the French landscape painters of our time, who have succeeded in gaining a high reputation in England as well as in their own country, may be placed Diaz de la Pena, commonly known as Diaz only, who died, after a lingering illness, at Mentone, on the 18th of November. The name indicates him to have been of Spanish origin, and it is stated that his family were compelled to take refuge in France from political considerations.

He was born at Bordeaux in 1809, and, being left an orphan when young, he was, by the kindness of a generous friend, apprenticed to some trade; but an accident having caused the loss of a leg, Diaz began the study of drawing and painting, his earliest essays being rendered on porcelain. About 1831 he began to make his appearance as an exhibitor at the Paris Salon, and gradually, yet surely, established himself in public favour, gaining in 1844 a third-class medal; two years afterwards a second-class; and two years later a first-class medal. In 1851 he was decorated with the ribbon of the legion of honour.

The earlier pictures of this artist show little in common with his more matured works; they are dull and inharmonious in colour; but he was not long ere he struck into a new, brighter, and a romantic path, and his pictures then showed a richness of colour and a fertility of invention that attracted the public eye, and which some of his contemporaries, as Troyon, Rousseau, Corot, and others, have followed. Of his works of this kind may be mentioned, 'Les Dernières Larmes'; 'La Nymphe tourmentée par l'Amour'; 'Les Présents d'Amour'; 'La Rivale'; 'La Nymphe endormie'; 'La Fin d'un Beau Jour'; 'La Fée aux Joux', &c. &c. We have spoken of Diaz as a landscape painter, for it is in this character he is best known; but not a few of his works, as the titles of some here mentioned would naturally suggest, have in them figures which might not unreasonably place them in another category. But Diaz, like our own Linnell, sometimes gave titles to his pictures leading to the supposition that they are figure-subjects, when in reality they are fine landscapes, in which nymphs and others play a comparatively minor part.

PAUL CABET.

M. Cabet, a French sculptor, died towards the end of last October. He was born at Nuits (Côte d'Or), and studied under François Rude. One of his earliest works, a marble statue representing a young rustic holding a bird's nest, exhibited at the Paris International Exhibition of 1855, was much admired.

FRANÇOIS DERON.

The *Fédération Artiste* does justice to the memory of this much-esteemed agent in the development of the delicate photographic mystery, who died towards the end of the last year. M. Deron was by birth a Savoyard, and began his career in 1819. He settled in Belgium some thirty years ago, and devoted himself wholly to the discovery of Niessce and Daguerre. To him we owe the *carte-de-visite* portrait, so cultivated and popular. From his hand came to the Belgian public the discovery of what has been erroneously named the *charbon* process, for which he subsequently won much flattering distinction at the Vienna Exhibition of 1872. He sedulously cultivated the process *aux encres grasses*, which left but little to desire in portraiture. The professional incident, however, by which he won most repute—wherein, too, he had no rival—was that of enlarging *clichés* indefinitely, and therein his professional contemporaries became his pupils. The visitation of a serious and dangerous malady, and the depression of mind produced by the loss of an only child, greatly affected the character of the man, and gave him a seeming austerity of manner; but under this rough exterior was reserved a just judgment and a generous heart.

LOWESTOFT CHINA.

HAVING been troubled with doubts, shared by many collectors, as to the authenticity of Lowestoft china, I determined to examine this matter for myself upon the spot, and have arrived at certain conclusions, which I here place before your readers.

The old town of Lowestoft has been the especial scene of my investigations, and has afforded abundant evidence that china was in some way or other dealt with, *i.e.* made *or* painted, or made *and* painted there, for marketable purposes; some remains of the factory still exist, as do descendants of its original founders, and of those who worked in it; traditions are rife respecting it, and pieces of porcelain, the history of which is known and vouched for, are producible. As regards these general heads of evidence a few comments may be made.

The existence of an old factory in Factory Lane being admitted, it has been said that no waste-heaps, such as would result from the making of china there, have been discovered. This objection is not quite accurate. Mrs. Woods, a most respectable lady resident in old Lowestoft, whose remarkable pencilled teapot was recently exhibited at the South Kensington Museum, assured the writer that she remembers seeing waste-heaps of china and pottery at the corner of Factory Lane. An old person whom the writer met there spoke to the same effect, and Mr. Seago, the town clerk of Lowestoft, testifies to the fact that in digging foundations there boxes of plaster-of-Paris were found and seen by him; to which may be added that a part of the site of the original factory has been built over, and so the traces of waste-heaps may have been to some extent obliterated.

As regards the founders of, and workpeople at, the Lowestoft China Factory, it may suffice to say that Mr. Seago possesses a porcelain tea service made by Mr. Brown (working partner in the original firm), as a wedding present on his son's marriage, in the year 1798. This service remained in the possession of the Brown family until purchased direct from them by Mr. Seago, who kindly presented the writer with a piece of it. The aunt of the lady already spoken of (Mrs. Woods) worked at the Lowestoft factory, and has had minutely described to her, when a child, how the patterns were traced there, *viz.* in pricked paper laid on the baked clay, sand being drifted and rubbed through the paper, and adhering to the clay, so that when the paper was removed the outline of the pattern could be drawn.

The local traditions as to the making of china at Lowestoft may be summed up in the spirited words of Mrs. Brown, wife of a descendant of the founder of the works already named: "When Londoners and connoisseurs say that china was not made here, we laugh at them, because *we know* that it was." Many pieces of china, dated or not, can be vouched for as having been made at Lowestoft; of these a few are here enumerated. On a circular plaque of blue and white china shown to the writer is the inscription: "Eliz. Myeth, Oct. ye roth, 1782," being the register of the birth of Mrs. Jackson, who died in 1870. Anno Domini 1773 is the date on some blue and white Lowestoft china in the possession of Mr. Sivock, now of Norwich. At the sales of Mr. Owles, 1872, and Mr. Seago, 1873, were four specimens of Lowestoft porcelain, respectively dated 1768, 1771, 1780, 1782.

A lady (born at the commencement of the present century, and whose family were resident at Lowestoft) has pieces of Lowestoft china, seen by the writer, which are marked with the initials of relatives, dated 1784, and which came direct from them to her. The writer has also inspected an interesting service of blue and white porcelain, *marked with the crescent*, which is by tradition attributed to the Lowestoft factory. A piece of this ware was broken up and analysed by Mr. Binns, of Worcester, and pronounced not to have been made at the last-named locality. Members of Mr. Brown's family, moreover, remember to have heard from him that every year a small

quantity of china was manufactured at Lowestoft for the Turkish market, and that it always bore the crescent, out of compliment to Turkey. The blue on this china is peculiar.

Most collectors would probably admit, in the face of facts such as mentioned, that *some* china was, until the close of the Lowestoft works (in 1802) made there; and as regards the soft-paste porcelain, the proposition could scarcely be denied. To those holding the theory that porcelain was brought in large quantities from the East to be painted at Lowestoft, may be addressed the inquiry, How could this be done? there having been no port at Lowestoft during the period in question, and the charges and dues for freight, &c., on merchandise having been very heavy. It is nevertheless true that some china did find its way from the East to be painted with crests, coats-of-arms, initials, and mottoes, at Lowestoft. This is believed to be accounted for by wealthy families—local or otherwise—having procured from China services in other respects there decorated, with spaces left for armorial or other decorations to be done at Lowestoft, where there were known to be skilled and artistic workpeople. The coats-of-arms thus painted on services brought from China are painted over the glaze, and are readily distinguishable from those imitated by the Orientalists, and done after their fashion.

A vast amount of porcelain was doubtless made at Lowestoft during the continuance of the works (for about forty-six years): the fact is thus explicable. Of this china much consisted of "cottage," or slightly painted services, the original cost of which was small; and much was exported to Holland, having been sent in the first instance by carrier to Yarmouth, and thence by sailing vessels to Rotterdam or elsewhere. This china is still to be seen in the houses of well-to-do Dutch families.

As regards the similarity between Lowestoft porcelain and that from the East, a satisfactory reason may be given. Eastern porcelain had formerly a special value for our countrymen and their continental neighbours; and the more nearly china of home manufacture could be made to resemble Oriental china, the more highly was it esteemed. Hence the absence of marks on Lowestoft china, and the comparative hardness of its paste. Between porcelain of foreign and home manufacture a good judge may, nevertheless, almost unfailingly discriminate.

With regard to the ornamentation of Lowestoft china, depreciatory remarks are sometimes made. The simplicity of design and occasional crudeness of painting on this china have been found fault with. A collection of Lowestoft porcelain of the highest class may vie, however, with any of English parentage in respect of variety of colouring, elegance of design, and fineness of the paste. Upon the whole, we think that the following propositions connected with the subject touched upon may be accepted:—

1. Porcelain—of paste both hard and soft—was made at Lowestoft.

2. Oriental porcelain was sometimes sent to Lowestoft to be wholly or partially decorated there, just as it is known to have been sometimes sent to Chelsea or to Bow for a like purpose. The writer possesses a bowl of hard Oriental paste, partially painted in the blue colour so characteristic of the East, whilst over the blue have been added decorations by English artists, referable to Bow by the style of painting, the colours used, and the frequent introduction of the bee amongst the foliage and flowers depicted. Such examples are doubtless familiar to collectors.

3. There is reason to believe, though upon this point further inquiry is needed, that materials such as would produce the hard and soft paste used at Lowestoft were procured in its immediate vicinity.

HERBERT BROOM, LL.D.

ART-NOTES FROM THE CONTINENT.

PARIS.—*Rubens and the Gobelins*.—Amid the vast and invaluable range of tapestry exhibited by the *Union Centrale* in its zealous effort of 1876, the palm may be said to have been borne off by the adaptation of Rubens's great work—now so conspicuous in the Louvre—of the Life, or rather the Apotheosis, of Maria de' Medici. There could scarcely be a more effective evidence of the master's genius than his daring development of such a theme as this, where the allegorical, the mythological, and all manner of cotemporaneous realities are mingled together "in all the mazes of metaphorical confusion." Over the many difficulties thence proceeding he throws an infallible force of drawing, colours of deepest glow and harmony, perfect ideality of expression, and a wondrous mystery of *chiaroscuro*, by which each scene is thrown into an absolute reality of *relievo*. The figure of Henry Quatre, as he stands in one of these *tableaux*, proudly erect in his panoply of armour, contemplating the portrait of his coming bride, seems to give the man to the very life, and is probably the most prepossessing and faithful presentment of him who may be considered the last representative of European chivalry. It was an error to introduce into the same spacious salon that contains this *magnum opus* of the great Belgic master, those various copies of historic canvases of other pencils in which rigidity of form and poverty of effect are forced into most unhappy contrast, and obviously depreciate the power of the pictorial loom. It would have been a more discreet exercise of arrangement to have covered the confronting walls with elaborate folds, in which bucolic themes are elaborately worked out in all manner of fantastic configuration, and a very kaleidoscope of sparkling colour. In reference to colour, there was here one portrait tissue of unique brilliancy and almost appalling impersonation—that of Marie Antoinette, seated in full state with her children at her side. She is robed in bright crimson velvet, "from top to toe," and her head accords in elaborate *coiffure*. Her face is in all its loveliness and its confidence of assured influence. This was the hour when she ruled supreme in Tuileries and Trianon. Who could look on this glowing masterpiece without seeing the reverse, and recalling the aspect of this

same royal lady, struck with premature age and utter misery, swathed in the weeds of pauperism, and borne along in a foul tumbrel, to give her head—amid the execrations of a brutal mob—to the ghastly guillotine? Look upon the crimsoned queen, and this other "helpless, hapless Mary."—*The Cremona Gate*.—This singular and noble *relique* of the renaissance era, which, after some four centuries of well-guarded existence in the place of its creation, has been borne away thence to enhance the artistic treasures of a foreign country, and has, at length, been annexed to the Louvre, and submitted to public inspection. The circumstances of its acquisition were noticed in our number for June last. It has been re-erected amongst the four salons dedicated to the period alluded to, and stands between the two Michael Angelo masterpieces, 'The Captives.' There can scarcely be a second opinion that this arrangement is singularly infelicitous, and that it can only have been adopted *faute de mieux*. Here has this matchless arched entrance to a palace, which had its artistic merits illustrated under the light of an Italian sky, been inserted in the party wall separating two halls of very moderate dimensions, in the shade of a side light, which veils all the wondrous detail of its delicate carving, and with the singular luxuriance of frieze, cornice, and architrave all crushed up into combination with the heavy groining of a stone ceiling. To complete the marring result of this desecration comes the sad fact that time has dealt most ungenerally with this marble, once fairer than monumental alabaster, and not only stained it with a seriously unpleasant tint, but completed the injury by irregularity of streaks, which seem wholly to defy every cleansing expedient. Better to have left to Italy this unique work than to have reserved it for so depreciating a home. However, let a suggestion be tendered. Within the quadrangle of the Tuileries, which is annexed to the Louvre, the visitant of Paris is familiar with a charming circular inclosure, in "verdure clad," rich in choicest ornamental plants, and guarded with a finely gilt railing. Let that be the retreat for this *Porta nel Palazzo Stanza*, garnered in, if it be expedient, within a graceful vitrine erection.

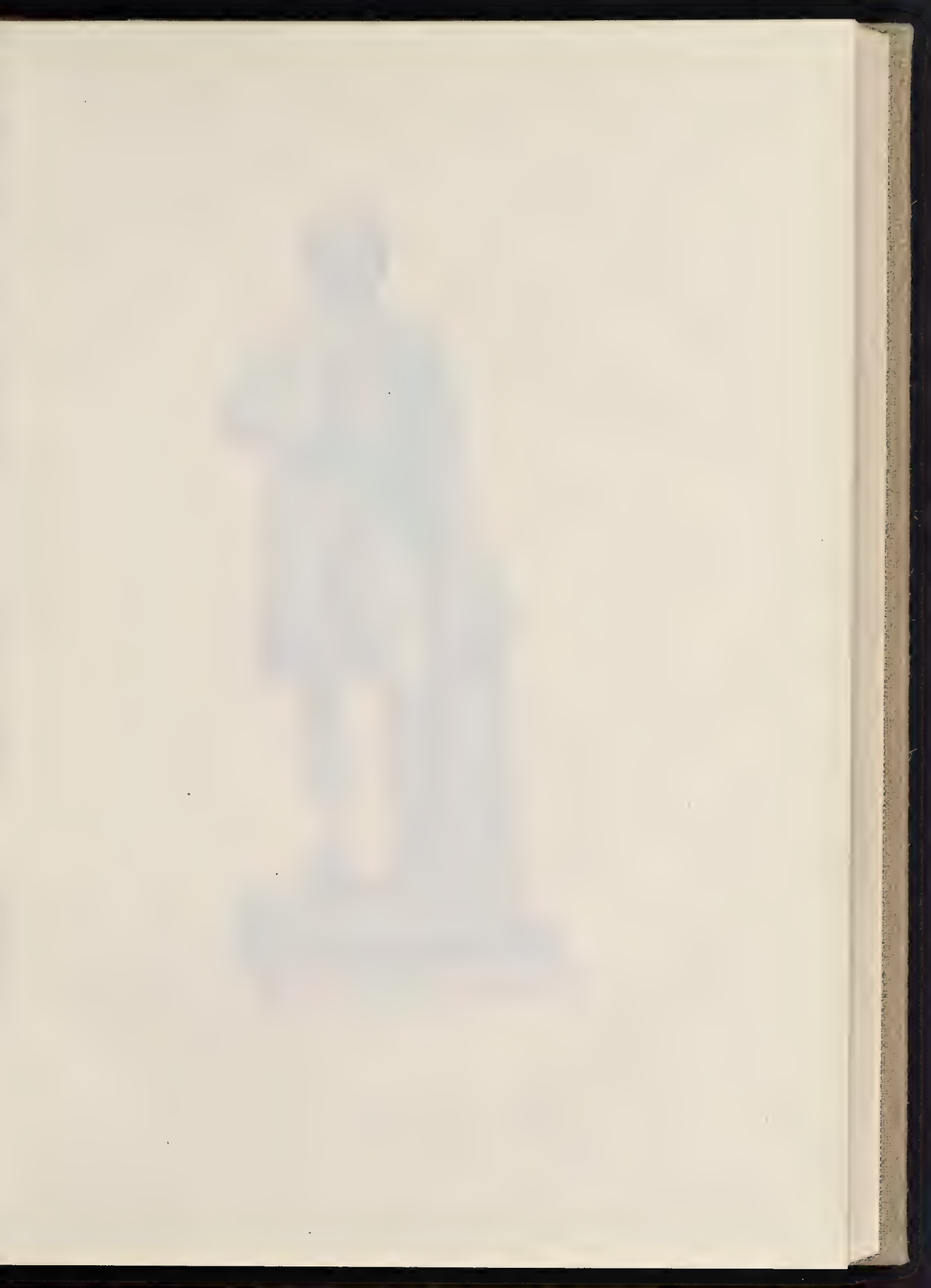
JOSEPH PRIESTLEY, LL.D.

Engraved by G. STODART, from the Statue by J. F. WILLIAMSON.

THIS statue was erected at Birmingham, in 1874, in memory of Dr. Priestley, in many respects one of the most remarkable men of the latter half of the last century: his writings, both theological and scientific, form a small library in themselves; and they, added to his political opinions, have made his name famous in his own country, in America where he died, and among many of the nations of Europe. Born, near Leeds, in 1733, old style, he became, before he was twenty years of age, a proficient in some of the Eastern languages, and acquired considerable knowledge of French, Italian, and German. About that time he entered a Nonconformist college, where he seems to have imbibed some free-thinking opinions, and was compelled to relinquish the pulpits he had occupied. Priestley then entered upon the profession of a schoolmaster; and at a much later date, about 1773, received the appointment of librarian and literary companion to the Earl of Shelburne, a post he held during seven years. All through this period of his life—in fact, from about 1761 to his death in 1804—he wrote and published a large number of works on a great variety of subjects, but chiefly on controversial theological doctrines and on science. His political opinions as a friend of the French Revolutionists, and the attacks he made upon certain bodies of Dissenters not of his

own creed, irritated the people of Birmingham, and, on July 14th, 1791, the anniversary of the destruction of the Bastille, a vast mob proceeded to his residence, and made an unsuccessful attempt to burn the house and all its contents. With some difficulty Priestley and his family effected their escape from the place, and reached London, where he found himself so unpopular that after living there two or three years he embarked with his family for America, where, as already stated, he died, at Northumberland, Pennsylvania.

Such is a mere outline-sketch of the career of a man whom Birmingham has delighted to honour more than eighty years after he had been ignominiously driven from the place. The figure is of colossal height, and represents the great philosopher habited in the ordinary costume of the period. On a kind of pedestal by his side is what seems to be a small pestle and mortar, but is in fact intended for a cup, in which Priestley holds with his left hand an inverted glass tube, while in his right is a burning-glass, the rays from which he tries to focus on the cup—presumed to hold a liquid of some kind. The attitude of the figure is remarkably easy, and its whole bearing quite consistent with the subject. The sculptor, Mr. J. F. Williamson, is certainly a rising man in his profession.





JAPANESE ART.*

By SIR RUTHERFORD ALCOCK, K.C.B., D.C.L.



SINCE the first of these papers appeared in the *Art Journal* two separate works have been published on Japanese Art, and to some extent they have supplied the deficiency I noticed as a motive for returning to the subject. The elaborate work of Messrs. Audsley and Bowes, with its costly illustrations, though limited in the title-page to the "Ceramic Art of Japan," is by no means confined to porcelain and pottery. Both letterpress and plates refer in great detail to the enamels and *cloisonnés* of Japan; while the introductory essay takes in its scope the whole field of Japanese Art and Art-manufactures, together with the principles adopted, and the chief characteristics of their work. The second is a small volume, printed at New York, modestly entitled "A Glimpse at the Art of Japan," by James Jackson Jarves. It is much more than a glimpse, however, and has, apparently, been written under conditions singularly well adapted to lead its author to take a wide range, and apply the canons of Art of the Western World to test the claims of the Japanese to have founded, without any communication with Europe, an Art-school of their own, essentially differing in principles and practice from any in the West. Though published in America, and probably intended in the first instance for an American public, the preface is dated from Florence, where the work itself seems to have been written. With the advantage of a residence in Japan of some duration, and a subsequent domicile at Florence, where he must be at home as an honorary member of the Academy of Fine Arts, and a writer of several works on Art, he has come to the task well prepared, and with all the preliminary qualifications required to do it amply justice. The publication of these two works renders it unnecessary to give much further extension to these articles. As regards the china, the pottery, and the faience of Japan, together with their *cloisonnés* and enamels, the subject may safely be left in Messrs. Audsley and Bowes's hands—to judge by the numbers already issued of the two volumes promised. Nothing can exceed the fidelity and beauty of the chromolithographic plates by Messrs. Didot Frères, Fils et Cie.; and nothing in the form of woodcuts or engravings, apart from colour, could give any adequate idea of the distinctive character and excellence of the work, into which striking contrasts and harmony of colours so largely enter. I propose, therefore, after devoting some space to the three classes not yet noticed, in which the Japanese have attained their highest power—that is, in metal, ivory, and lacquer works—and a few remarks on some subsidiary Art-manufactures, such as wall-papers, embossed and stencilled leathers (or rather incomparable imitations of these in their fibre-paper), embroidery, and textile fabrics, to close the series. The space taken up by the illustrations may prevent the whole of this, which I intend to be the concluding paper, appearing in the present number, but in that case the rest will follow without delay.

In bronze and other metals, the Japanese need fear no comparison, within a certain range of subjects, with the best work which Europe can show in any age. They have, it is true, nothing to put by the side of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of John of Bologna, Benvenuto Cellini, or Michael Angelo, or, indeed, many later artists; simply, it would seem, because they have never attempted to master the human figure, or acquire the power of drawing or modelling it with accuracy. Except for their idols—and these have a distinctly Indian origin and type—they never attempt large figures, nude or draped. But in artistic treatment in metals of small groups, and natural objects, such as are depicted in their woodcuts, they have attained very rare

excellence; and in nearly every department—in casting, engraving, chasing, inlaying, and damascening, they seem to have little, if anything, to learn from Europe. Of bronze-casting and moulding I consider them masters. They are equally capable of colossal and minute work, and I believe there are processes known to them of which we are wholly ignorant. In the Report of the Jurors of the International Exhibition of 1862, the numerous specimens of brooches, clasps, and medallions, in various metals, which I sent, together with two unique equestrian statuettes, standing about two feet high, were noticed in their award of a medal, in the following terms, under the heading "Japan:"—

"For a collection of bronzes of characteristic excellence. This collection is very remarkable: the smaller fancy objects, such as brooches and clasps, are admirably executed. In all the figures the national character is represented with perfect truth and expression. These objects are principally in iron, relieved by partial overlaying of gold and bronze. Great aptitude is evinced in these works; and Sir R. Alcock, to whom we are indebted for the collection, has rendered important service." And in some introductory remarks by the reporter of the jury, in which the whole exhibition, and the relative merits of the contributions from all countries, is cursorily passed in review, it is again adverted to under the head "Japan:" "For the exhibition from which country we are entirely indebted to Sir R. Alcock, constitutes a surprisingly interesting contribution." I should not have cited the words of the official report, had I not observed in the "Ceramic Art of Japan," by Messrs. Audsley and Bowes, and still more recently in the preface to a catalogue of Japanese works of Art now on exhibition at the Bethnal Green Museum, that to France, and a French Minister at the court of Japan, is attributed the first introduction of the artistic works of Japan to the notice of Europe. This, it will be seen, is not only substantially incorrect, but the exact reverse of the fact. The French collection was exhibited at the Paris International Exhibition of 1867, while the collection made by myself when British Minister in Japan, for the express purpose of calling attention to the artistic works of the Japanese, was exhibited in London in the Exhibition of 1862. And far from failing to attract notice, the "Japan Court" was one of the most popular in the Exhibition, and a lecture was delivered by Mr. Leighton at the Royal Institution the following year on "Japanese Art," founded upon the works which had been exhibited. Any credit, therefore, that may be due for priority, belongs unquestionably to England, and not to France.

To return to the work in metals. A very competent judge in such matters, Mr. Hunt, of the firm of Hunt and Roskell, and one of the jurors I believe, in answer to an inquiry whether the artists and skilled workers in metal employed by the first jewellers and silversmiths in London could produce similar specimens of their art, said they might, but at such a price as to preclude any chance of sale. Now, the brooches and other articles I referred to had cost in that day a few "boos" each—say from ten to twenty shillings. He also added that, "after careful examination, he was convinced the Japanese were in possession of some means not known in Europe of forming amalgams and overlaying one metal on another, and in the most minute and delicate details; introducing into the same subject, not covering an inch, silver, gold, bronze, &c., so as to make a variegated picture of divers colours."

I had selected a few of the finer specimens in my possession to be engraved, but I am satisfied, on further reflection, that nothing short of the highest work of the graver, aided by colour, could give any fair idea of the minuteness, delicacy, and graphic power shown in the originals; and to produce them in any imperfect way would not only mislead, but do great

* For preceding articles on this subject see *Art Journal* for April, July, and November, 1875; February and April, 1876.

injustice to the Japanese, to whose skill and artistic power they owe their excellence.

The description Mr. Audsley gives of this finer metallic work furnishes more specific information on the processes followed than I have found elsewhere. He says in his lecture:—

"Perhaps the most characteristic of all their metallurgic works is that called by them *syakfido*. In this, numerous metals and



Fig. 1.

alloys are associated, the designs being produced in colours through the agency of the various coloured metals: white being represented by silver, yellow by gold, black by platina, all shades of dull red by copper and its allies, brown by bronze, and blue by steel. Gold, silver, and polished steel, of course, represent themselves in designs as well as abstract colours. A red garment, embroidered with gold and clasped with silver, would be executed in red-coloured copper, inlaid with gold, and furnished with a silver brooch. The sword in the hand of a warrior would be in polished steel, and, if bloody, would have red copper inlaid on it. These instances will suffice to illustrate the general mode of producing coloured designs by the exclusive

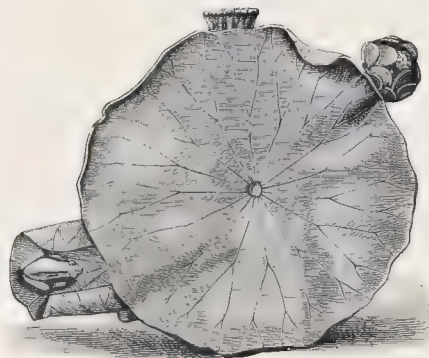


Fig. 2.

use of metals. I have seen many beautiful specimens of *syakfido*, and can bear witness to their faultless execution."

How they came to attain this perfection of workmanship in these particular works is partly to be accounted for by the fact that the most valued of a Daimio's possessions was once a highly tempered and trustworthy sword—or, rather, a pair of swords, since the privileged classes always wore two—possessions which were transmitted from father to son, and treasured as heirlooms. They gave very high prices to the most celebrated armourers for these weapons—as much, I have been informed,

as £500—and it was their habit to have the guard inlaid with the finest designs in relief, and with one or more of these medallions or *syakfido* on the handle. Hence the demand, as with the knights and nobles of the Middle Ages for the finest workmanship on their armour, of damascene, inlaying and *repoussé* designs. Their tobacco-pouches were similarly ornamented with medallion clasps. As a Japanese noble, however wealthy or high in rank, wore no other ornament on his person, they could afford in these two appendages to lavish any sum that could command the highest art. And the supply appears to have answered to the demand.

When the best work was not so rare as it has now become, and it was possible to find pieces of a past age far exceeding in value, as in beauty of form and workmanship, any of the productions of a more recent date, I obtained many for the Exhibition of 1862. Whoever possesses any of these should value them highly, for, to all appearance, they can never be reproduced, whatever price might be offered, for the artists capable of such work no longer exist.

This marvellous delicacy of touch and execution is the more remarkable, because in the fashion of their tools, as in their smelting and refining processes, so far as I have had any opportunity of observing, all are of the most primitive kind. Their ovens, furnaces, &c. are simple and rude; yet, judging by the work, they must have a perfect command of their materials, from the ironstone to the steel of their sword-blades. If we could obtain a fuller knowledge of the processes employed, it is possible we might learn much that was interest-

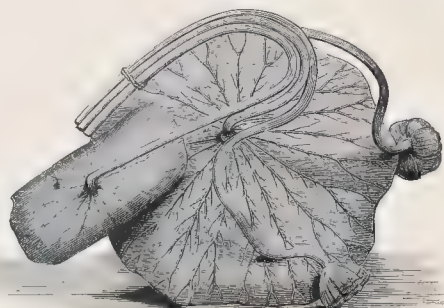


Fig. 3.

ing if not valuable, both to British metallurgists and to iron-smelters. There is a mixture of reddish-yellow and dark black-green bronze, as if the two metals had been with difficulty stirred up and mixed together when in a semi-fluid state. As to their bronzes, while they rival the Chinese in the excellence of the metal and their command over the material, whether in casting or chasing, I think they surpass them, in this as in many other materials, by the variety, fancy, and grace of design.

As a means of comparison I have had engraved one of the finest specimens of Chinese bronze of an early date, now in my possession (Fig. 1). It represents a flat peach, peculiar, I believe, to the north of China, a branch and leaves forming the handle; and a richly chased band round the centre and the top, which forms a lid, represents, with the utmost delicacy, a scroll-work. The colour of the bronze is very rich, and over the surface are interspersed, irregularly, gold patches, as if nuggets had been embedded in the substance of the bronze when being cast, and afterwards polished down to the surface. This, indeed, is the account given by the Chinese from whom it was obtained at Peking. But as the signet underneath indicates an imperial destination, and it is certainly not modern, it has probably at one time or other adorned a room in the palace, and either found its way to some mandarin as a gift, or otherwise got into the hands of the curiosity dealers, who, like our jewellers and silversmiths, have many old and rare things

brought to them in pledge as a means of raising money, which are never redeemed, and so get into the hands of collectors. Nothing can exceed the finish of detail and surface, or the taste of the whole design. The stand is carved in a dark hard wood susceptible of a fine polish, called by the French *bois d'aigle*, and, so far as I can ascertain, peculiar to China. The bronze is some eighteen inches in length and eleven in depth.

However much they may have borrowed from the Chinese, in bronze-casting they seem to have nothing to learn from Europe. They not only produce all the delicate moulding of the lotus-leaf—by some process unknown—but produce relief ornamentation by cutting the surrounding metal away, as Mr. Audsley has rightly pointed out. Such relieved work they further enrich with the burin, or damascene with gold and silver. Repoussé work is said to be known and practised by them, but I cannot say I have ever seen any clearly marked specimen. They are

moulded on the leaf; but how effected, or in what material, it is hard to divine. It is distinctive of Japanese work, and in this asserts a laudable pre-eminence over Chinese productions, that

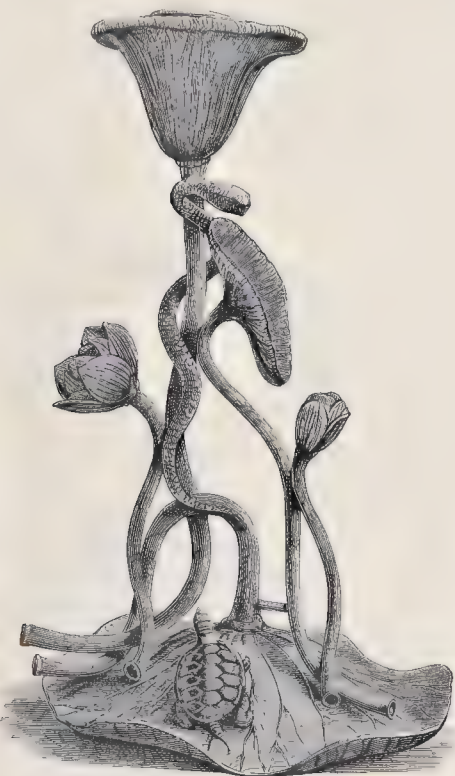


Fig. 4.

much in the habit of graving diaper and other patterns on bronzes and filling them up with silver wire, with which they cover large surfaces in salvers or vases with good effect, and very original designs or patterns.

I cannot do better than make selection, as a subject of comparison, of a lotus-leaf and buds with seed-pod, in bronze, the work of a Japanese artist, of about similar size to the Chinese peach (Figs. 2 and 3, showing front and back view). I have seen no more perfect specimen of bronze-modelling or casting. The leaf, naturally so graceful, has preserved its best characteristics, its undulating curves, and even the very texture of leaf and bud and pod, with veins and markings; while a perfect little frog sits on the half-folded young leaf coming from beneath. It is the very impress of the plant in its least studied form transposed into metal, and to all appearance it must have been



Fig. 5.

although it is intended to present only one, the upper and cup-like, surface of the leaf to view, the under surface (see Fig. 3)



Fig. 6.

is not less perfectly rendered. So much is this the case that it is difficult to avoid a feeling of regret in putting it down on the table, by which the reverse surface is out of sight; and my

friend General Malcolm, with a somewhat similar work in bronze, has accordingly had it arranged so as to show both surfaces at once by placing it edgewise.

In the same spirit is conceived a bronze candlestick (Fig. 4), formed also out of the lotus-leaf and stalk. It stands ten inches high, and the seed-pod forms the socket for the candle. The mythic tortoise, emblem of longevity, is also here resting

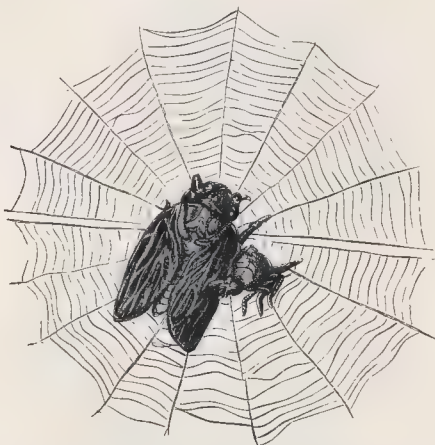


Fig. 7.

on the leaf which forms the base, while a snake curls round the stalks of the plant. The casting is not so wonderful as in the larger piece (Figs. 2 and 3), but nothing can well be more graceful in design.

Among the very best specimens of Japanese treatment of the figure in bronze, combining vigorous action and expression with



Fig. 8.

excellence in the workmanship, which I have seen is the warrior represented in Figs. 5 and 6. The whole piece stands some three feet high, and is like in subject to St. George and the Dragon. Their God of War, or divinely descended warrior, has been engaged in battle with a monster in semi-human shape, and he is standing victorious over it with his foot on the prostrate

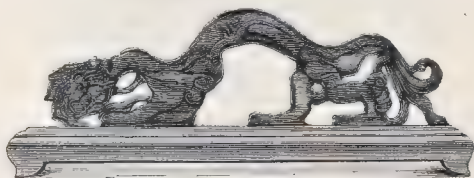


Fig. 9.

body, preparing to give the *coup de grâce* with the sword in his right hand. This beautiful bronze is, I believe, the property of a Dutch gentleman formerly resident in Japan, by whom it has been sent on loan to the South Kensington Museum.

Their fancy is fertile in suggesting quaint or graceful adaptations of natural objects for practical application to common

uses. Fig. 7 may serve as an example. Here is a cobweb, with a bee entangled in its meshes, which is made to cover the hasp or latch on two halves of a sliding-door, one half of the bronze remaining on the fixed leaf while the other is drawn away. The workmanship both of the web and the insects is very fine. I am indebted to Mr. Alt's collection for this specimen. I have, in my own possession, several equally ingenious and fanciful adaptations. Among others, an oblong gourd, with a few pine-leaves, winding partially round, by the tendril of which it may be looped on a nail against the wall, so as to form a jar



Fig. 10.

for flowers. Here (Fig. 8) is a dragon-like snake, twisted into a pen-rest, to stand on a writing-table. A less gracefully conceived monster is represented in Fig. 9, intended to serve either as a weight or a pen-rest.

Fig. 10 shows a small bronze, which might have figured on some ancient gothic cathedral, and is treated in a thoroughly conventional style.

I will only add one more as a specimen of the labour and



Fig. 11.

elaborate workmanship the Japanese often bestow even on their utensils. Fig. 11 is taken from a teapot of small dimensions, in bronze. It is covered with very exquisite *basso reliefs* of the dragon, and a great variety of patterns, while the legs are formed of three bottle-shaped gourds very gracefully adapted.

(To be continued.)

BRITISH ART-MANUFACTURE.

WE fill this page with a series of engravings of a Din-



ner Service, manufactured by the renowned



ed firm of HUNT and ROSKELL, for his Imperial



perial Majesty the Mikado of Japan.



The instructions of the Mikado, which had specially to be 1877.

attended to in its design, were that the articles themselves should be such as would be contained in a European service, while the nature of the ornamentation should be purely local;



and a reference to our illustrations will show how admirably these somewhat difficult conditions have been carried into effect. The principal objects employed in the decoration of the very beautiful service are the imperial dragon, the sacred phoenix, and the



tortoise, each of which figures largely in the Japanese mythology. Every object has a circular panel bearing the imperial arms or symbol of the Mikado. The material employed is

silver very richly gilt, and great praise is due to Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, the



designers and manufacturers, for the beauty of the modelling and chasing.



The entire service throughout is, in fact, of the highest excellence.

THE WORKS OF ALBERT F. BELLOWS, N.A.*

THAT Art in America, and especially landscape painting, has made great strides within the last few years is an incontrovertible fact; and by way of proving it we propose to introduce occasional notices of the works of some of the principal artists in the United States, with engravings of their pictures, in the same way in which for many years past we have been dealing with the

works of our own painters. It is only right to state that the engravings have been executed in America, and they show that the art has there reached great perfection.

The first name we give as representing the American school is that of Mr. A. F. Bellows: it is one which ought not to be unknown to our readers, for in 1872 we engraved on steel one of



Devonshire Cottages.

his pictures called 'The Christening Party,' a Devonshire scene, like the two now introduced; they all show how greatly the views in that picturesque county interested the artist.

ALBERT F. BELLOWS is a descendant of an old New England family, whose progenitor came over in the *Hopewell* in 1634. He early showed a taste for drawing, and was at the age of sixteen

apprenticed to a lithographer in Boston, where he now resides, though formerly he lived in New York. Young Bellows followed this business for a few years, and afterwards visited Europe, where he studied Art in Paris and other Continental cities, and soon became known as an accomplished *genre* painter. His early pictures were all in this department of Art, and many of them gave evidence of the genius which has since so notably matured. Among his successful early productions are 'The First Pair of

* National Academician.

Boots,' 'The Sorrows of Boyhood,' and 'City Cousins.' In 1859 Mr. Bellows was elected an Associate of the National Academy of Design, and two years later an Academician. Most of his early works were painted in oil, and it was not until he visited Europe in 1865 that he devoted his pencil almost exclusively to water-colours. When last from home Mr. Bellows spent most of his time in England, where the art of painting in water-colours has received the greatest encouragement; and while there he secured a store of sketches and studies of its highways and byways,

its cottages and rural villages, which has served him a good purpose as subjects for pictures since his return home.

Mr. Bellows has been a constant and large exhibitor in the New York exhibitions, and probably no class of subjects finds so much favour in the eyes of connoisseurs and the public as that presented by him. To the recent exhibition of the American Society of Painters in Water-Colours he sent several charming pictures, two of the most important of which are engraved here, both illustrating English rural scenes. To many admirers of Art



A Byway near Torquay, Devonshire.

the 'Byway near Torquay' will be accepted as one of Mr. Bellows's most delightful pictures. The subject gives a view of a farm-lane embowered in trees, leading perhaps from the village street, where the cottages cluster in the distance, to the foreground brook. Across the pool a huge log has been thrown, and another projects over the water, and from this causeway two girls with rods and lines are fishing. The success of the subject consists solely in its simplicity of treatment and the presentation of a real scene drawn from nature, and one which not only embodies a pleasant expression of sentiment, but appeals to the heart.

In the picture of 'Devonshire Cottages' is a group of cottages with thatched roofs and rude chimneys, poor and unpretending structures, but so embowered in vines and shrubbery that they assume striking features of beauty and picturesqueness. There are no children here, but as an evidence of life an English matron stands in the door of her cottage, and is apparently watching her flock of geese on their march to the foreground pool. There are but few American artists whose works are more popular than those of Mr. Bellows, and this is due not only to the taste shown in the selection of subjects, but also to their artistic treatment.

ART-NOTES FROM THE PROVINCES.

BURSLEM.—Mr. H. S. Marks, A.R.A., delivered an excellent address to the pupils of the Burslem School of Science and Art, at the last meeting for the annual distribution of prizes. He urged the students to be "humble and hopeful, always doing your best, striving for the highest excellence you can attain."

SCARBOROUGH.—There is now exhibiting here a picture of great interest and of considerable merit; it describes very effectively the great fire which occurred in 1876 at that health-resort of fashion. It is a "show picture," exhibiting in the gallery of Mr. Wigney, an esteemed and enterprising printseller and publisher of the place; and it is painted by a local artist, Mr. George Hornebrook. The incident out of which it arose is thus chronicled: "Nearly at midnight, within half an hour of the performance of the National Anthem, the strains of which invariably close the performance of the band, the lingering few who remained in admiration to gaze upon the distant cliffs, the castle height, and the rolling sea under a lovely moon, were startled by the sight of flames bursting from the roof of the saloon which made so large a feature in the enjoyment of Scarborough." Turner preserved a record of the burning of the Houses of Parliament; and probably to Scarborough the destruction of the assembly-room was as severe an affliction as the former calamity was considered to be by the British public generally at the time. The artist, as we are informed by a correspondent, has done his work with great accuracy and with much ability. No doubt the picture will be obtained for exhibition at Scarborough as a permanent record when the new assembly-room is erected.

STOKE-UPON-TRENT.—The return of Mr. C. M. Campbell, M.P., from America, which he has visited during the International Exhibition, was made the occasion of a presentation of an address to him and a bracelet to his daughter by the workpeople in the employ of Minton & Co., the well-known porcelain manufacturers, of which firm Mr. Campbell is the head. Mr. Campbell, in acknowledging the presentations, said that during his visit to America he received nothing but kindness. He went to Philadelphia with an anxious spirit, but found that, though American pottery was quite equal in "potting" and general

appearance to many English productions, it was a long way behind the best ceramics of this country. The address was handed to Mr. Campbell by four workpeople, whose united period of service with the firm of Minton & Co. numbered two hundred and seven years.

ST. ALBANS.—The annual distribution of prizes to the successful competitors among the students of the School of Art in this venerable town was made in November last by Sir Andrew Lusk, Bart., M.P. The ceremony took place in the townhall, which was decorated for the occasion with a large collection of pictures and other works of Art, &c., lent by gentlemen interested in the institution. The Art-school has existed about five years, in a form more or less modified; it is under the superintendence of Dr. Puckett, and seems to be making fair progress.

WATFORD.—The School of Art here, like that to which reference has just been made, is under the direction of Dr. Puckett. The annual meeting for presenting the prizes and certificates to those entitled to receive them—and the list was a long and creditable one—was held early in November, Sir Henry Cole, K.C.B., presiding. The chairman, in a long and rather humorous speech, alluded to a great variety of topics having little reference to Art, but not without their value as bearing on the social aspect of the community at large from an educational point of view.

WINDSOR.—The townhall here has recently been undergoing repairs, and in the work of renovating and restoring the pictures which it contains, and which were in an advanced state of decay, the Council has had the valuable assistance of Mr. E. M. Ward, R.A. At a meeting of the Council, Alderman Devereux proposed a vote of thanks to the ex-mayor for the great attention he had paid to the restoration of these pictures; also a vote of thanks to Mr. E. M. Ward for the voluntary advice and assistance given to the ex-mayor in their restoration, and thanks to the town-clerk for the valuable assistance he had rendered. Among these pictures are fine examples of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Peter Lely, Sir Godfrey Kneller, Sir Thomas Lawrence, and remarkable contemporary portraits of Queen Elizabeth, James I., and Prince Rupert.

JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

J. SCHRADER, Painter.

S. SMITH, Engraver.

THE works of Julius Schrader are perhaps less known in England than those of many others of his countrymen. He was born in Berlin, and entered the school of the Royal Academy of that city, and subsequently that of Düsseldorf, where, in 1838, his name appears among the pupils of Hildebrandt. At the Paris International Exhibition of 1855 Schrader showed two historical pictures, 'The Death of Leonardo da Vinci' and 'Milton dictating "Paradise Lost" to his Daughter.' The former of these works—or, if not the same, one with a similar title—appeared at our own International Exhibition of 1862, with another, 'Lady Macbeth walking in her sleep.' 'The Death of Leonardo' especially attracted our attention at the time: the figures are life-size, tending more to the naturalistic than to the Academic style. The scene lies at Fontainebleau: Leonardo, a noble figure, sinks back at the stroke of death, while the Emperor Francis, habited, as King of France, in the richest robes, reaches forward in eager solicitude. History, or tradition, says the painter died in the arms of the monarch. A

priest stands by ready to administer the last rites of the Church. The heads have character and power, the hands are instinct with meaning, while every accessory is painted with detailed circumstance, yet due subordination.

We can find no record of the date of Schrader's 'Jephthah's Daughter,' the only child of the Israelitish judge, whom his rash vow consigned to an early death. She is here represented with her companions bewailing her hapless fate: the timbrel with which she went out joyously to welcome back her father from his victory over the Ammonites is loosed from her hands; one of her maidens clings lovingly to her, the hand of another rests listlessly on her lyre, and a third appears in an attitude of melancholy thought. The two leading figures are very effectively composed, but the expression of the victim's face scarcely conveys the meaning it should have; it is scarcely suggestive of the deep anguish we would naturally look for, but is rather characterised by stolid stupor. Yet the story, in the general design, is not by any means indifferently told.





SYMBOLS OF THE SEASONS AND MONTHS REPRESENTED IN EARLY ART.

By CHARLES BOUTELL, M.A.



THE consideration of the subjects that are found to have been introduced into their various works by the sculptors, carvers, glass-painters, and other artists who were allied with the architects of the Middle Ages, opens a wide field for curious and interesting inquiry; it is a field, however, to which comparatively slight attention has yet been devoted. In order to attain in any degree to a correct knowledge, and consequently to a just appreciation of the motives which influenced the early artists in their selection and adoption of subjects for architectural decoration, it is necessary, on the one hand, to carry out a widely-extended comparison between different series and various examples of works of the same class; while, on the other hand, it is equally important that early works of any one particular class should be studied in direct association with all contemporary productions of a kindred character. Thus the capitals, bosses, corbels, spandrel-sculptures, miserere-carvings, and the other productions of architectural sculptors and carvers, which the mediæval freemasons scattered in rich profusion throughout our cathedrals and churches, combine to throw light upon their own subjects, and also upon those that were painted upon walls and vaults, that glowed in windows, and were inlaid in pavements. Various modified, in accordance with varying circumstances, and ever adapting itself to diverse forms and conditions of expression, the iconography of the Middle Ages in our own

country flowed from a single fountain-head through many channels; and, in all its diversified works, the influence of the same mind, the same feeling, and the same train of thought, may be traced with greater or less degrees of exactness.

It is scarcely necessary to observe that all these early works extend their teaching powers far beyond the limits of the domain of Art. Of great value, indeed, as faithful exponents and significant illustrators of the Arts of the Middle Ages in England, our architectural sculptures, carvings, and paintings constitute contemporaneous illustrated chronicles of the personal history of the English people. And the accuracy and truthfulness of these chronicles, comprehensive as they are, are attested and confirmed by the fact that they were composed by men who were altogether unconscious of being chroniclers at all. Those early artists used their pencils and their chisels, not to record, but to instruct, to criticise and to warn, to encourage and to guide, always also being desirous to beautify. Under the control of the traditions of their Art, influenced by their own feelings, and directed by their own observation and knowledge and experience, and also by the associations of their own everyday lives, they worked under the impulse of motives devoid altogether of any historical element. What they saw before them and around them they took; they represented it as they saw it, and they used it in realising the object which they had in view. In the same spirit they dealt with the scant literature of their times, accepting it in simple faith, and working from it and in har-



Fig. 1.—*Winter: Miserere-carving, Worcester Cathedral, c. A.D. 1395.*

mony with it with characteristic consistency. When they gave the rein to their imagination, as it is evident they delighted in giving it, it was but natural that such men should have permitted themselves to have expatiated in the wildest regions of fantastic and bizarre extravagance. Accordingly, at times they appeared to have actually revelled in the production of the strangest compound figures; but, at the same time, unnatural as these monsters may be in the structure of their several parts, and also in the combination of those parts, nature always was the artist's guide, and nature's principles and method of working were faithfully, even though in all probability unconsciously, kept in view. The grotesque feeling, again, an outgrowth of the love of nature inherent in the mediæval mind, which pervades all true Gothic Art, in the works of the early architectural artists found congenial opportunities for expressing itself; and yet even the decided "grotesques" of those artists, for the most part, were full of all kinds of meaning and suggestions, not necessarily obvious, and indeed more frequently resembling heat in steam while it is "latent." Once more, it ought ever to be

kept in remembrance that, as it was a delight to them, so also it was a necessity for the early architectural artists to convey their teaching, in the great majority of instances, by allegory and symbol; whence it follows that to the existence of allegorical and symbolical motives in their works it becomes us always to be prepared to accord a willing recognition. In his researches among these early works, however, the student must expect to be perplexed by the difficulty inseparable from his attempts to define the boundary-lines, beyond which an intentional symbolical meaning may not be considered to exist. Unquestionably much was intended to convey, and was understood and accepted as conveying, the most serious and important teaching under commonplace symbolical forms, which now appears to be merely commonplace and casual, and without any more of significance than may lie, palpable enough, upon the surface. And then, on the other hand, it may be equally true that we ourselves sometimes seek for symbolism where the original artists never dreamt of more than the simplest expression of simple ideas. At all events, if we would read these old

chronicles aright, we must endeavour as far as possible to identify ourselves with the original chroniclers. We must look at their works not from our point of view, but from their own. Our object must be to discover what they intended to convey, to investigate the means and appliances at their disposal, and to familiarise ourselves with what they knew would be expected from them, and therefore would be understood to be embodied and expressed in their works. These early works, so to speak, we must regard through the medium of the atmosphere of their own times, associated, moreover, with the condition of society and the standard of knowledge in those times.

In addition to such subjects as they might derive directly from the Holy Scriptures themselves, many of which would assume the aspect assigned to them in the "Mysteries" and other dramatic representations of their day, the various artists who were allied with the freemasons in their guilds in the Middle Ages possessed fruitful sources for welcome subjects in the saintly and romantic legends, in the so-called "Bestiaries" (which, after a truly peculiar fashion of their own, taught what they were pleased to regard as the science of Natural History), and in the Fables, always profusely illustrated, then standing high in public favour. Other subjects, again, frequently would be



Fig. 2.—*Winter: Misericord-carving, Worcester Cathedral, c. A.D. 1395.*

adapted for association with architecture from such scenes and incidents as commonly were depicted in the popular illuminations of manuscripts, and particularly those connected with the highly esteemed calendars, or ecclesiastical almanacs. These subjects comprehended the more important and significant agricultural and domestic occupations and duties, the sports also and recreations, that were more or less directly associated with the FOUR SEASONS, or with the several MONTHS of the Year; and, consequently, which might naturally be accepted as their appropriate and expressive SYMBOLS. These were subjects in themselves highly interesting, and necessarily popular, with which all would be familiar and would sympathise, and such as

also would admit of a widely diversified range of representation. The introduction of such subjects as decorative accessories of churches would be in true harmony with the tone of religious feeling in those times prevalent, since they then would be regarded as impressive teachers at once of the necessity and of the reward of man's provident thoughtfulness, and of his yearly round of personal labour in things temporal—thoughtfulness and labour to be adapted to constantly changing external conditions, and yet without intermission to be sustained. In this same teaching also there would be ever present a rich vein of allegory and parable, pointing to a far higher thoughtfulness, and to diligent labour in a field where good seed carefully sown

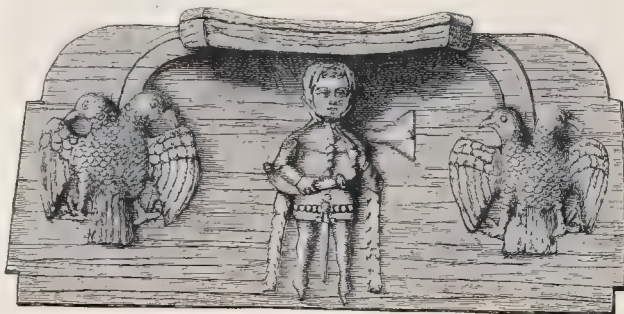


Fig. 3.—*Autumn: Misericord-carving, Worcester Cathedral, c. A.D. 1395.*

and watchfully tended in due season may produce imperishable fruits. The seasons of the year, too, would not fail to be considered the most instructive types of human life itself, with its springtide, its summer bloom, its autumnal maturity, and its winter of decline, each one of them having its own proper occupations and duties. Nor would that other teaching of the seasons be overlooked which, in the regular order of their sure succession, sets forth the all-bountiful and never-failing beneficence of Divine Providence. So, for many reasons, we may look on the mediæval symbols of the seasons with no common interest; and the examples that yet remain of the manner in

which the artists of the great Gothic ages represented those symbols we may heartily accept as among not the least valuable of the artistic bequests to us from the past. Should certain of these symbols now appear even excessively simple and homely, let us not forget that some few centuries ago upon the degree of their simplicity and homeliness the point and effectiveness of these same symbols of the seasons mainly depended. In like manner, should some of these representations instinctively strike us as strangely out of place in the positions where we find them, and amid the associations which surround them, such sentiments assuredly will undergo a change when we call to mind

who the men were who designed these symbols of the seasons, and for the benefit of what generations of our predecessors they executed them. Whatever their subjects, at all events we rarely, if ever, find the works of mediæval architectural artists deficient either in palpable earnestness of purpose or in vigour of both thought and execution. Their works often may be uncouth, and at times to us positively offensive; and yet, even at the worst, it has to be shown that any of these early works were *intentionally* irreverent or unseemly, while invariably they manifest a strong and brave reality and an intense naturalness, which could brook nothing that was feeble or insipid, or that

might have the semblance of being vague or irresolute. It may not, indeed, at all times be desirable that we ourselves should follow their guidance implicitly, in working, as some of those stern, nature-loving artists worked in the olden time, but we are bound to do them the justice, to the best of our ability, to read their works as they intended them to be read; and certainly we shall do well in our own work so far to be one with them in spirit and feeling, that we always aspire to be earnest, vigorous, and self-reliant, clear and decided in our views and aims, and content only with a manly and independent originality.

The original examples of the SYMBOLS OF THE SEASONS which

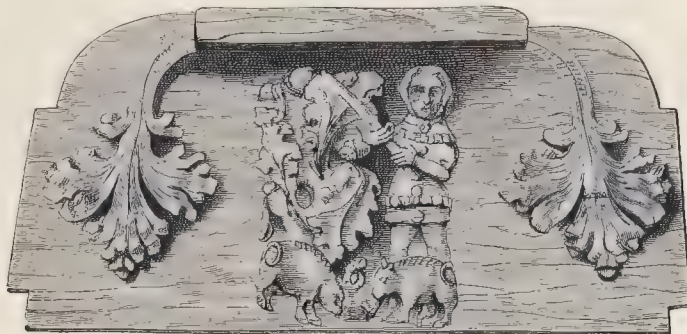


Fig. 4.—Autumn: Miserere-carving, Worcester Cathedral, c. A.D. 1395.

I propose here to give, for the most part have been drawn from photographs of the carvings upon the remarkable series of "Misereres," works of the reign of Richard II., and evidently executed towards the close of his reign, and with it of the close of the fourteenth century, still existing in a happy condition of unrestored preservation in the stalls (themselves new and very beautiful) in the choir of Worcester Cathedral. Of the original arrangements of the Worcester miserere-carvings all traces have long been lost; nor is the series itself complete, four of the original number (forty-one) being missing. Eleven, however, of the carvings that yet remain may be accepted

without hesitation as having been designed to symbolise the seasons, and perhaps three of the others may be added to their number. Upon the general subject of miserere-carvings, and upon the use to which the singular seats in mediæval choirs, known as "misereres," were put, some notices, accompanied with numerous illustrative examples, appeared in the *Art Journal* for 1875 (pages 53, 85, and 145). In connection with the same subject I may here further remark, as the misereres themselves, invariably found under the same conditions, evidently were held to form an indispensable part of the fittings of choirs, so, in like manner, in the adornment of these misereres



Fig. 5.—Spring: Miserere-carving, Worcester Cathedral, c. A.D. 1395.

on their under sides (and only on their under sides were they ever adorned) a regularly established system and method of treatment was adopted, in conformity with which (with very rare modifications of the prevailing plan) the artists of the Middle Ages found free scope for the exercise both of their imaginations and their powers of execution. The ornamentation in question consists of a mass of carving placed under the seat, and forming and acting as a corbel to support it. This carving exhibits a principal central subject immediately beneath the seat, with two subordinate side-wings, volets, or supporters, springing from the moulded face of the seat itself, or in some way connected with the principal carving between them. In the fine series of

miserere-carvings in Gloucester Cathedral these supporters do not appear. In many examples the subjects of the side-carvings are altogether independent of the central and principal subject; and, on the other hand, the side-carvings frequently constitute integral or dependent parts, or they are important and significant accessories, of the incident or subject represented in the centre under the seat.* These carvings range in date

* In all the engravings of the Worcester miserere-carvings, drawn from photographs of the originals, which are here introduced, and of which full descriptions hereafter will be given, it has been considered desirable to give the side-carvings with the central figures or group, in order to show these early works in a complete state.

from the thirteenth century to the era of the Reformation, the earliest series known to remain in England being in Exeter Cathedral. As naturally would be expected, they exhibit widely varying degrees of artistic merit. The under faces of the movable seats in stalls, when their entire range should be upturned, offered such attractive facilities for what, taken as a whole, would constitute a bold band of carving, exactly in a position where it would be specially effective, and where also the blank necessarily produced by fixed seats would cause the richly canopied stalls, when unoccupied, to resemble a range of niches destitute of statues, that it is easy to understand the readiness, not to say the eagerness, with which the mediæval architects availed themselves of the means offered by the misereres for the adornment of their stall-work. The contrast between the general effect of a range of stalls with their miserere-seats turned down, and their carvings consequently hidden out of sight, and that of the same range when the carvings of the upturned misereres are displayed and form a striking frieze-like belt of figures and foliage, is more than sufficient to account for both the introduction and the prevalence of miserere-carvings, and also for the high favour in which they certainly were regarded.

The aggroupment and arrangement of the subjects introduced into early ecclesiastical carvings and paintings, assuming them to have been determined by any fixed principles, and in accordance with some recognised system, are questions that still are

open for inquiry. Sometimes, as it certainly in some instances was the case, a group of subjects was formed in which a single idea was carried out, each subject taking its own part, and all of them being placed in juxtaposition. At other times, as appears from original works still *in situ*, miscellaneous subjects were intermixed without any special motive being apparent.

Of the subjects found to have been directly associated with the Symbols of the Seasons, and to have been second only to those natural allies of the seasons, the Signs of the Zodiac, in the popular estimation, the most remarkable were figures symbolical of the Virtues and Vices. Generally represented in pairs, one of these figures, a female in an upright attitude and having a dignified and gracious expression, impersonates a Virtue; while the companion figure, degraded in aspect, and in a crouching position, symbolises the opposite Vice. Thus, in the pavement of Trinity Chapel, in Canterbury Cathedral, one medallion contains figures symbolical of *SOBRIETAS* and *LVXXRIA*. Groups symbolical of the Virtues and Vices, again, appear in sculpture about the entrance to the Chapter-house at Salisbury. And, to refer to one other series of similar figures, no longer in existence, "allegorical representations of Virtues, in the character of armed females, overcoming their opposite Vices," once held conspicuous positions in the Painted Chamber at Westminster. Two of the groups in that series, engraved, after Charles Stothard's beautiful drawings made in 1819, in the "*Vetusta Monumenta*," vol. vi., of the Society of Antiquaries,

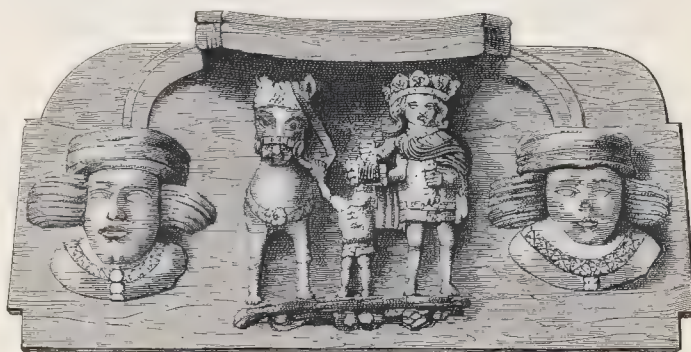


Fig. 6.—Spring: Miserere-carving, Worcester Cathedral, c. A.D. 1395.

exhibit *LARGESCE*, or Bounty, with *COVOITISE*, or Avarice; and *DEBONERETE*, or Gentleness, with *IRA*, or Anger. Other symbolical figures, often represented in accordance with a favourite usage in the Middle Ages, exhibited the Seven Deadly Sins apart from the Virtues. In like manner, on the other hand, impersonations of the Christian graces and virtues at times are to be found alone. In the miserere-carvings in Fairford Church, Gloucestershire, famous for its stained glass, it has been conjectured that into the subjects, in all fourteen in number, no less than six of the deadly seven have been introduced. In the capitals of the Ducal Palace at Venice, the sculptured impersonations of the Virtues and Vices commence with *Liberalitas* and *Avarice*; the entire series is described by Ruskin in his own effective fashion in the second volume of the "*Stones of Venice*." Chaucer, Spenser, and Dante have drawn their poetic portraits of the same allegorical personages. Thus, in his "*Romaunt of the Rose*," the father of English poetry describes the Garden of Mirth, or Love, wherein grew the Rose, the object of the lover's wishes and labours, to have been enclosed with embattled walls painted with such allegorical figures as Hatred, Avarice, Sorrow, and others; Danger being specially remarkable for the bold and fine imagery of the poet.

Whatever other symbolical allies they may have, none can be so consistently associated with the Symbols of the Seasons and Months as the Signs of the Zodiac—a consistency felt and ex-

pressed by Spenser in a manner that has left nothing to be desired. The symbols and the signs appear together in the very curious series of carvings, now much worn and mutilated, on the Anglo-Norman doorway of St. Margaret's Church, York. These carvings are thirteen in number, in accordance with the Saxon usage of dividing the year into that number of lunar months; hence the sixth month, having the symbolical rural occupation of mowing, is treated as the intercalary month. The very remarkable Anglo-Norman font of lead in Brookland Church, Kent, is enriched by a double arcade of twenty arched compartments: and in the upper series the zodiacal signs are represented, while under the lower and loftier arches appear the symbols of the months, the signs and symbols being in pairs, and the name of each sign and of its corresponding month being given, the former in Latin and the latter in Early French (see *Archæological Journal*, vi. 177, and *Archæologia Cantiana*, iv. 87). These compartments thus being twenty in number, eight of them contain duplicates of the compositions in the remaining twelve. In the medallions inlaid in the pavement of Trinity Chapel in Canterbury Cathedral the signs and symbols are present together; and such also is the case in the calendar prefixed to the fine MS. distinguished as the "*Lambeth Psalter*" (No. 233), its date early in the fourteenth century, which is one of the richest treasures in the extensive and very valuable Archbishop's Library at Lambeth.

(To be continued.)

THE WINTER EXHIBITIONS.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, SUFFOLK STREET.

THE Winter Exhibition of this institution opened early in December last. Entering the large room, and turning to the right-hand corner, we find a picture by H. Wallis which gives quality and importance to this part of the exhibition. A graceful young girl, bearing a dish of red mullets, accompanied by her little sister, passes through an apartment of the sacristy under the bland smile of an elderly priest and the observant eye of a younger one, who is seated. Mr. Wallis calls it an 'Idyll of the Sacristy' (191). The picture is one of the most artistic canvases in the exhibition—sound in drawing and charming as to colour and character. W. L. Wyllie's 'Dead City in Holland' (187), with its barges, red-tiled houses, and abounding greenery, looks almost crude beside it, and yet the picture is a good one of its kind. Miss M. S. Tovey sends a well-painted head of a thoughtful Italian, with a wall for a background, on which are depicted classic *relievi*, and she calls the subject 'With the Past' (194). In the same corner will be found a 'Girl with Fruit' (195), painted in E. J. Cobbett's usually bright and attractive manner.

Turning to the left, and following the catalogue, we find several works at this end of the room worthy of notice. R. J. Gordon's 'Lady' (3), attired in flowered *sac* dress, carrying parasol and reading by garden wall, is conscientiously painted. Of T. B. Hardy's fishing-boats 'Waiting the Turn of the Tide' by a wooden bridge, we can say something more: the whole picture is in excellent keeping, and its low tone is perfectly harmonious and natural. Not so G. Pope's lady 'By the old Chestnut-tree' (161). Here the key is very low-pitched, but there is nothing to account for such blackness, seeing the lady is out-of-doors.

The 'March Past' (9), by W. Henderson, is a quaint conceit very capably painted: a number of geese waddle in a line towards the water, in presence of three donkeys, who stand passionless and motionless as field-marshals. E. Gustave Girardot's illustration to 'The Fair Maid of Perth' (10) is fairly well painted, if the figures had been brought a little more together. The fair-haired maid lies on a humble couch, and says to the kneeling smith, as the female attendant enters the room, "Do not go, Henry; stay with me; they will kill thee, these men of blood." A. Clint's 'Low Water, Hastings' (13) shows the sun through a slight haze low on the horizon, while to the right the ruin-crowned height rises high above the town.

A. B. Donaldson's 'Margaret in Church' (26), where we see her kneeling with the whispering Mephistophiles behind her, strikes us as being too much broken up. The life-sized bright little girl 'Arranging the Roses' (30) is one of the most pleasing pictures W. Gadsby has sent to the exhibition for some time; and W. Bromley never showed the idyllic character of his pencil to better account than in the canvas on which he represents two rustic children trudging along, pails in hand, on the 'Road to the Farm' (35). Further interest and variety is given to the picture by the introduction of some sheep in the distance. This artist's sympathy with boy-life is always made pleasingly manifest on his canvases, as may be seen in the 'Young Boat-builder' (307), who works away diligently with the spokeshave on the hull of the clipper that is to be, to the great delight of two other boys, who stand in the shed and assist heart and soul—by looking on.

J. W. B. Knight is rather light and sketchy in 'Haymaking Morning in Kent' (38), but more than makes up for it in the clever and complete way in which he represents 'A Moonlight March of Deer in Knole Park' (511). Wyke Bayliss shows us the splendid interior of the 'Cathedral of Louvain' (46), with a religious procession passing immediately in front of us. We would notice, also, with approval W. Hemsley's three children shrimping 'On the Sussex Coast' (56); and Haynes King's 'Tired' (57), a companion picture to the peasant girl whom we see

sitting at table 'Scribbling' (73). A. J. Woolmer has sent only one picture to the present exhibition, but it is a very pleasant one. He calls it 'What Happened After the Shower' (53): and what did happen was that a very pretty girl came tripping across the open glade, to the great delight of the artist, who watches her approach from the shelter of a great beech-tree. Mr. Woolmer, we are glad to see, is as full of fine suggestive colour as ever.

In this neighbourhood, *i.e.* immediately by the fireplace, which is accounted the place of honour for small works, will be found several pictures of true Art-quality, which means that they are above the ordinary run of things one meets with in Suffolk Street. Among such we would name F. W. W. Topham's 'Jack in Office' (61), a saucy young acolyte, who sits nursing his knee, and who cracks his boyish joke at the expense of the young girl whom we see hurrying across the grass-grown courtyard of the presbytery or church, on her way, possibly, to confession; E. Duncan's 'Goodwin Sands' (64); Sir John Gilbert's 'Standard-bearer' (65); and 'By the Mouth of the Harbour' (66), by H. S. Marks.

We have distinct admiration also for H. W. Brewer's 'Ingolstadt' (81); C. Cattermole's 'Parted' (85), a very touching incident of a war-horse standing over the trooper, its master, who lies stark dead in the snow; for Miss H. Montalba's 'Landscape' (189), with a girl driving some geese by the side of a pool of water overshadowed by beech-trees; and for W. J. Muckley's 'Flowers' (94). A. H. Burr's girl in yellow dress watering a geranium (88), is cleverly painted and full of fine colour, but the affected air of the girl gives an unpleasant look to the picture. H. G. Glindoni's 'Rival Tinkers' (92) is subdued in tone, and, like all his compositions, full of fine humour.

'Morning on the River' (109), a young gentleman in a fishing-punt watching two handsome girls coming across the meadow towards the water, is in A. Ludovici's sweetest manner. E. Ellis is rough and ready in his 'Bramber, Sussex' (114), with sheep going uphill, driven by a shepherd and his dog towards the mill; but he reaches his effect notwithstanding. G. E. Hicks shows a handsome girl with a sad face sitting on a hop-bin; 'Troubles not Told' (119) he calls it. The picture is sweet in tone and sentiment, but scarcely strong enough to be altogether satisfactory. Among younger artists deserving notice we would name T. J. Ellis, 'With a Rising Tide' (25), J. Bromley with his 'Young Welsh Mother' (269) rocking a cradle while she sews, and T. Pyne with a carefully and cleverly painted 'Court-yard in Venice' (280). Among the works of Members are A. F. Patten's 'Boldest of Birds' (152), a lady stopping in her flower-gathering to look up at a robin; 'Cissy' (165), a pretty young girl in a wood, by J. Hayllar; and 'Springtime on the South Downs' (170), showing the effects of showery weather, by A. F. Grace.

One of the few entirely satisfactory pictures in the exhibition is 'A Check' (124) in the hunting-field, during which one of the gentlemen in pink has dismounted under a tree to tighten his saddle-girths. J. Charlton has painted the hounds and horses, and J. D. Watson the figures; and never were joint labours more harmoniously and effectively blended. We ought not to close our notice without calling attention to A. Dixon's artist, of limited stature but very imposing moustache, standing in front of the design he has just chalked on the canvas with a puzzled and serio-comic air. The picture is named 'Doubtful' (320), but however applicable it may be to the merits of the design immediately in front of the artist in the picture, there can be no question as to the quality of the design and execution of the picture itself. The 'Dinner-Party' (328) of Italian ladies and gentlemen in the piazza is clever in many passages, but the lights clash, and give a disturbing character to the whole. F. Vinter's 'La Pathétique' (330) represents a very sweet girl in a dark dress, and A. Verrey's 'News Agents'

(336) are two servant-girls chatting over a wall. Both pictures are well painted. The remark is equally applicable to C. Bauerle's child with a 'Nice Bunch of Flowers' (349).

Sir Francis Grant has contributed to the exhibition what appears to be an admirable portrait of 'The Hon. Mrs. Wm. Grey' (340), and a large canvas showing the Duke of Cambridge at the Battle of the Alma leading the Guards up the hill in support of the Light Division. The water-colour drawings in the north-west room are up to the usual level, but call for no special remark.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

THE Winter Exhibition of this society opens with four hundred and thirteen drawings and sketches of fairly sustained excellence. Among the Members Edward Duncan, E. K. Johnson, Francis Powell, and J. D. Watson come most prominently to the front; while the Associates make their strength palpable in the works of such men as Basil Bradley, Walter Duncan, Albert Goodwin, H. Stacy Marks, A.R.A., Clara Montalba, J. Parker, and R. Thorne Waite.

Commencing with the catalogue we are reminded by the 'Sketch in North Wales' (4), that J. W. Whittaker will gladden our eyes no more with his faithful delineations of the lovely and romantic scenery in and around Bettws-y-Coed.

E. K. Johnson has set himself vigorously to work in order that he may conjoin in an harmonious and natural way figures and landscape, always taking care to make the former the predominating element. 'Waving Adieu' (5), an elegant girl in a tight-fitting black dress stands on a sandy beach by the lip of the sea, bidding farewell to her friends, who are out of the picture. The background is composed of cliffs whose summits are unseen. His method is perhaps still more pleasingly shown by his drawing called 'Friends' (262), which occupies the place of honour in the near end of the gallery. The friends are a graceful girl in white dress and Dolly Varden head-gear, with a black-frilled scarf across her bosom, and a pretty cock-robin, who stands with bold assurance on her outstretched palm. The woods are russet, and the autumn leaves lie thick at the lady's feet.

Another artist who appreciates thoroughly how figures enliven landscape and landscape enhances figures is J. D. Watson. In No. 253 we see two sweet young girls leaning over 'The Garden Wall' having a chat with a young cavalier, who, intent upon a little innocent flirtation, has reined in his steed. But as if to intimate that he can value landscape pure and simple, Mr. Watson, in his 'Pastoral' (269), shows what can be done with a bit of broken bank, overshadowed by a great oak, and the introduction of a few sheep. He has nearly a score of paintings altogether; and where they are so good it would scarcely be gracious on our part to find fault with the industry of one who gives us so much pleasure. We scarcely ever, indeed, remember an exhibition in which Mr. Watson was so fresh, varied, and strong. We would call especial attention to his 'Friends in Council' (16), for its fine tone and colour, and for the amount of quaint suggestion he has thrown into his subject. The principal figure is a merryandrew, who, seated on a log, apostrophises his 'friend,' the other figure, which is simply his own staff of office, with a Punch's head for a terminal. His discourse is evidently learned and philosophic, and doubtless the wooden head of Punch understands as much of it as the wooden head of any one else would: the humour of the whole thing is exquisite, and worthy of Stacy Marks at his very best. This artist, by the way, sends two decorative drawings (394 and 405), in which he makes six children in each represent the months of the year. They are quaintly attired, and require a few minutes' examination before the varied drollery of the figures comes home to one. Here and there may possibly be detected a slight carelessness in the drawing; but, as decorative work, the figures on the whole are excellent. On the screen with these will be found a very small drawing by the same artist, which he calls 'In the Marshes' (406), and for quality and tone it may be safely pitted against anything of a similar stamp in the room.

For sweetness and softness of effect, finely felt and delicately

expressed, Edward Duncan's sheep crossing a wooden bridge of 'The Thames at Shiplake' (250), is one of the best of the many good things he contributes to the present exhibition. It is no slight to one whose position is so assured, and whose fine qualities are so universally acknowledged, to pass to the very remarkable drawing sent in by his son, Walter Duncan. Of late seasons this artist has been attracting the eyes of the cognoscenti by his rich colour, and the amount of thought he manages to throw into his work, whether the theme be original or well-worn, like his drawing of 'The Stocks' (152). Such a subject has been often handled, but never with a finer moral touch in it than we have here. An irreclaimable old drunkard, the rubification of whose nose must have cost the price of countless "half-quarterns," and whose demoralisation of soul must have been completed many a year ago, finds for the fiftieth time his feet fast in the stocks, with his old friend the village pig at his side, munching leisurely the vegetable garbage which may have been thrown by the village boys at the drunken man's head. But shame has long ceased to overwhelm, or even to trouble, the hardened old man; and we can see by the resigned air of the poor creature that he is only calculating the time of his release, when he will return to his old pernicious habits. The various attitudes of the villagers and their expressions are capitally given; but what is of real moral interest in the picture is the squire's little boy, attired in red, who has come among the villagers, and who stands with uplifted hand as if to throw something at the degraded creature. The boy's face shows a mixture of Christian pity and Spartan contempt; and probably the former feeling will ultimately cause him to drop his hand. This, to our mind, is the fine passage in the picture. The critical eye may take exception to several objects in the drawing; but when a sentiment like this is so subtly and yet so palpably expressed, technical shortcomings, if they exist, become but of secondary import.

While in this part of the gallery we would call attention to S. P. Jackson's—who has been recently advanced from Associate to Member—delicately rendered effect of 'Twilight by the Sea' (156), and to his 'Autumn' tints (163 and 176), on the upper reaches of the Thames. In the latter work he depicts an autumn afternoon, and shows the swallows skimming the surface of the Thames on the hither side of Magpie Island. In his 'Staiths, Yorkshire' (267), we see the effect of the wind off-shore in driving away the rain-clouds—a fine drawing. Another careful student of atmosphere is Albert Goodwin, and this season he shows us how Eastern lights and Eastern sights affected him. 'A Certain Street in Cairo' (162), with its open bazaars and light semi-tropical haze strikes us as full of local fact and very dainty drawing. The pencil of Francis Powell is also very sensitive to atmospheric changes; and though one unaccustomed to the varying aspect of the sea would say that in his 'Sea Belle' (111), a two-masted yacht on a pale opalescent sea under an equally light sky, he errs by his over-delicacy, those more familiar with the face of the ocean would maintain, on the other hand, that he had succeeded in fixing a very beautiful and fairy-like look which is not the less true because exceptional.

As one who produces her effects by more solid and palpable methods, and still with perfect truth to nature, we would name Clara Montalba, and refer to her 'Early Morning' (263), and 'Sunrise' (268), both at Venice. In force and in direct reading of fact this artist has made very remarkable progress within the last two or three seasons. The monk descending the steps in a corner of St. Mark's, Venice' (170), is as manly a piece of work as any in the exhibition. Basil Bradley is another Associate whose pencil is gaining rapidly in precision. His 'Tired Playmates' (136), a study of four young tigers at the Zoological Gardens, his 'Feline Affection' (18), a study of a lion and two lionesses, one of the latter licking the head of the lion, besides some chalk studies of similar subjects, are, to our eyes, the perfection of animal delineation.

The influence of the late Fred. Walker comes very sweetly out in J. Parker's 'Evening' (410), which shows a boy by a dykeside with sheep close to some farm buildings, and in his 'Old Dairy-Door' (335), with a country girl carrying a milking-

pail. Equally tender and delicate, arising from the same inspiration, is R. Thorne Waite's 'Gleaners' (374), a group of girls returning home by moonlight, and his 'Caught in a Shower' (383), a troop of country schoolgirls coming along a road in the wet. H. Clarence Waite, in his 'Fern Harvest, Cumberland' (15), has caught very cleverly the effect of rainbow and mist on the northern hills.

F. W. Topham shows the idyllic character of his pencil as delightfully as ever in his 'Wayfarers' (9), a war-worn soldier, with his wife and child resting by a rocky wayside. It is but a sketch; but then it has, for that very reason, more suggestiveness than if it had been a finished drawing. His 'Spanish Mendicant' (202) perusing a large printed sheet is also a sketch, but a sketch possessing all the breadth and force of an oil-painting by the late John Phillip. 'Welsh Spring' (361) is also the groundwork of a future drawing, and shows a young peasant girl filling her pitcher at a rustic well, while her little brother waits beyond with a bundle of sticks. 'Market-Day on the Road to Quimper, Brittany' (40), by Frederick Tayler, represents two country girls going to market, one riding a fine dappled grey, while the other leads her horse, which is of a bright bay colour. No less admirable and true to equine nature is his study of a pair of 'French Cart-Horses' (99) being led by a peasant. Carl Haag sends several sketches and drawings, both of figures and of architecture. The 'Two Studies' (50), of the Arab loading a rifle in front of his kneeling camel, and his 'Three Sketchbook Leaves' (329), showing the picturesque figures of some Montenegrins, are all touched in with a masterly hand.

The pencil of Sir John Gilbert, A.R.A., is as delightfully dashing as ever. His 'Free Lances' (24), represents a group of grim-looking horsemen crossing a river under lowering skies, and making for a town, indications of which are seen in the distant horizon. His study for the picture of the 'Convocation of Clergy' (173), in which a fervid monk addresses with uplifted hand the presiding Pope, is full of the dramatic, as the drawings of Alma-Tadema, A.R.A., are full of the archaeological instinct. No. 332 represents the 'Balneator' (bath-keeper), in the person of a sturdy negro standing, sponge in hand, by a marble bath; its companion female figure, the 'Balneatrix' (353), represents a handsome Roman female slave going towards the bath with a tray full of towels. The various marbles and other textures are rendered with all this master's usual cunning, and the vraisemblance of the thing in each case is so startling and convincing that we are unable to imagine the scene other than Mr. Alma-Tadema has depicted it, which is surely high praise.

W. C. T. Dobson, R.A., sends a pretty study of a southern-looking girl with black hair; David Cox, junior, a sketchy but telling view 'Near Llangollen' (36); Fred. J. Shields a large and effective chalk drawing of Abel kneeling by his altar (67). We are very much pleased with E. F. Brewtnall's 'Beaching the Boat' (78), which the fishermen are accomplishing by the aid of a rude windlass; and with Arthur H. Marsh's 'Harvest of the Sea' (146). The title is rather equivocal. We see a group of fisherwomen gathered on the sea beach, directing their gaze anxiously seawards, and we are left in doubt whether the harvest this time is to be fish or "the lives o' men." In his forthcoming oil-picture, of which this is but the sketch, we would suggest that he break the atmospheric monotony by lighting up a portion of his canvas, and showing the well-laden boats making for the shore with ample assurance of safety. We have also to bestow hearty approval on the 'No Thoroughfare' (206), by J. J. Jenkins, in which is seen a small flock of sheep waiting patiently by a closed gate; on Collingwood Smith's 'Hawking in Knole Park' (214); Edward Radford's cavalier standing before the fire reading a 'Despatch' (284); J. W. North's dark and rock-hemmed waters of 'The Tay' (281); T. R. Lamont's study for his picture of 'Chagrins de l'Amour' (285); George Dodgson's 'Whitby Scour' (328); Otto Weber's 'Horse Pond, Sevenoaks' (384); and Mrs. Allingham's lovely 'Spring Sketches' (385).

As we implied at the beginning of our notice, there is no one special picture challenging attention; the high Art-level of the

society is well maintained throughout, and it would require much more space than we have at our command to do the exhibition justice.

THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

THE Society of Painters in Water-Colours exhibits four hundred and thirteen drawings, as we have stated, the institute three hundred and thirty-seven. The lesser number is to be accounted for by the fact that the latter have, with great judgment, we think, abolished the annexe, and the pictures can be all taken in with one sweep of the eye, without the irritating sense that there is something beyond that one had also to "do."

Beginning with the catalogue, and glancing as we pass along at the delightful snatches of landscape made by W. L. Thomas in his 'Spring in Switzerland' (1), with the crocuses and cowslips peeping through the snow, and by Marian Chase with her wild flowers and clover 'In the Hayfield' (4), the first picture that arrests our attention is Robert Carrick's 'Boy tending Cattle' (5). He is on the top of a bank, and sits watching them as they go down to drink. The drawing is not altogether unexceptional in the forms of some of the animals, but the effect is good, and the reflected light in the water is excellent. In sentiment and tone his 'Skylark' (205) is still better. The "herd laddie" lies on the brae where his cattle are feeding, and, leaning on his elbow, listens to the soaring lark.

Guido Bach's 'Another Cup, Sir?' (10) shows a handsome negro girl, with tray in hand, ready to pour out a cup of coffee; and his 'Ripe Oranges, Cairo' (23), a Numidian-looking beauty and two naked boys of the Arab type seated lazily beside the heaped-up fruit. Both drawings possess those facile and pleasing qualities for which Mr. Bach is so admired. John A. Houston shows a couple of Highlanders lurking in a cave whither they have betaken themselves 'After Culloden' (22). The chief, who has a green velvet jacket, crimson lined, grasps his pistol, while the devoted clansman, in his goatskin covering, which leaves his arms bare from the shoulder, watches eagerly the passage of some red-coats in the distance. Mary L. Gow has attempted a rather ambitious subject in her 'Fête-Dieu' (30), and, in spite of the lights being a little scattered, she has fairly succeeded. We see a procession of young girls in white bearing crosses, religious banners, and other ecclesiastical insignia, coming towards us through a fir wood, which runs up close to the quaint village which they have just left.

In the same neighbourhood hangs J. Orrock's 'Autumnal Study on the Wharfe' (24), a drawing which, with the other contributions of this artist, would warrant the critic in advancing the artist to a much higher place than he has yet occupied. For sense of colour, all-pervading atmosphere, and tone Mr. Orrock can convey the impression of a sweep of moorland, or a lessening range of hills, or far-reaching sea, with as much truth to nature as any one. Several of his pictures in the present collection have water in the immediate foreground, of which arrangement he always makes intelligent and artistic use. His 'Neeton on the Trent' (160), for golden air and depth of distance, is perhaps his best. E. M. Wimperis has scarcely been so careful as he might have been in his 'Torrent' (36), which is bold and splashy enough, without, however, conveying the idea of liquidity. There is a closer adherence perhaps to nature in the quiet light which he throws on the shingly beach of 'The Norfolk Coast' (61).

Walter W. May appears to have been at work in the Low Countries lately, and has sent several examples of his industry. 'Flushing Pier' (47), running out into rough water, is the most important of them; and although the old wooden pile has not been treated in all its details with the most exact linear perspective, the aerial effect is preserved, and the drawing must be pronounced an impressive one. Edwin Hayes, one of the most accomplished marine painters in England, has chosen the same blowing weather for showing us how ships, under such circumstances, enter 'Ostend Harbour' (39). His nautical knowledge comes splendidly out in his 'North Sea Trawlers' (225). The vessel nearest the spectator, whose deck he sweeps with his

eye as the waves ever and anon obscure it with their spray, is placed on the water with consummate intelligence.

Harry Johnson, in his 'Old Mule Road over the Cardinals, Splügen' (51), shows in the beetling rocks that overhang the pass a feeling for character and a sense of depth for which we were scarcely prepared to give him credit. Excepting a slight tendency to yellow, Townly Green has been very successful in showing the interior of a public-house parlour 'Up the Thames' (55), the window of which commands a view of the river. Several young gentlemen in rowing costume are seen in the apartment, and the waiting-maid serves one of them in the most natural way possible with "a bitter."

By far the finest drawing in the exhibition, however, considering the number of figures, is Andrew C. Gow's 'Jacobite Rendezvous' (67). A number of gentlemen "in pink," and their dogs, are assembled in the depths of a fir wood, and as one of their number, whose back is to the spectator, reads a proclamation, the rest wave their three-cornered hats and cheer lustily. Many of the faces in the group, as to modelling, light, and shade, are managed with such subtlety as we only associate with the heads of Meissonier, and the whole scene is pervaded with a fine glow of "silent" colour.

This naturally turns our attention to the other leading figure painters in this exhibition, of whom the most notable is J. D. Linton. His 'Huguenot' (214) occupies the corresponding place of honour on the opposite side of the gallery. The poor "heretic" is on his knees, with his hands bound, before the cardinal, who questions him, while his secretary at the table is prepared to write the answers; and his grim familiar, the gaoler, or executioner, stands rope in hand, equally prepared to play his part. For fine keeping and tone, for character as well as *chiaroscuro*, the drawing is as artistic and full of quality as it possibly can be. On an almost similar level stands H. Herkomer. His 'Man's Inconstancy' (288) shows a girl washing clothes by the waterside, while she listens to her companion chatting with the young hunter at the top of the bank, and catches with jealous ears some of the pretty things he is saying to her rival. 'At Death's Door' (217), by the same artist, is a finished study of the oil-painting he had in the Academy, and represents a priest and acolyte ascending the hill with all the paraphernalia for administering the viaticum. The Tyrolean cottage they are approaching contains a dying person, and the poor peasants, hearing the tinkling of the bell, have come outside, and are now reverently on their knees with their faces toward the sacred symbols of their Church. The brown tone is still too positive, we think. A little farther on is one of the best single figures we have seen for a long time. It is by Seymour Lucas, and is called a 'Letter to Phyllis.' An old bewigged beau, in pale green coat, whose skirts are of ample cut, is seated at a desk, quill in hand, inditing an epistle to Phyllis. The sympathetic set of the head and the painting of the coat are things to look at and admire.

At the other end of the room the place of honour is divided between Elizabeth Thompson's 'Scots Greys Advancing' (144) and C. E. Holloway's 'Old Town of Rye, Sussex' (143). In the former we see the "Greys" in line, advancing at a trot, every trooper and horse individualised; yet the effect of the whole is unity, and its martial bravery of a kind to warrant one in believing that when the word was given the "charge" would be irresistible. For the masterly way in which the artist treats individual figures we would refer to her 'Vintage Sketch in Tuscany' (228)—a little too positive in colour, perhaps—and to another of a similar subject numbered 310. In Mr. Holloway's splendidly toned drawing we might, in an over-critical spirit, say that the middle distance—viz. the red-tiled houses on the hilltop beyond the water—is a little too pronounced; but when the general effect is so pleasing it would be ungracious to carp at a fault which after all may be only imaginary.

The next picture that arrests attention is the red-waistcoated labourer 'Doctoring Old Time' (170). The means he adopts is a pair of bellows, with which he blows the dust away from an old clock he has placed before him. The management of light and shade in this picture is not to be surpassed in

the whole gallery; and his 'Flower of the Flock' (44), an old peasant handing out a small pig to a woman who smiles her thanks, is, for colour and character, equally charming. The visitor would do well also to note John Mogford's 'Fittful Weather, near Cromer' (59); 'A Study of Two Camels at Jaffa Gate, Jerusalem' (75), by R. Beavis; and 'A Fishing Village' (81), with red-tiled houses, by J. Aumonier, one of the new Associates. In this last the red, perhaps, is a little too positive; and along the light foreground the artist makes rather too free a use of body-colour. Of masterly landscape, under a more gloomy atmosphere, Edward Hargitt's 'Highland Shepherd' (97) coming across a wild moor dominated by darkling rocky heights is an excellent example.

G. G. Kilburne was never happier than in his group of ladies and children, among whom an erratic British tar is to be seen, admiring the tame pigeons assembled in the Place in front of 'St. Mark's, Venice' (86). J. Sherrin's 'Strawberry Hill' (134), a sheep-dotted field, backed by trees, is very pretty, and carefully stippled; but the touch for landscape is scarcely the same as that for fruit, and he should try and forget the latter when dealing with nature in her general aspects. Among the pictures marked in our catalogue for approval are Philip Mitchell's 'Devonshire Moor' (158), bounded by distant hills, whose bold crests make a splendid sky-line; the fine scholastic compositions of W. L. Leitch, 'Ischia' (174), and 'Tower of Torracina' (175); and 'Dutch Boats taking in Nets, Schevening' (180), by J. Syer. We have a bold sky here, full of light and accident; and alongside the fishing-smack on the beach we see a waggon, from which the nets are being hauled on board. In getting his general effect Mr. Syer has been rather careless of details, and has placed one old salt on the deck who is nearly as big as the waggon, and must stand in his stockings about eight feet high.

Hugh Carter has several characteristic figure subjects. The sweet little girl 'Coming through the Rye' (197), the girl carrying baby wrapped up in her tartan shawl 'Among the Hills' (203), and 'My Heart is Sair for Somebody' (222), a girl in pensive mood making a net, are all charming pictures. William Small's girl and child 'At the Draw-well' (233), is fine in colour and solid in execution; but the figures in 'I am still your ain dear laddie' (241) strike us as being too short and too pronounced. In the latter case he has just missed the sentiment he wished to convey.

On the first screen will be found the original sketch by E. M. Ward, R.A., for his last year's Academy picture of Marie Thérèse, daughter of Louis XVI., sketching the tower of her prison from Temple Garden; and on the second screen, not to mention exquisite drawings by H. G. Hine, C. Green, and T. Collier, is a picture by E. J. Gregory, representing a lady in rich attire, who has stopped for a moment before her sewing-machine in order to mend a piece of the hem of her dress which has come undone: "A Stitch in Time" (325) the artist calls it. And a fine piece of colour and texture it most assuredly is, not, however, without certain indications of haste in some of its passages. Mrs. Elizabeth Murray's 'Roman Orphan' (223), a toothless old beggar woman holding out her hand and whining, "Senza padre, senza madre," is as touching as it is humorous.

The institute maintains its character for flower and fruit painting, and we could scarcely close our notice without drawing attention to the flowers of such artists as Mrs. Wm. Duffield, the *facile princeps* in this department, Edwin Bale, Helen C. Angell, and Marian Chase, whose name we mentioned in the opening of our article.

THE GUARDI GALLERY, HAYMARKET.

THE Guardi Gallery is devoted to the exhibition of modern Continental pictures of a high class; and, from the long experience of its director, Mr. Martin Colnaghi, the public may look upon this as the first of a series of pictorial gatherings which will widen their knowledge and improve their taste. The present collection numbers over a hundred works; and, while many names of old favourites appear in the catalogue, it will be found that several are entirely new to the English Art-lover. We have a notice of it in type, but are compelled to postpone it.

SCENERY OF THE PACIFIC RAILWAY.

II.

SOON after passing Laramie, and while we are still rolling over the fertile Plains, the night sweeps up from the east in a smoky-looking cloud, and overtakes the speeding train. But, before the relapse of light into final darkness, there is the momentary glory of the western sunset, with its barbaric splendours of crimson and gold, and its dying pathos of opaline light and peaceful blues and greys. No ugliness can assert itself in this parting look of the day. The mean little dug-out and the *bizarre* hovel of the mines are redeemed from their squalor and unshapeliness, and changed until they become inoffensive to the sight. The low-

with a roar and a blaze. It is like a ship adrift at sea : whence it has come is only indicated by the clogging wreath of smoke that hangs low upon the earth behind it, and its destination is unforeshadowed by the gleam of a human habitation in the dust ahead. At this time the achievement of the railway company in projecting an iron pathway into so wild and desolate a region impresses us as it has not impressed us before.

We miss little worth seeing in the night. A formidable array of stations is mentioned on the time-schedule, some named after Indian chiefs or game, some after contractors who have supplied the ties or rails, a few after the geographical features of the country, and others with some high-sounding word that has captivated the fancy of the miner-settlers. Most of them are passed without detention.

At Medicine Bow station a waggon-road leads out to Fort Fetterman, one of the centres of the last Indian campaign, and where in previous years the Sioux congregated in great numbers. Then we lapse into another stretch of plain, bounded by the

same whited peaks, and not different in any important particular from the stretch before it. The telegraph-poles are the only projections nearer than the mountains, and a flock of birds, or sheep, or a herd of cattle in the neighbourhood of a roughly timbered ranch, is the only reward of the patient tourist, who sits in pensive martyrdom at the car-window, with a praiseworthy but fatuous resolve to comprehend the whole country. The wheels of the train beat their humdrum on the iron rails; the novel is again taken up, and the game of whist, euchre, or casino is resumed. Then the speed slackens again, and our easy-going conveyance pauses for a few moments at Carbon,—six hundred and fifty-six miles from Omaha, and 6,750 feet above the level of the sea, the altitude being different at nearly every station. Carbon is one of the many providential circumstances that favour the maintenance of the road, and is situated, as its name implies, over a deposit of coal. A shaft has been sunk to a depth of 120 feet, and veins six feet thick have been opened. The Laramie Plains and the surrounding mountains are rich in mineral deposits, and besides coal, gold and silver in small quantities, and iron, copper, lead, cinnabar, and

antimony, in greater abundance, have been found underneath the undulating surface of nutritious grass.

More of the plains and more of the telegraph-poles. We pass Simpson, Percy, Dana, St. Mary's, and Walcott, winding in and out and occasionally penetrating a rocky cut in a way that puts

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Banks of Platte River.

lying plain and the swampy stream meaning it borrow colour from the expiring light; the plain is a red-brown, and the river is overcast with a skim of brassy yellow. The distant mountains are folded in a wonderful blue or purple—which it is we can scarcely tell—and every bend and peak in their serrated summit-line is emphasised with startling distinctness. The clattering train does not break the spell of silence and loneliness that settles with twilight on the land, despite its suggestiveness of civilisation and the fast-beating pulse of commerce; on the contrary, it adds weirdness to the scene as it twists among the hillocks, disappearing under a snow-shed for a minute, and reappearing

an end to our faith in the map, which represents the road as an almost straight line. The passengers yawn and drowse in their seats, and the porter begins to make the beds. Can any one realise what the journey would be without the Pullman car? We are not disposed to be very enthusiastic in alluding to that much overpuffed institution; between what might be done with it and what has been done with it is a great void. The incivility of the attendants employed on the Union Pacific and Central

Pacific roads goes a little beyond the impudence of negro waiters elsewhere; but when night falls at the close of a long day's ride over the Plains, the contrast between the outer darkness and the warmth and light, the cheerful plush and veneer, of the interior, strikes home. The contrast is the more salient when we pass through the ordinary cars—first-class in name only—in which the people who cannot afford the expense of a Pullman are carried; and it is still more salient when we are admitted to



Giant's Butte, Green River.

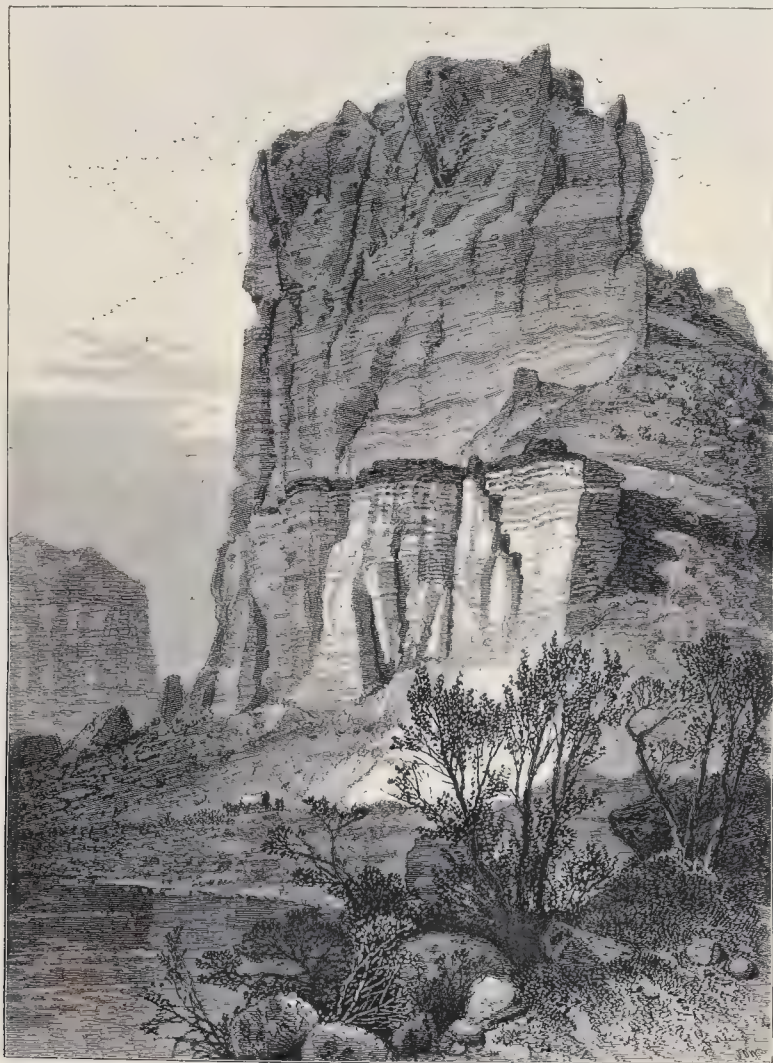
the shabby interior of the emigrant-car, in which for eight or ten days an unsavoury crowd—one person to each seat—eat, live, and have their being. The steerage passage on an ocean steamer is excelled in wretchedness. A stifling atmosphere and a feeble light; scant space, and dirt out of all proportion to everything else; an uneasy, uncomfortable herd of both sexes—adults and children—stretched on the seats and over the floor, changing position from time to time and never finding rest: the scene composed of these elements makes the contrast quite

startling, and sends us back into our own compartment, grateful for the blessings of its warmth and cosy aspect.

A striking characteristic of the overland journey, as may be imagined, is the bringing together of many oddly dissimilar people, and the relief into which their personality is brought. Usually the travellers include one who is on his way round the world; and since the time of passage between San Francisco and Sydney has been reduced to twenty-seven days, Australians are often met with on the road. The diverse and cosmopolitan

nature of the passengers may be better judged, however, from this list of some of those who shared a Pullman car with us last August:—an English earl, a member of the New York State Legislature, an Hawaiian missionary, a Chinese mandarin, the special correspondent of a New York newspaper, the originator and manager of the old overland pony express, a lieutenant of cavalry, an English merchant on his way to Hong-Kong, several Californian tradesmen, and two young men bound for Calcutta.

At about ten minutes to twelve, when all the couches have been transformed into snug sleeping-berths, the train halts again; this time at Fort Fred Steele, and, if the night is clear, any one peeping through the curtains of his bed will see a broad river flowing on near the railway. We touched the same river, the North Platte, 600 miles nearer Omaha, where it was muddy, shallow, and sluggish, while here it is clear and deep, and as unsullied as it is at its source among the perpetual snows



Cliffs, Green River, Wyoming.

of Long's Peak, in the North Park of Colorado. The fort is a fort in name only, and is simply a shelter for troops and a store for supplies; and in contrast with its primitive log walls is the orderly arrangement of the interior. Not an observance exacted in the most populous and magnificent fort in the Eastern States or in Europe is omitted from the discipline of this isolated outpost, and both officers and men are as careful and neat in their dress as a regiment marshalled for review.

After Fort Steele comes Granville, 703 miles from Omaha,

and Granville is succeeded by Rawlins, a station named after General Grant's first Secretary of War, which has a population of about 600, mostly railway employés. These mechanics have invested their savings in some mines, forty miles to the north, which are said to yield gold, silver, and copper mixed with iron. They penetrated a vein with a shaft, and obtained ore at about sixty feet below the surface; then they bored a tunnel, and in the course of two years expended £4,800 in the enterprise. At a depth of 365 feet they struck the vein, and in all the little cabins round

Rawlins there are fluttering hopes that the copper and silver now being obtained will run out, and that gold will soon be found.

A guide book says that Rawlins contains the usual number of bar-rooms, which means that it has a whole street full of them.



Valley of the North Platte.

The first sign of life in a new settlement is the bar-room; the success of the first establishment of this kind entails several others, and if civilisation survives these developments a church and a few cottages follow.

Next to Rawlins, is Summit; next to Summit, Separation; next to Separation, Fillmore; and next to Fillmore, Creston. Three miles farther west is the divide that turns one part of the water of the continent into the Pacific and the other part into the Atlantic; but it is unimpressive both in appearance and in actual altitude.

Latham, Washakie, Red Desert, Tipton, Table Rock, and Bitter Creek, each about seven miles apart, are left behind, and 831 miles from Omaha we reach Rock Springs, one of the subjects of our artist's illustrations, where all the coal used by the Union Pacific Company, and much of that consumed in towns along the line, is obtained. The coal is said to surpass anthracite, having neither clinkers in its ashes nor heavy soot in its smoke. 104,427 tons were shipped in 1875, and two veins, one six and the other nine feet thick, are now being worked.

Soon after daylight on the following morning we are in the Green River county of Wyoming, and our interest is accelerated by the extraordinary sandstones which crop out in close proximity to the railway. These formations are known to scientific men as "the Green River shales," the different sediments being arranged in regular layers, varying from the thickness of a knife-blade to several feet. The castellated cliff and Giant's Butte, both of which are shown in

the accompanying drawings, are prominent landmarks to all travellers, and are characteristic rocks of the region.

Beautiful impressions of fish are seen on the shales, sometimes a dozen or more within the compass of a square foot. The moulds of insects and water-plants are also found, and occasionally a greater wonder still, such as the feather of a bird, can be traced in the heart of a rock several hundred feet high.

The river derives its name and colour from the green shale through which it runs. It heads in the Wyoming and Wind River Mountains, and finally unites with the Colorado, through the cañon of which it travels for some distance. At Flaming Gorge the water is of the purest emerald, with banks and sandbars of glistening white, and it is overlooked by a perpendicular bluff, banded with the brightest red and yellow, to a height of 1,500 feet above the surrounding level. When illumined by the full sunlight, Flaming Gorge fully realises its name, and it is the entrance to the miraculous Red Cañon, which burrows the earth at a depth of 3,000 feet.

Another remarkable rock is the Giant's Club, a towering mass, almost round, that rises to a great height, and was at one time, according to geologists, on the bottom of a lake. In the strata of sandstone many fossils of insects and plants have been from time to time discovered.

Outfits for either hunting or fishing parties can be obtained at the station, and the country round has a good reputation among sportsmen for its deer, elk, and trout.

WILLIAM H. RIDEING.



Miners' Huts, Rock Springs.

MINOR TOPICS.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—The Professorship of Sculpture is now vacant, owing to the resignation of Mr. Weekes, R.A., through, we regret to hear, continued ill health.

THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.—At a meeting of the Royal Scottish Academy, held in November last, Mr. W. Brodie, R.S.A., was elected secretary in the room of Mr. J. Dick Peddie, R.S.A., who has resigned the office. At the same meeting Mr. R. Anderson, architect, was elected Associate in the room of Mr. George Hay, elected an Academician at a previous meeting.

THE GRAVE OF J. H. FOLEY, R.A., in the crypt of St. Paul's, is marked by a brass tablet placed over the site of interment by his executor, Mr. G. F. Teniswood, in accordance with the permission of the Dean and Chapter, who have decided on the discontinuance of the large gravestones formerly used. The relaying of the floor of the crypt in mosaic will be shortly commenced.

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.—The *Builder* reports "that a very interesting suit is coming on in Chancery. Turner, the artist, left nearly all his property to the nation. His relatives (he had no children) disputed the will, and the Government compromised the matter by handing over a portion of the property to them. Among the property so handed over was Turner's house in Queen Anne Street, which came into possession of one of the artist's nephews. He, strangely enough, does not seem to have examined the house, and when he died, three or four years ago, and his will could not be found, two surviving nephews agreed that the property should be shared, and that if the will turned up neither of them should administer it. When the house in Queen Anne Street was searched, it was found full of the most valuable engravings and plates, which were estimated by a valuer to be worth £100,000. Some of these have been sold under an order in Chancery; but on hearing what a splendid treasure had been found, the other and more distant relatives of the artist have come forward and claimed a share."

THE AUTHORITIES AT SOUTH KENSINGTON are in a somewhat queer position. The Director, C. P. Owen, Esq., has been released from his duties there for a term of two years, in order that he may attend to those he will undertake as chief of the Commission at Paris in 1878. We hope it will not be found from experience that the Institution, to which he has been but recently promoted, can do without him altogether: inexperienced persons may reason that if he is not needed there for two years he is not necessary at all. We by no means undervalue him for either appointment, believing he is in his proper place at South Kensington, and that he will be in his proper place in Paris at the International Exhibition of 1878. Wherever he has discharged duties of this kind—at Paris in 1867, at Vienna in 1873, and at Philadelphia in 1876—he has given entire satisfaction to all parties, some of them not easily managed. We add our testimony to that he has abundantly received for his courtesy, zeal, and energy. It is understood that Mr. Owen relinquishes his salary as director at South Kensington during his employment in France.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS gave its first *conversazione* of this year on the 3rd of January. Mr. R. Beavis and Mr. G. F. Teniswood, F.S.A., have been elected members of the Council.

THE CERAMIC AND CRYSTAL PALACE ART UNION is removed from Castle Street to No. 23a, Maddox Street, Regent Street, and its guinea presentation pieces for 1877 are prepared. They are all of great merit, and have passed the ordeal of inspection by the council as "approved." One of the most effective is a statuette modelled from the 'Cottage Girl' of Gainsborough. The choice of subscribers is now very large; any one of above fifty objects may be selected, and certainly any one is

of the full worth of a guinea, to say nothing of the chance of a valuable prize. The society is, in fact, not sustained with a view to profit; from the commencement the intention was to advance Art-taste, and that it has certainly done.

AMONG the British Exhibitors who obtained a medal at the Philadelphia Exhibition, was Mr. Thomas Stevens, of Coventry. It was well earned: for his "woven" specimens of Art-work are classed among the more remarkable productions of this country, rivalling, as they do, those of France, in which the ingenious process originated. Chiefly they are book-markers, nothing more; but these are in great variety, and are for the most part charming as mere pictures, the delicacy of which could not be surpassed by engraving, while the woven silk gives to them a degree of brilliancy that the best productions in chromolithography cannot have. Many years ago we drew attention to this attractive Art: Mr. Stevens has been continually improving it, obtaining excellent designs, and executing them with increased clearness, sharpness, and good effect in arranging the colours, of which sometimes we have a dozen in one article. His machine has been shown at work at several exhibitions; we suppose it was so at Philadelphia. It is small, but so nicely managed as, apparently, to think—as it sends out thread after thread to make "a thing of beauty." He is well entitled to the honours he received in America and to the extensive trade he has established in England.

THE CORPORATION OF NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE has acquired a very valuable gift, on which the town is to be warmly congratulated. The widow of the sculptor Lough has presented to that Corporation the whole of the sketches, models, busts, statues, and groups of her late husband; and a proper, large, and fitting gallery is in course of erection in which worthily to exhibit them. It is a most noble and generous gift, and is estimated as it ought to be. There will be no collection in the kingdom, not even in London, to compare with it for extent and worth. In number the works exceed two hundred; they are the produce of a long life—upwards of sixty years; for Lough began early, and lived to be seventy-nine years old, respected, honoured, and loved, his circle of friends including many of the most eminent men of his contemporaries. The collection is the wonderful product of the long and industrious life of a man of genius, conscientious in all he did. This bequest will be, for generations to come, a glory of the town near to which he was born.

WE are late in noticing the collection of Christmas Cards issued by Mr. Sulman of the City Road: they are of great variety and of much Art excellence; some of them, indeed, may be classed with the very best examples of their order; claiming to be, and really being, good examples of Art, drawn by artists of much ability, and capital specimens of chromolithography. The majority are floral, but some have figures that tell pretty stories, and have, no doubt, had a large share in the happy festivities of Christmas.

WE have just as much to say of the issues of Mr. Canton of Aldersgate Street, one of the most extensive producers of the class of Art that made weary the arms of postmen at the close of December. Mr. Canton's productions are of great excellence. Our notice can do him little practical service this year, but next year we hope to be earlier able to see and judge.

'PAYSAGE AU FUSAIN' is the title given to a series of lithographic landscape studies executed by M. Karl Robert, in imitation of drawings in charcoal, a few specimens of which have been sent to us by the publishers, Messrs. Lechertier, Barbe, & Co. They are natural, effective, and drawn with great freedom; but we see no advantage in the use of charcoal for drawings over chalk, and especially lithographic chalk—which

is a most beautiful material to work with on paper; though requiring great care and precision, inasmuch as a stroke once made is not easy to erase. There is nothing new in these charcoal drawings: an English artist, whose name we do not remember at the moment, several years ago submitted to us some most elaborate and masterly specimens, of which we gave a notice at the time.

A STATUE OF THE LATE SIR ROBERT PEEL has been erected in Parliament Square, with its face towards Great George Street, having as companions, within the same enclosure, statues of

the late Earl of Derby and of Lord Palmerston. That of Peel is the last work of the late Matthew Noble, who also executed Earl Derby's. The former, which is of bronze, stands on a polished pedestal of red granite, and is the result of a commission given to the deceased sculptor by the friends of the famous statesman, whose likeness is unmistakable.

At the recent General Meeting of the Artists' and Amateurs' Society, Mr. H. Burton was elected President for the current year, and the four *soirées* for the season were fixed for January 9, March 6, April 10, and May 8.

ART-PUBLICATIONS.

IT is one of the best signs of the time that, when really good engravings are published, there will be purchasers sufficient to justify a very large outlay for their production. The principle has been amply tested of late—mainly by Mr. McLean, of the Haymarket, who has found it answer his purpose to issue several engravings from pictures by the classic masters of British Art, engraved by Samuel Cousins and others eminent in this department of Art. Mr. McLean is not the only one who has thus ministered to the more elevated tastes and requirements of Art-lovers; but he seems to have given such earnest thought to the matter, and with such large and beneficial results, as to make his debtors all who really love Art and desire that its power should be exercised solely in a right direction. We have had occasion to say this more than once; we repeat it because upon our table there are four most beautiful prints, the recent issues of his establishment. Two are by Sir Joshua, of lovely women in their prime—portraits, of course: one is of Lavinia, Countess Spencer, the other is of the Hon. Ann Bingham: both are in Earl Spencer's collection, now exhibiting, thanks to his Lordship's liberality, at South Kensington. They rank among the best and most valuable productions of the great artist; and both are engraved by his almost equally renowned countryman, Samuel Cousins, R.A. The prints are of the highest and purest order of mezzotint, very charming acquisitions, most pleasant to look upon. The spirit of the painter has been caught by the copyist; the eyes sparkle, the lips smile; one can almost fancy there is warmth in the flesh tints, and that nothing of truth is lost by the absence of colour. Of equal merit and of as much interest are the two etchings—if we must so term the two prints by Flameng—of Rubens and the lovely lady, his wife, with whom his name has, in Art history, been for more than two centuries associated. Though the burin has made the famous portraits familiar, these admirable works are none the less welcome. They will be classed among the finest productions of high Art, and will hold rank with the most excellent examples of any period. Both paintings are in the collection of Her Majesty.

"A THOUSAND MILES UP THE NILE!" There is a charm in the very title of this beautiful book that cannot fail to attract readers.* The charm is enhanced by the fact that a lady has made the voyage and written the work. It was a great undertaking, and it has produced rich and abundant fruit. At times it would seem as if Miss Edwards revelled in her own especial realm of fiction: the adventures are so marvellous, the facts are often so inconceivable, that the reader will be frequently inclined to question their truth. But the book is true from beginning to end; what she saw she pictures with her pencil as well as her pen, for she is the artist as well as the author: the case is, we believe, without parallel. The volume contains more than seven hundred pages. To give it a brief review is impossible: we must leave our readers to imagine what an accomplished woman

of great intellectual power has done with so fertile a theme; seeing rightly, judging wisely, and carefully inquiring always; regardless of toil, ever adventurous to daring, seeing with the eye of artist and poet in combination, and giving to the world a voluminous record of very much that is curious, sometimes original, and extremely interesting.

MESSRS. VIRTUE & CO. have issued some of the very best books of the year: they are not all original editions, but they are all good. We may surely say as much for "The Book of Memories," by S. C. Hall, F.S.A., and "The Book of the Thames," by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, both of which are second editions. They are, as our readers are aware, lavishly illustrated by some of the best artists.—The several pages of the *Art Journal* that described the Philadelphia Exhibition are collected into a goodly volume, which contains also some line engravings from pictures by British artists sent to that great gathering of many nations.—"The Stately Homes of England," second series, contains one hundred and seventy wood engravings of time-honoured seats of old English families, with some of the more modern ones, such as Somerleyton and Warnham Court.—"English Scenery" is a collection of twenty-one line engravings, the nature of which the title denotes, beginning with Windsor Castle, Eton, and Windsor Forest; no fewer than seven are from paintings by Turner, some are from the Vernon Gallery, and some from the collections of the Queen. The letterpress is gracefully written by the Rev. J. G. Wood.—"British Portrait Painters" is also a goodly volume. The earliest portrait is that of Sir Peter Lely; the latest that of James Sant, R.A., or rather, it is from his masterly pencil—being portraits of two of the Princesses, from the Osborne gallery of the Queen. The memoirs are from the vigorous pen of Edmund Ollier.—Perhaps the most important and valuable of this series of admirable works is that which preserves and honours the memory of John Philip, R.A., a sketch of whose life has been ably written by James Dafforne. It contains engravings from some of his best works. To readers of the *Art Journal* these fine examples of the art of the painter and of the engraver will be familiar; but they will be none the less welcome thus brought together into a volume beautifully printed and bound. They stand out in honourable prominence among the ephemera of a season.—"Stories of the Flowers" is a prettily written and very prettily illustrated book of the year, by Gertrude P. Dyer, introduced to the public by a few prefatory remarks by her friend, Mrs. S. C. Hall. The Flowers tell their stories simply and gracefully, in some cases eloquently, and always so as to convey a social and moral lesson. This graceful book is the production of a mind of high order, labouring to impress useful truth and serving to teach the wisdom as well as the happiness of virtue.

"LEAVES FROM MY SKETCH BOOK."—Such is the title of a charming volume of sketches,* published by Murray, from the

* "A Thousand Miles up the Nile." By Amelia B. Edwards. With upwards of seventy illustrations, engraved on wood by G. Pearson, from drawings executed on the spot by the Author. Published by Longman & Co.

* "Leaves from my Sketch Book." By E. W. Cooke, R.A. and F.R.S. With descriptive letterpress. Published by John Murray.

fertile and vigorous, and always true, pencil of E. W. Cooke, R.A., an artist who never fails to convey nature to his canvas, whether he pictures land or sea. These leaves are obviously results of leisure hours, when the mind sought repose from more serious occupation. They are charming—veritable Art bits, delightful to the critic, and of immense value to the student. In sending forth such comparative trifles, the accomplished artist enhances rather than lessens his reputation, and perhaps they are as much proofs of his genius as are the grand paintings by which he has made his fame. They are exquisite sketches of the purest Art; and there are twenty-four of them, very varied in subject-matter.

DR. ZERFFI'S lectures to the pupils of the National Art Training School, South Kensington, have rendered his name very popular in our Schools of Art generally, and scarcely less so among all who take any interest in the Art-education of the masses. Very many of these lectures have had a wider circulation than the comparatively limited audience assembled to hear them, for they have been reported at considerable length, if not in their entirety, in one of our weekly contemporaries, the *Building News*. There is still room, however, for a more extensive propagation of the teaching of Dr. Zerffi, and this he endeavours to give by the publication of a small volume on the rise and progress of Art in its varied spheres of operation.* It is, if we mistake not, a digest of much the author has said in the lecture-room at Kensington, and said learnedly and instructively. "In reviewing the past," he remarks, "I have throughout endeavoured to show the close connection of Art-forms with the general, social, religious, intellectual, and moral conditions of the different nations and periods in which they appeared." And elsewhere he states, "Academies have no influence whatever if the nation itself takes no interest in Art and has no Art-education from a general, theoretical, and historical point of view." There is much in this little manual to repay the attentive reader and Art-student. By the way, we notice that Dr. Zerffi has adopted the recently introduced practice of substituting *k* for *c* in words from the Greek, writing, for example, Akropolis, Kimon, Sophokles, Thukydides, Perikles, Etruskan, Kentaurus, Arkadia, &c., and so for Ceramic Keramic. We confess to disliking this innovation—we have heard it called affectation—and cannot understand for what purpose, or on what authority, our old friends should appear in a dress in which it is not very easy to recognise them. If the book had not been printed, as it may be presumed it was, before the New School Board talked about altering our national orthography, we should have surmised that the learned Doctor had taken the initiative in following the hints thrown out by the Board. Surely he might be satisfied with a manner of spelling that contented Pope, Porson, and other great Greek scholars, down to Lord Derby and Mr. Gladstone.

'No!' It is very rarely nowadays we meet with a print so entirely perfect as this—engraved by Samuel Cousins from a painting by J. E. Millais, R.A. It may be accepted as one of the best examples of either art, and will give delight to all Art-lovers, while making the critic and connoisseur more than content. It is the fancy portrait of a lovely girl who is just about to affix her name to the letter she holds in her hand, and which contains the fatal word 'No!' The story is plainly told: we need no evidence that there has been another letter that had another word. A more charming print, or one more assured of popularity, has seldom been seen upon our table—soon to be transferred to the wall of the happiest of our rooms. It is to Messrs. Agnew we are indebted for this rare boon.

THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE issued at Christmas a series of admirable books, not merely for a season, but for all seasons, and calculated to gratify as well as instruct readers old or young. Any one of the books might

justify a detailed review, but we are limited for space and can do little more than recommend them as thoroughly well-written (often by eminent and always by sound writers) and generally illustrated with great ability. Thus, we have an interesting history of "The Beaver: his Homes and Haunts;" a detailed description of "China and the Chinese;" a charming story of the "Heroes of the Arctic;" healthfully-exciting tales of Alsace; a capital account of famous places "in and out of London," and a work elaborately bound and embellished, containing twelve very beautifully coloured prints of "Common Things:" that is the title of this attractive book, one of the very best of the year's productions. The common things—blackberries, wild strawberries, hazel nuts, mushrooms, and so forth, are not only admirably pictured, they are described by a lady, Mrs. J. W. Whympere, who has a thorough love of nature, writes gracefully, and has close acquaintance with the poets who commemorated these things of beauty. We notice but a few of the charming books the Society have entrusted to us; their productions are very numerous and very varied; their main purpose is to instruct, but they have by no means forgotten that to do so they must attract; the young of the generation are thus catered for by enlightened and upright men, who bring knowledge and experience to the aid of religion, and inculcate virtue by rendering it pleasant as well as profitable. Their issues are not of books only; here is a roll of large coloured Scripture prints, drawn by a first-class artist, serving either as reminders of impressive lessons or as teachers of good Art. The season cards of the Society are also of much excellence, ranking among the best of a year fertile beyond precedent in that way. We may add, that in no one of these publications have we found a sentence that could give offence to any class of Christians.

MR. HENRY MORLEY, having completed the first division of his "History of English Literature," which embraces the works of what may be termed our secular writers (it has now made its appearance as a separate and neatly got-up volume), has entered upon another phase of his subject, under the title of "The Religious Life of England,"* which promises to be, at least to a large class of readers, even more instructive and interesting than its predecessor, noticed in our columns last year with fitting commendation. Mr. Morley treats his subject less popularly, perhaps, than did Messrs. Chambers, in their "Cyclopædia of English Literature,"—a most entertaining work, and very valuable for its biographical sketches no less than for its apposite and numerous extracts from various authors, both in prose and verse. Mr. Morley is more scholarly and didactic, while his annotations throw welcome light on the obscure passages often found in books, especially those of an early period. Except in rare volumes, inaccessible to all but a few and comparatively unintelligible to all but the highly-educated, the writings of the early Christians in this country have become, to the great mass of the people, nothing better than sealed books. Throughout the period of "the long-buried past" literature had little else than religion for its theme. The first Christian writer whose works have come down to us is Cædmon, a monk of Whitby monastery, which Hilda, daughter of Hereric, nephew to King Æduin, founded, and ruled over as abbess between A.D. 658 and A.D. 680; in the latter year she died. Cædmon composed there his metrical version of the Bible, known as his "Paraphrase," the manuscript of which, or, at least a considerable portion of it, was found by James Usher when employed to furnish the library of the newly-founded Trinity College, Dublin. It is with the translation of parts of this poem that Mr. Morley commences his new work; and he continues it with extracts from the writings of "the Venerable Bede," Aldhelm, contemporary with Cædmon, William of Malmesbury (Aldhelm's biographer), Cuthbert, Alcuin, Cynewulf, King Alfred, Abbot Ælfric, whose "Easter-day" sermon appears in its entirety,

* "A Manual of the Historical Development of Art—Pre-historic, Ancient, Classic, Early Christian. With special reference to Architecture, Sculpture, Painting, and Ornamentation." By G. G. Zerffi, Ph. D., F.R.S.L. One of the Lecturers of H.M. Department of Science and Art. Published by Hardwicke and Bogue.

* "Cassell's Library of English Literature: the Religious Life of England." Parts I. to V. Selected, edited, and arranged by Henry Morley, Professor of English Literature at University College, London. Illustrated. Published by Cassell, Petter, & Co.

with one of his "Homilies," and other writers, down to the middle of the sixteenth century, or the time of the famous martyrs, Latimer, Cranmer, and others. It will be obvious to all that this "Religious Life of England" will no doubt fulfil, as it proceeds, all that it promises. There are several appropriate illustrations, copied chiefly from ancient manuscripts, we suppose, in the number.

MESSRS. NELSON AND SONS, of London and Edinburgh, have sent us their annual supply of good, interesting, and useful books, printed and bound with taste and care, each being an admirable giftbook. The first we lay our hand on is assuredly the best: in clear type, easily read, and abundantly illustrated by capital outline woodcuts,—a volume including all the plays of Shakspeare. The title-page contains a singular and very glaring error, which should be at once removed. The illustrator is said to be "The late Frank Howard, R.A." Frank Howard was not a member of the Royal Academy, but his father was; hence, probably, the mistake.—"Stories of the Dog" is a delicious little book, by Mrs. Hugh Miller, the widow, we presume, of a good and most accomplished man, to whom the world owes a large debt.—"Recent Polar Voyages" may be classed among the best productions of the year; it is of much excellence, both in literature and Art. The narratives are of the deepest interest, and nothing seems wanting to give them the excitement that may be derived from the wildest fiction. A huge catalogue of admirable and valuable books, of all sorts, sizes, and prices, is issued by Messrs. Nelson. They have furnished a mass of important and valuable information for the young in a vast variety of ways.

AN illustrated "Life of St. Patrick,"* written by an estimable lady, the superior of a convent of Poor Clares—"sisters" whose lives and labours are devoted to educating the young—demands some notice. It is decidedly well written. The publishers, Messrs. Burns and Oates, have done it full justice in printing, binding, and paper. It is, of course, Roman Catholic; but it is kindly, genial, and Christian. The accomplished lady has searched for and found much curious matter: we cannot say whether all her "facts" are authentic; we are not disposed to break a lance with her as to whether the saint who relieved Ireland of serpents and converted the Irish to Christianity did or did not actually exist; but her volume is pleasant and useful reading—may be so, indeed, to those who do not consider that her Church is all in all. Miss Cusack is, at all events, one of its warmest and most effective advocates. The little town of Kenmare, between Glengariff and Killarney, will obtain renown by the publication of this series; and tourists to the all-beautiful district will we hope see the admirably managed school for the poor girls of the district over which the lady presides.

MESSRS. GALL AND INGLIS, eminent publishers, of Edinburgh, and also of London, have sent us five excellent volumes, chiefly for the young: one is entitled "Words of Help," being short addresses to mothers' meetings. It is full of good maxims and useful counsel; although addressed to "working women" they are written by a lady of rank, who bears an always honoured name—the Honourable Isabel Plunket.—"An Eden in England" is a pleasant and instructive tale by a popular writer, who has obtained well-earned fame under the signature of A. L. O. E.—"Round about the Minster Green" is a capital story, full of point and good humour, for girls and boys.—W. H. Kingston adds to the series a very useful, yet a very entertaining book, a "Popular History of the British Navy;" it abounds in anecdote, of course, and to recruit our Navy would be as powerful an auxiliary as the obsolete pressgang, concerning which ample details are given. Few authors have laboured with greater industry or to better purpose than Mr. Kingston, who, himself a sailor in early life, so well describes the "jolly Jack Tar" of the past.—The fifth of the issues of Messrs. Gall and Inglis is a complete edition of the Poems of Felicia Hemans;

a book much wanted. We have it here in an attractive form, and very charmingly illustrated.

THE Visit of the Prince of Wales to India gave grand opportunities to several artists. Foremost among them was Mr. William Simpson, to whose exhibited sketches and drawings we accorded full justice. The book under notice is a photographed collection of some of them, with brief letterpress descriptions.* They are charming specimens of Art, and of great and general interest. Selected from a very large number of sketches made on the spot—for the excellent artist shared the perils as well as the fatigues of the memorable tour—they are valuable records of events that must have marked places in British and in Indian history.

"ENGLISH CELEBRITIES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY."† —We have here six photographs of good size, representing a large number of the celebrities of the age; but they are photographs from pictures and not from life. A picture has first been made, and certain leaders in life are selected to figure in it; but the persons introduced are generally well selected—not always; it was a mistake to introduce Charles Lamb and John Ruskin; they were in no sense contemporaries; neither were Wilkie and Frith: though they belonged certainly to the nineteenth century—all of them. Generally, the likenesses are excellent—to be recognised at once by those to whom they were known. The grouping is remarkably skilful; and, as photographs, the pictures are good.

"THE HARBOURS OF ENGLAND," described by two men who will be for ever associated in Art history: the volume is a grand boon to all Art lovers.‡ The pictures are marvels; but the letterpress is hardly less an evidence of genius: the book is not for a season, but "for all time." To obtain on comparatively easy terms twelve such engravings as we have here is an advantage of a rare order—delightful to the student, to the artist, and to all who appreciate the loftiest excellence in Art.

Few young people, and by no means all who are old, can read Chaucer with the ease that infers pleasure. In the beautifully got up volume before us the disadvantage is entirely removed.§ The original text is given on the one side of a page, and a modern reading on the other; the difference is not great—the new merely simplifies the old. Much prose is intermixed, and any reader may thus comprehend the father of English poetry. The Art is of great excellence.

ONE of the sweetest and most graceful books of the season is entitled "The Lord Jesus," and is published by the Wesleyan Methodist School Union. It is a collection of hymns and music with illuminated texts, and charmingly outlined prints on gold ground, small but full, and not often surpassed in Art or in general character. The designs are by a skilful artist, and the arrangement of the little book is the work of a man of taste. It is very pleasant to find a powerful society, that used to ignore such aids to piety, now obtaining the assistance of pure and true Art.

A RIGHT pleasant and merrie volume of fairy tales, abounding in humour, with much of pathos, is that which the sisters Bridget and Julia Kavanagh have given us.|| The stories are well told, and they are as well illustrated by Mr. Moyr Smith. The wood engravings are among the best of their class.

* "Shikare and Tomasha: a Souvenir of the Visit of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales to India." By William Simpson, F.R.G.S. Consisting of Twelve Photographs from Original Drawings, the Property of the Prince of Wales. Published by W. M. Thompson.

† "English Celebrities of the Nineteenth Century: Senators, Statesmen, Authors, Novelists, Artists, Philosophers." Published by Hughes and Edmonds.

‡ "The Harbours of England." Engraved by Thomas Lupton, from Original Drawings, made expressly for the work by J. M. W. Turner, R.A. With Illustrative Text by John Ruskin, LL.D. Published by Smith, Elder, & Co.

§ "Chaucer for Children: a Golden Key." By Mrs. Haweis. Illustrated with Eight Coloured Pictures and numerous Woodcuts by the Author. Published by Chatto and Windus.

|| "The Pearl Fountain, and other Fairy Tales." By Bridget and Julia Kavanagh. With Thirty Illustrations by J. Moyr Smith. Published by Chatto and Windus.

* "The Life of St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland." By M. F. Cusack, Author of the "Illustrated History of Ireland," &c., &c. Kenmare Series, "Lives of Irish Saints." Published by Burns and Oates.



THE WORKS OF RICHARD BEAVIS.



DEVONSHIRE possesses an enviable notoriety among our English "shires" on account of the number of excellent artists to whom it has given birth; to name them all from the days of Sir Joshua Reynolds to our own would present a long catalogue; this, however, is not my purpose: the fact is alluded to only to remark that the name of RICHARD BEAVIS is entitled to be placed on the list, for he was born, in 1824, at Exmouth, though the early years of his life were passed at Sidmouth; and it is just possible that this residence in a picturesque seaside town, though it has little or no pretensions now to be called a seaport, whatever it was in years gone by, may have had some influence on the direction which Mr. Beavis's art subsequently took.

The childhood of most painters offers very nearly the same features—the struggles of the mind to develop itself everywhere

and at all times, in season and out of season. Born, as it were, with a pencil in hand, no opportunity is lost of employing it, and too often to the prejudice of all domestic proprieties: and so it was that before little Beavis was eight years old the walls of his bedroom were covered, so far as his childish hands could reach, with a species of hieroglyphics assuming to represent ships and boats, horses and carts, and everything else which suggested itself to the boy's imagination. There were in Sidmouth at that time two booksellers' shops, in the windows of which some engravings were displayed; these were, of course, very attractive to the embryo artist, who, as I have heard him say, would stand long at the window studying one of the prints, till the subject was tolerably well impressed on his mind, when he hurried home and tried to draw it from memory, repeating his visits till the copy was rendered as complete as the circumstances would allow. But parental authority opposed itself to



[Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

Bedouin Caravan on the Road to Mount Sinai.

[Engraved by Butterworth and Heath.]

all such aspirations after Art-life: the boy's father had other views for him, and, moreover, held to the opinion that it was a very doubtful mode of earning a livelihood, and related a story, by way of confirmation, that he "once knew a portrait painter who never had a shilling in his pocket or a shoe to his foot." No wonder that with such wide experience of artistic life the elder Beavis should seek to "nip in the bud" any desire the son had to become a painter. Nevertheless the latter could never relinquish the hope of some day being able to accomplish

MARCH, 1877.

his wishes; and so, while following other occupations through the day, he would rise in the morning with the sun, and work away with his pencil in the best way he could.

Thus matters went on till 1846, when some gentlemen of the town, who had shown him much kindness and encouraged his untaught efforts, suggested to him the advisability of entering as a student in the then School of Design at Somerset House, and they took such steps as were necessary to accomplish the plan. The result was, that in the summer of that year Mr. Beavis

arrived in London, with a few pounds and several letters of introduction in his pocket, and with many hearty good wishes of his Sidmouth friends for his success. If any of those who lent a hand to help on the young artist at the outset of his career now live to see the result, they can assuredly have no cause to regret what they did, but quite the reverse.

The day following his arrival in London Mr. Beavis was duly installed as a student at Somerset House. His first short term, of six weeks only, proved most encouraging, for at the end of it a premium was awarded to him for outline drawing, which he had studied under the late Mr. Alfred Stevens, then one of the masters, and a most kind and efficient one, as his pupil readily acknowledges. All the Art-education Mr. Beavis received, beyond what he taught himself, was acquired at that institution: he speaks of the teaching there as being in every way excellent and most conducive to its required purpose.

He soon, however, began to find that it was quite necessary

he should get some employment to enable him to maintain himself: the little supply of money he brought to town was gradually melting away, even with the most rigid economy, and he was brought face to face with the difficulties of his position; so he managed to turn what little of Art he yet knew to some profitable account, by painting portraits, putting skies and figures into architectural drawings, and occasionally executing some decorative Art-work: thus he contrived to keep his head fairly above water till the spring of 1850, when Messrs. Trollope, the well-known upholsterers and decorators, of Parliament Street, applied at Somerset House for a student who could assist in making drawings and designs adapted to their business. The matter was proposed to Mr. Beavis by one of the masters, who thought he would be able to meet the requirements of the firm, to whom accordingly he went, and made a drawing or two by way of trial, which being approved, he was at once engaged by Messrs. Trollope as artist to their establish-



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

Bull-dock Carts returning from Cote.

[Engraved by Butterworth and Heath.

ment. With them he remained till 1863, and with what favourable results may be inferred from the fact that the firm competed successfully in three International Exhibitions with works executed from his designs: in the London Exhibition of 1851, in that of Paris in 1855, and again in our own Exhibition of 1862: in the last two Messrs. Trollope carried off first-class prizes, and in 1862 with especial marks of distinction. It may here be mentioned that the first works Mr. Beavis exhibited at the Royal Academy were, in 1855, a design for a boudoir ceiling at Harewood House, Yorkshire; in 1858, a design for a painted ceiling of a drawing-room in the same mansion; and in 1860, a design for decorating a drawing-room ceiling near Sittingbourne, Kent: works which his employers had then on hand.

In the early years of his connection with the firm he continued to attend the Somerset House schools in the evening, principally giving attention to those branches of Art most applicable to decorative purposes: in the summer-time he would rise

early, get out into the parks or about Kensington to sketch, or perhaps work in his own painting-room at home, till it was time to go to his other studio in Parliament Street. During the latter period of his engagement with the Messrs. Trollope he arranged with them only for a portion of his time; the remainder he applied to his own improvement in painting, both in oils and water colours, for he had always proposed to himself the profession of a painter as the ultimate result of his varied labours: to this his practice as an ornamental designer was merely a stepping-stone. At the British Institution appeared a few small pictures by Mr. Beavis, painted when thus working at half-time, so to speak. In 1862 he sent two pictures, also small, to the Royal Academy, and both were hung; one was 'A Mountain Rill,' the other 'Fishermen picking up Wreck at Sea,' an upright canvas, now in the possession of Mr. Peter Stuart, Seaforth, near Liverpool. Encouraged by the success of these works, he ventured to send in the following year a some-

what larger picture, called only 'In North Wales,' it represented a mountain-stream in that part of the Principality, and was bought on the private view day by the late Sir David Solomons.

Mr. Beavis now felt himself sufficiently strong to pursue his road without such extraneous help as had hitherto aided his onward progress. His pictures were not only looked at, but inquired for: one of the two works he exhibited at the Academy in 1864, 'The Escape,' was engraved in the *Illustrated London News*; the other, 'Autumn—Loading Fern,' I remember as a picture which interested me much. In the year immediately following appeared the first of that class of works which have done so much to bring this artist into prominence; compositions that can scarcely be classed with coast scenes in the ordinary

acceptation of the term, though they are seaside views; but their interest lies less in the expanse of ocean with shipping, &c., than in the figures and animals which enliven the shore and are made the principal features of the picture. The work in question was entitled, 'A Military Train crossing the Sands to Elizabeth Castle, Jersey;' it was painted for Mr. R. P. Harding, and is now in the collection of that gentleman. In 1866 he sent to the Royal Academy 'Drawing Timber in Picardy,' which attracted the attention of a prizewinner in the London Art Union society, who purchased it at the price of £250: an engraving of it appeared in the *Illustrated London News* about that time.

In 1867 and 1868 Mr. Beavis was living near Boulogne, it may be presumed for the purpose chiefly of sketching the coast



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

Collecting Wreck on the French Coast—Ambleteuse.

[Engraved by Butterworth and Heath.

scenery of that portion as well as of other parts of the country; and either in those years, or somewhat later, he travelled into Holland with the same object. One of the earliest fruits of this foreign sojourn was exhibited at the Academy in the former of the years just mentioned; its title was 'Loading Sand—Pas de Calais—Threatening Weather.' In the latter year appeared a Dutch scene, 'High Tide—Mouth of the Maas,' painted for Mr. R. P. Harding. In 1869 he exhibited nothing, but in the following year he contributed 'Hauling up a Fishing-boat—Coast of Holland,' in which the leading feature is a team of horses, skilfully drawn, to show the muscular strain and action of the animals in moving a heavy load. The picture is in the collection of a gentleman of Sheffield. In 1871 Mr. Beavis sent

one work to the Academy, 'Autumn Ploughing—Showery Weather,' a picture very favourably alluded to at the time in our columns. Of two paintings exhibited in 1872, one bore the same title, 'COLLECTING WRECK ON THE FRENCH COAST—AMBLETEUSE,' as that engraved on this page, but the design is totally different. Here the treatment is very similar to other compositions of the same kind from the pencil of the artist: a large expanse of stormy sky, broken at intervals by clouds lighted up by the sun; the lights repeated on certain portions of the landscape, &c. Such management of materials is generally very effective, and is certainly so in the work we have engraved, which was never exhibited. The companion picture of the year, 'The Sand Cart, Brittany—Gathering Storm,'

shows like treatment. His only contribution to the Academy in 1873 was an exceedingly well-painted picture, 'The Shore at Scheveningen—Waiting for the Boats,' bought at the private view by Mr. T. Taylor, Hyde Park Gardens. Holland also gave to the artist subjects for two out of the three pictures he sent to the Academy in 1874; the titles of the two were, 'A Ferry-boat in Old Holland' and 'Bringing up Nets at Scheveningen;' the latter, and also the third work, 'Charcoal Burners,' bought by Messrs. Agnew, have, as principals, horses and figures; in the Scheveningen subject the animals are in vigorous action, drawing up a load of heavy nets through the deep sands on the Dutch coast.

A large number of Mr. Beavis's pictures have never been exhibited, but have gone direct from his studio into the hands of their purchasers; such is the case with one we have engraved, 'BULLOCK CARTS RETURNING FROM CETTE,' painted from one of many sketches made by the artist when on a tour, in the autumn of 1872, through the centre of France, proceeding by the way of the valley of the Rhone to Avignon and Marseilles, and thence along the French shores of the Mediterranean. This is a very attractive composition; the bullocks are well drawn, cleverly foreshortened, and evidently quite under the control of the young peasant-girl, who, rather gracefully and lightly, is throwing her long driving whip—certainly very unlike an English carter's whip—over the heads of the leaders of the bullock team, just to remind them that they must not go to sleep on the road, as they seem half inclined to do.

In 1875 we missed the artist from the walls of the Academy, but met him again last year on ground quite new, so far as regarded his pencil. It appears that in the autumn of 1874 Mr. Beavis's health had failed, and he was advised to try a thorough change of air and scene. He had often felt a strong desire to visit the East, and so he resolved to carry out his wishes. Accordingly, in the early part of the following year (1875) he set out for Egypt, travelling by easy stages, *via* Venice and Brindisi, to Alexandria, and thence to Cairo. After staying a few days in the latter city, to rest and examine the place, as well as to complete the arrangements for a caravan journey

across the Desert to Mount Sinai, he started on the expedition, lingering on the way to sketch, either in oils or water-colours—for he works equally well in both—such objects and places of interest or beauty as most vividly arrested his attention and appealed most strongly to his artistic feelings. Among the places visited by Mr. Beavis during his trip to the East, which occupied about six months, were Jaffa, where he remained several weeks, Jerusalem, with most of the villages and historic places in its vicinity, Jericho, the Jordan, and the Dead Sea; but the landscape portions of the country he acknowledges to have had less charm for him than the social life of the people, their costumes, animals, and agricultural operations. On his return home—his health, we are pleased to know, quite re-established—he lost no time in making use of what he had seen and noted down of Arab and Syrian life, as was evidenced in the two pictures he sent to the Royal Academy's exhibition of last year, one of which is engraved on a preceding page. It represents a 'BEDAWEN CARAVAN ON THE ROAD TO MOUNT SINAI;' the caravan is descending the high ground at Wady Ghurundel. The other picture was called 'Ploughing in Lower Egypt.' Having spoken most favourably of these works when exhibited—and, being large canvases, they could scarcely have escaped the notice of visitors to the gallery—it is unnecessary to make further comment on them, except to say that the artist shows himself quite as much at home on Eastern ground as he had previously done on the shores of France and Holland. Allusion has been made to Mr. Beavis as a water-colour artist; we may remark that in 1867 the Institute of Painters in Water Colours paid him the compliment of inviting him to join the society without the usual process of competition; and he has since exhibited many very clever and interesting works in the gallery of the Institute, though his sympathies are far more strongly with oil painting.

We cannot call Mr. Beavis a disciple of any particular school, nor a follower of any special artist: he is a close and diligent student of nature alone, and works out his subjects—and they are varied—with taste, judgment, and skilful execution.

JAMES DAFFORNE.

WEARY.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE PUBLISHERS.

L. RADFORD Painter

T. BROWN, Engraver.

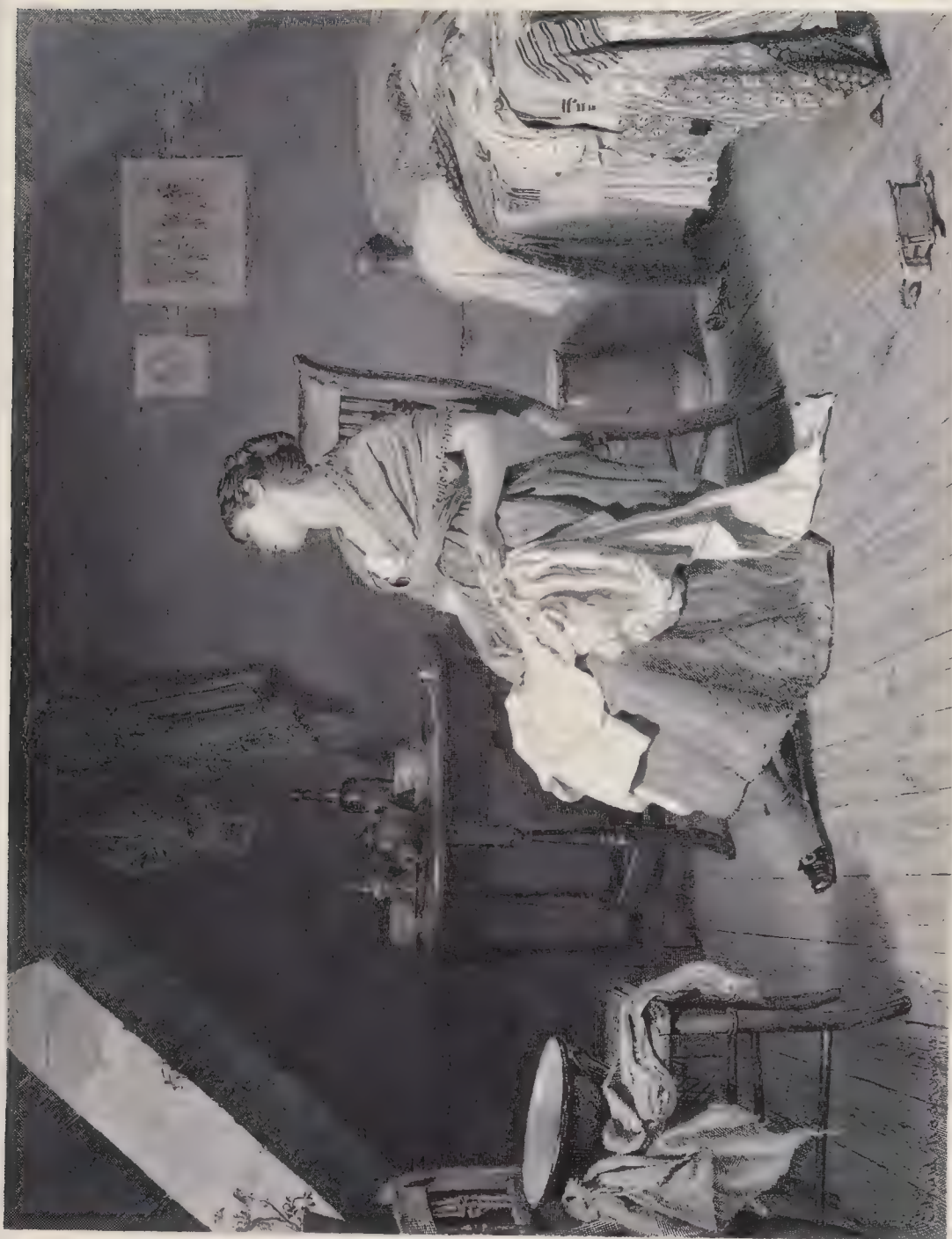
THIS is the work of an artist whose name is not popularly known, yet he has painted and exhibited at the Royal Academy within the last few years some clever and attractive pictures of *genre* subjects, which may be accepted as an earnest of still better things to come; such, for example, as 'Day Dreams,' in 1870; 'From the Camp,' in 1872; 'Four l'Honneur,' in 1874; and 'V'la' in 1875. His 'Weary' was exhibited in 1873. The composition does not very explicitly declare itself, and one feels somewhat at a loss to describe it. The room is an attic in a gabled roof, but it has no window, unless the open aperture may have a glazed frame of some kind or other which has been thrown back to let in the morning air, as well as the early sunshine which is now lighting up the apartment, wherein a woman has apparently been plying her needle through the hours of darkness; for on the table is a candlestick with the candle burnt down to the socket, a teapot and its accompaniments, suggestive of a cup of the refreshing beverage taken during the night; and a black bottle, suggestive of something stronger and more pernicious. This bottle is a disagreeable feature in the composition, which would have gained in sympathetic sentiment with the weary-looking young mother had it been omitted. Now there is nothing in her appearance to recall to mind the miserable heroine of Hood's 'Song of the Shirt,' nor any of those unhappy sempstresses who are employed to make up garments of various sorts at the rate

of tenpence or a shilling a day. There is no sign of extreme poverty, either in the woman herself or in her surroundings, though there is something more than weariness expressed in her face. Like a loving and careful mother she performed the necessary ablutions for her child, ere putting it to bed on the preceding evening, and the youngster is sleeping soundly through the night while the parent watches and works, too much absorbed by her needle even to put aside the washing-pan, towel, &c., or to clear away the child's toys. She, presumably, has not been in bed, though her dress indicates that she had made some preparation for a few hours of sleep; leaning back in her chair, while still holding in her hand the work on which she has been engaged, her face assumes a listless, wearisome realisation, as if her thoughts were wandering far away from the narrow limits of that attic room. Though the story is not, as we have intimated, very perspicuous, the picture is painted with much care and attention to detail, especially in the imitation of the textile fabrics; the figure of the woman is excellently modelled and the pose easy and natural.

Artists who design compositions of this kind, having in themselves no definite meaning—one, that is, which admits of varied reading or interpretation—certainly give the spectator an opportunity of putting his own construction upon it; but this, after all, is a questionable advantage, for the reading may possibly be very different from that the painter intended.







ART AND MANUFACTURES.



EW things are more depressing to a sensitive mind than a glib oration about Art, which makes you feel an intense longing for the revival of Art, and yet lays it down as an axiom that the modern manufacturing spirit is utter death to what you are taught to desire.

Several orations of this kind have been delivered of late, and they have received high praise. But it seems to us that some of them have been calculated to do much mischief, and to retard the cause which the several speakers wished to advance. Art, they have said, is pure handicraft, and can never be anything else; it is impossible to restore the artistic spirit, as it once existed, when every workman was an artist, simply because he had nothing to aid him but his tools and his individual invention. The growth of mechanism has been so rapid, so overwhelming, that the region of pure handicraft grows less and less. When these facts are stated there is a pitiful wail of despair, as of a lost spirit, and it seems to be the duty of everyone to begin a crusade against machinery and every form of mechanical production.

It may be frankly admitted that we can never return to the primitive conditions of production by simple hand-labour. Knowing what we do about the relations between work and life, and the immense gulf which separated class from class, and the limited range of ideas common to all, we cannot desire it. Any advances we may have made are due to processes, chiefly mechanical, which have diffused over a larger what was previously limited to a smaller area. Our modern books are rarely as artistic as the illuminated missals and manuscripts of antiquity, the work of patient and cunning fingers. We treasure these works still, but we never think of compounding for our admiration of them by pouring out our scorn upon the printing-press, even though it has made illumination a rare and difficult art. The world has gained, in this case, far more than it has lost.

This illustration is only a sample of what has been proceeding in other departments of life. The region in which pure handicraft can exist is steadily narrowing. Indeed, it threatens to become so small as to leave what is called Fine Art only one or two provinces which can really be called its own. But surely, along with this contraction there is an expansion also, which has in it some hopeful and brightening elements. There are vast grades in Art, and it is foolish to test the productions of an inferior grade by principles which should only apply to the higher ones. But this is a common fault, and it occasions the depression to which we have already referred. If there are articles of common use, which were formerly made by hand, but are now made by machinery, it is obviously unfair to deny to them some artistic merit because there is not in them that flavour of individual biography, that expression of personal character, which we are told is of the very essence of Art. "Portable Art—independent of all place—is, for the most part, ignoble Art," says Ruskin, whose authority will be at once admitted and respected. The distinction here made is as true of articles made by hand as it is of those made by mechanism. How is it possible any of these articles shall be informed with any high individual life? Now, manufactured articles—or articles produced by mechanism—are nearly all of this inferior character. Vases, crockery of all kinds, personal ornaments, articles of dress, are all portable, and for these, as Ruskin says, "You want forms of inferior Art, such as will be by their simplicity less liable to injury." It may be quite true that our manufacturers have not adequately understood what should be their limits of action. They have wandered into paths where simplicity is rare, and where splendour is the one governing idea. In this they have done violence to the pure artistic spirit. But, if they have erred in so doing, it may be that it is as much because their teachers have misled them, as because the public taste is

low and depraved. Any confusion, where clear direction ought to be given, is sure to be mischievous. It is here, we think, that many modern Art-teachers have failed in their duty. Their swelling periods and grand imaginings have betrayed designers and manufacturers into a belief that it was possible to put the finest of Fine Art workmanship and intention into articles in which a refined simplicity and the absence of conventionalism were the principal things to be kept steadily in view. We hear a good deal, of course, about "the mindless precision of manufactured articles," and "the coldness inseparable from mechanical production," but these are qualities infinitely to be preferred to the confused ornamentation and ambitious richness which are some of the consequences of our modern, and, it may be, our misinterpreted teaching. Let us admit grades of beauty as of utility, and we shall be relieved from the possible judgment of a lace curtain or a shawl, a piece of pottery or a bit of scrollwork, by principles legitimately applicable to a landscape painting or an altar-piece.

The opponents of mechanism, as the destroyer of Art, considered as workmanship, with its biographical expression, are unjust to the manufacturing spirit in several ways. They forget that "where the manufactures are strongest there Art also is strongest." In fact, they rather suggest that Art would stand a better chance of impregnating an entire people if there were no industrial activities of the mechanical sort. Italy, however, is hardly a case in point, for there Art, of the handicraft kind, is abundant, but poor, and there are scarcely any manufactures, properly so called. The illustration, we are bound to say, is not our own. It is one we have borrowed from the great teacher we have already quoted more than once. The fine distinction is also missed which sheds so much light on the question, that though Art and manufacture are quite distinct things, to be followed separately, "Art may be healthily associated with manufacture, and probably in future will always be so." To deny the association is to ride a definition to death. The designer, whether he be concerned with lace, or shawls, or carpets, or pottery, or furniture, or paper-hangings, or ribbons, or jewellery work, is, or ought to be, an artist, who has had a special training, and who is capable of genuine work of a sound, artistic sort. In looking at the finished result, some critics forget that it is the effect of a series of efforts, at the head of which there is individual originality. The machine hides the man.

Now we should like to ask whether some flavour of his personality is not possible in the work he conceives, even though his own hands do not busy themselves in the process of production? Hand and heart may have been busy. His design may show that study of natural facts which relieves it of conventionalism. There may be positive power in what he has conceived; but, because his work is copied a thousand times by a machine, working by a pattern and superintended by men and women who are also mere machines endowed with sentience, any Art quality is denied to it. Mechanical reproduction, it is said, is utter death. The justice of such a criticism is not apparent. Take a splendid picture, for example, a work of Religious Art, let us say. It is copied by an engraver, who stands at the head of a new series. He produces life-like engravings. Is it to be contended that these engravings shall have no artistic refining effect upon the beholder, because they have been mechanically produced? Perhaps the case of a photograph would be equally good. The force of the original is not wholly there, but it is not wholly lost. Without such reproductions modern Art would almost be as selfishly restricted as was ancient Art. There could be none of that extension of range "to the comfort or relief of the mass of the people," the want of which has made the Art of the past, at its highest, coincident with the decay of the States in which it existed. The criticism, moreover, seems to rule out a bronze statue from the

kingdom of Art altogether, because the sculptor is not also the mechanical producer. Landseer's lions, as we see them, were not the final product of his own hands; but surely the fact that some one else cast them does not obscure the value of his work! Had there been five hundred of them, so long as they were faithful copies of his model they would have been all works of Art. Copies of designs, of pictures, of vases, of groups of statuary, will hardly possess the same precise qualities as would still have been left in the five hundredth copy of one of Landseer's lions; but it would be absurd to say of them that they have no value, as a means of Art-education or refinement.

Two great misfortunes follow the direct attack upon all kinds of manufactured articles for their lack of the highest Art. There is, first, the degradation of the workman, in whom the association between Art and manufactures ought to be marked and vital, full of healthfulness and elevation of spirit. If the whole region of his activity is to be labelled "Death," how can he be expected to cultivate any of the arts of life? Much as he may try to put into his work a better spirit, he is met by the reproach that he is not and cannot be an artist. What he may design may be precise, harmonious, full of a certain kind of character, but he is at once brought up in front of the tremendous wall he cannot scale, and there rings in his ears some such saying as this:—"The man who carves a rude figure on a wooden bowl is an artist, but you are not." If Art is to have any refining effect in the whole range of an increasing manufacturing energy, it is not

by sneering at its producers and productions that the work will be accomplished.

The second effect is, that a possible source of Art-education, even of an inferior kind, as it may be, is cut off from the people by delivering them over to the mindless productions of this chamber of death. Where designs are low, coarse, conventional, and always under the eye, constituting the very investiture of daily life, there can be no touch of refinement possible to be received from external things. Art is inferior, we learn, because our external life, our streets, squares, chimneys, blackened landscapes, and murky air, make it so mean, so destitute of pictures for the eyes or subtle impressions for the other senses. Is the home then to be also destitute of fair forms and harmonious colours and suggestive designs? Deliver over one whole region to blackness and evil, and the surrender is sure to diminish power. If Art is to have the influence, the imposing spirit attributed to it, it must not be overcome by the hindrances of mechanism. It must overthrow its worst enemy. Fine Art can never be associated with certain lifeless processes. The human fingers are more cunning than the most complicated of machines. But it is with common everyday elements that any power must hope to work most mightily; and when Art has acquired its proper right of ruling over manufactures, not as a tyrant, but as an elder sister, we may have fewer complaints of unsound workmanship and more abundant evidences of genuine good taste.

EDWIN GOADBY.

A PLEA FOR THE PROTECTION OF OUR MEDIÆVAL CATHEDRALS AND ABBEY CHURCHES.

MAY I be allowed, through the widely-circulating columns of the *Art Journal*, to make an appeal to the sympathies of the Royal Academy of Arts and the artists of Great Britain and Ireland, as well as lovers of Art and beauty generally, in behalf of a class of objects which should be dear to architects, artists, and all men of taste, but more especially to painters—I mean our Cathedrals and Abbey Churches, which, under the now fashionable mode of treatment in cases of decay, or supposed decay, called "restoration," are fast becoming architecturally defunct? I deem them more especially interesting to painters, because the delineation of architectural subjects forms a distinct and important branch of landscape painting, to the illustration of which many of the greatest painters, as Paul Veronese, Canaletto, Watteau, Prout, David Roberts, and others, devoted years, some their whole lives; and because I consider these buildings, from their pointed style, their age and history, their surroundings, the nature of our climate, and other circumstances favourable to the generation of picturesque beauty, have become the most remarkable embodiments of that quality in the kingdom, perhaps in the world; and consequently are pre-eminently worthy of the pencil. As the finest and oldest monuments of the genius of architecture in Great Britain, and store-houses of inexhaustible material for an interesting class of landscape paintings—the most interesting class perhaps of all, since they exhibit a combination of man's work with that of his Creator—they have a double claim on your notice and protection.

As some of your readers may be unacquainted with the process, let me show them briefly what this restoration is. It is hacking away the original time-honoured face of the edifice—in which, of course, inhered all artistic life, all beauty and expression, embodied in delicate contours, carvings, and mouldings—the face which for many centuries has been "washed by the passing waves of humanity"—that has borne the brunt of time and change and atmospheric influences, which have given it such golden tints and harmonies as lend new gladness to the sunbeam, and render it more beautiful than it was in its palmy days—all that is associated in our minds with history, legends, and tra-

ditions of the past, and substituting for the same a mask of raw stone; so depriving the present generation, and all future generations, of the legacy of bygone ages to them, and sending down a changeling to posterity.

We are told that this renewal of the surface is necessary to the preservation of the building. But let me ask, Is it not a strange way of preserving an architectural antiquity to destroy all evidence of its antiquity as existing in its ancient surface, detail, and ornaments, and replace work coeval, perhaps, with the Conquest by stonework of yesterday? Is it true preservation of any building to cut away all its characteristic features, all that was expressive of its age and history, of what it had endured from the various agents and influences to which architecture is exposed, till it has lost its very identity?

But so have a great number of our cathedrals and abbeys been treated, and rendered so many melancholy parodies on their former selves—spectacles over which the Muse of Architecture might weep, and refuse to be comforted. Over what once exhibited in each case a world of beauty and historic interest, a flood of cold and raw material is let loose, which gradually overspreads the building till it reaches the Ararat of the tower, generally a cherished object, seen from a distance in every direction—

"Bright'ning above the wreck of years
Like Faith amid a world of fears,"

and overwhelms the whole.

I say the Muse of Architecture might thus weep; for it is not to the artist only that the destruction of these buildings is a loss: the peculiar mural markings, the infinite varieties of minute beauty spread over them, should have interest for the architect also. Artist-painters are, perhaps, from greater æsthetic culture and intercourse with nature, more appreciative of them, and they are so far moved by their charms as to sit down and paint them; but to the architect the endless tracery and imagery of moss and lichen, yielding most delightful harmonies of colour, that are really an architectural beauty to which ancient buildings are liable, which inevitably attaches to them, and becomes evermore

a part of them, has a great value. It is to him, I believe, a lesson in ornamentation, attention to which would tend to the future redemption of architecture. Time, a destroying angel generally, is a re-creator in architecture, which he ornaments and enriches; and nothing perhaps is more beautified and ennobled by him and thrilled with intenser interest than ancient edifices.

Moreover, no buildings anywhere are more crowded with historic memories and associations for all who think and feel, to say nothing of what each must individually have become to the immediate dwellers around it; how many of whom might adopt the words of a modern poet on revisiting Kirkstall Abbey—

"As gazing on thy crumbling walls
What visions meet my mental eye!
For every stone of thine recalls
Some trace of years gone by."

To such qualities I think I have not attached too much importance in my defence of these buildings. Historic associations are not ignored, but tacitly recognised in other structures and objects, and seem to have the greatest power over the greatest and most emotional minds. What but the historic associations of London attached so many men of genius to it in the last century and beginning of the present, as no doubt in earlier time, such as Addison, Johnson, Goldsmith, Charles Lamb, and many others, who scarcely ever left it? What but the fact that the presence of so many generations of great men had invested its localities and structures with a sacred interest and value that did not originally belong to them—that the streets and buildings of the metropolis, more than those of any other place, had been witnesses of the joys and sorrows, the triumphs and sufferings of the Sidneys and Mores, the Raleighs and Hampdens, and were hallowed by the renowned footsteps, the genius, and the fame of men of whom they esteemed it their glory to be the followers? Why is Shakspeare's house visited by high and low, but because the glow of an undying interest has been shed upon it by his genius?

To me, and, as I fancy, to many, a cathedral under process of "restoration," surrounded by a forest of scaffolding, and subjected to gigantic masonic operations for years, would be an absurd, if it were not a more melancholy, spectacle. It is a mountain in labour, bringing forth not even a mouse; for the mouse is still-born, and the mother herself expires in giving it birth. This is no inapt illustration of restorations, for the most cursory examination of a "restored" cathedral is sufficient to show that the metamorphosis that has taken place is anything but a true restoration or resurrection of the old building in its original beauty, which it is pretended to be; "resurrection" being the revival or reproduction of the self-same body that had been laid down, not the substitution of a foreign material as its integument or skin for the old surface. In restorations generally, the new work not only has not replaced the beautiful weird markings of nature and time, but it has not replaced the often exquisite sculpture, the least remnant of which is worth all that modern Gothic can contribute. In fact a "restored" building is no more what it was at any time before its so-called restoration, when it attracted, perhaps, visitors gentle and simple from all parts of Great Britain and America, than the cartoons of Raphael would be Raphael's cartoons, if, instead of being merely touched up and made good here and there in some obliterated detail, they had been entirely redrawn or pencilled over by a modern artist; or than a certain statue of Moses would be a work of Michael Angelo if a quarter of an inch of its entire surface had been chiselled off by an ordinary sculptor.

There is no genuine building operation but what is supported by some analogy to nature. Yet it would be impossible to find in nature any process or method bearing the slightest resemblance to "restoring." She builds, and cases, and lines, and carves, and colours, and embosses, but she never restores in the manner of the church restorers. Nor does "restoration" resemble any genuine restorative operation of man, as picture restoring for example, which, I need not inform artists, would, if carried out on the same principle, render any picture submitted to the operation valueless.

It is scarcely necessary to observe in the *Art Journal* that nothing requires more tenderness of treatment than a high-class work of Art. "Cut it, and it will bleed;" and this is well illustrated in restorations, in which the cutting away of the surface of a building must let out its artistic life, and is analogous to the bleeding of an animal to death. It may be a mode of treatment suited to the coarse productions of the military and railway engineer, but is destructive to the creations of the Fine Art of architecture, more especially work like that in question, which rejoices in the glory of age and eloquent voicefulness of the past—"which," to quote the author of "Modern Painters" "through the lapse of seasons and times, and the decline and birth of dynasties, and the changing of the face of the earth, and the limits of the sea, maintains its sculptured shapeliness for a time insuperable, connects forgotten and following ages with each other, and half constitutes the identity as it concentrates the sympathy of nations."

But it is replied that these buildings are wanted for use, and must be repaired and made fit for use, at whatever cost to their beauty. To this I answer, they are so unfit for use, so ill-adapted to the purposes of the Protestant Church, for which, as we know, they were not designed, that it would be a pleasure and advantage in any case to supersede them in their practical use, and build, in each instance, a new west transept or wing for the cathedral service, of proper size, form and proportion, and keep the old one, still mantled by its ivy garlands, intact, as a relic of antiquity—a thing of beauty only; one ray of which, every genuine artist must feel, "outweighs all the utilities in the world."

An advantage of this plan, which I have more fully detailed in a paper published in a recent number of the *Builder*, is, that it could be accomplished at a third of the cost of the destructive mode in vogue of arresting decay—a mode which is falsifying the dial of time and disconcerting the page of history.

If I am right in my suggestion, restoration is a misapplication of money, and though this is not the place for it, I may be allowed to express surprise that censure has not been passed on the practice by those who, occupying another standpoint, must view it as a waste of money that might have been spent in extending the ordinances of religion to the lower ranks of the community, the spiritual needs of which all efforts hitherto have been insufficient to supply; and not long ago an archbishop was commending open-air preaching as necessary, with our enormous ever-growing population, adequately to maintain the cause of Christ.

In conclusion, let me say that I call attention to this matter solely with a view to rescue from the architectural epidemic the few monuments of the Middle Ages, including the country parish churches, which remain unspoiled; in hope that some of their clerical guardians may perceive the suicidal nature of the mania that seems to have seized on almost their entire order, and be led to honour themselves by truly preserving, instead of degrading, the structures in question. Even the country parish churches, which I have but once named, many of them, though perhaps possessing slender pretensions to architectural merit, are yet, as they stand, half buried in foliage and clad in the rainbow mantle of nature, gems of beauty and grace and of great value to the landscape painter, by whom their "restoration," as well as that of the cathedrals, must be felt as a calamity.

Clergymen cannot be expected to be amateur artists. Their own great subject of study—theology, the science of God—is too engrossing in its nature to admit of that. But as votaries of literature, which they must be—between the various branches of which and those of Art there are not only strong analogies and sympathies but intimate blood relationship—they ought to have shown a more correct appreciation of the noble edifices committed to their trust, and which they have no right to treat as if they were their own private property.

I offer these remarks solely in the interest of architecture and Art and beauty, and without any wish to thwart the interests or pleasure or to wound the feelings of any individual whatever.

Jan. 7, 1877.

SAMUEL HUGGINS.

TITIAN.*

ANOTHER work from the joint pens of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle has to be added to their previous writings on Italian Art, and is evidence of their diligent research, extensive reading, and profound knowledge of subjects which have, for several years past, engaged their attention and study. It is a *Life of Titian*, the great painter of the Venetian school, whose career extended till towards the end of the sixteenth century.

In perusing the history of such artists as Titian, Raffaele, Michelangelo, Rubens, and others, one can scarcely fail sometimes to get no slight knowledge of the political and religious annals of the times, so intimate was often the relationship existing between the artists and their chief patrons, the nobles, princes, ecclesiastical dignitaries, and leading men of every kind, with whom they came into contact. Titian is a notable example of this comparatively familiar association with those of high birth or exalted position; and thus, in the life of this artist, we not unfrequently gain an insight into the history of those whose portraits he painted; for the picture was sometimes the outcome, so to speak, of a political event, or for a purpose which brought the artist and his patron into personal friendly intercommunication. The lives of Alfonso I. of Ferrara, of Charles V., Philip II., and other monarchs, could scarcely be written faithfully without some notice of Titian's connection with them. Federico Gonzaga, Duke of Mantua, addresses him, in a letter dated 1535, giving him a commission for a picture, as "Excellent and dearest friend;" and referring to a portrait by him of Charles V., the authors of the volumes on our table say, "Titian must have been familiar with the air of courts to paint such a picture as this."

The first of the two volumes traces the history of the painter through that period of his life which extends from his birth at Cadore, in 1477, to 1537, when he had won a reputation which we cannot better describe than in the authors' own words:—

"Titian, the greatest colourist of his age, and one of the noblest representatives of an Art which has not its equal for subtlety, appears to us at this time as a master who achieved all that can be expected of human exertion. Acknowledged by his contemporaries as unequalled in skill, he enjoyed a position almost unparalleled in the history of his profession. Except Alberti, Raphael, and Michelangelo, no artist had ever acquired such a position. Unlike Alberti, whose relations were confined to the small though select circle of Florentine humanists, he had friends in every class. Unlike Raphael, who perished in the flower of his youth, he had outlived the age of pleasures, and socially had learnt to give as well as to take. Unlike Michelangelo, whose sublime genius in Art was recognised as fully as his poetic feeling and profound learning, he was fond of society and not insensible to its enjoyments. He had the faculty, which so few men possess, of charming his contemporaries, to whatever grade they might belong, and if he had enemies it was because envy had not ceased to be a vice of the time. There was not an artist in Venice who could hope to equal him, and no one has more felicitously expressed himself than Vasari when he remarks: 'Titian had rivals in Venice, but none of much talent, none that he did not crush by his excellence and his knowledge of the world in his converse with gentlemen.' Titian, in fact, was more particularly distinguished from the great mass of the artists of his day by a quality which has always been considered rare: he was, and remained, a gentleman."

Here is a curious petition of Titian to the Council of Ten at Venice, asking to be employed on the works which were going on in the Hall of the Great Council under Giovanni Bellini, then a very old man, and not expected to live long. It must be stated

that Titian had been advised to accept service at Rome under the great patron of Art, Giovanni de' Medici, then raised to the papedom under the name of Leo X.; he was, however, quite indisposed to leave Venice at that time—though at a much later date he visited Rome—so long as he could find occupation worthy of his talents in the city where they had first dawned. The petition was presented in May, 1513, when the painter was about thirty-six years of age. It ran thus:—

"I, Titian of Cadore, having studied painting from childhood upwards, and desirous of fame rather than profit, wish to serve the Doge and Signori, rather than the Pope and other Signori, who in past days, and even now, have urgently asked to employ me. I am, therefore, anxious, if it should appear feasible, to paint in the Hall of Council, beginning, if it please their sublimity, with the canvas of the battle on the side towards the Piazza, which is so difficult that no one as yet has had courage to attempt it. I should be willing to accept for my labour any reward that might be thought proper, but being studious only of honour and wishing for a moderate competence, I beg to ask for the first broker's patent for life that shall be vacant in the Fontego di Tedeschi, irrespective of all promised reversions of such patent, and on the same conditions as are conceded to Messier Juan Belin, viz., two youths as assistants, to be paid by the Salt office, and all the colours and necessities, in return for which I promise to do the work above named with such speed and excellence as will satisfy the Signori, to whom I beg to be humbly recommended."

We have no space to follow out the issue of this application, which was at first granted then withdrawn; for Bellini was not disposed to allow his new competitor to supersede him without a struggle, which appears to have lasted more than three years, causing much rivalry and difference of opinion even in the council chamber of the Doge, where each painter had his partisans; but before the close of 1516 Titian had "entered into all the privileges and immunities previously enjoyed by his predecessor." Bellini died about that time.

The second volume opens with an account of the rivalry of Titian and Pordenone, whom the government brought forward in 1538, to execute works in the Hall of the Great Council, which the former had hitherto failed to do; and therefore "the Venetian public, seeing that in five years he had not brought out more than three or four pictures, whilst his portraits or portrait canvases nearly reached the number of forty, grew impatient of his exclusiveness. The government, which had besought him in vain to complete one subject at least for the Council Hall, looked round for a cheaper, more pliant, and more accommodating artist. Gritti, the Doge, whose countenance and support had been Titian's mainstay, grew old or wearied of defending him, and the result was the coming of Pordenone."

Great as is the temptation to prolong our remarks on these interesting and valuable volumes, we must forbear, while feeling that we can do but scant justice within our prescribed limits to a work which, to adopt a very common expression, will be found an important addition to the Art-literature of the time. It is what it assumes to be, a history of the *era* of Titian no less than of his *life*, and it is in this combined feature that the book will be acceptable to the large class of readers, to whom the strictly Art-portion of the narrative would in all probability prove the least attractive. Not so, however, to those desirous of learning in what the excellence of Titian's Art consists and what are its highest characteristics; the critical examination of the painter's principal pictures is learned, full, and lucid. The last chapter contains a nearly exhaustive list of his works which are not alluded to in the preceding chapters; they are described, and are divided into what the writers consider "genuine" and "uncertified." Finally, the two volumes contain about a score of fairly-executed woodcuts of the same number of Titian's best-known pictures.

* "Titian: his Life and Times. With some Account of his Family, chiefly from new and unpublished Records." By J. A. Crowe and G. B. Cavalcaselle, Authors of the "History of Painting in North Italy." With Portrait and Illustrations. Two vols. Published by John Murray.

STUDIES AND SKETCHES BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A.

IT has been remarked, in the notes we have made on this series of studies and sketches, that the artist's early boyhood was passed among domestic animals of every kind; for though the first drawing which appeared in the exhibition of his works—done

when he was only seven years of age—showed the heads of a lion and a tiger, there was another drawing, of a cat sleeping, exhibited with it, and of the same date. From that time, 1809, till 1820, all his studies were of dogs, and what farmers designate



In the Pasture (1810).—Lent by George Gurney, Esq., Eastbourne.

as "live stock," with the exception of a very few studies of wild beasts the juvenile artist sketched in the menagerie at Exeter Change. On this and a following page are introduced three examples of our domestic animals; two short-wooled sheep, two

donkeys—probably well known on Hampstead Heath at the time—and a triad of well-to-do pigs, comfortably nestled in a mass of litter. The original drawings are in pencil.

The 'Deer-stalker's Pony' is evidently a comparatively early



A Deer-stalker's Pony (1825).—Lent by C. W. Mansel Lewis, Esq., Stradey, Llanelly.

work; the sketch is executed with lead-pencil. It was not till 1825 that Landseer attempted any subject of this kind, but after his visit to Scotland in, or about, the year just mentioned, we find him producing several works having reference to the sports of the
1877.

Highlands; for example, 'Return from Deer-stalking,' 'Dead Deer and Highlander,' and, notably, 'The Deer-stalker's Return,' exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1827.

'Vixen' will, in all probability, be recognised by many of our

u

readers as an old acquaintance, for he appeared in this series of illustrations a few months ago, with the dead rat under his paw

as here, but with the hair on his back somewhat smoother, and the background of the composition filled in, as if the animal were



Vixen (1824).—Lent by L. Wedderburn, Esq., Moor Allerton, Leeds.

in a barn—indicated by a heap of straw, a grain-shovel, &c. 'Vixen' was a famous rat-catcher, and was one of three

favourite dogs of this kind which belonged to Sir Edwin; he was also a great pet of Landseer's early friend, Mrs. W. W. Simpson.



The Attack (1815).—Lent by C. W. Mansel Lewis, Esq., Stradey, Llanelli.

Certainly he is a "beauty"—this Scotch terrier—a knowing dog in every way, with an expression of countenance, even as we

see him here, that seems to exult in the victory he has achieved. We find no record of any kind relating to the sketch we have

called 'The Attack,' but the date determines when the young artist made it: he was then only thirteen years of age. A poor

cow is rushing madly along with the hope of escaping, though vainly, the attack of a large mastiff, which has seized her by the



On the Common (1810-11).—Lent by George Gurney, Esq., Eastbourne.

throat. He will not, however, hang there long, for a bull, hearing | her cries of distress, is hastening to relieve her from the painful



Asleep (1814).—Lent by George Gurney, Esq., Eastbourne.

encumbrance, and will certainly effect her deliverance. A very | few lines of the pencil, freely but skilfully applied, serve to



An Impending Quarrel (1818).—Lent by Walter F. Allen, Esq., Hammersmith.

make out the subject in a very graphic manner. Brutus, the dog shown in 'An Impending Quarrel,' was another of Land-

seer's favourites, and, like his companion 'Vixen,' engraved on the preceding page, was a noted rat-catcher.

J. D.

FLORENCE.*

WHAT Rome is to the student of ancient classic literature, and also of ancient Art so far as regards architecture and sculpture, is Florence to the student of mediæval history and mediæval Art: each city overflows with a wealth of associations—even beyond the historic—which for many centuries have attracted pilgrims to them from almost every part of the civilised world. Notwithstanding the quarrels that, in the eleventh century, occurred between the Church and the Empire, and in which Florence, with the greater part of Tuscany, had its full share; and in spite of the internecine feuds that during the next two or three centuries threatened, at times, the very existence of the city, it gradually rose in beauty on the banks of the Arno; and as years rolled on it became peopled by men of genius in literature, science, &c., while the three great branches of Art—architecture, painting, and sculpture—continued to progress till they reached their culminating point under the protection of Lorenzo the Magnificent, Duke of Florence from 1469 to 1492, in which year he died.

Among those who contributed, and in no measured degree, to shed a glory on the early annals of the city, were three men, whom Mrs. Oliphant, in a volume she has recently given to the public, calls "The Makers of Florence." The title is not the most apposite, perhaps, which could have been chosen to designate these great actors in the drama of Florentine history, actors who played parts the most diversified; but, if not "Makers," they assisted most effectually in laying the foundation of the city's intellectual glory, on which others of subsequent date reared their own individual superstructures, all combining to render Florence what the world at this distant date knows her to have been in the plenitude of her beauty and prosperity. The first of the three honoured with the title of

"Makers of Florence" is Dante, poet, soldier, and politician; who, "in all the bitter wrath of exile, roamed to and fro outside" (the walls of the city), "calling upon heaven and earth to avenge his wrongs, and appealing alike to emperors and

condottieri to fall upon Florence and open the gates to him," who was banished, and his property confiscated, when the faction of the Bianchi, with whom he took part, was defeated by that of the Neri. The next of the triad of worthies is Dante's friend, the painter Giotto, who, in the midst of all this fierce strife and turmoil, sat "tranquil and silent in the heart of Florence, working out the plans for his campanile with pencil and compasses. . . . How the chip-pings of the mason's chisel," eloquently says Mrs. Oliphant, "and the finer tools of the wood-carver, and the noiseless craft of brush and pigment, could keep going on through all the din, is as curious a problem of Florentine life as any the imagination can grasp. Yet they did so." Later on in the order of appearance is Girolamo Savonarola—not a Florentine, by the way, for he was born at Ferrara, but

whose life and history are intimately associated with Florence—a Dominican monk, who was condemned to be burned, and suffered the sentence in 1498, after being excommunicated by the pope, for publicly declaiming against the vices of the priests and the corruptions of the Roman Church.

Around this famous trio Mrs. Oliphant has grouped a few names scarcely less distinguished in the annals of Italian biography—Fra Angelico, Michel Angelo, Fra Bartolomeo, Lorenzo de' Medici, A. Pandolfini, Brunelleschi, and others chiefly associated with Art. Some idea of the scope of the volume may be formed from the divisions into which the subject is separated: the first being "The Poet Dante;"

next, "The Cathedral Builders;" and last, "The Monks of San Marco." There is no attempt, however, at a consecutive history of Florence, for, as the author says, "new histories are scarcely needed. . . . The biographical chapters which follow, however, cannot but touch upon, and indicate a certain portion of, the



Cathedral and Campanile of Florence, from the Palazzo Pitti.



The Arno, looking West from the Ponte Vecchio.

* "The Makers of Florence: Dante, Giotto, Savonarola, and their City." By Mrs. Oliphant, Author of "St. Francis of Assisi," "The Life of Edward Irving," &c. With Portrait of Savonarola, and Illustrations from drawings by Professor Delamotte. Published by Macmillan & Co.

greater story; and, involuntarily, I have been obliged to trace the progress, to some extent, of the struggle which was always going on, surging and storming in the public palazzo and narrow streets around," while "there still went on, in strange serenity, another life in the very heart of the warlike city."

There is a fascination in the style in which this book is written, that, independent of the great interest of the subject, or

rather, subjects, discussed, gives to it wonderful attractiveness. No one who takes it up need apprehend disappointment: it is the story of actual life worked up, as it were, into the similitude of romance. Mrs. Oliphant's literary reputation cannot fail to receive additional honour by her "Makers of Florence," which is embellished with numerous well-executed engravings, two of which, as specimens, Messrs. Macmillan allow us to introduce.

THE OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THIS is the eighth year of the "Old Masters" brought together and marshalled by the Royal Academy; and, although in numbers the collection may be inferior to some of its predecessors, in Art excellence and interest it is second to none. Her Majesty the Queen contributes eleven works, some of which are of supreme quality.

We could scarcely fancy a finer example, for instance, of Teniers the younger than 'The Village Festival' (52), or of Nicholas Maas than 'The Listener' (71), a girl with her finger on her lip creeping stealthily down a dark winding staircase in a listening attitude. The two Titians (107 and 111) are scarcely so characteristic of the master, but 'Twelfth Night' (120) is as worthy of Jan Steen as is the 'Interior of a Tavern' (122), which comes from that remarkable collection of Dutch and Flemish Art belonging to A. J. Robarts, Esq. Her Majesty's large Cuyp (133), with a negro boy holding a grey and a brown horse in the foreground of a glorious landscape, is worthy of the centre wall on which it hangs in the Great Room, opposite Sir Anthony Vandyck's large canvas, on which he has set forth—not without a certain success, almost startling in some of its passages—'The Betrayal of Christ' (109). This Cuyp—engraved in the *Art Journal* of 1858, under the title of 'The Negro Page'—is pretty fairly matched in quality, though not in size, by the same artist's 'View of the Town of Dort' (129) and his 'Evening on the River Maas' (157), both lent by A. J. Robarts, Esq.

In case it should escape our notice, especially as it is the Duke of Westminster's only contribution, we would here call attention to Turner's 'Conway Castle' (188), as showing how honest and straightforward a worker, and how entirely at one with nature, he was, before his eyes got so dazed with the prism of colour, that he flashed its rays on every canvas before him, without either rhyme or reason. The Queen's small equestrian portrait of 'King Charles I.' (136) is, of course, one of the rare things in the exhibition. At the same time Lord Methuen's portrait of 'James Stuart, Duke of Richmond and Lennox' (138), and the Marquis of Lansdowne's portrait of 'Henrietta Maria' (100), Charles's queen, are, inasmuch as they are both lifesize, as worthy of the great Flemish master as anything of his in the exhibition. The Queen's 'Holy Family' (173), occupying the place of honour in Gallery No. IV., showing the Virgin enthroned, with the Infant Jesus on her lap, is, we think, wrongly "attributed to Albert Dürer." The details of furniture and the like are too exquisitely precise in their finish, and remind us more of Mabuse than of Dürer. The visitor would do well to compare it with Lord Methuen's 'Virgin and Child' (143) by Mabuse, in the same room.

It is here that most of the early works are hung, and before proceeding farther we may as well mention the more notable among them. Mr. F. Austen's 'Virgin and Child' (140), by Ghirlandaio, has lost much of its pristine colour, and looks now leaden and opaque; still there is enough of embodied Art-feeling left to convince us that we are in presence of a master. We would call attention to the Renaissance character of the architectural details in Lord Methuen's 'Christ before Pontius Pilate' (141), to the sympathetic expression so variously rendered in the Rev. J. Fuller Russell's 'Christ taking leave of his Mother before the Passion' (144), by Albrecht Altdorfer. This

quality, so scenic in its variety, and yet so dramatic in its force and unity, comes out still more artistically in Lord Methuen's two long compositions illustrating 'The History of Joseph' (170 and 176). It is evident, on examining these works, that, in spite of the great number of figures, the artist had only *three* models from which to work; yet by dint of altering the pose and throwing the faces into foreshortening in various subtle ways, he has produced two of the most life-like and interesting compositions in the exhibition.

We would direct attention also to the finished modelling in Lord Ronald Gower's small 'Crucifixion' (145), by Murillo; to a similar subject (163) by Albert Dürer or Michael Wohlgemuth, from the collection of Rev. J. Fuller Russell; and to a 'Virgin and Child' (164) by Quentin Matsys, from the same gallery; Mr. Graham's 'Adoration of the Magi' (149), by Gentile Fabriano; the two Fra Angelicos, 'Death and the Assumption of the Virgin' (153), belonging to Lord Methuen, and 'The Virgin and Child' (155) belonging to R. R. Holmes, Esq. Lord Methuen sends also a remarkable 'Annunciation' (179), by Fra Filippo Lippi, in which we have a glimpse of a beautiful landscape as seen beyond the figure of the angel Gabriel. Mr. Austen's 'Virgin and Child' (182), attributed to the "Italian school of the fifteenth century," we should be disposed to assign to the Paduan section of that school. Mr. Graham's 'Conversion of St. Paul' (190) is certainly Venetian in colour, and, from its lack of proportionate form, we should say Venetian also in drawing. The scene is depicted with great strength and animation. But for the heavy, conventional, wooden-like shape into which the oxen are thrown in Lady Elizabeth Pringle's 'Mythological Subject' (188), by Pinturicchio, the picture would be a delightful one.

The portraits in this room are of great interest. We are not aware whether Lady Elizabeth Pringle has a trustworthy history with her portrait of 'Raphael when a Boy' (162), painted by his father: the picture certainly belongs to the period. The portrait of 'Queen Mary' (171), daughter of Henry VIII., belonging to the Society of Antiquaries, and painted by Lucas de Heere with all his patient care, is a very valuable possession indeed. The gold-embroidered and pearl-sown dress, the sable-trimmed sleeves, the flat French head-dress, and the backward-pressed shoulders, produced by the wooden stays then in vogue—not to mention the earnest, rather severe, yet by no means unsympathetic face of the queen—all bear about them an historic-like veracity which imparts confidence to the spectator, and enables him to partake of pleasure at the same time that he receives instruction. Very interesting also is it to gaze on the countenance of Jeanne la Folle, Queen of Castille, with her little son Charles (afterwards the Emperor Charles V.) and daughter Eleanor. It belongs to F. Austen, Esq., and although we cannot at this moment help him to a master, there can be little doubt of the picture being an original work: we should not like to pin our faith altogether to the Flemish school.

The most liberal contributor to the exhibition is Lord Methuen, whose works—mainly in the Italian school—amount to thirty-two; then comes A. J. Robarts, Esq., with thirty delightful examples, chiefly of the Dutch and Flemish masters; and Lady Elizabeth Pringle, fourteen works, principally Dutch, with a few examples from other schools. William Graham, Esq., sends

thirteen pictures, mostly Italian, and the Rev. J. Fuller Russell contributes a dozen works from the hands of Flemish and German masters, as well as of Italian.

Such are the leading contributors, and, among the painters represented, deceased masters of the British school come in for the lion's share of space. Sir Joshua has twenty-one portraits on the walls, and Gainsborough nineteen; but if these two masters were to be judged solely by their works in the present exhibition, admirable though some of them are, there is another British portrait painter here who would take precedence of both.

The greatest fact, indeed, connected with this eighth annual exhibition of the old masters is the presence of Sir Henry Raeburn. He was never seen in London before in such force, and was, indeed, to most untravelled Londoners a mere name. Now they discover that his name in future must weigh as much in the minds of Art-lovers as those of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Thomas Gainsborough. In the matter of colour, Sir Henry was inferior to Sir Joshua, as in delicacy and graciousness he was second to Gainsborough; but so far as power of projection goes, so far as the faculty of embodying a man's soul and its tenement on the canvas is concerned, Sir Henry was superior to both of them. How he could draw the human figure, and place it on its feet, the visitor will see in his portrait of 'Nathaniel Spens, M.D.,' of the Royal Company of Scottish Archers (268), and in that also of 'McDonnell of Glengary' (271). With what sympathy he could limn a lady will be readily noted in the sweet face of 'Mrs. Gregory' (91), and especially in that most fascinating countenance of 'Lady Raeburn,' his own bright and beautiful wife; we know of no such living lady in the whole range of British female portraiture. Then, as to the mental characteristics of the man speaking through the painted canvas, nothing can exceed in vigour and lifelike reality the heads of 'Mr. Wardrop, of Torbau Hill' (9), 'William Braidwood,' of the Caledonian Insurance Company (13), 'Lord Eldon' (15), and, for that matter, his own keen, brave face, although it is scarcely so careful in drawing and finished in modelling as some of his other heads. Altogether this Sir Henry Raeburn was evidently no ordinary "limner to his majesty," but a great portrait painter, who could bring out on the canvas all that was essential in a man and characteristic of him as a thinking being, with as lifelike a reality as any master of any age or country.

We have only space to name the grand landscape called

'Greenwich Hospital' (12), of which Old Crome's great pupil, George Vincent, is the author. This is another "find" of the season; and in future, when the landscape art of England is mentioned, the name of George Vincent will be joined to those of Turner and Gainsborough, Wilson and Constable. One of the masterpieces of the last-named artist, whose example did so much for the modern landscape art of France, hangs on the opposite wall, and represents 'Dedham Vale' (34). The freshness and airiness, the rich luxuriance of the vegetation, and the far-reaching sweep of the landscape, graduating bit by bit till it reaches the horizon, are all in the master's happiest vein, and Sir John Neeld may be congratulated on his splendid possession. Like George Vincent, William Havell is not very well known to the general public; but if the visitor will refer to his landscape (68), the property of Thomas Jessop, Esq., he will find that the painter was a powerful and solid, a pure as well as a luminous, artist. Mr. W. F. Trimmell's 'Spanish Gipsies' (206), showing an old woman lying on the ground, with her tambourine in one hand, while she snaps the fingers of the other in the most gleeful manner, is wonderfully lifelike and fascinating, and was doubtless painted when Murillo was still full of fun, and had thorough sympathy with the Gipsy life of southern Spain.

Nor must we forget to draw special attention to the four Veroneses in the Great Gallery, contributed by Earl Darnley; and we do so, not for their sentiment, which is anything but pure, but for their noble modelling and grand decorative character. There has been nothing exhibited in this country giving so lofty a conception of Venetian Art in its great decorative phase as these four allegorical subjects (95, 103, 115, and 126). Of course there are other noble works in this room, such as 'Queen Tomyris with the Head of Cyrus' (99), and Vandyck's 'Betrayal of Christ' (109), the composition of which goes far to invalidate the judgment of Rubens as to his pupil's power of composition, and as to which we should have been delighted to have had an opportunity of saying a few words, but our space is already exhausted. We cannot, however, conclude without complimenting most heartily the able and almost exhaustive manner in which the secretary has got up the catalogue. It must be a gratification to him to know that his labour and his intelligence are appreciated by those who are in some measure competent to judge of the permanent value of a work so carefully prepared.

THE GUARDI GALLERY, HAYMARKET.

WE briefly alluded in our last number to the exhibition of pictures in this gallery; and we now proceed to point out some of the principal examples.

Following the catalogue, the first work which catches the eye is by Mose Bianchi, an Italian artist; he calls it 'Preparing for the Carnival' (9), and shows us an important personage, *en grande tenue*, having his lavender kid gloves fitted on by his comely daughter. The picture is not without humour, is strong in colour, and shows up here and there something of the sparkle of the Fortuny school. Then come several very pretty studies of Neapolitan and Sicilian figures by A. Bonifazi, also of Rome. There are some good examples also of Jozef Israels, of Amsterdam; and of De Haas, of Hedel, each, as our readers are aware, supreme in his own walk.

French Art is worthily represented by Dupré, Duverger, Duchatelle, and Rosa Bonheur. One of the same school not often seen in England is Charles Emile Jacque. He belongs to that section of it headed by Rousseau, and of which Dupré and Jacque are the living exponents. 'Shepherdess with Sheep' (51), therefore, is strong in impasto, low in key, and looks as if everything were done by a *tour de force*. In short, we see in such men our own Crome and Constable reproduced, only with

more precision and knowledge of effect. We must not forget, however, that the English in this method of expression preceded the French artists. Jacque, a few years ago, painted in a much thinner manner, and was content with such humble work as the delineation of cocks and hens; but then the execution was most admirable. For firmness of touch and solidity of execution Clara Montalba's 'View of Venice' (66), with boats and sailing vessels in the foreground, is as masterly as one could wish.

Louis Munthe, of Dusseldorf, is rough in brushwork; but every touch tells, as may be seen in his 'Sunset' (67), on a great Dutch-looking plain covered with thawing snow. Some rustic figures come splashing along the sloppy road towards the spectator; and although the materials are so slight, the artist has managed to arrest attention and call forth the admiration of the spectator. We find in the 'Roses' (76) of Jean Robie a flower painter with all the force without any of the blackness of Fantin. Robie models solidly, and yet retains all the lightness and brilliancy of nature.

Ferdinand Roybet, of Uzès, is one of the most notable of the younger French painters, and he is represented here by two excellent pictures: one, 'Waiting for an Audience' (77), shows a petitioner or courtier in white satin, of Charles I.'s mode,

nursing his knee very patiently in an antechamber; and the other, 'Les Amateurs de Gravures' (78), four courtly connoisseurs in white and scarlet satin and gold brocade, examining portfolios of engravings in a sumptuous apartment. The various textures are most faithfully differentiated, and the grouping is as natural as life itself.

Fortuny is represented by a small dark sketch of 'An Arab Reposing' (40); but his friend, Jose Tapiro, has three canvases in the exhibition, and of these the most important—especially to all good Catholics—is the one representing 'An Audience with Cardinal Wiseman' (87). Two ladies, probably English, although one of them is attired in a black lace Spanish mantilla, are bowing to his Eminence as he enters a richly-decorated apartment in his Roman house. The likeness of the Cardinal is perhaps the finest that has ever been seen in this country; but the picture can afford to stand on its Art-merits alone.

But the artist who will attract most the attention of the visitor is Domingo. His works have never been exhibited in this country till now; and the four examples in the present exhibition will place him, in the eyes of all people having a right to judge, on the highest level in contemporary Art.

Domingo is a Spaniard of about thirty-five years of age; he never painted in Paris, but studied in Rome with Fortuny, by whom he was very much admired, and whose style he partly adopted and tempered with that of Meissonier. 'The Card-players' (29) is a very small picture of a few square inches in extent, in which we see two men facing each other at cards, on

a rude form, which they bestride. A non-player is seated beside one of them, and the game is being watched by two men standing, one of whom smokes his pipe leisurely. 'Le Jeu d'Ecarté' (31) shows, like the preceding, a very humble Spanish interior, with four men busy at play. No. 30 represents a middle-aged cavalier, who looks as if he had seen service under Bacchus as well as under Mars, standing up in a cabaret, and, glass in hand, giving utterance to this very proper toast, "A ma propre santé!" The fourth and last picture is of larger dimensions than the other three, and, like the last-named, has a touch of the humorous in it; it is called 'The Last Rehearsal' (28), and the one rehearsing is a white French poodle, and what he is rehearsing is the little drama of "the hoop," which M. Saltimbanque, or, as we might say, Harlequin, is holding up with persuasive gesture for the dog to jump through. Pierrot watches the performance.

This artist appears to us to possess all Meissonier's strength of drawing with, if possible, greater breadth. His modelling is equally sweet and perfect without showing so much labour, and chiaroscuro plays a more subtle part in the work of the Spaniard than it does in that of the Frenchman. Each nation may be proud of its champion in this special walk; and Spain plainly shows that some at least of her artists can reach the highest current Art-excellence without ever having seen Paris. The Art-revival indeed which has been going on in Spain during the last few years, differing as it does from that of the olden time, is worthy the country of Velasquez, and is quite as notable a fact as the German renaissance of fifty years ago.

THE BELGIAN GALLERY, OLD BOND STREET.

IN this small gallery are arranged with much discrimination and taste about one hundred oil pictures, chiefly of the Belgian school, and some thirty water-colour drawings belonging for the most part to the same nationality. Among well-known masters will be found such men as Heymans and De Haas, Marcetti, Koekkoek, Troyon, and A. Stevens.

Among the works of less-known men, the pictures which will most readily strike the visitor are the 'Norwegian Fiord' (52), by A. Norman, a large bright landscape, perfectly characteristic as to the scenery and the crispness of the atmosphere. Then there are several important landscapes by E. De Schampheller, such as 'Tamise on the Scheldt' (28) and 'View near Ruppelmonde' (20), on the same river. P. J. C. Gabriel shows some cattle in marshy meadows, with a windmill beyond, very suggestive of the neighbourhood of 'Haarlem' (21).

Then, in the matter of figure subjects, we have E. Quitten, who works after the manner of Verhas, and resembles him also in his choice of subject. This is noticeable in 'Grandfather's Lesson' (54), a very clever picture, representing a benevolent old gentleman and his grandchildren in a greenhouse. Another able figure painter is A. Grison; his 'Antiquarian,' in which an old connoisseur in pearly grey satin coat is holding up admiringly between his finger and thumb a tazza in presence of an elegantly-attired lady and some male friends, all strong in

their passion for bricabrac, is, as a piece of fashionable French *genre*, worthy of Stevens. Another remarkably clever bit by the same artist is the 'Spanish Barber,' of the Figaro type, whom we see stropping his razor on his hand as he falls back to admire the progress he has made on the well-lathered chin of the old priest who sits so resignedly in his chair.

But the great feature in the Belgian Gallery is that created by the work of Professor Gussow, of Berlin. There are five pictures by him in the gallery, whereof the most important is 'The Old Man's Treasure,' which we see is the kitten he holds so affectionately against his red waistcoat, and in which the old woman with the basket and the two sturdy young girls—especially the one standing with her arms akimbo—surrounding him, take a warm interest. The professor's brushwork is of the most vigorous and masterly kind; his style is large and broad, and he goes in for realism, even to the very straw lying on the top of the old woman's basket, with an earnestness and determination rarely seen. There is so much resolute and almost defiant individuality in this painter's work, that students would do well to visit the gallery. Gussow, however, does not confine himself to one style; his 'Widow,' with her curly-headed girl, shows that he can imitate the smooth sweet manner of Louis Gallait when it suits him. Many other works in this interesting gallery deserve notice, had we space to refer to them.

VIEWS OF SINAI AND THE HOLY LAND.

THE pictures and sketches exhibited at the gallery of Messrs. Agnew, 5, Waterloo Place, by Mr. H. H. Harper—the painter who contributed last year to the Exhibition of the Royal Academy a striking view of Mount Sinai—give, probably, a better idea of the Holy Land than any artist, with the exception of Mr. F. Goodall, R.A., and Mr. Carl Haag, has succeeded in conveying.

The peculiar beauty of Eastern scenery consists in colour and in distant atmospheric effects, to which in the Sinaitic Peninsula, though not in Palestine, grandeur of outline is added. The colour is neither the cold grey of the north, nor can it, on the other hand, be rendered by the bright and gaudy tints of the ordinary views of Egypt or Syria; it is peculiar for a subdued

richness and warmth which most artists have failed to catch, but which are very happily rendered in many of Mr. Harper's sketches.

The following are among the most striking in the collection:—
'The Mountain of Deliverance' (1), being the supposed site of the Passage of the Red Sea. The sunrise colour is magnificent, giving with great breadth and transparency the wonderful and transient pink flush which fires the rocky cliffs for perhaps five minutes at dawn; the strong tawny colour of the sandy plain in front forming a startling though truthful contrast. No. 9 is a picture of the same class. No. 12 gives an absolute contrast to the former, and represents the Sea of Galilee in spring, at the time when it appears most beautiful; the remarkable transparency and calmness of this little lake, and the comparatively cool colour of the most delightful period of the year in Palestine, are faithfully reproduced. 'The Convent of Mount Sinai' (15) will perhaps be considered by some the best of the lot: it represents the convent wall, with one of the desert passes behind. The fine composition and broad simplicity of effect are both remarkable, and the careful drawing of the rock details gives great solidity; the colour also is happily rendered, giving a good idea of the barren and monotonous effect of the desert.

'From Mount of Olives—Evening' (17) is also distinguished for its colour: it represents one of the great spring storms which in Palestine give spectacles of unusual grandeur. The work is rough, and the effect perhaps in parts rather smoky; but the depth and brilliancy of the cloud-masses is remarkably fine. No. 21 may be classed with No. 15, and the delicacy of drawing in the pinnacles of the great granite peak, seen through a cleft in a rocky pass, is very satisfactory. In Sinai the artist has a better chance of obtaining fine outline and happy points of view than he can hope for among the shapeless Judean hills; thus, 'Jacob's Well' (22) is principally remarkable as giving the grey effect of the limestone of Mount Ebal, and though the point of view is fortunate, the rather commonplace details of the foreground have been softened off, perhaps, too much.

No. 26 gives an entirely unexpected effect of snow on Olivet. The winter of 1875 was a very hard one in Palestine, and there was snow all along the Jerusalem hills as late as Easter. The contrast of the Oriental architecture of the Mosque of the Ascension and its surrounding olives with the white masses of snow is very good and novel. 'The Minaret of the Mosque (once a Christian church) at Ramleh' (29) is also a very careful piece of work, and, both in outline and colour, faithfully represents the original. No. 34 is another effect obtained on Olivet during the great storm of Easter: here we see the Dead

Sea gleaming white and oily, whilst dark mountains and masses of cloud rise behind it; the angry buff colour of the rent in these clouds is remarkably fine and solid, and the foreground is well in keeping with the rest of the tinting.

No. 36 belongs to the same class as No. 22; it shows the Vale of Shechem in spring, when it appears most attractive, from the greenness of the grass and the clear atmosphere.

No. 44 is a view from Mr. Harper's favourite point, the top of Olivet, and is all the better for being unfinished. The view of the Dead Sea and Moab mountains has been enthusiastically described by every traveller in the East; the representation here given is very faithful, though not taken at the moment of sunset, when the effect is most beautiful.

No. 51 gives a contrast constantly recurring in Eastern scenery: it represents 'Wady Feirân,' supposed to be the Rehidim of the Book of Exodus, and shows the palm-grove surrounding the stream, and the bare tawny crags on each side. This contrast of barrenness and luxuriance exists wherever a stream flows between the dry crags of the desert, and is remarkable near Damascus.

No. 58, 'Gilboa—Sunrise,' is in some respects the finest of the series, representing the sloping vale of Jezreel, the curious *humps* of the Gilboa range, and the gleaming waters of Gideon's fountain in the dull light of early dawn, with a red gleam above the more distant plateau of Gilead.

The smaller sketches are many of them very pretty, and some of the figure subjects beautifully finished; among the best are Nos. 4, 8, and 54, which would be of great value as illustrations to a book on Palestine. Occasional marks of subsequent working on these sketches are observable in some of the less successful, and are to be regretted as detracting from their value; an artist can never improve the faithfulness of a view by work done subsequently in the studio, though he may heighten the pictorial effect. The value of these views consists in their truth to nature, the selection exhibiting the most beautiful effects of the country, discarding the commonplace, and only treating the more barren and colourless subjects when some special effect of grotesque or rude character was to be obtained.

Mr. Harper gives us Palestine at its best. He travelled at the time of year when the country looks least desolate, and his view of Nazareth, though faithful to the effect at that time of day, and at the spring season, gives far too poetical an idea to be true to the everyday appearance of the town. Those who have travelled in the East know, however, that brilliant effects and picturesque bits are met constantly when least expected, and it is in selecting these and securing them on the spot that the painter of these sketches has been unusually fortunate.

COMICAL DOGS.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE SHEEPSHANKS COLLECTION, SOUTH KENSINGTON.

Sir E. LANDSEER, R.A., Painter.

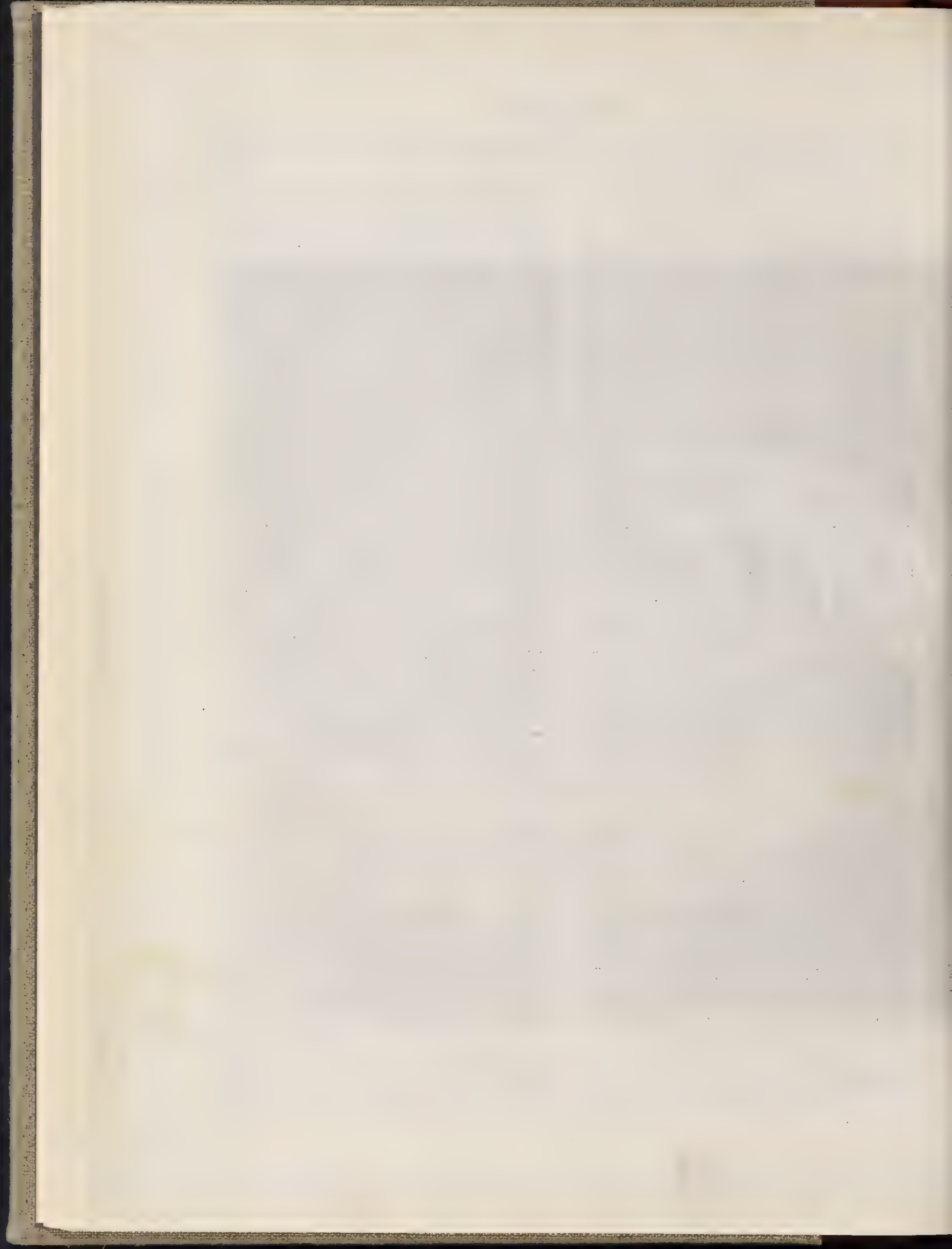
C. G. LEWIS, Engraver.

EVERY phase, real or assumed, of dog-life Landseer made the subject of his pencil; farce, comedy, or tragedy, it has well been said, are to be found in some of his groups; as an example of the first we may refer to the subject here engraved; of the second, to 'Laying down the Law' and 'The Jack in Office'; and of the third, the picture called 'All that remains of the Glory of William Smith,' a work supposed to be that exhibited at the British Institution in 1829, under the title of 'The Poor Dog.' It represents a soldier's dog, ill, and reclining against the mattress on which his master died—an incident taken from fact. There are others which might be adduced.

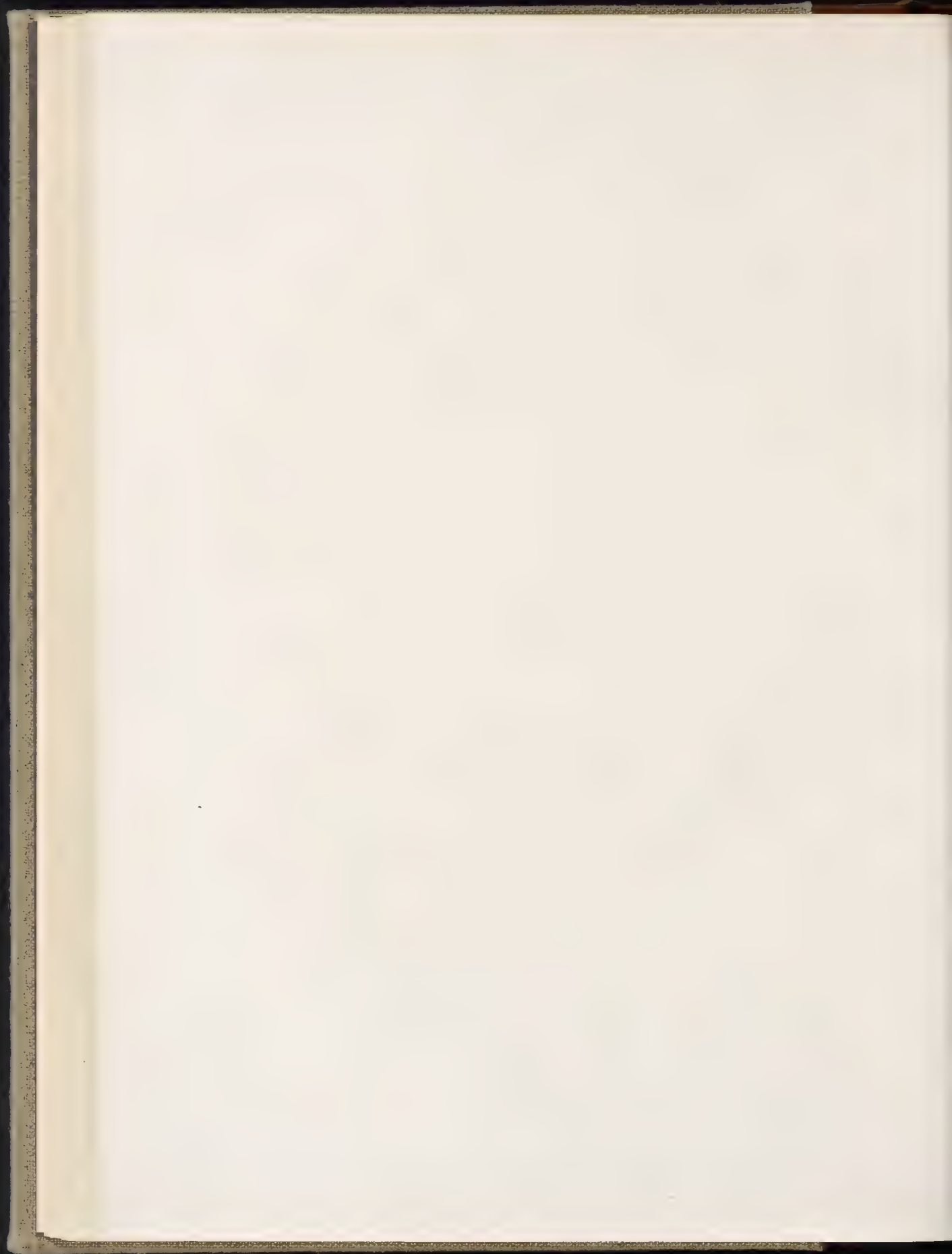
'Comical Dogs' was exhibited at the British Institution in 1836; it has never been engraved till now, but there is a recent engraving, by Mr. T. O. Barlow, A.R.A., of the finished study for this picture, called 'Little Strollers.' Whether the animals were sketched from the life, being dressed up for the occasion,

or whether the composition suggested itself to the artist's mind when humorously disposed, and was afterwards worked out without models, there is no record, but we should be inclined to think the former; anyhow, here they are, certainly a comical pair. The Scotch terrier, with his cap stuck all awry on his head, and his eyes half closed, yet looking canny, seems to be "unco' fou;" at his feet lies his master's *mull* for snuff. A more sedate face has his companion, and she is able to carry herself steadily though seated on her hind legs; but the short pipe in the mouth is suggestive of a bad habit, especially in a female, which even the snow-white cap, high-crowned, and apparently "got up" by the hands of some skilful French laundress, almost fails to balance on the score of respectability. There is wonderful life in the countenances of both dogs, though the expression of each is so different. The painting is among those presented to the nation by Mr. Sheepshanks.









NORWAY.*

By R. T. PRITCHETT, F.S.A.

CHAPTER III.



LEAVING Lysthuis we settled down for steady travelling in that most delightful phase, namely, with our tents and luggage, sometimes in a "stolkjær," or country cart, sometimes with ponies only; such independence, such health-giving enjoyment, can hardly be obtained under different circumstances. The travellers in this case were three, happily organized in the following manner. They might for the nonce be called "Brown, Jones, and Robinson,"

as a tribute of respect to the originals in the "Primer or Spelling Book," published in 1790, where those now world-wide known names are first found associated. Let us rather go with the times and number them—a treatment now general at hotels at home and abroad. So, to commence, No. 1 was the youngest, and unanimously elected paymaster-general. Polyglot in his knowledge of languages, he shone when asked to explain: then came such volleys of Norske, German, Danish, Swedish, French, Italian, all in one flowing Norskey catena, that if people did not understand still they felt they ought to, and acted accordingly. All this was carried out with the dash of a Zouave, and was garnished with a profound knowledge of music and brilliant execution on the piano. How



Chair in Hitterdal Church.

we longed sometimes for a pocket piano! No. 1's great *forte* was enthusiasm for fishing—trout, salmon, greyling, and split-cane fly-rods; tradition says that he has often in his sleep talked of "blue doctors," "large butchers," and "black doses;" these sounds have been heard in the small hours of the morning, zephyring from his tent with nasal accompaniments; but he was always equal to the occasion, even when some one had landed with his luggage by mistake. At first he said, "Never mind, my dear boy; sure to find it; most honest, charming people, these Norwegians—never lose anything." These comforting words emanated from No. 1 when he understood that

No. 3 had lost his luggage; but when he found that it was his own—even No. 1's—that was lost, a change came over the spirit of his dream. The polyglot vocabulary was soon launched, the fire of the Zouave flared up, carriage ordered, and pursuit commenced, ending happily in the recovery of the wandering impedimenta: so after a time peace was restored, and Richard was himself again.

No. 2 was tentmaster-general, sportsman to the core; reindeer, salmon, and Gamle Norge—these he had chronically on the brain, mixed up with a great love of old tankards and a yearning for silver belts and "gammel sul." Once in his Norfolk jacket and knickers, "pau Høie Fejlde," how happy was he! rejoicing in the "freske lufte" and mountain air, snow peaks, "sneebreden," ready for any amount of fatigue, and always willing to cook first and eat afterwards. A rare good man was the tentmaster.

No. 3 was generally known as "the Locust," from his constant appetite for all kinds of food, and general thirst for knowledge about everything connected with Norway. Note-



Porch at Hitterdal, Thelemarken.

book in hand, he was ever dotting down everything, even to catching mosquitoes between the leaves of it, so as to bring home the real thing. Still, No. 3 had an important duty to perform. As the travellers were three he was allowed the casting vote (a most wholesome arrangement, as he was a married man, and might have been most useful in some weighty matters). Happily, to the credit of No. 1 and No. 2, the prerogative of

* Continued from page 36.

No. 3 was never called for, and, happily, by the end of the trip was looked on as a sinecure; still, he always travelled ready to apply "a touch of the oil feather,"—one of the best companions a traveller can have ready to hand. May many such trios be found to have a trip of so great simple enjoyment, such health, and such pleasing diversion of thought! It is a joy to fall back upon with delight throughout life, and the longer the life the greater the relish of recollection.

Hitterdal Church is one of the two wooden churches of which Norway can boast, Borgund and Hitterdal; they are built of wood, Byzantine-Gothic, *on dit*, but grotesque and pagodaist in form. The old porches are grandly carved with serpents, dragons, and Runic interlacings.

The church itself at Hitterdal is nothing like so quaint or picturesque as that at Borgund, neither so weird; still, its early carving forms a noble monument to come down to us, and at once

draws forth the admiration, not only of the antiquarian but of the merest casual passer-by. The lintels are especially beautiful at the entrance. The belltower is unusually detached, in this case being placed on the other side of the highway. Unfortunately, time prevented a more detailed sketch of the old chair or seat given on the preceding page; it stands in the church by the altar and is considered episcopal, but the date is most likely *circa* 900. What grand solidity of form! Vikingly to a degree, and fit for Thor or Odin! There is a great air of majesty about it.

The roof of the church is of wood also, carved in the same way as many of the churches in Sussex, and covered with small long wooden tiles, if that term may be used to describe the process which in that county is generally known as "shingling."

The churchyard is very interesting, and the graveboards have a peculiar form worthy of notice; for this reason one is



Vinge, from the Farm above.

introduced here (page 81). The form of the upper part is that of a cross, but below come up two horns, rising right and left. These horns have a kind of anchor form; and what could be a more appropriate emblem in a country so seabound as Norge? The blending of Faith and Hope is, I think, most poetically suggested. Can we do better here than pay a tribute of respect to the beautiful simplicity of the religious character of the Norwegian peasantry? Their love of God and their reverence for religion are refreshing, and offer a good lesson to many who rejoice in mere flourish of external worship. We shall have occasion to refer to the curious anomaly of Roman Catholic vestments continued in the present day in the Lutheran service, but of that hereafter; allusion may now be made to the happy links which exist between the minister and his people. This is shown in the character of their sermons, the whole tone of which seems to aim at binding the parish together in Christian love and sweet sympathy, bearing each other's

burdens, caring for others, curbing self—the most difficult of all tasks, as it comes nearest home and is in itself so antagonistic to the entire tendency of human nature. The whole climate rather tends to develop this frame of mind: there is a certain sedate expression throughout the provinces; the long darkness of winter, extending its influence even into the continuous light of the northern summer, brings every one in close and constant proximity, whilst the mountains isolate the valleys one from the other without any access. Still, when the summer comes and the whole energy of vegetation bursts out at once, in their gladdened hearts how they rejoice! They pluck these outbursts of beauty, revived nature, and joyously take them to the house of God—no mere form or ritual, but the wholesome outcome of heartfelt unsophisticated joy and gratitude for brightness after lengthened gloom and months of pent-up feeling.

At Moen, beyond Jamsgaard, after a long day and a mid-day meal, during which we were devoured by mosquitoes until

nothing was left of us but our monograms, we arrived late in the evening in front of a farmhouse. Saturday night; no room in the house, but an open space close by, most inviting for tents. In the twinkling of an eye the tent-master issued his order, each man had his tent laid out, and up they went simultaneously, to the astonishment of the natives. Was it a sort of fair, only read of in books? Was it the first germ of the great Russian fair, Nijni Novgorod? Was it one of the lost tribes of Israel come down from the clouds? Or were we

Germans, who, having already annexed Denmark, had just run on with a message from Prince Bismarck to say that Norway was annexed? No; the peasants rather looked on at a respectful distance, with a certain openness of mouth and absence of expression. By this time, tents up, beds laid, saddle-bags in places, guns hung on tent-pole with telescope, food had to be thought of and the canteen business looked after. The canteen was well-organized and an old traveller—almost self-acting; so accustomed to the names of Fortnum and Mason's



Fladdal, Thelemarken.

tinned soups, &c., that the very words "mock turtle" made it burn and bristle up to a really good fire. Saturday night we had good lake trout; how welcome, with our then appetites, the mock-turtle. Three cheers for Fortnum and Mason! And then the "mogrador"! Some of our readers have never been introduced to those satisfying and necessary pleasures of life; if not, let us explain. Mogrador and other good things come from Stavanger in Norway, which is great for potted meats, potted "ryper," tins of all kinds of preserved

things, soups, lobsters, &c., and these mogradores. The inquiring mind may ask, "But mogrador,—what is it? how made?" All I can say is, that it was so good we thought we had no time to ask what it was: perfect in flavour, solid in substance, very satisfying to the most energetic of gastric juices, and wholesome. Three cheers, therefore, for Stavanger! Then came wild strawberries, brought by dear little children in costume, who had already begun to go through the process of purification ready for Sunday. Biscuits and Dutch cheese, and

a "Skaal for Gamle Norge." After this we followed the suggestion of the good motto, "Rest and be thankful," and then some hunters' songs.

The following day—Sunday—was a curious scene; everybody came to look at us. The brightness of the morning favoured our *al fresco* toilets, and one of our party, who carried a dressing-case full of wonderful things and generally known in the list of impedimenta as "Somebody's luggage," became the centre of attraction. In front of his tent was laid out a waterproof sheet, and a saddle-bag, partially opened and supported at the back; this sustained the looking-glass, in front of which knelt a figure shaving (No. 1). Now, although the Norwegians shave, almost universally, there was something about this instance of shaving which took the fancy of all present. The girls giggled, the short ones tried to peep between the tall ones. Why? Did the performer pull his own nose to a greater length than usual in this country when he took the long sweep down his cheek? Hardly that. The fact was, the good folk thought the whole thing was a preparation for some performance to follow this kind of overture, and that the dressing-case, with its numerous glass bottles with silver tops, contained all kinds of medicines, panaceas for everything, cures for gout, sciatica, tic douloureux, trichinæ spirales, hypochondria, dysomania,

and every other mania. After the shaving came a pause. A fortunate inquiry for old silver ornaments now changed the whole scene, and for the rest of the day, at intervals, the *penates* of the neighbourhood were being brought for our edification. Some of the old brooches were very beautiful indeed; the rings were very characteristic, some with small pendant rings, some with the usual cup ornaments; and when it was discovered that much interest was taken in old costumes then we had really a treat. Old embroideries on "vanners," or winter gloves without fingers, eiderdown cloaks, swaddling-bands, babies' caps, worked aprons, the openwork at the lower part being admirable in design. About this time a wish was expressed to see a baby ready swaddled for the baptism; unhappily there was no such thing to be had within miles upon miles; but rather than "the Locust" should be disappointed, these good people dressed up a woollen one, which well answered every purpose and was considered a great success. The kindness of the people was very striking: a certain shy curiosity characterised their movements at first; but they soon settled down to taking every possible pains to oblige us and meet our wants. It seemed very odd, however, to see a church so near and yet no service. How could it be, when there seemed to be sufficient people almost to form a congre-



Carved Houses, Bru, Thelmarken.

gation? It was this: the "præstegaard," or clergyman's house, is at the central church, which always has two "annexes,"—small churches, each eighteen or twenty miles from the principal one, and this was our first experience of an annexe. The services, therefore, are only every third Sunday in each church. It is a hard life these good men lead: well educated, well read, and much like the old Fathers, revered and well-beloved by their flocks. The vast extent of their parishes or districts is very trying to their health, necessitating long drives, and in winter much severe sledge work. Then in some parts such boat work on the coast that the minister and doctor of the locality seem more like "old salts" than members of these professions. I remember particularly one clergyman, whose annexe was on a group of islands off the coast. As the steamer passed she swung round a point, and soon came off to us a boat, with a grand figure standing up steering her. From beneath an old sou'-wester hung his white hair, grandly blown back, silver spectacles, large muffler round his throat, oilskin coat, oilskin trousers, long sea boots. As the boat neared the steamer and was turned to the gangway, a sailor on board said, "Now, sir, you'll see one of the fine old sort. This, sir, is the priest, and not a better seaman will you find all along the coast,—nor a better man." No wonder religion takes a simple and earnest form when such practical exponents carry forth the "glad tidings" to

their fellow creatures, with simplicity, energy, and dignity in everyday life, far beyond the idea of any working in densely-populated districts, as in this country; for the priest, although an occasional visitor to some parts, is still a sanctuary of comfort and sympathy to all in their trouble, and enters with the greatest interest into their rejoicings and pleasures, whether they be public or domestic. In this way their relations with their flocks are most "Good Shepherd-like," and their constant care and solicitude for their parishioners rivet the love and confidence of all around them. This is much helped by the very general distribution of this world's goods away from towns; or perhaps, to speak more correctly, by the absence of wealth, and the even-manneredness of all Norwegians away from populated centres. Any stranger visiting Norway will be struck with the large Elizabethan frill worn by the priest, which, with the sombre black gown, imparts a very mediæval character to the service, especially, combined as it is, with the two candlesticks on the altar, ready to be lighted on three occasions—generally Christmas, the end of the forty days, and Easter. All that is mentioned here of the relations of the clergy with their congregations is confirmed by the homely way in which the former give out the notices from the altar, as to the working of the parish, or the schools, or any extra communion, when requested by a few of the parishioners writing to or calling on the priest.

THE USE OF ANIMAL FORMS IN ORNAMENTAL ART.

BY F. EDWARD HULME, F.L.S., F.S.A.

CHAPTER II.



THE dragon is another of those mythical forms that are very freely met with in ornamental Art: apart from its heraldic use, and its connection with our patron saint, it is largely employed, under various grotesque modifications, in the wood and stone carvings, tiles, illuminated MSS., &c., of the mediæval period, both in Britain and on the Continent; while the Eastern peoples (the Persians, Burmese, and Chinese) revel in the form with a fertility of invention and quaintness of horror that far outstrip all European examples. The dragon is largely employed in Christian Art as a symbol of the evil principle; and such an application naturally arises from some passages in the Scriptures; as, "The great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the Devil and Satan, which deceived the whole world; he was cast out into the earth, and his angels were cast out with him;" or again, "The dragon was wroth with the woman, and went to make war with the remnant of her seed, which keep the commandments of God." Pharaoh, as the enemy of God's chosen people, is in like manner compared to a dragon: "Thus saith the Lord God: Behold I am against thee, Pharaoh, king of Egypt, the great dragon that lieth in the midst of his rivers;" and to these few passages many others equally striking might be added—passages that evi-



Fig. 15.



Fig. 16.



Fig. 17.

dently amply suffice to justify the use of the symbol in ecclesiastical Art.

While, however, we class the dragon amongst the mythical forms, we must also remember that its terror had not thus in earlier times lost its sting; the workman who carved it on a capital in the midst of the foliage, not only regarded it as a symbol, but believed very really and truly in the existence of such a monster. In Fig. 13, on a preceding page (23), is engraved a representation of a dragon taken from an old work on natural history in our possession, wherein several kinds of dragons are figured and described. "Those of India are much the largest, being of an incredible length. Some of them are of a yellow fiery colour, having sharp backs like saws. Some do affirm that the dragon is of a black colour, the under parts somewhat green and very beautiful; that it has a triple row of teeth in each jaw, and very bright shining eyes; that it

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has also two dewlaps growing under the chin, which hang down like a beard, of a red colour, and the body is set all over with sharp scales, and on the neck with thick hair, much like the bristles of a wild boar." The manticora, Fig. 14 (page 23), is another of those strange monsters that were at one time accredited with a real existence. "When the hunters take a whelp of this beast they bruise its tail, to prevent its bearing the sharp quills; then it is tamed without danger."

The Chimæra, a fire-breathing monster, compounded of lion, goat, and serpent, having three heads—one of each of these creatures—is often represented in classic Art: Fig. 8 (page 23) is an example from an old mosaic. It is fabled to have made great havoc in Lycia and the surrounding countries, but it was at last slain by Bellerophon, who, mounted in the air on the flying Pegasus, was enabled to destroy it by his arrows. It is mentioned in the writings of Homer, Hesiod, Horace, and Ovid. Amongst ourselves, so little faith have we in the myth, that anything wildly impossible is branded as chimerical.

Pegasus, from its connection with this exploit, is freely met with in classic Art; it is, for example, the leading type on the coins of Corinth; Bellerophon, the hero of the adventure, being claimed by the people of that city as one of their early chieftains. On later coins the head of Minerva appears on the reverse; she was the protectress of Bellerophon, and her assistance enabled him to possess himself of the flying horse, and to subdue the Chimæra by its

means—a corresponding fable to that of the Athenian Theseus and the Minotaur. Syracuse in Sicily, a colony of Corinthian origin, adopted the same device, the flying horse, on their coinage, and it also occurs frequently on that of Carthage.

The Pegasus, again, is largely employed in mediæval and modern heraldry; two of these form the supporters to the arms of Lansdowne, Powerscourt, Queensbury, and several other families, and it also occasionally forms one of the devices of the shield.

The centaur, a creature compounded of horse and man, is from time to time met with in classic Art; the most notable and familiar example of its use may be seen in the metopes filled with sculpture that are placed between the triglyphs of the Parthenon; these metopes—ninety-two in all, fourteen on each front and thirty-two on each side—were filled with representations of various incidents in Attic mythology, amongst which

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the battle of the Athenians with the centaurs forms the subject of the fifteen metopes now preserved in our national Museum. The Centaurs, as a people, are said by Virgil and Horace to have dwelt in Thessaly, a land then greatly famed for its breed of horses; and instances, as in the landing of the Spaniards in America, have not been unknown where those to whom the horse was not familiar have imagined that the horse and his rider were but one creature; a belief in centaurs is not, therefore, so difficult a myth to trace to its origin as many others are. The usual form of representation is the conjoining of the body

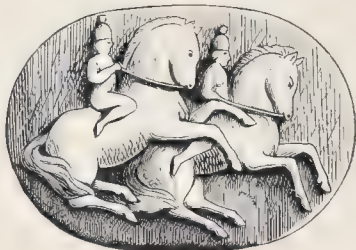


Fig. 18.

and legs of a horse with head, arms, and body of a man down to the waist, though in some early works, as, for example, some archaic pottery in the British Museum, the legs of the man take the place of the fore legs of the horse. The centaurs being frequently represented as bearing bows and arrows, the heraldic Sagittarius, such as that assigned to King Stephen, is ordinarily represented in this half-human, half-equine form, though it is of course obvious, on a moment's consideration of the meaning and derivation of the word, that this is but a narrow and conventional limitation.

Other partly-human, partly-animal forms, often found in old



Fig. 19.

works, are those of the satyrs and fauns. The satyrs are represented with bristly hair, ears sharply pointed like those of animals, low, sensual faces, small horns growing out of the top of the forehead, and a tail like that of a horse or goat. These satyrs, Greek in their conception, are often confounded with the fauns of the Romans, creatures half-man and half-goat, the head, like that of the satyr, being horned.

Many other combinations of the human and the animal form may be met with: we have already referred to the sphinx, and

we may readily see the same idea again in the bovine or leonine monsters surmounted by human heads brought over from the mounds of Kyonjik and Khorsabad, the striking relics of the great Assyrian nation; or again, in the fine figures created by the Egyptian mythology, and largely represented in the collections of the British Museum.

Cerberus, the dog that guarded, according to the classic mythology, the entrance of Hades, is another form that may occasionally be found in Art. With Homer he is simply "the dog." Later writers describe him as a three-headed monster, having the tail of a serpent, and having serpents twined round his neck; and it is in this form that he is ordinarily represented in Art: with Virgil and Horace he is thus three-headed. Hesiod represents him as having fifty heads, while Horace and other poets speak of him as the many-headed, or hundred-headed. The bringing of Cerberus from the lower world was one of the twelve labours appointed to Hercules, and is naturally met with wherever these labours, as on vases or gems, are the subject of illustration.

The destruction of the Lernean Hydra, another of the labours imposed by Eurystheus on Hercules, being also frequently represented in antique Art, must not be passed over in silence. The Hydra was a monstrous serpent, having, according to some writers, one hundred heads, so that it could not be put to death, owing to the instant regrowth of any part cut off. Hercules, however, as soon as he had struck off each head, seared the root with a red-hot iron, and thus in time accomplished the destruction of the creature. By other writers the Hydra is only credited with the possession of nine heads; but the difficulty of the task is at least rendered equal to that of the preceding myth.



Fig. 20.

as of these nine heads the centre one was immortal, while as fast as the hero of the story struck off any of the other heads with his club two others grew in its place: fire was again resorted to, while the central head was buried beneath a huge rock. Having thus conquered the monster, he poisoned his arrows with its blood, the wounds inflicted by them being thenceforth incurable.

The Harpys, three in number, were creatures employed, according to the belief of the Greeks and Romans, by the higher gods as the instruments for the punishment of crime. Their body was that of a bird, the head being that of a woman. They are not unfrequently represented in classic Art; several examples of their introduction may be seen on vases in the national collection, and notably in some bas-reliefs from a monument brought from Xanthus, in Lycia, and commonly from these sculptures called "the Harpy tomb." It is very archaic in style, dating probably from about the sixth century before the Christian era.

The mermaid, wyvern, unicorn, basilisk, and salamander, need only be very briefly referred to. They are all forms that may commonly be met with in heraldic and other devices. The mermaid is half woman, half fish, and may frequently be found as either supporter or crest. The wyvern is a winged serpent, having the head of a dragon. The unicorn, so familiar to us all as one of the supporters of the royal arms, needs no explanation of its form. The basilisk, or king of the serpents, is ordinarily depicted in true serpentine form, though always crested or crowned. At other times it resembles a dragon, but with eagle's

legs and the head of a cock. It is by some writers considered as identical with the cockatrice. The salamander, a form like that of the lizard, was the well-known device of Francis I. of France, and it may frequently be met with carved on the palaces, government buildings, gateways, and other buildings in France. It was in the Middle Ages an article of belief that they were bred and nourished in fire, and we have ourselves been gravely told that if the fires at the iron-works in the midland counties were not occasionally extinguished, at some intangible date an uncertain but fearful something would be created in them.

We pass now to a consideration of more familiar and natural forms, leaving the shadowy regions of classic mythology, and the dark cloud of ignorance and superstition that hung over the Middle Ages, for a contemplation of those forms that are at least based on natural types, and that suggest something of the beneficence and wisdom of Deity, and not merely the perverted imaginings of minds enshrouded in ignorance and the wild conceits of their own creation.

The lion, not only from its abstract title, king of beasts, but also from its position in our national heraldry, as the supporter of the royal arms and the representative of England, claims our first regard. It may be met with in all periods of Art, sometimes as a religious emblem, at other times to enhance human glory: sometimes, as in the magnificent beasts the creations of the genius of Landseer, as nearly naturalistic as good taste permits, at other times conventionalised to a degree that removes them almost beyond all recognition as in any way related to the monarch of the African bush. Fig. 16 is a good example of this rigid conventionalism of treatment; it is taken from the fine effigy of one of the brothers of Edward III. in Westminster Abbey. We have not confined ourselves strictly to heraldic accuracy in the colour shown, as our desire was rather to render the forms as distinct as possible, and that we were better able to effect by making the background somewhat darker than the heraldic *gules* justifies.

Only when the lion is rampant was he considered by the earlier heralds to deserve the name: a lion in the position of those three that represent England in the national arms, though in all respects represented as a lion, was by them called a leopard; thus, in the roll of Carliaverock, the royal arms are described as "three leopards of fine gold, set on red: fierce were they, haughty and cruel, to signify that like them the king is dreadful to his enemies; for his bite is slight to none who brave his anger." Students of history will also recall how Napoleon poured into the Peninsula a force under Massena, whose declared object was to make "the frightened leopard fly to the ocean, to avoid shame, defeat, and death." The allusion here is evidently heraldic. In Fig. 19, from a piece of old English china, and in Fig. 15, an example taken from a mediæval tile of French design and manufacture, we have two other illustrations of conventional treatment of the noble beast, who, in one of these instances at least, might well cry, "Save me from my friends." Fig. 17 is the heraldic representation of a true leopard, from a piece of Swiss glass in the South Kensington Museum; what freak of the herald may have deprived him of his tail we are unable to explain.

The horse, as one of the earliest servants and friends of man, figures freely in ornamental Art; we find it on many of the Greek coins, and very notably, too, in the grand procession on the frieze of the Parthenon, a band of bas-reliefs running entirely round the top of the external wall of the *cella*, and made up almost entirely of equestrian figures. Fig. 20 is a very conventional treatment from Pompeian decoration, while Fig. 18 is another classic example of its introduction. The celebrity of the horses of Thrace and Macedonia made them a coin type in those states. The *biga*, or two-horse chariot, and afterwards the *quadriga*, or four-horse chariot, is a very favourite device on many coins of Greece and her colonies; the horses are at first stepping, but afterwards the action is accelerated, until they are with great force and beauty represented in full gallop.

ART-NOTES FROM THE PROVINCES.

BRISTOL.—At a meeting for the distribution of prizes to the pupils of the Bristol School of Science and Art, the head master, Mr. J. N. Smith, is reported to have said, "It is not to the credit of a large, rich, and important city like Bristol that her subscription list in aid of Art is one of the smallest in the three kingdoms. In the practical working of the schools, I am happy to be able to say that the prize results for the past year have been on the whole satisfactory," &c. And so it seems that the charge of neglecting Art which has, almost as long as we can recollect, been made against the citizens of this great city, cannot, unfortunately, yet be refuted.

EDINBURGH.—An exhibition of photographic works was opened lately in the galleries of the Royal Scottish Academy, under the auspices of the Edinburgh Photographic Society. The collection was both large and interesting, and completely occupied the rooms of the Academy. Among the English contributors were Mr. Vernon Heath, Messrs. B. Falkner & Co., Mr. H. P. Robinson, of Tunbridge; Colonel Stuart Wortley; Mrs. Cameron and W. Nicholson, both of the Isle of Wight; P. Jennings, Liverpool; G. Nesbit; H. S. Mendelssohn, Newcastle; the Autotype Company; C. Ferranti, Liverpool; and J. Pouncey, of Dorchester. Foreign exhibitors included the Swiss photographers, the brothers Taeschler, F. Cozmata, of Hungary; Naja, Rome; Goupil & Co., Paris; Gutekunst, Philadelphia; A. Kereline, a Russian photographer. Scotland was represented by the works of Dallas, J. Annan, J. Horsburgh, W. Neilson, Ross and Pringle, J. Moffatt, Wilson, of Aberdeen; Williamson, and Professor Piazzi Smyth: The Scotch contributions were

chiefly portraits. It is about ten years since a similar exhibition was held in Edinburgh.—We hear that Sir John Steell, R.S.A., is to be presented with a testimonial as a recognition by his fellow-countrymen of the value of his services to Art, and the great benefits which he has conferred on Scotland by the exercise of his genius as a sculptor, having been the first of his profession to produce a public statue executed in marble in the country.

LIVERPOOL.—Among the works left incomplete by J. H. Foley, R.A., was the statue of the late Mr. W. Rathbone of Liverpool; it has now been finished, and placed in Sefton Park, where it was unveiled with due ceremony on New Year's Day.

MANCHESTER.—Mr. Theed is understood to be at work upon a statue of the Right Hon. John Bright, M.P., to be placed in the Town Hall. The same sculptor has, we hear, finished his statue of the Hon. C. P. Villiers, also for the Town Hall. We spoke, some months ago, of this latter work being in hand.

PRESTON.—A wanton and disgraceful outrage was somewhat recently perpetrated on the memorial statue in this town of the late Earl of Derby, by painting the semblance of a garter under each knee, and a broad ribbon of the "Order" across the breast, with blue colour. Two young men of Preston, James Roberts and James Dobson, whose position in life should certainly have taught them better behaviour, pleaded guilty to the offence before the bench of magistrates, were fined a very considerable sum, exclusive of payments for the restoration of the work, and were ordered to find securities for future good behaviour.

ART-NOTES FROM THE CONTINENT.

A DELAIDE.—The opening of the "Port Institute" in this city, the foundation-stone of which was laid on the 31st of October, 1874, as recorded soon afterwards in our columns, took place in October of last year. Our correspondent informs us that it proved highly successful, and will augment the funds of the Institute to the extent of £700. The Art-gallery contained a collection of about four hundred pictures, lent for the occasion by residents of the port, city, and suburban townships.

AIX.—A statue of the famous orator and statesman of the great Revolution, Mirabeau, has been erected in the quadrangle of the *Palais de Justice* in this town: the statue is the work of M. Truphème.

PARIS.—*Mercury bearing off Psyche.* This group in bronze, the work of the Dutch sculptor, Jean de Vries, of the sixteenth century, which may be considered unrivalled for the variety of its transitional peregrinations, has at length attained a position of special honour in the Gardens of the Tuileries. The *Gazette Anecdote* thus indicates its consecutive movements. It was executed about the year 1590, by order of the Emperor Rodolph II., together with a pendant, and both were ornaments in the Palace Court at Prague. War, however, came and laid rude hands upon them. The Swedes sacked Prague and carried off the sculpture spoil to Stockholm, in the museum of which city the pendant group remains. The Mercury and Psyche, on which our attention now rests, was conveyed into France by Queen Christina, after her abdication, and presented by her to Abel Gerrien, Marquis de Sablé, and, at the time, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, who placed it in his Château de Meudon. By his heirs the château and all its contents were sold to the minister Louvois, and by him the work of Jean de Vries was ceded to the great Colbert, by whose son, M. de Seignelay, it was presented to Louis XIV. It received a place of honour in the Grove Gardens of Marly. Thence, when turbulent times came on, it was transferred to the Musée des Petits Augustins, and subsequently, in 1802, it had a place in the Gardens of St. Cloud. It was destined to a visitation to the metropolis, and, in 1850, was honoured by a site in the Hall of Michael Angelo, in the Louvre. Its destiny, however, seeming to be peripatetic, it has been drawn from its seclusion beside the two slave statues of the mighty Florentine, and now mixes in the miscellaneous artistic society of the Tuileries Gardens.—M. Waddington, the Minister of Fine Arts, has directed M. Sommerard, the Commissary-General of International Exhibitions, to present, on the part of the French Government, two noble Sèvres vases to the city of

Philadelphia as reminiscences of the Exhibition of 1876.—The Sèvres Museum has just become enriched by a fine group in enamelled *faïence*, by Lucca della Robbia. It is somewhat larger than life-size, and represents the Virgin and Child—the former seated, the infant Christ held standing on her knees. Works from this sculptor are so seldom in the market that the acquisition of one in good condition is estimated accordingly. M. Waddington purchased this group, at the special instance of Monsieur de Chennevières, drawing it from the Villa Capponi, near Florence, where it has had a prolonged repose and seclusion from the public eye.

PHILADELPHIA.—On the 30th of November last Mr. Ezekiel's sculpture, the Jewish Centennial Memorial Monument, was unveiled with great ceremony in this city. It is intended as an expression of the gratitude of the Hebrew community of the United States for the civil and religious freedom enjoyed by them. We borrow from a Cincinnati paper a description of the work. The group "is eleven feet in height, and comprises three figures. The principal figure is a woman, representing the Goddess of Liberty. She is dressed in a coat-of-mail and mantle, and on her breast is a shield with the American flag in relief. On her head is the Phrygian cap. The stars on the cap, thirteen in number, are of solid gold. Her left hand rests upon the fasces, the scroll of the Constitution, and a wreath of laurel. Her right hand is extended in gesture, waving off all interference. Faith is symbolised by a nude boy standing on the right, and partly sheltered by Liberty. His head and one hand are lifted appealingly to heaven, and in the other hand he holds a vessel, in which is burning the undying flame of religion. Intolerance is represented by a monstrous serpent, the body of which is coiled partly round the fasces, and extends to the rear of the group, finally protruding from under the garment of Liberty. With its talons buried deep in the neck of Intolerance is an eagle."

VIENNA.—The statue of Schiller, by Professor Johann Schilling, of Dresden, was erected in Vienna in the month of November last. The poet is represented seated, holding in his left hand some sheets of paper, on which he appears to be writing with the other hand. The figure rests on a square base of porphyry, at each angle of which is a seated bronze figure typifying respectively the four ages of life. On each side of the base itself is a bas-relief, also in bronze; they represent respectively Genius, Poetry, Philosophy, and Benevolence. The unveiling was presided over by the Emperor of Austria.

AN ARTIST.

J. L. E. MEISSONIER, Painter.

M. MEISSONIER has dared to meet the old Dutch artists, Metz, Mieris, Gérard Dou, Netscher, and others, on their own ground, and not only raised himself to a level with them, but, in some respects, surpassed them in vigour of handling and dramatic expression, combined with the utmost delicacy of execution. His textures are the perfection of truthful imitation. He finds his subjects in the military guardhouse, on the bowling-green, in the armoury, in the library of the student, the atelier of the artist, or the gallery of the picture collector; and here the keenness of his observation and the sharpness and brilliancy of his execution are manifested in the highest degree. It may be remarked, too, that he always, or generally, goes back to a past generation for his models; the sombre, unpicturesque male attire of the present day has no attraction for his brilliant pencil; the costumes of Louis XV., or those of the latter half of the last

century, are what he delights to show. The 'Artist' presented in the annexed engraving was never seen "in the flesh" by the oldest man or woman living: that broad lapelled coat, that bagged cue, the knee-breeches, and the buckle-shoes, belong to another era of time than our own. Seated on a low and old-fashioned kind of stool, his sketching-frame resting on his knees, he is making with a porte-crayon an outline in chalk of the picture on the easel. The apartment, if intended for a painter's studio, is very scantily supplied with the garniture one expects to find in such a place—usually a sort of museum of artist's properties. The floor of the room is rather unintelligible; its undulating aspect needs explanation. On the wall to the right appears, as if drawn with chalk, a cavalry soldier, wearing a three-cornered hat; over it is an inscription, and another is a little to the left, both of which are somewhat illegible.





THE WOMAN

SCENERY OF THE PACIFIC RAILWAY.

III.

THIRTEEN miles from Green River, and two hundred feet higher than that station, is Bryan, where the railway touches Black's Fork, a stream which finds a way from its source in the Uintah Mountains to its junction with Green River, through an unlovely valley of sage-bush and greasewood,—two shrubs which, instead of enlivening the earth with the brightness of vegetation, overspread it with a tangle of unsightly grey and half-naked branches. The sage-bush is the keynote of much Western scenery. So pallid and parched is it, that its life-sap might have been absorbed in those heart-burnings of the earth whose external consequences are seen in many a pile of volcanic rock; its small, pale leaves are never fresh, and its branches

are always twisted and gnarled; but, despite these symptoms of scant vitality, it holds to the soil with extreme tenacity, and crops out in superabundance over miles and miles of territory upon which it allows no closer semblance to greenness than itself to provoke comparison. Among the foot-hills and along the river-bottoms there are knots of pines and firs, and groves of aspen and cottonwood—not enough, however, to relieve the dead-weight of the sage-bush, which spreads itself over the landscape to the farthest horizon like a stratum of mist.

About this time, while the train is moving through tedious miles of desert, we are prepared to agree with Hawthorne that meadows are the most satisfying objects in natural scenery.



*Elk Mountain.**

"The heart reposes in them with a feeling that few things else can give, because almost all other objects are abrupt and clearly defined; but a meadow stretches out like a small infinity, yet with a secure homeliness which we do not find either in an expanse of water or of air."

The apology usually offered for the least attractive land in the Far West is, that, no matter how sterile it may be to look at, it is "rich in the primary elements of fertility;" a fine-sounding phrase, which, though we listen to it at first with divided feelings

of amusement and incredulity, proves on investigation to have some truth in it. No plain is so sandy and barren that it is not amenable to the irrigating ditch, and the introduction of a little stream of water is often followed by an outbreak of what seems to be spontaneous verdure, wonderfully bright and persistent, which shows how fruitful the soil may become under favourable treatment. At Fort Bridger, eleven miles south of Carter, the third station westward from Bryan, three hundred bushels of potatoes have been raised from half an acre of ground, and the ground there is as hopeless to all appearances as that in view from the railway.

Beyond the yellow and grey undulations of the nearer land,

* The illustration on this page should have been placed on page 28 (first article of this series), the cut there given being a view of the Uintah Mountains, referred to in the present article.



Church Buttes, Wyoming.

dark blue. They are visible for hours sometimes; when the train rolls over a commanding crest they are revealed from their purple bases to their snowy summits, and then, as it descends into the hollow, they are hidden, all save the highest tips. The peaks, or cones, dark as they seem at this distance of seventy or eighty miles, are most distinctly stratified, and rise 2,000 feet above the springs that feed the streams in the foothills below. They are vast piles of compact purplish quartzite, resembling Egyptian pyramids on a gigantic scale, without a trace of soil, water, or vegetation. Such, at least, the peaks are; but the lower slopes are covered with arborescent vegetation, which is succeeded nearer the timber-limits by pines dwarfed down to low, trailing shrubs, and the ridges enclose some extensive basins of exquisitely clear water. One of these lakes, called Carter's, has on one side a semicircular wall of sandstones and slate, and on the other a dense growth of spruce-trees. The depression for the accumulation of the water, says a United States geologist, was caused by an immense mass of rock sliding down from the ridges above; springs oozed out from the side of the ridges, snows melted, and so the lake was formed. Carter's Lake is three hundred and fifty yards long, eighty yards wide, and 10,321 feet above the level of the sea; and its characteristics are those of the many other natural reservoirs embosomed in the valleys of these mountains.



Bear River Valley.

One of the highest peaks is named after General Gilbert, and is plainly marked by strata of red sandstone and quartzite inclining to the south-east. It rises abruptly from a lake about fifty acres in extent, and has the remarkable elevation of 13,250 feet above the sea-level, the lake itself 11,000. Another notable peak springs out in isolation from the pyramid already mentioned, and has been called, from its resemblance to a Gothic church, Hayden's Cathedral. The foothills are clothed with pines, varied by that most beautiful of all Western trees, the quaking asp, which, with its silver-grey bark and tremulous, oval, emerald leaves, stands out in luminous contrast to the melancholy foliage of the ever-greens.

Twenty-seven miles from Bryan is the station of Church Buttes, which derives its name from a fragment of the celebrated *Mauvaises Terres*, or Bad Lands, on the old overland stage-road, ten miles to the south. The modern pathway of iron touches the old road from time to time in its sinuous course; and the glory of the days when the pony-express, the fast coaches, and the hundreds of emigrant-teams passing every day, raised the dust that now lies deep in the ruts, has left reminiscences in the tottering telegraph poles, out of use and unstrung, and in the deserted ranches, which once provided cheer and rest for the wearied travellers.

Church Buttes are 150 miles east of Salt

Lake, and have an elevation of 6,731 feet. They consist of deposits of soft sedimentary sandstones and marly clays in perfectly hori-

zontal strata, and very remarkable palæontological remains are found in them. Professor O. C. Marsh, in his expedition of 1870, discovered the fossils of a rhinoceros, some turtles, some birds, the *areodon* and the *titanothereum*—the jaw of the latter measuring over four feet in length. Rattlesnakes were also found in extraordinary numbers, and their "humming," says one member of the expedition, soon became a familiar sound, which excited little alarm or attention.

The characteristic features of Church Buttes and the Bad

canny suggestiveness, but we cannot reconcile the scientific theory and the testimony of our entranced sight as we look down from the distance upon the miraculous architecture of the Bad Lands. A nearer view, however, usually dissipates our illusion; then we notice defects that were not visible before, and observe how rain, wind, frost, and streams have furrowed the rock, tunnelling and grooving with resistless industry, and imparting the colour of the strata to the surrounding streamlets.

But it was not all illusion; the resemblances often remain even upon closer inspection, and are marvellous beyond the conception of any one who has not seen them.

Hampton is a side-track, and the next station westward is Carter, 904 miles from Omaha. Twenty miles to the north-west three veins of excellent coal, eighty-seven feet thick, have been discovered, and seven miles north of the station are some white sulphur and chalybeate springs. We are steadily ascending now: at Bryan the altitude was 6,317 feet, and at Piedmont, the third station west of Carter, it reaches 7,540 feet. The country is wild and broken by swelling ridges, among which the train winds and winds; we rush through the darkness of snow-shed after snow-shed, and are gradually attaining the second highest point on the Union Pacific Railway—the highest being at Sherman. The Uintah Mountains limit the horizon, and the foreground of foot-hills is covered with bushy, yellow-green grass.

At Piedmont the traveller's attention is attracted by groups of dome-shaped furnaces which are used in the manufacture of charcoal for the smelting works of Utah; the Chinaman also makes his first appearance here, and recurs multitudinously during the rest of the journey as railway-labourer, cook, washerman, and boot-black.

At Hilliard, fourteen miles from Piedmont, there is another large nest of charcoal-furnaces, which are often mistaken for Indian wigwams or Chinese huts. Another thing, as to the use of which Eastern people venture queer conjectures, is a high, narrow trestle-work bridge supporting a V-shaped trough—an object familiar enough to residents of the Pacific coast. This is a "flume," and the wood used in the kilns is floated through

it for a distance of twenty-four miles from the mountains. Over 2,000,000 feet of lumber were required for the structure, and from its head to its mouth it falls 2,000 feet, the stream rushing through it and sweeping the logs on its bosom with a rapidity and ease that make us wonder why people ever haul wood in cumbrous waggons. The mill at the head—where the pine-trees are reduced from their original proportions to the trim, convenient shape in which they arrive at Hilliard—has a capacity for sawing 40,000 feet of lumber every twenty-four hours,



Castle Rock, Echo Cañon.

Lands are the bands of colour formed by the successive geological strata, which in some instances, as at Green River, are exceedingly vivid, and seem to have been drawn by a human hand. As we stand upon one of the summits it is difficult indeed to convince ourselves that the architecture, as well as the decoration, is not the result of human workmanship. Nature striving with the centuries may lapse into vagaries of expression, but it seems incredible that mere rain-drops and grains of sand driven by the wind can have shaped the symmetrical amphitheatres and temples that appeal to our eyes with the grandeur of an ancient Rome or an Athens—incredible that the mere process of "weathering," as the geologists call it, can have evolved such masterpieces out of chaotic rock. The very pillars, apparently hundreds of them, that form the portico of that Titanic temple yonder, and dwindle away in a long perspective, are proportioned with exactness, and uphold a filigree cornice whose seeming dainty carving bespeaks the chisel of a sculptor. The isolated pilasters and obelisks are without flaw; the domes that cap some of the buildings are perfect demi-spheres; the flutings of the columns are uniform in depth and width, and the broad terraces of steps are equidistant. The desert's sand-blast and the persistent action of the elements for innumerable ages may have worn the rocks on Laramie Plain and Dale Creek into their present un-

and the kilns consume 2,000 cords a month, producing 100,000 bushels of charcoal in the same time, as a result. In Nevada, and in all other parts of the Far West where the lumber business is extant, the flumes are as common a sight as the roads or the trails; but few of them, however, are as long as this one at Hilliard.

The next station is Millis, 947 miles from Omaha; and a little way beyond it the road crosses Bear River, the valley of which is interesting both on account of its natural beauties and its game. The tributary brooks are said to be as full of trout as the forests are full of deer, bears, foxes, wolves, grouse, and quail; besides which, rarer animals, such as the panther, the wolverine, and the catamount, may be found occasionally. Northward, at the Big Bend of the river, there is a group of warm soda-springs, which occupy an area of six square miles; and nearer the railway, sixty miles north of Evanston, which is the next station, there is a lake, ten miles long and from five to eight miles broad, which surpasses the Yellowstone in the exquisite colouring of its rocks. The boundary-line of Idaho and Utah crosses the lake from east to west at an elevation of nearly 6,000 feet. Compared with their former greatness, the springs are now few in number, but they are still the most interesting group on the continent. About three miles up a small tributary of the Bear River we come upon some basins of old springs long extinct. They are called "petrifying" springs by the settlers, from the abundance of calcareous tufa remaining in the basins, and from some of them containing large masses of plants coated with this material, which retain the form of leaf and stem to perfection.

The Bear River has its source in the Uintah Mountains, and runs in a northerly direction to the great soda-springs of Idaho, about 120 miles from Echo City; it then turns to the south-west and empties into the Great Salt Lake near Corinne, Utah Territory.

Evanston is a dinner-station and the chief town of Uintah County, the most interesting of which two facts is the former. The relative merits of the eating-houses on the road are often the subject of much discussion among the passengers, and the decision invariably given by the majority is, that the meals are uniformly bad. When the train halts at a station in the midst of a famous deer country, we are not altogether unreasonable in expecting a cut or haricot of venison; when grouse are so plentiful that a hunter can go less than five miles from the track and kill them with a stick, it is a wonder that a few brace do not find their way to the caterer's hands; and when, as at Evanston, the eating-house is sonorously called the "Mountain Trout Hotel," we take it as more than a hint that a dish of that most delicious

fish, so exquisitely pink in the flesh and so infinitely delicate in flavour, will be submitted to our appetites. If only a few of the meats that are to be found on the plains and mountains—enough to vindicate the boasts of game that are constantly dinned into our ears—were included in the *menu*, we should be satisfied. But from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean, we eat our way through unvaried rounds of sallow chicken, leathery beef, and insufferable pie, wondering at the infinitesimal veracity of the guide-book writer, who assures us that "the



Hanging Rock, Echo Cañon.

meals are well cooked and elegantly served."

At Evanston we are introduced to the first instalment of Chinese waiters, who glide round the tables in the whitest of white blouses, and are politely attentive in their manners and extremely cleanly in their appearance. The cooks also are Chinamen, and are not more atrociously incapable than the Irishmen and negroes at some of the other stations on the line.

Three miles from Evanston there is a deposit of coal, which yielded nearly 99,000 tons in 1875, and a much greater quantity in previous years. Forty-one miles northward is another deposit, the veins of which are four and a half feet thick on the ground-level, and very much thicker above.

The country beyond is high, breezy, and rolling, and four miles from Evanston we cross the boundary-line of Utah and Wyoming, a small signboard marking the spot. We are rapidly approaching Echo and Weber Cañons, which comprise the grandest scenery on the road, and there is a flutter of anticipation among the passengers. Formerly an open observation-car was added to the train during this part of the journey; but it is no longer used, and the rear platforms are now selected by tourists who are anxious to obtain a good view. At Wahsatch we cross the divide between Bear River Valley and Echo Cañon, thence descending into a region of unsurpassed grandeur.

WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

MINOR TOPICS.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION, 1878.—The *Gazette* has contained a list—at the head of which is H.R.H. the Prince of Wales—of the Commissioners appointed to represent British and Colonial exhibitors at the Universal Exhibition to be held at Paris in the year 1878. Art is but inadequately represented: the only artist on the list, except the Presidents of the Royal Academy and the Society of Painters in Water Colours, is Mr. Frederick Leighton, R.A.; while the interests of Art-manufacture are not represented at all. The secretary is Mr. P. Cunliffe Owen, C.B.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY, constructed by Sir Coutts Lindsay, in Bond Street, is advertised to be opened early in the spring with a collection of pictures, among which, it is said, will be some works by one or two well-known artists, who, for various reasons, have during several years kept aloof from the annual exhibitions of the Royal Academy.

The pictures forming the Dulwich Gallery have now been restored to their legitimate quarters, after a temporary location at the Bethnal Green Museum while the repairs and re-decoration of their own home were going on. Some additional paintings have, we understand, been presented to the trustees of the Gallery, and are now added to the others. The work of restoration, &c., of the Gallery has been carried out from the designs of Mr. Charles Barry, architect to the College Estate, who has in many ways, especially in the matters of lighting and warming, effected great improvements in the old building.

"NATIONAL ART SOCIETY."—We find under this title, in the *Times*, a long advertisement of a society "established for the diffusion of Art knowledge." A list of patrons is given, headed by H.R.H. the Prince Louis of Hesse, followed by the names of thirty-six noblemen and gentlemen of high rank and unquestionable worth, but not one of whom is known by any connection with Art, neither are the two managing directors nor the secretary. The object is stated to be—and it is a right good object—"to engender and foster a taste among the middle and lower classes," for, &c.; and the prices at which prints are to be supplied are assumed to be very low. We hope it is not the bladder that a pin-prick will cause to collapse; but as a list of proposed engravings is printed we are enabled to form some idea of the probable results. Forty-eight are named; they are from old plates, of course (they might not be the worse for that), but whether worn-out or not we cannot say. Twenty-five of the forty-eight are engravings from foreign painters, and twelve are old acquaintances, birds and animals (published originally as a set) after R. Ansdell, R.A. We are reluctant to discourage any scheme that professes to disseminate Art-knowledge; but we cannot regard this project without grave suspicion.

THE LADIES' EXHIBITION.—The Society of Lady Artists will be opened early in the present month—March. We hope to find it supported both by lady contributors and the public. There are few more interesting exhibitions held in the metropolis; to give it aid will be a pleasant duty.

ART FOR OUR HOSPITALS.—Dr. J. Lawrence-Hamilton pleads in the *Times* on behalf of this object—one we have occasionally advocated in our columns, and with success, as more than one hospital we have helped to enliven with works of Art could testify. The worthy Doctor says:—"Save for a sea of dreary whitewash, dull distemper, or cheerless paint, most of our hospital walls are completely bare and destitute of ornament. If a few philanthropists would each send a spare scrap of Art now and again, something would be done to lighten the gloom of the sick ward. A hint ought to be sufficient to stimulate the munificence of many an Art-collector, as also the liberality of painters in such a direction." We may add that the matter has called forth much favourable notice in the daily press, and will doubtless have an equally favourable

result. Dr. Hamilton has subsequently offered the sum of 100 guineas as the nucleus of a fund for carrying out the object.

GENERAL DE CESNOLA will soon publish, through Mr. Murray, a book of his researches in Cyprus, with engravings of many of the beautiful objects disinterred by him after a burial of six thousand years. The volume will be a narrative of the archaeological explorations of the General in Cyprus during a residence there of eleven years as American consul. It is divided into ten chapters, representing the ten ancient royal cities of Cyprus, preceded by an introduction that will give to the reader an historical sketch of the island from its pre-historic times to the conquest of it by the Turks. In the appendix there will be copies of the different inscriptions found by the General, and a notice of the engraved gems is prepared by Mr. C. W. King, M.A., of Cambridge. The book will have many illustrations, sketches, maps, &c. It cannot fail to be a work of the deepest interest and the highest value.

THE FINE ART SOCIETY'S GALLERY, NEW BOND STREET.—In this gallery is now being shown an interesting set of English landscapes—four in oil and four in water-colour—by M. Edmond Tyrel de Poix. The name of the artist is new to us, but his works are not the less welcome on that account. The four oil-colours are on a large scale. There is no solid impasto or patient modelling seen on the canvas; all appears slight, swift, and yet effective. Whether the character of the handling will please English tastes it would be difficult to say; at first blush it certainly looks superficial and almost *ad captandum*. No. 1, 'Early Morning in the Midlands,' shows a wide ploughed field in the foreground, with a wood beyond, and undulating hills in the hazy distance. Everything is light and bright in this landscape. No. 2, 'Datur hora quieti,' shows the glorious flushing-up of the setting sun; the horned moon pierces the mist that envelops the upper portion of the valley on the left, while cattle stand in the water of the foreground, which is backed by a wooded hill. No. 3, 'Sunshine and Shower,' shows a ploughed field, bounded on the left by a little piece of waste land whereon grows some scrub; over this is seen, driving fiercely, a phalanx of clouds of the most portentous shape; they are intended, doubtless, for rain-clouds; but rain-clouds of this decided form, and so very numerous, would literally swamp a country. The writer of this notice has often, in his wanderings, watched the shape and action of waterspouts; they were invariably formed as M. de Poix has shaped his rain-clouds in the present picture, only the waterspouts rarely appeared to travel so fast as the rain-clouds do in the picture. The cloud-forms, then, in this picture are too pronounced: in nature phenomena of this kind would mean desolation. No. 4, 'Showery Days,' does not lay itself open to the same objection. The cirri are feathery and bright, the cumulus silvery-edged, and the vast stratus lies darkly and solidly across the sky. A church peeps out from a wooded hill to the right, and those who have visited that part of the country will have little difficulty in recognising Stoke-by-Nayland, in Suffolk. The four water-colour drawings are similar in subject, and to an ordinary visitor would suggest a set of weak imitations of Turner, when he was at his brightest and most luminous period. The style altogether is new to us, and there may be possibly more in it than we have yet had time to discover. At all events, we are glad of the opportunity of paying M. de Poix the compliment of a notice.

PICTURES BY A. VICKERS.—At the gallery of Mr. McLean, in the Haymarket, is a collection of nearly a hundred English landscapes in oil, by an artist of whom scarcely one in ten of picture-gallery frequenters ever heard; and yet he was spoken of in the pages of the *Art Journal* as far back as 1847 in this wise:—"A Road through a Wood in Taff Vale, South Wales." This is one of the best landscapes in the gallery." The gallery

alluded to was the British Institution. "It is of singular truth, but rendered with a fine poetic feeling. The centre of the picture, in which a byroad runs between trees, is worthy of any landscape painter of the age." Alfred Vickers, of whom we speak, was born in St. Mary's, Newington, Surrey, in 1786, and appears to have devoted himself at an early age to the study of nature. But the necessities of life compelled him to work as a house-painter for a long time; and when he did come before the world as an artist, his facility was such as to keep the market continually supplied with his pictures, and his prices being modest, he was never able to assert himself by taking up his true position. And yet, as we see here, this man was a noble delineator of cloud-forms, could look at nature through the eyes of Ruysdael or Hobbema, Patrick Nasmyth, or John Constable, and still satisfy us that he could see her also for himself. This Alfred Vickers was a true English landscape painter, whose merits have never yet been properly recognised, and real Art-lovers will do well to make his early acquaintance. It is very sad to think that the sister of one so gifted should at this moment be an inmate of Edmonton workhouse. Perhaps the present exhibition, as the *Times* has remarked, could be utilised in some way for her benefit.

MR. N. CHEVALIER has recently painted two most interesting and beautiful drawings for H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. They are not large, but of sufficient size to convey perfect impressions of the scenes they depict. The themes are specially difficult of treatment: one represents a review of the Household Guards of the Emperor of Russia; the other a ball-room, filled with guests, on the occasion of the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh and the Princess Imperial of Russia. In the latter the Emperor is escorting the bride, and the Duke the Empress, through a throng of great men and fair women, among whom are the Prince of Wales, with the Crown Princess of Germany; the Princess of Wales, with the Crown Prince of Germany; the Czarina, with the Duke of Connaught; and of Imperial and Royal Princes and Princesses a score; mingled with the loftiest in rank of Russia. The portraits are finished as miniatures, yet the effect is broad; each part is minutely made out, elaborately worked, yet so skillfully has the subject been treated that the whole of the gorgeous scene is represented "to the life." A subject so difficult has never been better dealt with; but the artist saw what he has pictured. So he did a very different scene—the Grand Review in the Alexander Square, fronting the Winter Palace, the mounted troops defiling before the Emperor. Both drawings, so opposite in subject, are of the highest merit; a combination of refinement with power very rare indeed. They will be acquisitions to the Prince of Wales, not only as records of interesting incidents, but as works of Art of the highest order.

THE SCIENCE AND ART DEPARTMENT has issued a circular to the effect that Messrs. Watherston and Son, the well-known gold and silversmiths, have offered the sum of £200 to be distributed as prizes for designs for a Dessert Service of Plate; it is to be awarded as follows:—"Four prizes, of £100, £50, £30, and £20 respectively, are offered for the four best designs comprising a central Plateau, four Fruit Dishes, four Flower-stands, and four Saltcellars. The Service, when manufactured, is to be of a total weight of 1,000 ounces of silver." The competing designs must be delivered to the Science and Art Department on or before the 15th of the present month (March). All particulars of competition, &c., may be had on application to the Department.

"ARCHITECTURAL ILLUSTRATIONS" is the title of a paper, by Mr. Maurice B. Adams, A.R.I.B.A., read at a meeting of the Architectural Association in January last. The lecturer treated his subject in a wide and comprehensive manner, commencing with the illuminated manuscripts of mediæval times, and coming down to our own day, when wood-engraving, lithography, and photo-lithotint seem to be almost exclusively used for illustrating architectural subjects; and, we may observe, on the score of economy, combined with beauty

and excellence, we believe nothing is entitled to supersede these methods, giving the preference most unquestionably to wood-engraving for brilliancy of effect, solidity, and delicacy; while for artistic power, freedom of handling, and texture of material, etching, if of a high class, certainly surpasses them all. What, for example, can go beyond those grand architectural plates by John Coney, published thirty or forty years ago? We can do no more than refer thus briefly to Mr. Adams's interesting lecture, the concluding remarks of which touched upon a description of the processes more or less in use now for the production of architectural illustrations. We notice, by the way, that each of our principal contemporaries devoted to the discussion of architecture, adopts, as a rule a different means of illustration: the *Builder*, the oldest of them, still employs wood-engraving, as from the first; the *Building News* chooses photo-lithotint, and the *Architect* lithography.

DESIGNS ON PLAYING-CARDS.—In our earlier days Hunt was the great maker of playing cards; of late years he has had many competitors, but we doubt if his cards have been surpassed in any of the requisites for use. For the greater part of a century they have held their own against all rivals, advancing and improving to meet and overcome opposition. It is only of late, however, this long-renowned firm has summoned Art to its aid; a dozen examples are before us of new designs; all of them good, while some are of great excellence—by able artists; harmonious in colours, in short, "patterns," as they are called, of considerable merit and in much variety. Some of them, we observe, are styled "enamel-faced;" no doubt the meaning will be clear to players; they run smoothly, and are pleasant to the touch in dealing. We rejoice to find our old friends thus keeping pace with the Art-improvements that pervade more or less nowadays all articles of commerce. Hunt's cards were always good, they are now also beautiful.

AMONG the picture sales of May at Christie's will be the very important collection of George Fox, Esq., formerly of Harefield, near Manchester, who, having recently removed into another locality, intends disposing of the pictures he had brought together with much sound judgment and at great cost. They include some of the best examples of the best artists, British and foreign. To print a list of them would be to occupy more than a column of our Journal; but those who are interested in the matter will find them fully described (excepting those that have since been added) in the *Art Journal* for April, 1872. The season will present no such opportunity of acquiring good pictures; in nearly all cases they were obtained direct from the artists, very rarely, indeed, through the medium of a dealer. A few years ago the collection was judiciously weeded, and it is safe to say there is not an inferior work among the hundreds of which it consists.

MESSRS. MARCUS WARD & CO., of Belfast, have recently produced a very remarkable work, of which the local papers write in very high terms, but unfortunately it has not been seen in London. It is a book that has been presented by subscribers in Ireland to the Pope, and is unquestionably a marvellous Art-volume, highly creditable to the artists (all of them Irish) who have produced it. It is said to have occupied the staff of the firm four years—the drawings, the interlacings, illuminated borders, in colours, silver, and gold, being all original designs, elaborately printed—work that has demanded time as well as ability. We cannot doubt that it is what it is said to be—one of the marvels of modern Art—the most perfect production of its class that has come from any press this century. It is now in the Vatican, and, it is reported, has astonished as well as delighted his Holiness and his court. Messrs. Ward & Co. announce as in preparation an illustrated work descriptive of the recent Arctic Expedition. The book, which will be imperial folio size, is to comprise about sixteen *facsimile* chromographs from most interesting and artistic water-colour drawings made during the expedition, and often under very difficult circumstances, by Dr. Edward L. Moss, R.N., Surgeon of the *Alert*. This work we shall no doubt have an opportunity of seeing.

ART-PUBLICATIONS.

ENGLISH painters of the Victorian Era.* What a world, of memory the words call up! We may almost say with the laureate—

"We knew them all as babies,
And now they are elderly men."

Certainly we knew them—all—in their prime; and now there is not one of them living; but, as another poet writes:—

"They are not dead; they're but departed:
For the artist never dies."

What a list it is! though but few of the many who made the age famous, the greatest of whose successors seem but as dwarfs beside giants,—Mulready, Stanfield, Roberts, Collins, Eastlake, Prout, Lance, Harding, Martin, Cattermole, Hunt, Herring, Maclise, Creswick, Landseer! Yea, verily, they glorify the Victorian era. Of each painter we have three or four examples—forty-eight in all. There is no one of them of whom we have not written, not one of whom an ample biography with engraved copies of his works has not appeared in the *Art Journal*. It is our happiness to know we gave a helping hand to each and all of them on the way to fame. None the less welcome is this graceful volume, which lays on their graves the wreaths it was our privilege to place upon their brows while living.

A CATALOGUE of the Collection of Water-colour Paintings at South Kensington has made its appearance by direction of the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education, who instructed Mr. S. Redgrave to prepare it.† That gentleman having, unfortunately, died before the work was completed, though the manuscript was written and a considerable portion in type, Mr. R. Redgrave, R.A., undertook the task of revising and carrying it through the press. The result is, a volume of considerable pretension, which, we venture to say, no publisher would have had the enterprise to produce at his own risk, since from its very nature it can have but a limited sale. Briefly, it contains an annotated list of the drawings in the Museum, arranged alphabetically as to the names of the artists, of whom a few lines of biographical record are given, except where the painters are still living. This list is preceded by what must be regarded as the most useful portions of the book—short essays on the art of water-colour painting, its rise and growth in this country, materials and methods, &c. These chapters, if they may be so called, are very carefully and instructively written, and thoroughly exhaust the subject as a history of the art in question. The volume is embellished with a few etchings, for the most part very fairly executed, by students in the etching-class at South Kensington; and by about the same number of small chromolithographs, which, however, with three or four exceptions, convey only an inadequate idea of the originals. As a work of reference it may be found useful, and this, it may be presumed, is all it is intended to be; for it is not in any way adapted to serve as a guidebook to the pictures in the Museum.

"EDINBURGH, PAST AND PRESENT," is well described in a series of papers by "eminent hands;" among them, the Rev. George Gilfillan, H. G. Reid, the Rev. James S. Mill, Flora Masson, and Professor Geikie, LL.D., F.R.S. The attractions of the very charming and interesting volume are its illustrations, of which there are about a hundred and fifty, picturing not only the foremost places, but numerous curious nooks and corners of Edinburgh—minor bits of a striking character. These engravings are by Mr. W. A. Ballingall, to whose skill we have been ourselves much indebted. Various Scottish artists have made the

drawings, headed by Walter H. Paton, Sam Bough, and James Drummond. The work is obviously a labour of love, entered upon with a wish to preserve the existing records of the venerable city: they have done so with success. Many of its landmarks, consecrated by time and history, are fast departing.

MESSRS. PILGERAM AND LEFEVRE have published a print of great excellence, engraved by W. H. Simmons, from a picture by Erskine Nicol, A.R.A. It is a companion to one we noticed some two years ago, in which an aged man was teaching a young lad how to land a fish, 'Steady, boy, steady!' This is entitled, 'Always tell the Truth!' A venerable grandmother is giving the warning to a boy who seems hesitating what he shall do. There are some apples near at hand; to be his, if he does the thing that is right. It is a pleasant picture, and illustrates a wise story. The print will be classed among the useful and agreeable lessons that Art may give to the young.

A MOST lovable woman was Elizabeth Barrett Browning; physically ailing during the whole of her brief life; but ever cheerful; always thoughtful of others; considering it a sacred duty to labour to do good. It was a loss to humanity when she died. The volume under notice* consists principally of letters written by this admirable lady; they exhibit the purest sentiments of kindness, sympathy, generosity, and evidence a mind that had seen, as not far off, the loftier sphere to which, while yet in the prime of life, she was transferred. They are models of unstudied composition. To go at any length into the subject is impossible here. The editor, Mr. Meyer, has done little, too little; but what he has done is well done. The volumes are welcome additions to the library. Not the least valuable of the contents of the work—though, strictly speaking, forming no part of it—is an interesting history of the "Guild of Literature and Art"—a mountain that brought forth a mouse.

AN appropriate and beautifully-illustrated book† comes before us at a time when the whole British public, including many loving, anxious hearts, personally and privately interested, have welcomed the return of the last Arctic Expedition with pride and gratitude. Though the great problem still remains unsolved, and more brave hearts sleep their last sleep amid perpetual ice and snow, still the same spirit of enterprise, daring, and resolve animates our sailors; they refuse to know when they are beaten; and to the gallant British seaman may the glorious honour be at last awarded of planting the British flag where never before a human foot has trodden! The illustrations are excellent, and comprise every subject of interest to both artistic and scientific minds; the whole book is written in the clear and sympathetic style that leaves no doubt but that the writer's heart was in his task, that to him the glories of sea, land, and sky, are a perpetual delight, while great deeds of daring and still more difficult trials of fortitude and endurance awaken in him a responsive sympathy. Many of his descriptions are so graphic as to make the reader fancy himself for the time being a wanderer among the weird-like Arctic floating ice mountains, in the far-off silent regions where "the billows stiffen and have rest."

MR. JOHN DENNIS, whose "English Sonnets," published not very long since, met with very favourable notice in the literary world, has put forth a volume of essays entitled, "Studies in English Literature."‡ They are ten in number, and though not altogether new to the public, from having appeared in some of the magazines, &c., several of them

* "English Painters of the Victorian Era: Mulready to Landseer." Illustrated by forty-eight permanent photographs after their most popular works. With Biographical Notices. Published by Sampson Low & Co.

† "A Descriptive Catalogue of the Historical Collection of Water-colour Paintings in the South Kensington Museum." With an Introductory Notice by Samuel Redgrave. Published for the Science and Art Department by Chapman and Hall.

* "Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, addressed to Richard Hengist Horne, author of 'Orion.'" With Commentaries on Contemporaries. Edited by S. R. Townshend Mayer. Published by Richard Bentley and Son.

† "The Arctic World: its Plants, Animals, and Natural Phenomena." With an Historical Sketch of Arctic Discovery down to the British Polar Expedition, 1875—1876. Published by T. Nelson and Sons.

‡ "Studies in English Literature." By John Dennis. Published by E. Stanford.

are now so changed in substance and arrangement as to present an original aspect; while the transformation of the three chapters respectively on "English Lyrical Poetry," "English Rural Poetry," and "The English Sonnet," is, we are told, "so great, that the author feels some diffidence in presenting them as reprints from the *Cornhill*." The subjects of the remaining seven essays are men whose literary reputation shows considerable diversity of thought and character—among others Pope, Defoe, Prior, Steele, John Wesley, and Southey. Mr. Dennis writes very pleasantly and appreciatively of the authors he has selected, and also of their works, with which he seems to have made himself well acquainted. The three essays on "Poetry" are especially interesting, and are intelligently written, and of these three the chapter on "Sonnets" must have pre-eminence. Here Mr. Dennis seems to be quite at home. He assigns the highest place in this description of poem to Wordsworth among Englishmen; and perhaps, looking at the large number of his sonnets—upwards of four hundred—and the beauty and elegance of the majority of them, few persons would be disposed to dispute the award.

UNDER the title of "Early Art in Liverpool," Mr. Joseph Mayer, F.S.A., the well-known archæologist in that busy commercial town, has collected, and had printed for private circulation, a volume treating of the efforts made in Liverpool to encourage a love of the Fine Arts, towards the end of the last century especially, when it was a very different place from that it has since grown into. It was in 1773 that a society was formed there "for the encouragement of" designing, drawing, painting, &c., and at a meeting of the members William Roscoe, whose name has subsequently been so closely allied with Liverpool, read an ode having Art for its subject. Roscoe, who was then but a youth, and an articled clerk to an attorney, took much interest in the society. It was not, however, till ten years later that the Liverpool Academy was founded, with Roscoe as its vice-president, the first exhibition being opened in September, 1784. Mr. Mayer's interesting account of the origin of the society is followed by a catalogue of the works exhibited at its first and second exhibitions, with a few notes about some of the exhibitors; and it is supplemented by much valuable information concerning George Stubbs, famous in his day as a painter and engraver, chiefly of horses and landscapes. It throws much new light on the history of one whom Mr. Mayer designates an "old-world painter . . . who painted what he saw, and never showed an immortal soul in a poodle's eye."

MR. LLEWELLYNN JEWITT, a familiar name to our subscribers, is an authority on antiquarian matters connected with our country; we have from his pen and pencil "Half-hours among English Antiquities," a carefully-digested manual on the subject, copiously illustrated.* It is a little work we can recommend to the student of archæology, as well as to those who may have occasion to refresh their memory by referring to it. The author admits he has far from exhausted his materials, and he hopes to offer to the public further "half-hours" devoted to equally interesting branches.

WASHINGTON IRVING has never received more ample justice from Art than he has from the combined efforts of Mr. Caldecott, who has drawn, and Mr. Cooper, who has engraved, a series of illustrations to "Bracebridge Hall."† One hundred and twenty engravings, full of point and humour and pathos, embellish the charming story. The artist is a careful and thoughtful student, who seems to revel in relics of the olden time; and the engraver ranks at the head of his profession. No wonder, therefore, that the result of their labours should be a most charming volume, not for a season, but for all seasons.

* "Half-hours among English Antiquities." By Llewellynn Jewitt, F.S.A., &c., Editor of the *Reliquary: Archaeological Journal and Review*, &c. Published by Hardwicke and Bogue.

† "Bracebridge Hall." By Washington Irving. Illustrated by R. Caldecott. Published by Macmillan & Co.

THE second volume of Mr. J. Charles Cox's "Notes on the Churches of Derbyshire" ** has just been issued, and is in every way a worthy successor to the former, which we noticed some time back. The churches now described are those comprised in the hundred of the High Peak and the wapentake of Wirksworth, and these are illustrated with several well-executed plates, and a number of heliotype views prepared under the direction of Capt. Abney. Among the churches described are Bakewell, the burial-place of Dorothy Vernon and others of that family, and of the Manners family; Ashford-in-the-Water, with its funeral garlands; Baslow, Beeley, and Buxton; Chelmorton, literally a "high church," being, it is said, built on the highest point above the level of the sea of any church in the kingdom; Longstone, Monyash, Sheldon, and Taddington; Castleton, near by the historical Peak Cavern, and the castle made famous by Scott's "Peveril of the Peak;" Darley Dale, in whose churchyard stands the largest yew-tree in girth of any in existence; Eyam, made classic ground by its connection with the plague, and in whose graveyard Mrs. Mompesson lies buried, while on the hills round are the graves of the "death-stricken" villagers; Hathersage, famed for its connection with the faithful companion of Robin Hood, Little John; Peak Forest, formerly "the Gretna Green of Derbyshire;" Tideswell, with its grand old collegiate church, recently restored, in which Bishop Purglove and other notabilities lie buried; Youlgreave, Elton, and Winstler; Ashbourne, one of the finest churches in the county, rich in monuments and in interesting details; Farwich and Hognaston, with other ancient tympanums; Bonsall, Bradbourn, and Brasington; Tissington, with its attractive Fitzherbert monuments, whose village is known far and wide for the charming custom of "well flowering" there annually observed; Fenny Bentley, with its Beresford monuments and its connection with Charles Cotton; Hartington, from which the Marquis of Hartington takes his title; Kirsck Ireton, connected with the Parliamentary General, Henry Ireton; Thorpe-by-Dovedale, Matlock, Wirksworth, and others. These are only a part of the churches described in this very interesting and important volume. Mr. Cox has evidently spared no pains in getting together information regarding the early histories of the various churches upon which he has written. His researches have been enormous, well directed, and successful, and the work is one that deserves commendation. The book abounds with valuable information, and gives evidence not only of careful, but of enlightened, research on the part of its author. We cannot, however, but regret that Mr. Cox has not more fully carried out the comprehensive nature of his title-page. The book is called "Notes on the Churches of Derbyshire," but it is nothing of the kind. It is "notes," or what you will, not on *the* churches, but on *some* of the churches, of that county, and thus the title is alike too comprehensive and misleading. Far better would it have been had the author entitled it "Notes on some of the Churches," or on "the older Churches," of Derbyshire. This remark does not detract one iota from the value of Mr. Cox's labours as regards the churches described in this and the preceding volume. It is an admirable book, and one that deserves well of every Derbyshire man and of every ecclesiologist in the land.

"THE GARDEN," † a weekly illustrated journal of horticulture in all its branches, including in each number of the publication a coloured print from an original drawing, by one of our best flower and fruit painters, of some valuable new or rare plant. These chromolithographs, for such we assume them to be, are most admirably executed: a number of them would form a very attractive and pretty floral album. Each plate is certainly worth more than the cost of the number containing it, and ought in itself to be the means of giving a large circulation to the *Garden*, which appears to be most carefully and judiciously conducted in all its departments.

* "Notes on the Churches of Derbyshire." By J. Charles Cox. Published by Palmer and Edmunds, Chesterfield.

† *The Garden*. Published at 37, Southampton Street, Covent Garden.



JAPANESE ART.*

By SIR RUTHERFORD ALCOCK, K.C.B., D.C.L.



HERE is nothing more remarkable," observes an Edinburgh Reviewer, in an article on Dr. Schliemann's Trojan Antiquities "in the case of all half-civilised nations, whether in ancient or modern times, than the skill they display in working in gold or silver, as compared with their attainments in any other respect. And while the articles which compose the treasure display a considerable amount of technical skill in their manufacture, it can hardly be said that they possess any trace of *Art* in the higher sense of the word."

If this be true of half-civilised nations, it certainly does not apply to the Japanese. They have no jewellery. They neither wear nor make any, and in that are perhaps more civilised than western nations who are further advanced in the refinements and culture which pertain to civilisation. They work very little in the precious metals, either for personal ornament or domestic decoration. They put all their best work on the most valueless materials, and have attained rare excellence in the artistic manipulation of the commoner metals, such as iron, steel, bronze, and various amalgams. They give an impress of Art and masterly execution to all that leaves their hand in these, whether for purposes of decoration or utility.

If they thus succeed in metals, it follows of necessity that they should show at least the same mastery over more plastic materials. Accordingly their carved work in ivory and wood is perfect of its kind. Mr. Audsley, in his "Notes on Japanese Art," very truly observes:—

"Of all the carved work of the Japanese, the most wonderful and interesting are their ivories called *nétsukés*. These consist of groups of figures and animals, grotesque figures and representations, in short, of nearly every natural object in Japan, most truthfully rendered. It is quite impossible to give any idea in words of the quaint humour, the broad caricature, the intense power of expression, and the general artistic excellence which stamp every *nétsuké* in which the human form appears with an individuality distinct from anything of a kindred nature produced in other lands. A first-rate Japanese *nétsuké* has positively no rival." The admiration here expressed for the finer specimens of ivory-carving is fairly justified by the artistic excellence of such works. And whether they take wood or ivory for their material, the result is equally admirable. In a recent visit to the Museum at Munich, I examined closely the unrivalled collection of ivory carvings in the fifteenth room, with a view to test the comparative excellence of the Japanese and the best artists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Their works are there in great variety—statuettes, goblets with basso-reliefs, Bacchanalian groups by Rugermayer and Elhafen, children by Flamingo, and many other samples of the carver's art of rare beauty. Undoubtedly the Japanese could produce no groups of nude figures equally perfect in composition, drawing, and skilful carving; but only, I think, from the fact that they have never studied the nude human figure, and have been content with the happy grouping of draped figures, combined with forcible expression both in attitude and features. In this

they can hold their own against the world, though distanced in the higher Art. Like most other things in Japan, as in China, we must go back to a past era for the best examples of wood and ivory-carving. The general degeneration is too manifest to admit of any question. To what causes are we to trace such deterioration? In Japan the sudden demand of foreigners has carried out of the country all that was best worth possessing in *nétsukés* and other works, while it has unfortunately stimulated the production of very inferior work—all the more certainly that the caterers for the European market have not, as a rule, been very competent judges of the artistic merit of the articles offered for sale. The late revolution, again, by altering the costume of the privileged classes and native purchasers, has also contributed to the failure of all native demand for the more choice specimens, since the small ivories and metal brooches are no longer worn as ornaments on



Fig. 12.

the person. I have a few of the best of these, carefully chosen on my arrival in the country some sixteen years ago, before foreigners had become domiciled, or were permitted to buy native products, except at Nagasaki. They are admirable in every respect as works of Art, equally excellent in design and execution, and nearly all illustrative of something national and characteristic—in costume, traditions, or habits.

The largest and finest of these ivory carvings (Fig. 12) is four inches in height, and represents a group of two figures—an old man and woman, the latter holding a broom, up which a tortoise is creeping, and the former a rake. The faces present a jubilant expression, very perfectly rendered. The composition and drapery are equally artistic, and the whole is emblematic of longevity and happiness, personated in an aged couple and the tortoise. It bears the signature of a celebrated carver, and is of

* Continued from page 44.

a past generation. There is in this group an expression of conscious mutual harmony, a sort of conjugal concord, with a sense of domestic welfare and comfort, shared with each other. There is even something beyond, as an Art critic has observed to me—an air of *Behaglichkeit*, a quiet moral and physical serenity such as is found between people who have loved each other peacefully and long. From these two figures I imagine that the Japanese have a sense of home love, of family love, and can express it. The artist who sculptured these figures could have written or felt "John Anderson my Jo." I quite agree with him, and think it the more noteworthy because I believe the Japanese are deficient in the sentiment of love, as we understand it—a mixture of worship, sympathy, and passion.



Fig. 13.

It was some time before I could obtain any intelligible account of the story attaching to this *nétsuké*, and only succeeded at last by the aid of H. E. Wooyeno Kagenori, the Japanese Minister now accredited to the Court of St. James's. The legend runs thus:—In the fifth year of Yenki, and 1,565th year after the coronation of the first Emperor of Japan, during the reign of Godaigo, a certain Kino Tsuraguki presented his Majesty with a book of poetry, entitled "*Kokinshu*," or "*The Ancient and Modern Collection*," in the preface of which the following lines appeared: "*Tagasago Saminoye no-matsa-mo ai-oi noyoni aboye*," literally, "*The pine-tree of Tagasago and that of Sami-*



Fig. 14.



Fig. 15.

noye appear to be in a similar state of existence." The Japanese interpretation of which may be rendered thus: "It is hoped that the great prosperity and immortal happiness which have always been enjoyed from the earliest time to the present reign may be continued—that is, everlasting as the leaves of a pine-tree." These verses, so runs the tale, became so popular that various interpretations, conveying exaggerated ideas among the people, widely prevailed. The following is one of the most popular legends:—"When Tomonari, the Shinto priest of Asonomiya, in the province of Higo, was one day on a visit to the coast of Takasago, he happened to meet an old couple, supposed to be the spirits of the pine-tree, who were at work under one, with broom and rake. The old white-haired couple then explained the enigma of Tagasago Saminoye." This

incident was subsequently described in poetry and painted in pictures, and is even to this day represented on the stage with music, and sung as a prayer for the gift of long life. If this should seem to the reader in the West but a slender foundation for a popularity surviving the lapse of more centuries than most nations can trace their history through, the fact of its existence is not the less interesting and illustrative of the people who find in some enigmatic verses and the apologue the inspiration which produces some of their choicest works of Art.



Fig. 16.



Fig. 17.

Fig. 13 represents a fisherman leaning over a large fishing basket, out of which a tortoise is emerging. Here there is the same joyous face, expressive of exuberant glee, and the excellence of the execution is only equalled by the design. This is on the same scale as the last, but, from the half-stooping posture of the figure, it only stands three inches high.

Fig. 14, a group of two figures in the ancient costume of the Mikado's Court, represents two figures seated, one on a lower level than the other, making a pyramidal composition of excellent design. The execution is inferior to the preceding, but,



Fig. 18.

notwithstanding this, the expression of the two faces is very good and characteristic. One of the figures is beating a drum at some scene of rejoicing.

Fig. 15 represents a group of two figures, the warriors of a former age, when there were Kami, personages of a semi-divine nature, who, like the great Norse sea-kings, or the heroic characters of the Niebelungen, fill a large place in the mythic and early history of the Japanese. The expression of both faces, and the contrast between them, as well as the action of the figures, are dramatic in effect.

The next group carries us into the mythic region altogether. Fig. 16 consists of two figures, seated, representing the



Fig. 19.

Thunder God and his son repairing the drum by which the artillery of the skies is made to play. This is very finely carved, and the grim yet grotesque expression of both faces is rendered in a way to remind us of the best productions of the Gothic era in the gurgoyles and diableries of the cathedrals. Fig. 17 represents the same action by a single figure, and, if the three faces and figures are compared, it will be seen with what variety of expression they invest their mythic creations. Fig. 18 is another of the same class—a Gnome or Caliban crouching under a shell. This refers to an ancient custom of clearing

the house of evil spirits by a shower of scorching peas. In anticipation of the burning missiles, he has crept under a shell, using it as a shield of defence. The face is both evil and grotesque in its expression, and well responds to the popular idea of their satanic spirits. Fig. 19 is taken from a very small but exquisite piece of ivory-carving, representing a lotus-leaf, bud, and frog, all executed with the greatest delicacy of touch. This series can hardly be surpassed for vigour and artistic execution.

I had marked a whole series of a different style, and illustrating some of the Japanese superstitions, showing how they embody many of their philosophic and religious speculations on the endless existence of evil, not only in the visible world, but, as they conceive, in the realm of the invisible equally. I must be content, however, with a few words of description only.

One represents a snail, a frog, and a snake on the top of a fungus or toadstool. The moral being, that the frog eats the snail; the snake, in its turn, eats the frog; but there is that in the snail that is fatal to the snake, and so the vicious circle is always being renewed. In another the elements are the same, but the base is a rock with leaves, and it bears the monogram of a celebrated artist.

Here is a series illustrative of the popular creed regarding a future life, full of interest in a psychological and religious aspect. One represents a skull with a skeleton grasshopper seated upon it. Another, a fellow to it, is a skull with a snake protruding through the eyeless sockets, pointing to one of the articles of their faith that there is punishment in a future life and "a worm that dieth not" in reserve for evildoers in this world. Many more of these, some in ivory and others in wood, of fine execution, I collected myself as opportunity offered while residing in the country. Some are curiously in accordance with the views of purgatory and a future state, as taught in the Roman Church. Here, for instance, is a group representing a scene in purgatory. The skeletons of a father and his child are represented, wolves (or ghouls in that form), devouring and gnawing the bones of other skeletons near them. Those of the Japanese who have faith in a future life believe that there are two distinct places, one for the good and another for the wicked, where the souls enter into a new body to suffer punishment or enjoy reward for their past life. In the popular creed there are one hundred and sixty-three different places of punishment, eight of which are more severe than the rest. They believe, however, as do the Romanists, that the souls of the departed may be saved from eternal punishment by the prayers or good deeds of the remaining relatives, who generally hope they may arrive at this end by giving fees to temples and priests, or by undertaking pilgrimages to sacred places. Thus the creed taught by the Buddhist *bonzes*, and by which the temples profit, is not very different in these particulars from the tenets and practices of the Roman and Greek Churches. Here is another group, representing the husband and son departed from this life, while the widowed wife and mother remains behind to mourn for them. While she is thus engrossed with thoughts of the departed, their spirits, represented by their skeletons, are hovering round her, though she is unconscious of their presence. Longfellow has expressed a similar idea in the lines so pathetically quoted by Livingstone in his *Diary* when, near his end and alone in the dismal swamps of Central Africa, his thoughts flew back to his children and friends,—

"I shall look into your faces,
And listen to what you say,
And be often very near you
When you think I'm far away."

Another group represents the spirit of a mother who meets her departed son, after having summoned him by striking on his father's skull with a bone.

One of the most strange and ghastly of these renderings of popular superstitions is a group representing a feast of the

dead. They are amusing themselves in Hell, or Hades, by drinking *saki*, the usual intoxicating beverage of the people; while ghosts and goblins serve the table. Here, in another, is a skeleton saying his prayers and beating a large skull, instead of the instrument commonly used in the temples for the orisons of the priests. Some of these *netsuzukés* had immense additional value attached to them in Japanese eyes, by the monograms of celebrated artists, such as Nimbo, Hogioku, and others who were carvers of great renown—"old masters" in their art.

It would be easy to select from the nearly inexhaustible store of ivory *netsuzukés* a series which should form an illustrated history of the habits, legends, and customs of the nation, though it might be difficult to obtain from the Japanese themselves a correct or reliable explanation of many. One group before me represents the god and patron of commerce, Tebisu, writing the character *Dai* (large) on the account-books, whilst the god of riches is assisting him in rubbing the Indian ink. This *netsuzuké* is, or was—for superstitions, as well as costumes, are liable to change—usually worn by merchants, because supposed to carry with it good fortune and gain in all the transactions of the wearer. Another of Daigoku, the god of riches, represents him exhibiting his treasures to a small child. Here is a bad devil being tamed by a charming young lady, carved by the artist Linsa. Celebrated pictures of the same subject are to be seen, I am told, in the village of Lerake, near Kuto, showing that the popular faith in the power of woman to tame the evil spirit in man, is at least as common in Japan as in Europe.

Another is a reproduction of the story of a portentously long-legged man crossing a river with another on his shoulders, whose arms match the legs of the other—the moral being that one good turn deserves another; for round the feet of the long-legged is an octopus, from which he is being delivered by the long arms of the dwarf he is carrying.

Lastly, I must speak of a group of five figures carved out of a single block—a quarrel of blind beggars. The principal figure has his fingers caught between the teeth of one whom he is preparing to fell to the ground with his staff; but this, in turn, is held fast by a third, who is under his feet, and a fourth is clasping his legs. I have seen no finer specimen of Japanese art, and it would bear comparison with some of the best ivory-carving in Europe, in this or any age; but a series of views would be necessary to give any fair idea of the artistic treatment of the group.

This is to be seen in Mr. Alt's valuable collection, now on view at the Bethnal Green Museum, together with many illustrations of their popular ideas on a future life, in finely-carved *netsuzukés*. One represents a skeleton dancing to the music of a wife, or singing-girl, playing on the banjo, or Japanese guitar. One foot rests on her fan, as if to show the unsubstantiality of this most grotesque presentment of a ghastly dance of the dead; while the other is lifted in the performance of a caper, and one hand is raised to the head while the other holds a fan. Both figures are admirable in their carving and expression, but the action of the dancing skeleton is worthy of Holbein, and might figure in his 'Dance of Death.' Another represents a skeleton seated with a lotus blossom in his right hand, and his left encircling a skull as large as the whole figure. A somewhat similar one in wood is in my own collection, only in this the skeleton, especially the head, is treated in a more conventional way, and it is in the act of beating the wooden instrument used in the temples by the *Bonzes* while reciting the prayers, to produce a sort of monotonous accompaniment. An ivory group, representing the headlong course of a mounted horseman riding through the sea, is also excellent in design and execution.

These brief notices may help those who have not had many opportunities of examining *netsuzukés* of the finer kind to form some idea of the most characteristic excellences of Japanese Art and workmanship. In this class I believe the Japanese have never been excelled, and some specimens are quite unique.

(To be continued.)

OBITUARY.

ROBERT THOMAS LANDELLS.

WE regret much to record the death of this very popular and clever artist, which occurred on the 5th of January. He was a son of the late Mr. E. Landells, an excellent wood-engraver, and one of the original proprietors of *Punch*. In 1842 he became associated with the *Illustrated London News*. His son joined the staff of that journal as a "special artist," and in 1856 was sent out to the seat of war in the Crimea. He witnessed all the great campaigns of the last twenty years, including those of the Crimean, Danish, Austro-Prussian, and Franco-German wars. He received three medals from foreign governments in appreciation of his artistic merits, including a war-medal presented by the Crown Prince of Prussia, in special recognition of his courage. Mr. Landells also executed commemorative drawings for her Majesty. His death was comparatively early—in his forty-fourth year.

ERNEST VON BANDEL.

Our readers will probably remember this name in connection with a short notice we gave last year of a colossal statue of Hermann (Arminius) lately erected at Detmold, Germany; it is the work of Von Bandel, who died in the month of September last at Donauwerth, Bavaria. He was a Westphalian nobleman, who devoted his life to sculpture. The figure of Hermann, standing one hundred feet high, independent of the pedestal, was the result of very many years of labour: the sculptor seems to have lived just long enough to see the great object of his life erected.

JOSEPH PERRAUD.

France has lost an eminent sculptor by the decease, at the end of October last, of M. Perraud, a member of the *Académie des Beaux Arts*, who was born, in 1821, at Monay (Jura), and studied consecutively under the younger Ramey and A. Dumont. In 1847 he received the great prize of Rome for a subject of classic tradition. To the Paris International Exhibition of 1855 he contributed a statue in marble of 'Adam' and a plaster bas-relief called 'Les Adieux,' for which he was awarded a medal of the first class. M. Perraud's 'Infancy of Bacchus,' exhibited in 1857, is regarded as one of his best works, and his figure representing the Lyric Drama is among the finest sculptures which decorate the New Opera House, Paris. In 1857 he received another medal of the first class, and the ribbon of a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour; in 1863,

1865, and 1869, M. Perraud was awarded the grand medal of honour, and in 1867 was promoted to the grade of Officer of the Legion of Honour. His funeral was attended by a large body of eminent artists and literary and scientific men; military honours were paid to him, and M. Meissonier and others pronounced a eulogium at the grave.

M. LAURENT DE LARA.

This gentleman, well known as a famous illuminator, died on the 15th of December, at the age of seventy. He was the author of a Manual on the art of illuminating, which has passed through several editions; he also gained a prize for an illuminated chess-table, on vellum, contributed to the International Exhibition of 1851. M. de Lara held the appointment of illuminating artist to the Queen.

V. LUCCARDI.

The death of this Italian sculptor occurred at Ginazzano towards the end of last year, at the age of sixty-five. Luccardi, after studying his art in the Academy of the Fine Arts at Venice, went to Florence, where he studied and practised several years, but in 1836 he established himself in Rome, when he took high rank among sculptors. A group by him, called 'The Universal Deluge,' exhibited many years ago in Paris, obtained for him a gold medal and the Cross of the Legion of Honour. In our International Exhibition of 1862 Signor Luccardi contributed a marble statue representing 'Susannah at the Bath.'

PIETRO MAGNI.

Signor Magni, whose death occurred early in January last, in his native city, Milan, was well known among us by his very popular realistic figure of 'The Reading Girl,' in the International Exhibition of 1862, and which was engraved in the *Art Journal* of 1864. He studied his art in the Academy of Milan, where he gained a silver medal in 1837, another in 1841, the grand prize in 1851, a silver medal at Turin in 1840, and a medal at the International Exhibition, London, in 1851. Signor Magni contributed to the Paris International Exhibition of 1855 a group in plaster called 'Napoleon,' a statue, 'Socrates in the Theatre of Athens,' also in plaster; a marble statue of David; another called 'Angélica,' and a third of a veiled female. The 'Socrates' and 'Angélica' were exhibited in London in 1862 with 'The Reading Girl.' His age was about sixty.

THE RABBIT ON THE WALL.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF SIR WILLIAM G. ARMSTRONG, C.B., D.C.L., &c. &c.

SIR D. WILKIE, R.A., Painter.

W. GREATBACH, Engraver.

THIS picture, painted in 1816, will always maintain the high rank critics and collectors have assigned to it among the pictures of the artist for quiet genuine humour and pleasant expression; while for technical qualities of Art it has rarely been excelled even by the best masters of the Dutch *genre* school.

The day's work over, a young rustic amuses himself and others by so placing his fingers as to produce a shadow like that of a rabbit, and very earnest he seems in "setting his model," keeping his eyes steadfastly fixed on the wall to ascertain how the little animal "comes out;" this it does most satisfactorily to the juvenile spectators, who, one and all, are evidently delighted with the exhibition, and even the mother looks amused, though

perhaps more at seeing the enjoyment of the bairns than for any special interest she may feel in the performance itself. 'All the accessories of the picture are painted with evident truth; the room appears to be that ordinarily used as the kitchen of the cottage, whose tenant is doubtless in comfortable circumstances, probably a bailiff or gamekeeper, for there is a fishing-rod attached to the beams of the ceiling and a couple of wild ducks hang near the plate-rack on the wall; a pony or donkey may be assumed to form part of the establishment, for a bridle, blinkers, &c., are visible.

In May, 1842, the picture, then the property of Mr. John Turner, was sold at Messrs. Christie's for 700 guineas.





THE MOTHER AND THE BIRD.

FROM THE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LITTLE NARRATIVE.

ART AND ART-MANUFACTURE. 1851-1877.



R. E. J. POYNTER, R.A., Art-Director of the South Kensington Museum, and Earl Granville have been delivering addresses on the subjects of Art and Art-manufacture that merit, and have received, much public attention. As might be expected, their opinions by no means harmonise. The one speaks of things as he finds them, the other of things as they were and are—with experience as well as knowledge. The one bases his arguments on his ideas of what might be, the other grounds his opinions on familiar acquaintance not only with the present but the past.

If we rightly understand Mr. Poynter, he considers that British Art-manufacture is in a deplorable state, that it has not advanced during the last twenty, or thirty, or even forty years, and that in most ways, if not in all, an entire change is necessary to render it commensurate with the progress of the age. He seems to agree with the Rev. Mark Pattison, Rector of Lincoln, who, lately, speaking at Oxford, expressed his belief that Art in England had retrograded rather than advanced.

Earl Granville (and there are many reasons why we should accept as authority a nobleman who has had the best opportunities for studying every branch of the subject, who is a ripe scholar, an eloquent teacher in many ways, and conspicuous for a high culture that adds weight to dignity and rank), dissents *in toto* from such views, and, in an address to Art-students at Dover, gives satisfactory reasons for so dissenting. He denies that "with our increasing wealth there has been an increase in bad taste." He believes "exactly the reverse." So do we; and we must express our astonishment that educated gentlemen, with the means of acquiring information, daily, in a hundred varied ways, should express opinions so directly at variance with evidence and fact.

Mr. Poynter is a comparatively young man: so we presume is Mr. Pattison; and we believe we shall be doing them no injustice in crediting them with but a slight acquaintance with English Art-manufacture as it was thirty or forty years ago. We shall endeavour to show that before, and for some years after, the memorable year 1851, the Industrial Arts—the arts of manufacture—were, every branch of them, in a deplorable state of decadence; from which they have of late years risen so as to compete successfully with the best produce of France, Belgium, and Germany, not only in material and make, but in design.

We have used the term "decadence," because, if we go back, not thirty or forty, but a hundred years, we shall at once admit that *some* manufactures were then superior to those we have had since—in two or three departments, that is to say. The great Wedgwood stood out, at the close of the past century, as conspicuous and pre-eminent in his department as Shakespeare did in literature at the close of the sixteenth century; and Chelsea, and later, Worcester, issued articles in ceramic art such as have not since been produced in this country, nor indeed in any other country, excepting at Sèvres, and there only for a season. But the few great manufacturers who produced good things in those days were exceptions to a rule almost universal; they had imitators for a time, who traded on their renown, stealing their models or clumsily adapting them: collectors have abundant proofs of this in the base copies they meet with by men who never had one original thought. So it was then, and for thirty or forty years afterwards, not only in ceramic art, but in other departments of British Art-manufacture: England, indeed, gave little that people liked, still less that was worthy of admiration, while France was willing to receive the money of all customers, and to furnish "patterns" in return. We have now something analogous to the practice which then prevailed, in the eager competition of American publishers for "advance sheets" of popular books.

They are indeed bold assertions Messrs. Poynter and Pattison

make—that instead of advancing we have retrograded in taste during the last thirty or forty years. Notwithstanding that there are now in the British Islands one hundred and forty schools for teaching Art, principally to those who are being educated to create Art—supported mainly by grants of public money—and that at South Kensington there has existed for a great part of that time an Institution that has cost the country more than a million pounds sterling, bestowing medals annually upon some scores of assistant teachers, while a school for females, well supported, exists in London, doing likewise;—notwithstanding that there are now numerous publications that, weekly or monthly, illustrate by good engravings Art-progress in all its branches, while thirty or forty years ago there was *but one*;—notwithstanding that every appropriate shop window in every town of the Kingdom displays finely-executed works, imported or of British fabric, where formerly nothing of the sort at any time greeted the eyes of passers-by, except when twelfth-cake tickets were in vogue, or grotesque valentines with a few splashes of three or four glaring colours were in fashion for a few days;—notwithstanding that children are taught and amused by books that would have been costly luxuries forty years ago, and are now procurable for a penny apiece, while the Christmas cards, issued by millions, are so admirably drawn and so skilfully coloured that the majority of them may be lessons for students, though procurable often for a halfpenny each;—still, in spite of all this and much more, these gentlemen deliberately declare that in taste in Art-productions this country has for the last thirty or forty years been retrograding!

Let those who are old enough recall to mind the deformities in literature and the abominations in Art that children's books showed forty years ago, and compare them with those now issued by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, the Religious Tract Society—those that are edited by Mr. T. B. Smithies—and by nearly all our publishers: have we in this most important matter been "advancing backward"? Then again, the art of photography (undiscovered forty years ago) has made common all the best pictures of all ages—pictures of which the general public, the masses, used to hear and read little, and know almost nothing. Further, the electrotpe process has made familiar the finest achievements of the great masters of Art in the precious metals, placing them upon the tables, not of clubhouses only, but of hotels, and in all private dwellings that aim at respectability. We all know that a considerable proportion of the vast increase of wealth in the manufacturing districts has been expended in Art-luxuries of acknowledged excellence by people who forty years ago would have thought such acquisitions absurdly extravagant. But we might fill a page with a mere list of facts flatly and most satisfactorily contradicting the artist and Art-critic who have pronounced *ex cathedra* that we have gone backward instead of forward since these accumulated helps to advancement have been ours—available to every class and order of artisans, manufacturers, artists, and Art-designers, not only in the capital, but in the provinces.

Earl Granville lays much stress on our progress in architecture—domestic architecture more especially—and directs attention to the warehouses and shop-fronts that are, whether perfect or imperfect, marvellous advances on what they were thirty or forty years ago. Indeed, many of them are admirable as works of Art, though they are now so common as to be passed unnoticed. And has the Art-Union of London done nothing to improve public taste? Have its thousands of pictures, and its hundreds of thousands of engravings—every one of which has been hung as a home adornment in some household—aided but to keep back the tide of progress? That institution has existed forty years: has it existed in vain?

Mr. Poynter at all events, we presume, will not contend that to obtain good pictures is to acquire bad taste. Thirty or forty years ago an artist was glad to get a hundred pounds for a

painting for which a dealer would now give him a thousand. Is it requisite to say that at the period to which we refer—nay, much later—the taste of the wealthy magnates of Lancashire, of Yorkshire, of the Midland Counties, in truth, of all England, was for the “old masters”—that from ten thousand to twelve thousand of such “old masters” were annually imported into England, besides what were “made” here, and sold under the names of painters not one in a hundred of whom ever saw the canvases on which the pictures were painted? They were sold, however, as fast as they came—Titians, Raffaelles, Canalettos, Ruysdaels; there was no great master imitations of whose works had not a place of honour in the galleries of rich ironmasters or cottonspinners.

At that time, how was it with our English artists? Leslie sold to Mr. Rogers his ‘Sancho and the Duchess’ for £75, which Mr. Wallis bought at Rogers’s sale for £1,150. Müller sold for 80 guineas the ‘Chess-players,’ for which Mr. Bolckow, M.P., paid £4,300 (Müller never but once received more than 100 guineas for a picture). Prout was content with any sum between £6 and £60 for any drawing he ever made. Hilton obtained £200 from Mr. Vernon for his grand picture, ‘Finding the Body of Harold;’ it had been exhibited at the Royal Academy, but no one had asked its price, and when Mr. Vernon bought it it had been cut from the frame, rolled up, and placed “out of the way” in a cellar. (It was our happy fortune to direct Mr. Vernon’s attention to the discreditable fact.) Mr. Vernon, in 1849, gave to John Linnell £40 for ‘The Storm,’ and £100 for ‘Wood-cutting’ (now in the Vernon Gallery), both of which pictures we bought for him at those prices at the British Institution.

In 1849 Christie sold ‘The Terrace, Haddon Hall,’ one of the few early pictures in oils by David Cox, for 35 gs.; ‘A Study,’ by W. Collins, 26 gs., and ‘Seashore Fishermen,’ 31 gs.; ‘Landscape and Cattle,’ by Lee and Cooper, 130 gs.; ‘Fording the River,’ by Linnell, 63 gs.; ‘The Old Foot-road,’ by Creswick, 58 gs.; ‘The Stepping-stones,’ by Creswick, 44 gs.; ‘A Shed, with Cows and Children,’ by Müller, 10 gs. We copy the prices of some of the pictures by British artists sold in 1852, because that was after British Art received an impetus at the Great Exhibition; before that year they would have brought smaller amounts. It is to be noted that the works we quote were from well-known collections, and undoubtedly by the masters whose names they bore:—‘The Alhambra,’ D. Roberts, £194 gs.; ‘Girl by a Stream,’ T. Creswick, £66; ‘Le Bon Curé,’ F. Goodall, £86 2s.; ‘Battle of Prestonpans,’ Sir W. Allan, £37 16s.; ‘Coast of Holland,’ E. W. Cooke, £60 8s.; ‘Flight into Egypt,’ J. Linnell, 185 gs.; ‘The Larder Invaded,’ T. Faed, 67 gs.; ‘Ferdinand and Miranda,’ Poole, 145 gs.; ‘The Tide Down,’ T. Danby, £110; ‘The Blackberry Gatherers,’ W. Collins, £130; ‘Flint Castle,’ Turner, £152 2s.; ‘May Day,’ Leslie, £110 5s.; ‘Landscape with Cattle,’ T. S. Cooper, £150; ‘Haunt of the Kingfisher,’ T. Creswick, 80 gs. Yet we find repeated notices of these sales indicating that the works of British artists were rapidly advancing in value, and that they brought at public sales much more than the artists received for them. Among the collections were those of Mr. Wells, of Redleaf, and Mr. Clows, of Liverpool:—‘St. Michael’s Mount,’ E. W. Cooke, £63; ‘Columbus and the Egg,’ Leslie, £335 18s.; ‘Looking Out,’ Callcott, £168; ‘The Church at Caen,’ D. Roberts, £73 10s.; ‘The Pets,’ Ansdell, £52; ‘The Spae Wife’ (large work), Philip, £220 15s.; ‘Dolly Varden,’ Frith, £157 10s.*

* In 1845 I visited Mr. Charles Meigh, an eminent manufacturer, at the Staffordshire Potteries. I gave a description of his collection. He had recently acquired a “Rubens,” for which he paid £500, and, not long previously, a picture, the joint production of Webster and Creswick, which he had bought for £65. I somewhat surprised him by telling him that, taking the two merely at their commercial value, I would give more for the work of the English painters than I would for that of the great Flemish master. And I added, “You will find I am justly estimating both if you ever seek to sell them.” They were subsequently sold at Christie’s—the Rubens was bought in for £80, the Webster and Creswick sold for £320. At a later period it would have brought our times that sum. Our notice of his gallery contained this passage:—“His old masters must have cost him more than his noble assemblage of works by British artists; we do not hesitate to say they would bring prices much less than they cost him, while those of our own painters would produce prices infinitely higher.”—*Art Journal*, December, 1845.

We cannot afford space for more than these instances; we might quote hundreds. We have been more than once at a private view of the Royal Academy, when, during the day, there was not—excepting portraits, including those of horses and dogs—a single picture marked with the red star to denote “Sold.”

Thirty or forty years ago there was scarcely such a thing as a Provincial Exhibition of Pictures, while of picture dealers in the Provinces there were none. Now there are few places of any magnitude in England and Scotland that do not annually show collections of loans by collectors, mixed with productions of Metropolitan contributors and native artists, the returns of sales being usually very large. In no town of importance is there less than one picture and print dealer, with a “gallery” well supplied with valuable and instructive works of Art.

Formerly the newspapers rarely contained criticisms on Art; even “the exhibitions” were usually limited to about a column of matter; now they are always treated at length, and, for the most part, with great ability, generally too with a due sense of responsibility, generously, and considerately. Usually, some twenty columns of a daily newspaper are occupied by this topic in May and June, and there are few artists of ability who altogether escape notice. When the *Art Journal* commenced its existence, in 1839, the galleries of pictures annually opened to the public rarely exceeded five in number, namely, the Royal Academy, the British Institution, the Society of British Artists, and the two Water-Colour Societies; now one may count at least twenty galleries inviting public attention, not only once in the year, but twice: the “winter exhibitions” having become established facts.

Many readers of this Journal, we doubt not, will remember that for several years we laboured, and certainly not in vain, to convince the public that old masters were at all times hazardous and in most instances frauds, and that prudence suggested the purchase of modern pictures, which could be identified. There were far higher motives for patronising British artists, and these we from time to time advanced. The editor of this publication has lived to see his hopes, if not his anticipations, realised: it is not often, nowadays, that good pictures by English painters leave an exhibition unsold. But he had a hard fight to bring that about. Month after month, he procured Custom-house returns (at that time pictures paid a duty of one shilling a square foot), and he told where, after importation, they were “baked” and prepared for market. It was impossible that such continual exposures could have been without effect. Gradually, perambulating dealers lost their trade, buyers grew shy of buying, and after an action for libel—*Hart v. Hall*—tried at Warwick in 1855, and the consequent exposure of the nefarious traffic, it was literally “knocked up.” It is our belief that after that trial the business fell off ninety per cent. Now, it would be safe to assert that in the possession of the manufacturing and trading classes of the country there are, in galleries and private mansions, pictures by British artists that altogether have cost their possessors millions of money. In Lancashire alone probably a million has been expended in such paintings. We might safely put the sum at ten millions for London and the provinces combined.

It seems to us almost beyond reasonable doubt that by such means, this largely-increased and judicious expenditure in high-class works of Art, the public taste must have been corrected and elevated; for the influence of these works has reached to large numbers besides their owners. Or are we to believe that the minds of these wealthy and prosperous purchasers of good pictures are incapable of cultivation? Have they had no higher culture than their forefathers, who saw pictures only when they visited the mansions of their landlords to pay their rents, and who would as soon have thought of expending a thousand pounds on a picture as of drinking Cleopatra’s pearl in a draught of vinegar?

Neither Mr. Poynter nor Mr. Pattison seems justly to appreciate the aristocracy of wealth—men who are, for the most part (though in many instances self-taught) of high intellectual capacity, with faculties trained and cultivated by intercourse with educated intelligence, expanded by travel and by seeing

abroad and at home all that can be seen to instruct and improve. Does Mr. Poynter imagine that while purchasing pictures, and visiting collections in all countries, they have been so utterly neglectful of their own interests as to see nothing, and therefore to know nothing, of the special calling in which they are engaged, and by which they make the wealth with which they buy?—that Mr. —, the great English potter, never visits the showrooms of leaders of his craft in Paris, or Dresden, or Berlin?—that the works of cabinetmakers in these cities are no acquaintances of Mr. —, who has made a good reputation, and seeks supremacy in London? The English manufacturers, we venture to say, go about with their eyes open, like most other people who seek to increase their trade and have to encounter rivals.

Again, has nothing been learned, has no advantage been gained, from the perhaps twenty Exhibitions of Arts and Manufacture that have been held in Great Britain and other countries of Europe, since the great example of 1851? Is Great Britain alone in receiving no profit from the lessons thus obtained in every class and order of Art-manufacture, from the very lowest to the very highest? The theme is so extensive, and embraces so many considerations, that we had better pass it by than treat it insufficiently. Of exhibitions of Art-industry, from the first, in 1845 to the latest, in 1876, we have reported altogether fifteen—that of 1851, that of 1862, and that of Paris in 1867, being illustrated by nearly a thousand engravings each. We ask, have there been no valuable lessons learned from these? Were the great Art-manufacturers, thus represented by their best productions, incapable alike of teaching and of learning what is admirable and excellent?

We do not forget the proverb concerning self-praise, but we must be allowed to say we hope and believe that the *Art Journal* has had some influence in cultivating public taste, in educating the manufacturer, in explaining the "mercantile value of the Fine Arts" and in making it manifest that "beauty is cheaper than deformity"—two texts on which we have been preaching, month by month, during thirty-eight years: for a large proportion of those years the Journal being the only periodical publication that represented the Arts in any country of Europe.

In 1845 we made a Tour in the manufacturing districts; reporting upon them in the volumes of the *Art Journal* for 1846 and the year following. We visited Birmingham, Kidderminster, Stourbridge, Wolverhampton, Sheffield, Nottingham, the Staffordshire Potteries, Manchester, Derby, Coalbrookdale, and other places. We found no artist of any kind engaged at any one of the establishments in these great manufacturing towns; now and then, the assistance of some artist was obtained "somehow," when any special work was undertaken, but as to any Art-staff attached to the works, that was never thought of. When a new design was wanted, which was not often, a bit from one thing and a bit from another were put together, and a "novelty" was thus "got up"; or, and more usually, something was imported from abroad, and modified and adapted to suit the market. Our visits were illustrated by engravings; naturally we selected the best objects we could find; reference to our pages will show that they were for the most part, as regards taste and artistic execution, deplorable. In short, Art in design for manufacture was at a very low ebb indeed; and an examination of our Illustrated Report of the International Exhibition in 1851 will show that the tide had not even then begun to rise, that we were immeasurably below our neighbours and rivals in all that constituted Art in design as aiding Art-manufacture.

Our hope from the first was to associate the Fine Arts with the Arts of Industry, that the latter might be elevated, while materially and "pecuniarily" benefited by the former. "We have strenuously endeavoured," we said in 1846, "to impress on the minds of our readers, that to give British productions mercantile value by the agency of the Fine Arts is a national object which requires for its attainment combined national efforts. Every one branch of industry is interested and implicated in the artistic, as well as in the mercantile, improvement of all the rest. Perversity of taste remaining anywhere, works out long results of injury;

while a beautiful invention in any form of production suggests conceptions of beauty for a vast variety of other productions." The following passage is extracted from the *Art Journal*, 1848; it occurs in an article entitled "The Mutual Interests of Artists and Art-manufacturers":—

"There appears to us, then, a natural and early connection between the pursuits of the artist and the manufacturer. In the primary ages both were combined in one person; through periods of progress they advanced concurrently; and to ensure the perfection of both the bonds by which they are united, instead of being relaxed, should be drawn closer together in mutual alliance. The artist offers to the manufacturer the conception which is sure to command the homage of the public; the manufacturer enables the artist to give his conception, not merely a local habitation in material reality, but an existence which admits of its being known, appreciated, admired, and applauded. We have abundant evidence that the greatest artists of their day furnished designs for the vases and bronzes of Greece, Etruria, and Southern Italy. The cartoons of Raffaele testify that the greatest of painters did not disdain to become a designer for the workers of the loom and the embroidery-frame. Benvenuto Cellini developed the purest conceptions of statuary with the chasing-tool; and the revolution which our Wedgwood worked in the English potteries was most effectually aided by Flaxman. . . . There is, then, nothing derogatory to the highest Art in lending its aid to decorate objects of utility. The sculptor does not lower his position when he supplies a model for the moulder in iron, brass, statuary-porcelain, or any other substance in which casts may be taken. The painter no way derogates from his dignity when he furnishes beautiful patterns to the manufacturer of furniture cottons, of muslins, of chintzes, or of paper-hangings. Artists are public teachers, and it is their duty, as well as their interest, to aim at giving the greatest possible extent and publicity to their instructions."

Certainly, all Art-manufacturers were not equally low and incapable. Elkington, in 1845, was beginning his career; and, although himself ignorant of Art, foresaw the advantage he might gain by obtaining proper Art-assistance. All his first helpers were foreigners. There were in Birmingham some other producers of its staple, notably Messenger, who soon saw the policy of progress. So it was with Webb of Stourbridge, whose crystal glass has maintained its supremacy from that day to this; but his achievements were in brilliant cutting; he made no attempt at engraved designs. At Kidderminster, Mr. Henry Brinton, a gentleman of rare intelligence, had begun to see the stupidity of disfiguring carpets with roses a foot square, temples, rockwork, and so forth, suggestive of a stumble to all who trod upon them; and in 1845 we found Mr. Henry Brinton making carpets from the "Gothic Designs" of Professor Herdeloff, published in the *Art Journal*. The following year we said, "At present, neither in Kidderminster nor in any of the neighbouring towns, is there, we believe, a single resident artist to give a moment's thought to the improvement of the colour, forms, or designs of the staple manufacture of the district." We then expressed a hope that a school of design might be established there. There is now at Kidderminster such a school, and probably a hundred artists are employed at the several works.

At the Staffordshire Potteries bad taste was the rule, though there were exceptions; some of the earlier works of "Copeland, late Spode," were of great excellence; they are still prized by collectors; and Mr. Minton was as much in advance of his time as Wedgwood was of his; but he has more than once complained to us, as he did to Earl Granville, that his good things were produced for the love of what was good, and without the remotest idea that he could derive any profit from them: the public preferred ugliness, and ugliness had to be provided for them. At Coalbrookdale a move in the right direction had been commenced: some fancy had been introduced into door-scrappers and umbrella-stands and articles of more importance. (A few months ago there emanated from those great Works two volumes of "patterns," containing about two thousand designs, certainly

three-fourths of which are creditable specimens of good Art.) At Sheffield there had been little change for a century; the old types were those invariably followed, anything like a truly artistic design was very seldom thought of. At Manchester, notoriously, there was very rarely an attempt to produce in printing a new design the origin of which was British; every large house had its agent in Paris, who regularly transmitted the designs in silk or cotton that were produced in France before they were sent into circulation. For these "bits" large prices were paid, whether used or not; but to employ an English artist was altogether out of the question. Is there a firm in Manchester now, or in Kidderminster, or in any one of the producing centres, that has not its artists' room, where a score (often more) of artists sit regularly at their work, to supply the artistic wants of the establishment? There is no leading establishment in England, Scotland, or Ireland that does not "entertain" a staff of artists, while many of them have imported, not the designs, but the designers.

We need not say that the Department of Science and Art has had a vast deal to do with these happy changes. A history of that large and most useful establishment would be out of place here: we shall seek an abler hand than ours to treat this subject at full, to show the immense influence for good, and good only, that has been induced by the parent Institution and by its many branches in the United Kingdom.

The authorities at South Kensington are called upon to adjudicate annually upon many thousands of original designs, awarding prizes to the most meritorious—i.e. the most practically useful. How many such were produced in this Kingdom thirty years ago? It is not uncommon, at the present day, for a manufacturer to pay sums varying from one guinea to fifty guineas for a single design, which he can now register, so as to profit by the right. Thirty years ago there was no security in any such transaction; any one who might wish to purchase a certain design knew that in all probability it would be pirated the day after the goods bearing it were sent to market.

When we commenced to engrave objects of Art-manufacture we had this difficulty to encounter—that any unscrupulous person could see and might steal the design: we successfully met the objection by showing that it was easy for such unscrupulous person to obtain the article he designed to "borrow," but that if it were engraved, as detection and consequent exposure were made at once certain, he would be as little likely to commit the theft as he would be to take another man's hat and retain the owner's name in it.

It is unnecessary to enter into further details. Enormous efforts have been made in England during the last thirty years to compete with France, and those efforts have been successful—successful beyond hope, when we consider that public Art-education in France is the growth of centuries, and that it was unknown in England half a century ago. Yet Mr. Poynter and Mr. Pattison tell us that all our labours have produced fruit more worthless than that of the Dead Sea.

During the last thirty years we have represented nearly all the leading manufacturers of Europe—that is to say, of Ger-

many, Belgium, Italy, and France—while there is, we think, not a single British manufacturer of note some of whose goods will not be found "figured" in our pages. We have given engravings of, we imagine, twenty thousand examples of Art-manufacture. We ask those specially interested to examine the volumes of the *Art Journal* since 1851—say some two or three years subsequent to that *annus mirabilis*—and we challenge them to point out ten per cent. of the many thousands of illustrations of specimens of Art-manufacture that they can conscientiously say evidence bad taste—retrogression instead of progress.

It is of vital moment that we add a few words as to the changes these many circumstances have wrought in the minds, habits, and tastes of the public. Forty years ago, or less, there did not exist a public for Art; to render this Journal successful we had to create a public—and *did*. The theme is too large to enter upon in this article, and to treat it at all might subject us to the charge of self-laudation. We assert, however, that advance is universal in every branch of British Art-manufacture—that there is no branch of Art that has not undergone immense change and improvement. We maintain, in the face of Messrs. Poynter and Pattison, and the very few who think with them, that visitors to any one of the fabricants of Art in Great Britain will find *good taste* the rule and *bad taste* the exception; that the crude, false teaching, ill-constructed and evil designs of thirty or forty years ago, are as completely gone out of the market as the flint, steel, and tinder-box of half a century ago, or the pattens on which our mothers walked through muddy streets to church.

Aided by the best writers on Art-topics—by nearly all the best writers on Art-topics—we claim to have done much of this work. It is a claim that we know will be readily admitted by all British manufacturers, and, we believe, by the public. We have not, we have good reason to think, been labouring for nearly forty years to show "the mercantile value of the Fine Arts," to prove that in reality "beauty is cheaper than deformity"—that to make things good was not necessarily to make them costly, without having produced any beneficial results. We have said that when our work was commenced we found the arts of design generally unknown—certainly unappreciated—in the manufacturing districts; to represent this great interest, much as literature was represented in literary journals, was a new idea, startling at first, and indeed incomprehensible to some. Gradually the manufacturers understood it; there is not, as we have said, a single manufacturer of repute some of whose productions have not been, at some time or other, represented by engravings (the only way in which they could be represented) in the *Art Journal*, and that without cost to him on any single occasion; the expense of all such engravings has been defrayed by the proprietors of this Journal, who looked to the public for the recompense they have, undoubtedly, for many years received. There was, we may in conclusion be permitted to say, a higher reward for which its editor hoped, and which he on good grounds expected. He has had it.

S. C. HALL.

WATCH AND WARD.

W. A. BOUGUEREAU, Painter.

G. BERTINOT, Engraver.

WRITING, last year, about a picture by this artist, an engraving from which we inserted at the time, it was remarked that M. Bouguereau is a French painter whose works are held in considerable repute, not only in his own country, but also in England and America. Having received his early Art-education in the schools of the Academy of Paris, he was awarded, in 1850, the "grand prize" of Rome, and proceeded there to study. His subjects are of the *genre* kind, and several of them have been exhibited in London; for example, his 'La Couronne de Marguerites,' 'Returning Home,' 'The Little

Marauder,' 'The Passing Thought,' 'Echoes of the Sea,' &c. In the gallery in Pall Mall known as the French Gallery, was in 1873 a picture by M. Bouguereau entitled 'The Sleep of Infancy.' We do not remember the work with sufficient vividness to identify it with that engraved here, though it might almost be taken for granted. The figure of the sleeping child shows some excellent modelling and roundness of form. The face of the mother has a disturbed expression, as if not free from great anxiety; but the whole composition is well studied, and the two figures combine agreeably and effectively.



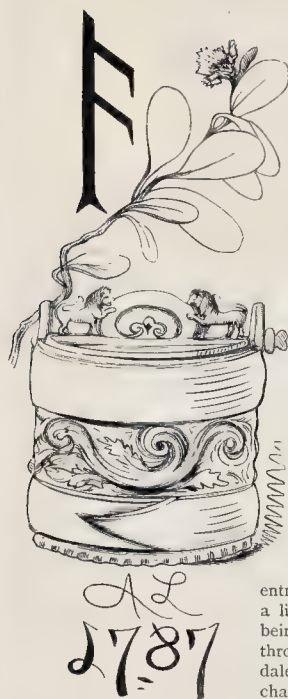




NORWAY.*

By R. T. PRITCHETT, F.S.A.

CHAPTER IV.



ERE seems centred all that is grand in nature, bold in outline, interesting in geological formation, with the constant registers of the ice passage down the valley, as it existed before the glacial period was melted away by the influence of the Gulf Stream. The whole valley suggests the idea of the crust of the earth having cracked in cooling, the fissures forming these immense valleys; at the entrance of these, as the river approaches the fjords or the sea, large plateaux of sand have been deposited in past ages, and through these sandhills the river forces its way, very frequently altering its course, until finally it reaches the sea. These sand plateaux or ridges are very distinctly shown at the entrance of the Rauma river, a little above Væblungnæs, and being exposed to the winds through the two valleys—"Romsdalen" and "Isterdalen"—change on the dry sand is perceptibly going on at all times.

This is especially to be noticed at a spot called Gryten; in the maps it is marked as a church, and a church there once was in the position indicated; but some twenty years ago it was so sanded up that this wooden church, then painted all red outside, was taken to pieces and removed to Væblungnæs, away from the sandstorms and just bordering on the fjord.

The tourist of the promiscuous class is sure to rejoice in this part of Romsdal, as here is situated an old farmhouse, now adapted to modern customs and purveying comforts of all kinds not generally found in Norway. A friend, visiting this happy spot some twenty years ago, was kindly received by the proprietor, Herr Landmark, who is still spared to conduce more than ever now to the increasing wants of Norwegian travellers. By degrees the farmhouse has developed, and is now, with its new annexe, generally spoken of as "the Hotel at Aåk;" still, how different to the modern idea of such things! Very much of the heaven remains; the same kindly reception, and the "Likkelle reise" to the parting guest. Many ask regretfully as they leave the entrance of the house,—in itself a picture—up four wooden steps, to a stage with two small tables and seats—where is such to be found? Some one, perhaps just arrived, feasting his eyes on the view over the Rauma towards the Dronningen and Biskop, in Isterdal; while another is anxiously watching for the first peep of the Romsdal Horn. Over the door and by the side clusters generally a glorious honeysuckle, which grows most profusely and adds much to the picturesqueness. Inside, to the

left, is the *salle à manger*, out of which leads a small room, which is, I believe, now generally left for any ladies stopping in the house. Not much monotony is there, but many delightful evenings, with a little music, sometimes exceedingly good rendering of Mendelssohn, Schuman, Offenbach, and even the severe but sterling Beethoven.

One evening, after a very earnest attempt on the part of our coterie to sing some Norwegian songs, by Kjerulf, it was discovered that amongst those listening outside was the brother of the composer, Professor Kjerulf, now of the Geological chair at Christiania. He was much gratified, and expressed himself much pleased with the English appreciation of his brother's



The Farm at Aåk.

undoubted talent. All his work has great individuality, great crispness, and his airs always "go" well.

The illustration above shows the north side of the house and farm-buildings. The "stabur" or provision-house, is there, with the bell above. The bell is rung regularly for the farm labourers to come in, as they are always fed by the bonder, and the meals, though very simple, seem frequent. It was at this good hostelry that Lady Di Beauclerc stopped and described the French count, who was in search of good "chasse" of reindeer there, and the lady whose pursuit was "le saumon" and who had a fly the same colour as her costume. One becomes imperceptibly very curiously impressed by an association of ideas; several people have mentioned that they felt rather surprised that they had never seen the count with his French hunting horn, nor the lady. There

* Continued from page 84.

is still an idea that their ghosts linger about the spot, waiting, we suppose, for the reindeer and the salmon to come to them. The friend who was so kindly received here some twenty years ago was offered a little fishing by Herr Landmark. A portion of the river Rauma runs in front under the house, and the good sport

made the happy fisherman rabid for life on salmon; he has been to Norway almost every year since, and taken many with him. A few miles above Aåk, leaving the sand plateau behind, we enter the Romsdal valley proper, with the Romsdal Horn rearing its grand peak on the left. The Troltinderne, or the Witches, is



Rauma River-boat.

one of the most remarkable groups of fantastically jagged rocks in Norway, ever varying in effect, the mist wreathing, and most delicately veiling or throwing a film over them, which makes them more gigantic and weird than ever. The outline of the peaks when clear is very serrated indeed, and

with the northern people they have a fair share of superstition about them. These two elements have brought about the tradition that the series of aiguilles represent a wedding party, who were going to the church or kirke. First, the "spilleman" (the fiddler), then the "kanderman" (the best man), with a tankard;



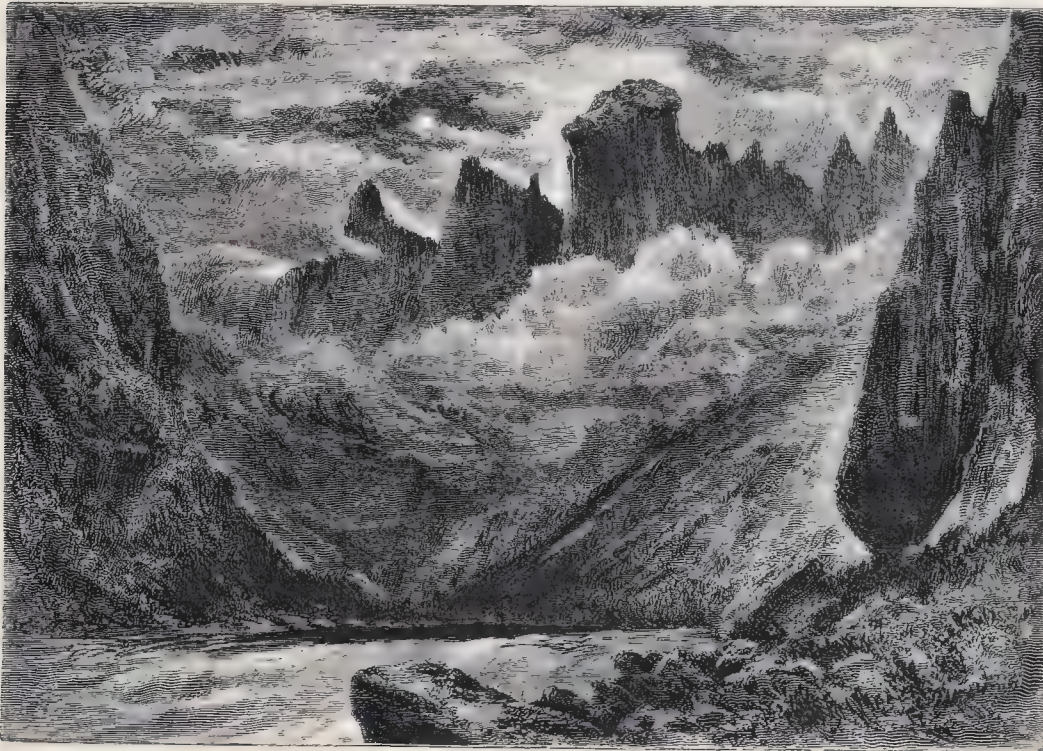
Meal House, Fiva Romsdal.

the next large peak is the priest; then come two peaks, turning away as it were one from another: these were the unhappy bride and bridegroom, who foolishly and injudiciously quarrelled; next come the father and mother. The most curious character is to come: by the side of a sharp point is a mass of rock, which

certainly does look very much like a figure; this is the disconsolate lover, who, seeing that the bride and bridegroom had already quarrelled, makes a frantic rush to cut in and carry off the bride. This must have been the precise moment when they were all turned into stone, and so they remain, a warning

to all frequenters of the valley. That the peasants believe in spirits and "little people" living on the fjeld, even in this year of grace, cannot be denied, as they say they do; but why they should think that these little people have blue heads I cannot imagine. Exactly opposite to the Romsdal Horn, on the other side of the valley, is an immense couloir, originally an enormous landslip, leaving the perpendicular sides of the Troltinderne to gradually crumble and fall down, the finer stuff and debris filling up the interstices between the bigger rocks. After frost, the thunder of the falling rocks and stones into this terrific shoot will last as long as thirty seconds, and the night-falls create constant alarm to new comers; whereas the "elv-wakter," or river-keeper, merely remarks, "The old ladies are quarrelling," or "The old ladies have finished 'aftenmad,' and are throwing out the bones." Still, this brings about a new range of thought

to a person who has never observed portions of the earth's surface in motion. After seeing a huge rock, the size of a stucco-faced villa, hop down the side of a mountain, there arises a certain impressiveness and grandeur unknown before. About once a year there is an important landslip in Norway, hardly more. Most of the loose rocks have their regular grooves, and the peasants know how to avoid them; still, as the vast country is so sparsely inhabited, many must occur which do not "get into the papers." A curious instance of the effect of a small landslip occurred in this valley to an old man, personally known to us. A slip came down behind his house, of good timber stuff, and, fortunately, stopped just short of it. He and his wife decided to leave, and go to live at a place called Aalesund; they did so, for a twelvemonth; after that time they became homesick, and, chancing all further damage, returned to the old



The Troltinderne by Moonlight.

house, where they were living very happily last year. In a future number a description will be given of an important "steen skreed,"—a scene of terrible destruction and considerable interest.

The centre of the valley has two or three good farms, highly productive for Norway, and presenting a very curious appearance to a foreigner when the corn is cut, as the sheaves are stuck upon a pole, sometimes five, sometimes ten, with the head of the sheaves facing the sun, and as the sun works round the heads of corn are kept turned to it, so as to get the greatest amount of heat; which again is an advantage when the peasants arrive at the happy time for carrying their corn; they have only to pull up the stakes with the five or ten sheaves on them, and they are easily carried. Whilst on the subject of corn-drying, it is a most remarkable thing that during the fine weather of the short Norwegian summer the wind helps materially by blowing what the natives call a "sol-gang;" the wind goes round with the sun all day, beginning to blow from the

east in the morning, due south at mid-day, and north-west in the evening.

Having paid especial notice to the Trols, we must turn to the Horn, which rises on the left side: 4,000 feet is the height of it, and it goes sheer up out of the valley; in fact one morning, sitting by the river, a carriage hurrying by, a voice came from it, inquiring, "Where's the Horn?" The old fisherman with me stared at the flying folk in search of information, and pointed straight up over our heads. The summit has never been reached yet, neither by the Government engineers who surveyed the country, nor by Alpine men, who have given up the Aiguille Dru as hopeless, nor by captive balloon, which has been proposed. A very good and likely party from a yacht made a hard try for it, but even some of the crew looked upon it as a hopeless case, from the fact that there is a lean-to on a huge shoulder on the north-west side. Perhaps the most beautiful time of all to see this wild valley is after the first sprinkling of snow, when the tops are powdered; this is the case when the "iron days" come,

and the first snow falls about August 20th. After a little sharp frost the weather recovers from its first shudder, but by the 29th September all is snow again, down to the river. Patches of old snow are always lying in the valley, even during the hottest summer, much more in the couloir; and from the immense scale of everything here the real quantity is most difficult to appreciate.

At the foot of this Romsdal Horn is the Rauma itself—the first fall caused by the rocks thrown down when the couloir was originally formed, and between the river and the base of the Horn runs the road through the valley to Gudsbrandalen. There are a few sheep here in the advanced farms, and these, like all animals in Norge, are wonderfully docile. For some



Sledging.

time we heard sounds of music at a distance, still could never discover either the music or musician, until one day a boy was found playing in a barn, or "laave," on a goat's horn with four holes in it and with a reed mouthpiece. The sound is quaint. This instrument was intended for the amusement of the sheep and used for that purpose, and the boys' mission

was to play to them on the goat's horn. The sheep and goats here follow always, and are not driven; like all other animals in this country they are remarkably tame, and never exhibit signs of fear. This is another pleasant feature resulting from the kindness of the people and their home happiness. Long may it remain to them!

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THREE vacancies for Associates having "chanced," three artists were selected out of 110 candidates, *i.e.* 78 painters, 13 sculptors, 19 architects. The three were Messrs. Walter W. Oulless, Peter Graham, and Marcus Stone—good choices one and all. But how long are the 107 to wait? Till doomsday? The vacancies average three or four per annum, the list of candidates will assuredly increase year by year, and the very best among them are about as likely to be R.A.s as they are to be G.C.B.s. A majority of those who now seek admission are elderly men; yet many of them are as well entitled to the distinction as are any of the forty, or the thirty, who enjoy it. Surely that is not an evil incapable of cure. Our readers cannot fail to be interested in ascertaining the names of the artists who are candidates for admission, and therefore we print the "List of painters, sculptors, and architects nominated by members for the degree of Associate of the Royal Academy of Arts, January, 1877."

PAINTERS.

Anthony, Mark	Calthrop, Claude	Eddis, Eden Upton
Archer, James	Clark, Joseph	Faet, John
Barker, Thos. Jones	Danby, Thomas	Foster, Birket
Barwell, Fredk. B.	Dawson, J.	Gale, William
Beavis, Richard	Desanges, L. W.	Gill, Edmund
Boughton, G. H.	Dicksee, Thos. F.	Gow, Andrew
Brett, J.	Dillon, Frank	Graham, Peter
Buckner, Richard	Field, Walter	Graves, Hon. Hy.
Burgess, J. B.	Fildes, S. L.	Halsewelle, K.

Hardy, Heywood	Knight, C. P.
Hardy, Fredk. D.	Leader, B. W.
Hayllar, J.	Legros, A.
Herbert, W. V.	Lehmann, Rudolph
Hering, George	Linnell, William
Herdman, R.	Macnee, Daniel
Herkomer, Hubert	M'Whirter, John
Hicks, G. E.	Moira, Edward
Holl, Frank, jun.	Moore, H.
Hopkins, Wm. Hy.	Moore, Albert
Hughes, Arthur	Morris, P. R.
Hunt, Alfred W.	Mutrie, Miss A. F.
Hunter, Colin	Mutrie, Miss M. D.
Johnson, Charles E.	Naish, John George
Johnston, Alex.	O'Neill, George B.
Jopling, J. M.	Oulless, Walter W.
Kennedy, E. S.	Paton, Sir Noel

SCULPTORS.

Acton, John A.	Davis, E.	Leifchild, Henry F.
Adams, G. G.	Gleichen, Count	Simonds, George
Birch, Charles B.	Lawlor, John	Thornycroft, Thomas
Boehm, Joseph B.	Lawson, George	Westmacott, J. S.
Butler, Timothy		

ARCHITECTS.

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Bodley, G. F.	Edis, R. W.	Waterhouse, Alfred
Brandon, D.	Harshorne, Albert	Woodyer, Henry
Brooks, James	Nesfield, W. Eden	Wyatt, Sir M. D.
Burges, William	St. Aubyn, J. Piers	Wyatt, T. H.
Clarke, Geo. S.		

AMSTERDAM AND VENICE.*

THIS assuredly may be considered one of the most interesting publications ushered in by the year 1877. It was a happy thought to bring into comparison these two unique countries of Europe, one on the north, the other due south: the one merging from the marshes of the Anstel, the other swarming up amidst the lagunes of the Adriatic both cased in with canals, and matchless in aquatic highways and byways.

Mr. Havard, from a thorough acquaintance with his native northland, of which his pen has already given such unequivocal proof, and from his artistic familiarity with, and affection for, the cherished Italian scene, was well calculated to work out, by minute and difficult investigation, the course of sympathy or discordance in which they each developed an advance to a position of exalted eminence under most trying difficulties. His task presents itself in different aspects under three headings, including general historic reminiscences. These are, the growth and contrasted appearance of the cities, the character and customs of the two people, and, finally, their singular concurrence in zealously cultivating the highest tone of colour in the fine art of painting.

Let us here accompany our author just one step in his introductory visitation views of the two cities. It is sunrise as he moves up seaward upon Venice. She seems to repose upon a couch of verdant waves, and a delicate mist veils her from his distant ken. This gradually and graciously melts into "air, thin air," as he advances; then, to quote his own words, "All the wonders of this matchless city unfold before our eyes: the Arsenal Towers, the Esclavons Quays, the Ducal Palace, the Old Library, the pillared Piazzetta, the Domes of St. Marc, the Grand Canal, the seaward Dogana, with its statues and its golden ball. A brilliant effect beams over all; as it sparkles, it dazzles, it charms, it bewilders and electrifies us."

Now, changing our scene, we view the attractions which draw us to the north. "Let us," says M. Havard, "leave to the man of commerce his railways of Holland and the Rhine; we shall hail Amsterdam from the Zuyder Zee. Behold! we have cleared the floodgates of Schellingwonde. Its vast gates have turned upon their enormous granite-clasped hinges. Our signal whistle notifies that our vessel is on the move; a column of silvery steam gushes from it aloft like a joyous flag; we are on the Y. Its banks, towards which our course lies, expand into boundless prairies, whose verdure is enamelled with herds of cattle, black or white."

So much for the entrance of the two cities, the contrast of which we yield to our readers. In the character of the two people to which they belong, M. Havard finds a marked agreement. In essential character both are serious, and ever eager to advance in life; and both have that manly grasp of labour through the sustained operation of which they have effected a transformation from foul to fair, from the very level of desolation to creations of marvellous beauty and utilitarian completeness. The copious text of M. Havard abounds in collateral references, full of spirit and illustration, which greatly enhance the treatment of his theme. In his examination of the two schools of painting—the Dutch and the Venetian—he is well at home in his subject, and treats it with an interesting analysis. Here he arrives at a general conclusion, that while the northern artist, actuated by various home influences, aimed chiefly at domestic scenes, the Venetian indulged, to say the least of it, in a *paula majora* ambition.

It must be remarked that this volume is enriched with a large number of illustrations, a few of which are familiar to us from having appeared in earlier publications. We give examples of two of the smaller woodcuts, the size of our pages preventing the

introduction of the larger and more important; among the illustrations are several etchings of great artistic delicacy and power.



The Way to the Station, Venice.

It is unnecessary to add a line to our brief remarks to express



The Tower of the Weepers, Amsterdam.

* "Amsterdam and Venice." By H. Havard. With one hundred and twenty-four Woodcuts and seven Etchings by Flameng and Gaucherel. Published by E. Plon & Co., Paris; Hachette & Co., London.

our admiration of the style in which this publication has been got up. In all respects it is a most attractive volume.

THE WORKS OF GEORGE INNESS.



THE influence of the French school of landscape art is probably more strongly apparent in the works of GEORGE INNESS than in those of any other American painter; and yet he is no imitator, although the more subtle features of his ideal may be detected in all his pictures. There is no American artist who has acquired greater fame as such than Inness, neither can any be mentioned who is so variable in his moods. He was born at Newburgh, Orange County, New York, May 1, 1825, in the neighbourhood of the romantic scenery of the Hudson on the one hand and of pastoral landscapes on the other. His boyhood was spent at Newark, New Jersey, and while living there he first took up the brush. He showed great intelligence in the use of a pencil, and became so interested in the study of drawing that his parents allowed him to enter the studio of an old portrait painter, named Baker, as a pupil. While with

this artist he made good progress in his studies, and executed some excellent copies of his master's portraits in oil.

The studio of a country portrait painter soon became too limited a field for the genius of young Inness, and after learning all that his master had to impart in technical knowledge, he went to New York, with the intention of learning the art of engraving. He entered into this new pursuit with considerable zeal, but the labour was too sedentary for his nervous disposition, and after struggling against ill-health for two or three years he was forced to abandon the work. During this period of his career young Inness did not entirely abandon his pencil, but painted and sketched from nature as opportunities occurred. When in his twenty-first year he finally set up his easel as a landscape painter. At the outset, he passed a few months in the studio of Regis Gignoux, who at that time was in the full maturity of his powers, a vigorous exponent of the French school of landscape



Light Triumphant.

art and an ardent admirer of the great artists Rousseau, Calame, and Lambinet. During the brief stay of Inness as a pupil in the studio of Gignoux, there is no doubt that he became impressed with the French method, as its broad and masterly style was peculiarly in harmony with his own temperament. His manner is broad in the widest acceptance of the term. In the composition of a picture he is much given to idealization, and there is a refreshing beauty in his finished works which is shared by few contemporary artists. Inness, however, is not always powerful in his conclusions; his active mind can bear no restraint; conse-

quently, on meeting with some technical obstacle in completing a picture, he throws the subject aside with disgust and rarely can be induced to renew it. There is a wide difference in his finished works, and much of it is due to this unconquerable peculiarity of disposition. In his happy moods he has painted some of the best landscape pictures ever produced in America, and the few weak canvases which bear his name will not materially detract from his well-earned reputation.

Mr. Inness has visited Europe three times. His latest visit was made in 1871. He remained abroad until the spring of 1875,

passing most of his time in Italy, and on his return home settled in Boston, where he now lives. European study has added but little to his fame as an artist. In 1867, or thereabout, when living at Eagleswood, near Perth Amboy, in New Jersey, he produced some of his largest and best pictures. During the first years of his residence in that delightful neighbourhood his pencil seemed to be endowed with inspiration, and every canvas he touched glowed with colour, effects, and imaginative elements, so brilliant that they confounded the critics by their boldness.

It was at this time that he produced his 'Vision of Faith—View from the Delectable Mountains'—an illustration by landscape art of Bunyan's religious allegory. A critic, in a notice of this work published at the time, said, "The picture represents, first, on the left, the pilgrims, Christian and Hopeful, on the mountains, with the shepherds and their flocks. One of the pilgrims is looking with an eye of faith through the perspective glass for the gates of the Celestial City. To the left of the pilgrims is

the home of the shepherds. In the middle distance is a lovely valley, magnificent in its breadth, and nestling in its centre is a lake; while far in the dim distance are the snow-clad mountains which intervene between the pilgrims and the Celestial City. The picture is marvellous in perspective, in chaste colouring, and truthful atmospheric effects." As a pendant to this Mr. Inness painted 'The Valley of the Shadow of Death,' a subject typical of the Crucifixion. The most poetical expression of Mr. Inness's pencil produced during this period of his career is a picture entitled 'An American Sunset,' a work selected by the committee to represent American Art at the Paris Exposition in 1867. It is described as follows:—"The spectator is looking out from beneath the shade of huge forest-trees into the shimmering, maturing sunlight. The distant horizon, the trees, the village church spire, are bathed in their golden glory. It penetrates into the mass of foliage overhead; it illuminates the long avenues of oak and elm; it spreads its crimson mantle over the



Pine Grove, Barberini Villa, Albano.

dewy herbage at your feet, while the group of cattle nipping at the fresh green grass, as they wander towards home, seem to greet its genial rays."

As examples of Mr. Inness's work we engrave two pictures: an Italian scene, a sunset, painted since his return from Europe, and one of his glowing late-afternoon effects of sunlight, entitled 'Light Triumphant,' executed several years ago. The latter may be called one of his inspired works. It is remarkable for the harmony of its lines and the poetical feeling with which the scene is invested. The light of the afternoon sun is massed behind the broad-spreading top of the great elm in the middle ground, but its power asserts itself on the clouds which float in scattered fragments over the sky; it radiates on the distant water, and in the foreground, where the husbandman and his drove of cattle are following the pathway to the bridge which spans the quiet pool. This picture represents Inness in his best

mood, and the delicacy with which the subject is handled is worthy of admiration. There is no faltering of motive in any part of this work; from the near foreground to the extreme distance at the horizon-line, there is the same expression of power and earnestness in the delineation of the minor objects in nature that we see so eloquently portrayed in the sunburst which is the *tour de force* of the work.

The companion picture—"Pine Grove, Barberini Villa, Albano,"—presents an Italian landscape with several pines scattered across the foreground and middle distance, and is chiefly noticeable for its rare diffusion of light. The delicately-clouded sky, the shrubbery, and indeed the lofty and broad-spreading tops of the pines, are all aglow with light. In the subject itself there is little to admire in the way of picturesque features, but it assumes importance owing to its high expression of sentiment, its poetical treatment, and its charming motive.

ART-NOTES FROM THE CONTINENT.

PARIS.—*The Schools of Holland and Flanders*.—A very remarkable work of French Art-criticism has recently issued from the Parisian house of Plon & Co., and from the pen of one, now no more, who had won a distinguished place among his countrymen as a most brilliant colourist and depicter of African military scenes, Eugène Fromentin. It is entitled "Les Maîtres d'autrefois," and is indeed an impulsive artist's visitation to the schools of the Low Countries, not for any formal review of the painters by whom they have been so signally honoured, but on a sort of wayward professional pilgrimage, to pass from shrine to shrine, where, in church or museum, their memory is consecrated. The reader will find in his permitted participation in such a course a very rare enjoyment. We have not here to deal with an amateur of high accomplishment, fervid fancy, and equivocal theories, but with one who would seem to have been deeply devoted to a profession in which he was recognised as a master, and with the mysterious working of which—its difficulties, subtle or strong as they may be—he was obviously familiar; with one, moreover, who, in the extreme range and variety of critical disquisition wherein he here engages, displays an analytical *finesse* of appreciation difficult to equal or surpass. His attention was, however, chiefly directed to the two great leaders of the Dutch school and the Belgian—Rembrandt and Rubens; whose masterpieces he sought in every quarter where they might be enshrined, with ever a double object in view: to hail them with a broad, glowing admiration, and, on the other hand, by microscopic minuteness of inspection, to realise the existence of blemishes which mar their all but divine excellence. In his estimation of Rembrandt there is a luminous erudition, a *curiosa felicitas*, of conception and illustration, which wins, even as it commands, the ardent concurrence of his readers. His judicial presentment of the princely Belgian is the more attractive portion of the task which he so devotedly undertook. Although these are the masterpieces which rule over the gallery of M. Fromentin, they by no means monopolize all his attention, all his clever disquisitions. On the contrary, there is no fine *morceau* in the two great banquet-halls left by him "untouched, untasted," or to which the palate of his readers is left uncommended.—The vacancy in the section of sculpture at the Académie des Arts, caused by the death of M. J. Perraud, recorded in another page, has been filled by the election of M. Paul Dubois.—The pictures and sketches by the late M. Diaz, which remained in his house after his decease, his collection of paintings by other artists, his bronzes, sculptures, tapestries, &c., were sold towards the end of January, and realised nearly £16,000. The only work that reached a moderately high figure, £480, was E. Delacroix's finished sketch for his 'King John at the

Battle of Poitiers.'—The contents of M. Fromentin's studio, sold on the 30th and 31st of January, produced the sum of rather more than £14,000. The principal examples were, 'The Palace of the Doge, Venice,' £480; 'The Grand Canal, Venice,' £500; 'Recollection of Esneh, Upper Egypt,' £1,000; 'View on the Nile, Upper Egypt,' £800; and 'Egyptians standing at the Door of a House' (unfinished), £524.—Dubosc, a famous French model, died on January 15th, at the age of eighty, bequeathing his hoarded gains to the young artists striving for the Grand Prix de Rome, at the Beaux-Arts. Dubosc, who commenced to sit at seven years of age (in 1804) had successively posed for J. L. David, Gros, Abel de Pujol, Baron Gérard, David d'Angers, Ingres, Delacroix, and so on down to Flandrin, Gérôme, and Baudry.

NEW YORK.—American collectors are certainly rivalling our own countrymen in the prices they are now willing to pay for pictures, judging from the results of the sale, towards the close of last year, of the collection belonging to Mr. Taylor Johnston, which contained, among many others, the following important works, chiefly by French artists: 'The Return of the Reapers,' J. Becker, £1,040; 'Flowers of Spring,' Hamon, £920; 'Going to the Bath,' Bouguereau, £200; 'Soldiers Playing at Cards,' Meissonier, £2,300; 'Marshal Saxe and his Staff,' also by Meissonier, £1,720; 'A Spanish Café,' Madrazzo, £470; 'Interior of Sta. Maria, Rome,' Madrazzo, £920; 'Breton Peasants at Prayer,' Brion, £1,430; 'Calling out the last Victims of the Reign of Terror,' C. L. Müller, £1,640 (there was a picture by this artist, bearing a somewhat similar title, which was purchased by the late French Government, and placed in the Luxembourg: can this and the New York picture be one and the same work?); 'The Two Confessors,' Zamacois, £1,300; 'The Death of Cæsar,' Gérôme, £1,600; 'An Autumnal Morning,' Troyon, £1,940; 'Italian Bandits surprised by Papal Troops,' H. Vernet, £1,300; 'A Young Roman at the Bath,' Glèyre, £1,040; 'The Drove,' Van Marcke, £1,020; 'The Hour of Prayer, Cairo,' Gérôme, £800; 'The Falls of Niagara,' by the American painter Church, was sold for £2,500, and the sculpture group, by Vela, called 'The Last Days of Napoleon,' for £1,700: both of these works were bought by Mr. Corcoran for his gallery in New York. The collection realised £63,152, exclusive of the water-colour pictures, of which we have no report.—A bust of Mr. Horace Greeley, founder of the *New York Tribune*, has recently been placed as a monument over his grave in Greenwood Cemetery. It is the work of an American sculptor, Mr. Calverley, and has been paid for chiefly by subscriptions of the working printers of the United States.

ART-NOTES FROM THE PROVINCES.

EDINBURGH.—The Queen is stated to have given a commission to Sir Noel Paton, R.S.A., to paint for her a *replica*, one-fourth the size of his large picture, now in Edinburgh, 'Christ the Good Shepherd,' noticed in our columns a few months since.

GLASGOW.—The statue of Burns erected in this city was unveiled with considerable *éclat* and ceremony on the 25th of January. The work was cast in bronze by Messrs. Cox and Son, of London, from the model of Mr. Ewing, a Glasgow sculptor.

CORK.—The School of Art in this city is among the oldest in the United Kingdom; it appears still to maintain its position, for at the last distribution of prizes to the pupils, towards the end of December, it was stated that the past year had been

one of great success, not alone from continued good attendance of students, but from the character of the prizes gained.

IPSWICH.—The Fine Arts Club opened its third annual exhibition in the Lecture Hall, on the 27th of January, with a very good collection of pictures, among which those by modern Suffolk artists were conspicuous by numbers as well as by excellence.

WREXHAM.—The final balance-sheet of expenses connected with the recent Art Treasures Exhibition in this town shows, it is stated, a deficit of not less than £6,600, including the £2,300 secured to the guarantors. In round numbers, the receipts reached £5,000, while the expenditure was £11,000. It is proposed to raise the amount of the deficiency by subscription.

SYMBOLS OF THE SEASONS AND MONTHS REPRESENTED IN EARLY ART.*

BY THE REV. CHARLES BOUTELL, M.A.



THE calendar, "*Mensium Notæ*," in the Cologne edition of Bede, contains the symbols of the months, with a zodiac. On the other hand, into the band of sculptured medallions that enrich the order of the arch which acts as the dripstone of the west doorway of the well-known Anglo-Norman church at Iffley, near Oxford, the signs of the zodiac are introduced, but they are not accompanied by the symbols of the months. In the interesting church at Brinsop, in Herefordshire, again, the zodiac is alone; and, once more, the signs, without the symbols, may be seen in the bosses of a part of the vaulting of the cloisters at Merton College, Oxford. Parts of a zodiac also, as well as parts of a series of the month symbols, have been noticed remaining in early works in various parts of the country. In the great churches of the Continent perfect zodiacs and series of the month symbols are of far more common occurrence, and particularly in doorway-arches, than here in England: possibly, however, we may have lost these representations during the vicissitudes of past times, and perhaps in an especial degree in wall and vaulting paintings, more frequently than corresponding losses have taken place in other countries. From M. Viollet-le-Duc, to whom all artists and archæologists are so largely indebted, we learn that the most perfect series of the signs and symbols known by him to be in existence is sculptured upon the principal doorway-arch of the Abbey Church of Vézelay, a work of the twelfth century when not far advanced from its commencement; he also mentions beautiful zodiacs to exist on the doorway of the Lady Chapel, on the south side of the Cathedral of Notre Dame at Paris; and again at Chartres ("*Dict. de l'Arch.*," ix. 551; and Didron's "*Ann. Archéol.*," vi. 48, 103; ix. 43, 105-8; and xiv. 27). Among other fine continental examples, I here may specially refer to the series of both signs and symbols on the northernmost of the three great portals at Amiens; to another similar series sculptured with admirable effectiveness upon the soffit, or under surface, of the outermost of the four successive archivaults of the principal entrance-archway of St. Mark's, Venice; and to other series, some with both signs and symbols, and some in which either the signs and the symbols appear alone, at Modena, Lucca, Sens, Rheims, at St. Denis Abbey Church at Cremona, and in a mosaic pavement at Aosta.

Upon the vaulting of the easternmost part of the choir at Salisbury Cathedral—to return to our own country—vestiges of a series of paintings of the symbols of the months have long been known to be still in existence. A careful examination of these vestiges, recently made in the course of the restorations in progress at the cathedral, has proved the original works, evidently executed early in the thirteenth century, to have perished, with the exception of some fragmentary outlines and a few patches of colour. Under such circumstances it was decided to reproduce the entire series, in every case each minutest fragment of the originals having been traced with scrupulous care, and the lines so obtained having been followed with never-failing exactness, when the restored compositions were filled in. With their habitual ability and conscientiousness this work has been executed by Mr. Clayton and Mr. Bell, of Regent Street, London. From my own personal observation I am able to attest the fidelity of this restoration of the old work in the new wherever a trace of the old work could be detected, so that its suggestions might be recognised and loyally followed. I may here remark, that these medallions have been painted in a subdued key of colour, judiciously adapted to their position both as regards the distance from which they must be seen and with respect to the effect they would have upon the apparent height

of the vaulting itself. It will be distinctly understood that the restoration of the actual paintings in this series at Salisbury has not in the slightest degree affected the *subjects* of these medallions, in which the character of the original symbols themselves has been preserved with a scrupulous accuracy that admits of no question; the general treatment also of their subjects by the artists who designed the originals remains without suffering from the but too often destructive action of restoring processes. A comparison between the series of the symbols at Salisbury (A.D. 1220—1258) and the series at Amiens (A.D. 1220—1288), contemporary works, the one in painting and the other in sculpture, cannot fail to be regarded with peculiar interest.

In their impersonations and representations of the symbols of the seasons, instead of exhibiting such a diversity of imaginative conception as we might be disposed to expect from them, the artists of the Middle Ages, evidently in some degree, though perhaps almost unconsciously, affected by ancient classic traditions and influences, are found, with very rare exceptions, not to have attempted any decided departure from a certain definite and accepted train of ideas. As if by tacit consent to a formula to be neither controverted nor superseded, it would seem to have been held that these symbols should be expressed in typical representations either of the rural industrial occupations, or of the sports and recreations; and of certain incidents connected with each season, and appropriate to it, with occasional references to the cold and the festivities of winter and to the heat and the repose of summer. When any exceptional type of symbol does make its appearance, it generally is to be found in some continental series; and even there it is almost certain to be accompanied by an example of the regularly-established order. As an example of an exceptional type of symbol of great beauty and truly happy significance, I may adduce the fine carving at St. Mark's, Venice, in which, as symbolical of the wind-rejoicing month, March, a boy, himself a symbol of the still youthful year, appears gazing fixedly upon an armed man, a representative of the Mars of old Rome, who is vehemently blowing blasts upon a trumpet. As a matter of course, the forms which the regular and prevalent typical representations would be made to assume would vary in their style and treatment, and in many points of detail, at different periods, as they would be affected by the varying powers of different artists, and as they also would require to be adjusted to the distinctive conditions of sculpture and of painting. Local associations, moreover, with altered conditions of climate, necessarily and with a happy effect would bring their peculiar influences to bear upon very many of these works. The manner, too, in which these symbols of the months and seasons would be expressed, as naturally must have been the case, would be considerably modified in accordance with the means at the disposal of different artists. Thus, in some examples, where greater space and freedom and more abundant facilities could be commanded, the symbolical representations are seen to have been more or less fully set forth, and worked out with comparatively greater elaboration. In other examples the conditions of the work evidently demanded of the symbols that they should concentrate their significance after the simplest and most concise fashion. And again, examples are not wanting which show how circumstances enabled the treatment to assume an intermediate character. Accordingly, the harvest month is symbolised simply by a sickle, or by one or two reapers at their work, or by several persons engaged busily together in the various occupations of the harvest-field; and so, in like manner, in the cases of others of the months. All this, however, implies an all-pervading uniformity in the ideas that underlie these symbols, and which give to them their character and determine both the aim and the range of their significance.

* Continued from page 52.

In now proceeding to consider particular examples of these most interesting symbols, which, irrespective of all other considerations, would claim our attentive regard from the light they throw upon the national customs which are reflected in them, as well as upon the agricultural usages and routine of former times, notwithstanding the fact of each symbol almost invariably being associated with its own particular month, it appears desirable here to group together the representative figures and objects of the *three months* that form each SEASON, and con-

sequently have more than a little in common, and thus, from each of these groups to produce the collective symbols of each one of the *four seasons* of the year. Should it be desired to denote a season by a single symbol, the one to be chosen, as being pre-eminently appropriate and characteristic, would be the symbol either of the central month of any one group, or that of the third of the three months forming such group. It will be borne in mind that certain important occupations of husbandry, as ploughing and sowing, for example, would be associated

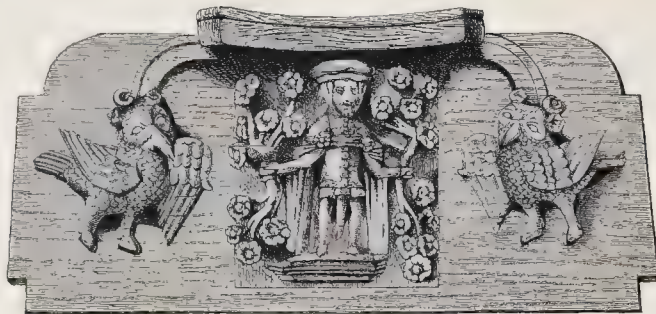


Fig. 7.—Summer : Miserere-carving, Worcester Cathedral, c. A.D. 1395.

with different months, and perhaps even with different seasons, in the southern and in the northern districts of our island. In warmer climates a distinction such as this, more widely extended, would be far more decided; and some symbols, inconsistent with colder regions, where the *dolce far niente* of a southern or eastern summer would not be recognised, are there introduced, and well understood and appreciated. It is worthy of note, however, that in early times the vintage, now so characteristic of the South and East, held a much more prominent position among our own ancestors in the occupation of this island than we now can claim for it. Still, in warm climates, the spring pruning of vines and the autumnal vintage always

have corresponded with the spring sowing of corn and the autumnal harvest in climates that are colder.

SYMBOLS OF THE SEASONS.

It may be well to introduce the mediæval symbolisation of the SEASONS by prefacing my notices of what was written, sculptured, and painted in connection with this subject in the Middle Ages, with an example of the forms under which Classic Art is found to have given expression to the same sentiment.

In a Roman tessellated pavement of unusual beauty and excellence as a work of Art, discovered in the year 1849 at Cirencester,



Fig. 8.—Summer : Miserere-carving, Worcester Cathedral, c. A.D. 1395.

nine circular medallions are introduced, four of their number having originally been placed at the four angles of the composition. Of these angle-medallions three still remain in admirable preservation. They contain—1. A bust of FLORA, impersonating *Spring* in a youthful female, nude, or very lightly clad, her head wreathed with flowers and leaves, flowers in her hand, and a swallow, as if just returned, perched on her left shoulder. 2. A bust of CERES, symbol of *Summer*; a female of more mature age, nude, crowned with ripe corn, in her right hand a sickle, and her left hand holding two heavy ears of ripe wheat. In like manner, Shakespeare places in the hand of Ceres

"Wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease."

3. A bust of POMONA, representing *Autumn*, also a female of mature age, wearing a light mantle, which is secured by a circular fibula on her left shoulder, having a head-dress woven of green leaves and ripe fruits, and in her right hand holding a large pruning-hook; her left hand is broken away. 4. Doubtless the fourth of this group of medallions, which completed the series of busts symbolical of the seasons, was a corresponding impersonation of *Winter*. The loss at Cirencester is made good in another Roman pavement, more elaborate in treatment, but inferior in artistic merit, found at Bignor, which retains one only of its angle-medallions; and, happily enough, in this one *Winter* certainly is symbolised by the bust of a female some-

what advanced in years, wearing a close-fitting dark hood, with dark drapery drawn over her shoulders, and holding a leafless branch (see *Archæological Journal*, vi. 321, where the Cirencester pavement is well engraved). In addition to these Romano-British examples, it will be sufficient here to refer to one series of symbols of the seasons on classic ground, in which the impersonation of *Winter*, fully clothed and empty-handed, is riding on a goat; that of *Spring*, nude above the waist, and holding a flower, is mounted on a stag; that of *Summer*, also partly nude, rides on a panther, and is accompanied by a swan; while the personification of *Autumn*, fully clothed except the

arms, with a vine-branch in her hand, rides upon a bull. Whether from any such source as this certain mediæval miserere-carvings may have been derived, indirectly, indeed, and yet not the less really, I am unable even to offer any decided opinion. Still, some such derivation suggests itself for two hunters, the one at Gloucester, mounted on a goat, and the other at Norwich, on a boar; for the nude female covered with a net, with flowers over her head and carrying a rabbit, riding on a goat, at Worcester; and for the nude female riding, amidst flowers, upon a stag, at Stratford-on-Avon.

One other ancient example I must also notice, recently dis-



Fig. 9.—Summer: Miserere-carving, Worcester Cathedral, c. A.D. 1395.

covered on ground which, if not strictly classic, has what little is known of its history closely associated with the early history of Rome, while to the classic literature of its great and triumphant rival it is indebted as well even for its historical existence as for its eminent renown. The example in question, which again illustrates the practice, evidently in favour with ancient mosaic artists, to introduce into their more important works representations of the symbols of the seasons, occurs in a very remarkable square pavement, measuring when complete about twenty-eight feet on each side, discovered, covered with ten feet of

soil and in parts very seriously injured, at Carthage, in 1844, by Mr. Davis. An extremely curious, interesting, and well-illustrated account of the excavations, in the course of which the remains of this pavement were brought to light, is contained in the *Archæologia*, vol. xxxviii. pp. 202—236. Arranged in twelve panels, forming a circle round a central subject now lost, this composition had full-length figures symbolical of the months, of which three, representing March, April, and July, remain almost perfect. At each angle, within a broad and highly-enriched border, and accompanied with an abundance of beau-



Fig. 10.—Autumn: Miserere-carving, Worcester Cathedral, c. A.D. 1395.

tiful arabesque work, was a circular medallion containing a bust symbolical of one of the four seasons. Two of these medallions also remain. In one of them is a female head, of somewhat forbidding aspect, without symbols of any kind: she has a peculiar head-dress, wears ear-rings, and has a purple stripe in what is shown of her dress. The other medallion has in it a female head of great beauty, crowned with ears of corn, and wearing a *torque* of gold, her ear-rings apparently being silver. There can be little doubt that this spirited mosaic represents the season of summer. "Representations of the seasons are not rare," says the writer in the *Archæologia*, when referring

to ancient Art; "they are usually in the form of children carrying appropriate emblems. Such is their appearance on the Imperial coins inscribed *TEMPORUM FELICITAS*, where four boys are dancing. On a silver *acerra* belonging to Mr. John Webb, they appear as boys with appropriate symbols. On the arch of Severus they are presented as genii, with baskets of flowers, fruit, &c. They are figured on a sarcophagus in the Barberini Collection as winged genii, the occupations of each season being indicated below by small groups of figures. On a silver *situla*, found at Tourdan, near Vienne, and now in the British Museum, we find them represented as females seated on

various animals." The writer then proceeds to notice the mosaic symbols in the pavements found at Cirencester and Bignor.

Spenser, in "The Faerie Queene" (vi., vii.), with his rich fancy, his firm hand, light touch, and vivid colouring, thus blending mediæval with classic feeling, in symbolical array, has sketched his impersonations of the *Seasons* and the *Months* as

"Nature
Bade Order call them all before her Majesty."

"So forth issued the *Seasons* of the Year:
First, lusty *Spring*, all dight in leaves of flowers
That freshly budded, and new bloomes did beare
In which a thousand birds had built their bowres.
... in his hand a javelin he did beare,
That as some did him love, so others did him feare.

"Then came the jolly *Summer*, being dight
In a thin silken cassock coloured greene,
That was unlynd all, to be more light;
And on his head a girldon well besecme
He wore.

... and in his hand he bore
A boawe and shaltes.

"Then came the *Autumn*, all in yellow clad,
As though he joyd in his plenteous store,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh.
Upon his head a wreath, that was enrol
With eares of corne of every sort;
And in his hand a sickle he did holde,
To reape the ripend fruits the which the earth had yold.

"Lastly came *Winter*, clothed all in frize,
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill,
Whist on his hoary beard his breath did freese.
In his right hand a tipped staff he held,
With which his feeble steps he stayed still,
For he was faint with cold and weak with eld."

So Spenser. Writing about the middle of the sixteenth century, in the following four lines, Tusser, a poet of a different calibre, and yet in his own order well worthy of no mean repute, gives what he holds to be a correct general idea of the typical occupations appropriate to each Season, and from which the Season Symbols might rightly be derived:—

"In *Springtime* we reare, we sow, and we plant;
In *Summer* got vittels, least after we want;
In *Harvest* we carry in corne and the fruite
In *Winter* to spend, as we need of each suit."

"The yeare I compare, as I find for a truth,
The *Spring* unto childhood, the *Summer* to youth;
The *Harvest* to manhood, the *Winter* to age,
All quickly forgot, as a plaie on the stage."

To pass from the Art of the early poets to that of an early sculptor, upon the Anglo-Norman font in the church at Thorp Salvin, in Yorkshire, may be seen, executed with singular freedom and spirit, a group of the Symbols, not of the Twelve Months, but of the Four Seasons, expressed after the manner following:—

SPRING.—A youthful sower, lightly clothed, equipped with a seed-basket, in the act of sowing seed.

SUMMER.—A man of middle age, riding on horseback over a low bridge, and waving above his head a bough of a tree.

AUTUMN.—A reaper, his sickle in his girdle, binding a sheaf of wheat, and having other sheaves standing behind him.

WINTER.—An aged man, thickly wrapped in furs, warming his hands and feet before a fire burning in a lofty stove or fireplace (see *Archæologia*, xii. 207).

To return to Spenser. Having shown, as we have seen, how the *SEASONS*,

"Marching softly, thus in order went,"

the poet proceeds to tell how

"After them the *MONTHES* all riding came."

Here Spenser places himself in accord with the early sculptors and painters, who associated with their symbols of the months the monthly zodiacal signs. In effecting this, he marks exactly his fine sense of the junction between mediæval and classical

feeling, and, with his usual exquisite ingenuity and ready command of poetic power, he engages in the service of the Symbols the aid and co-operation of the Signs. Thus Spenser represents *MARCH*, armed like his classic prototype, and yet provided with his proper mediæval northern equipment, to have advanced, leading the procession of the Months, "riding on his sign, the Ram." In the same spirit he causes "twin" maidens to crown *MAY* with flowers; and *SEPTEMBER* he depicts employed in gathering in the general harvest, and portioning it out with his proper zodiacal sign, the Scales. Our present concern, however, is chiefly with what the grand old poet has to say of the "*Monthes*" themselves. And this it is:—

"First, sturdy *MARCH*, with brows full sternly bent,
And strongly armed.

... in his hand a spade he also bent,
And in a bag all sorts of seeds ysame,
Which on the earth he strowed as he went.

"Next came fresh *APRIL* . . .

As in "*March*" he unites his military and his agricultural functions, so in "*April*" the poet mingles the mediæval image of this month's floral attributes with the classical, by mounting him upon Europa's flower-garlanded bull, to represent his own zodiacal sign, Taurus; and, in so doing, with exquisite tact he emphatically *April-izes* him by

"His being wet with showers."

"Then came faire *MAY*, the fayrest mayd on ground,
Deckd with all dainties of her Season's pryde,
And throwing flowers out of her lap around.
... how all creatures laugh when her they spide!

"And after her came jolly *JUNE*, arrayd
In greene leaves, as he a player were,
Yet in his time he wrought as well as playd—
As by his plough-yrons mote right well appeare.

"Then came hot *JULY*, boyling like to fire,
That all his garments he had cast away;
Behind his back a sithe, and by his side,
Under his belt, he bore a sickle circling wide.

"The sixt was *AUGUST*, being rich arrayd.
... crownd
With eares of corne.

"Next him *SEPTEMBER*.
... heavy laden with the spoyle
Of harvest riches, which he made his boot,
And him enrichd with bounty of the soyle:
In his one hand, as fit for harvest toyle,
He held a knife-booke.

"Then came old *OCTOBER*, full of merry glee,
For yet his soule was totty of the mast,
Which he was treading in the wine-fat's see,
And of the joyous oyl . . .
... ecke by his side
He had his ploughing-share and coulter ready tyde.

"Next was *NOVEMBER*: he full grosse and fat—
... had been a fatting hogs of late.
In planting ecke he took no small delight.

"And after him came next the chill *DECEMBER*;
Yet he, through merry feasting which he made,
And great bonfires, did not the cold remember.
... in his hand a broad deep boawie he bears,
Of which he freely drinks an health to all his peeres.

"Then came old *JANUARY*, wrapped well
In many weeds, to keep the cold away;
Yet did he quake and quiver like to quell,
And blowe his nayles to warm them if he may,
For they were numb'd with holding all the day
An hatchet keene, with which he felled wood,
And from the trees did lop the needlesse spray.

"And last came old *FEBRUARY*. . . .
... he had by his side

His plough and harness, fit to till the ground,
And tooles to prune the trees. . . .
So past the *TWELVE MONTHES* forth and their dew places found."

And after the Months, in the order of that wondrous procession, the poet tells that "*Day and Night*" came, and then the "*Howres*."

(To be continued)

GLASGOW INSTITUTE OF THE FINE ARTS.

THE sixteenth annual exhibition of the Glasgow Institute, which opened on the 5th February, differs in one essential from all its predecessors. We mean that it is pre-eminently national. Not only is the Continental element, which used to be so abundant, reduced to a mere fraction, while English pictures are few, but the great majority of Scottish artists represented are not so much those of established celebrity as those whose reputation is in various stages of development.

There are in all 706 works, showing a slight increase over last year. Of these, 158 are water-colour and architectural drawings, and seventeen are sculptures. The sales on the first day made a fair start by realising the handsome sum of £3,536.

Passing over some loan-pictures which have already made their mark, we are attracted by the 'Forest Glade' of R. Greenlees. Here the play of light among the trees, from the feathery tops down to the broad brown trunks, and over the roadway where lie the withered leaves, is rendered with equal force and delicacy. The eye falls next upon 'The Spoiled Holiday,'—D. Murray, of whom the high expectations formed at first appear going on to steady realisation. With considerable breadth of brush, he unites an honest attention to minutiae; and is so far original, that he gets great effects from the massing of small objects. The multitude of flowers and plants which in his 'Heather' and 'Poppies' form a rich sea of waving colour, are here exchanged for an expanse of low-lying meadow-ground, a broad stream, and a rustic bridge, over which a group of children are slowly defiling. The sky, indicative of a fast-coming storm, is admirably toned, combining with rare skill the effect of clear light on the one hand passing away before the leaden obscurity on the other. 'The Clyde from Kenmure Bank,' a long perspective of water, with its varied woody bordering, is a pleasant summer scene in James Docharty's best style. A fine feeling of his subject pervades F. Morgan's 'Wayfarers.' The patient, weary look of the poor family, trudging along the dewy path in the fading day, is touching and true. T. Graham achieves a decided success in 'A Highland Post-office.' The country girl, in tartan plaid, shyly pausing ere she drops her love-missive into the roadside depository, has a touch of nature very sweet and simple. J. Henderson never showed to more advantage than in his 'Putting in Ballast.' The poet speaks of a light that "never was" on sea or shore; but here the light that often is on both (so subtle and so beautiful!) is inimitably caught. Miss F. Sutcliffe's Lord-in-Waiting, of the date of 1577, is carefully and brightly painted, but the young exquisite looks too effeminate for his sex. Although wanting in depth, a clever hand is manifest in 'Sheep-shearing,' R. Macbeth. While one stalwart fellow plies his task over the submissive animal, another, who has just released a shorn ewe, pauses a moment to glance at a pretty lass, with the shears poised in air near to his heated face. The other onlookers and the details of the farm-shed are well toned. W. B. Brown contributes four pieces characteristic of his peculiar style. Our favourite is 'Loch Ranza Castle,' where the sombre broken sky, interspersed with sickly gleams, is in admirable keeping with the wild scene. J. MacWhirter grapples successfully with a difficult theme in 'Loch Katrine.' He has contrived to convey the impression that the sun, breaking through the mist, is gradually gaining the mastery, till eventually a flood of splendour will end the struggle. 'The Evening Cloud,' by the same, is a dream of beauty—an exquisite leaflet from the great volume; a crimson vapour casting its image for a moment on the bosom of the sea, like some delicious fantasy that just touches the soul and then melts away for ever. 'A Scamper' (J. A. Houston) is full of life; the swing of the girl's limbs, if not the very poetry of motion, is, at all events, the facsimile of young and graceful activity. S. Bough introduces us to the locale outside the cottage, where, on a dreary winter morning, the poet Burns first saw the light. There is here, as with this artist at all times, a freedom of hand, giving a feeling of

1877.

expansion to the picture that is very attractive. Although the ground is sheeted in snow, and the January wind "blows snell," the scene is, in great measure, saved from utter desolation by the introduction of cheerful objects. These are a flock of sheep with their herdsman and attendant dogs, and notably a gleam of sunshine striving to break through a sky of portentous gloom. A. Perigal still holds place as a painstaking student of nature in her manifold forms of mountain, field, and flood. 'The Rivals' (H. Williams) shows a young female, in bright-hued elaborate costume, standing on a balcony, holding out a hand of encouragement towards two doves, both equally desirous to alight. There is elegance in the pose and design, albeit the colour inclines to the meretricious. John Burr's large canvas, 'Evening of Life,' though sufficiently well toned, lacks interest in the solitary figure—a female who sits reading by the window. The peep of landscape beyond is excellent. F. Topham surely forgets, in his 'Romance of a Rose,' that a subject ought to interpret itself. There is careful architectural painting, and the *dramatis personæ* are disposed with much fantastic variety, yet we fail to catch the intended suggestion. In the foreground lies the fated rose, which appears to have caused a rare tumult of contending passions; but how and wherefore? 'At Arrochar' (Waller Paton) is remarkable for perspicuity of distance. His 'Lochaber' shows a cloud-kissing hill, whose top is flooded with golden vapour, which is exceedingly effective. A. C. Gow, in 'A Turn at the Old Trade,' has ingeniously invested a meagre incident with interest. A veteran soldier, used in past times to the awl, sits in the barrack-yard stitching a dilapidated saddle, while two comrades watch his progress. It is humorous and expressive. In respect to J. Smart, who exhibits four landscapes (not all new), the opinion we formerly gave of his abilities is excellently sustained by his 'Twilight' and 'Rising of the Mist,' both truly Scottish in character and treatment. The beasts of the field find a worthy expositor in J. D. Adam; 'A Hot Day' gives us cattle far and near, in almost every conceivable attitude, very faithfully transcribed—a wild hilly solitude behind, and a broad sheet of water in front, the whole forming a bold and truthful picture. Wm. Adam is an artist of versatile talent and of good promise; his 'Old Mosque on the Nile' is full of feeling and delicately rendered. 'Staffa' (J. Aitken) is a bold effort to show the battle of winds and waves against the famous basaltic rock. There is a mighty darkness overhanging the place, and the result is powerful. The weird, dusky atmosphere in C. Lewis's 'Country Churchyard,' just sufficient to mark the mouldering heaps where slumber the rude forefathers of the hamlet, is skilfully studied. The picture is a good one. Alex. Fraser's 'Sheep-shearing at the Trossachs' is a production to raise our estimate of the author. It is a wide, diversified landscape, in which the sheep play a part so subordinate that we should scarce notice their removal altogether. Both back and foreground, the middle distance with the richly-tinted grass and foliage, the clear shadow in which lies the overturned cart, the quaint stone wall, and sundry other adjuncts, abundantly evidence the mature powers of one of our best Scottish artists. We should better appreciate the 'Highland Pastoral' (P. R. Morris) were it just a trifle more national; for the figures grouped in the dell and on the uplands are scarcely Scottish: the combination, however, is charming.

Gladly would we particularise more of our artist friends north of the Tweed, but space forbids. One word of commendation in the water-colour department to C. Whaite for his 'October Cornfield.' G. Bouvier touches the heart in the forsaken maiden hanging over "the gifts which have waxed poor," and Mary L. Gow deserves high praise for 'Elaine.' There are a gorgeous Cornwall sunset by S. P. Jackson, and one or two excellent specimens of J. Cassie, J. M. Jopling, and Charles Woolnough.

The sculpture mainly consists of a few busts of no special merit. On the whole the exhibition bids fair to be successful.

H H

THE DUDLEY GALLERY WATER-COLOUR EXHIBITION.

THE first of our Spring exhibitions opens with six hundred and thirty-eight drawings and seven pieces of sculpture. The latter include two ideal female busts in terra-cotta by C. B. Lawes; two well-grouped boys by F. Junck; a small full-length portrait of F. Morshead, Esq., of Winchester, most exquisitely modelled in every detail; and a couple of marble busts, one representing 'Il Penseroso,' the other being a portrait of the Princess Louise of Hesse, from the chisel of Mrs. Thornycroft. The sentiment in the former is most tenderly caught, and the likeness in the latter very charmingly recognisable.

Nor are there wanting among the drawings some excellent examples of portraiture. J. C. Moore is as much at home with children as ever, and shows it by his small full-lengths of the three little boys of Horatio Carlyon, Esq. (444), and of 'Master Stanley' (330), represented with his trumpet in front of a great arm-chair. Adrian Stokes, a young artist, anticipates future power in this walk by his 'Portrait of Miss Paterson' (422), whom we see in a dark dress cleverly relieved against a Morris-looking pattern of wall-paper. See also his no less able portrait of 'Mrs. Charles de Lacy-Lacy' (80). To this branch of practice also Edith Martineau seems to have devoted herself lately, and—if we may judge from her portraits of 'T. D. Webb, Esq.' (317), and especially of the lady at her easel, numbered 103 in the catalogue—with the greatest of success. The most important likeness in the room, however—from the fact of its being life-size, as well as most carefully drawn and studied—is that (by E. Clifford) of 'The Hon. Mrs. Cowper-Temple' (141). Unfortunately, whatever fine pictorial effect was to have been got out of so elegant a sitter has been entirely negated by the martyr-like droop of resignation with which she inclines her head, by the nun-like character of her dress, and the lugubrious expression of a face otherwise so sweet, and intended by nature to be bright and merry. We would here call attention to the clever handling in the Boy's Head (98), which the Marchioness of Waterford has studied from nature.

Among the figure subjects, which, as usual, are of a genre kind, we find many fair examples. S. G. Waller has given a rather original turn to the adage, 'Old birds are not to be caught with chaff' (585), by representing a raven aloft on the iron handle of a garden-roller with a piece of meat in his beak, being carefully watched by three dogs, who sit patiently, but evidently vainly, in the walk beneath. The drawing by T. Walter Wilson, showing an old woman taking 'Forty Winks' (586), is forcible in modelling and well-toned. Robert Dudley's 'Bride of Venice' (549), embarking in her gondola, to the immense delight of the onlookers, is a bright cheerful picture, with which any one might be pleased to dwell.

Kate Greenaway, in a 'Procession of Children with Flowers' (562), tries her hand at decorative art, and by no means unsuccessfully; but for examples of mastery in this particular walk she must turn to the 'Original Designs for Christmas Cards,' by H. Stacy Marks, A.R.A., hanging on the same screen. J. B. Wirgman's 'Private and Confidential' chat (628) between two girls, one of whom swings luxuriously in a hammock, is very nicely felt; and so is Arthur L. Vernon's 'First at the Tryst' (608), in which we see a lady in a brick-red dress waiting at a stile. But this matter of sympathy or feeling reaches its fullest expression, perhaps, in E. J. Poynter's, A.R.A., 'Nightingale' (611). A bronzed southern-looking girl, with her arms full of gleaned corn, stays her steps, and turns her eyes wistfully towards the bush where the unseen warbler pours out his entrancing lay—

"Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
To the sad heart of Ruth when, sick from home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn."

We would call attention also to John Tenniel's original sketch for 'A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing' (526), to Elizabeth Westbrook's 'Pretty Page' (496), and more particularly to

V. Cabianca's 'Sisters of Charity in the Vespertine Walk' (495). The last-named may appear to some eyes a little dry in manner, but, if so, it is in perfect harmony with the subject. We find J. A. Fitzgerald wielding a more generous pencil; and here again the style of the artist is in perfect harmony with his subject. A troop of children in quaint mediæval attire are feeding a 'Favourite' sheep (473). The subject in itself is by no means original, but as treated by Mr. Fitzgerald it comes to us in a new guise.

Lexden L. Pocock shows in his 'Pensativa' (431) a very great advance in anything he has yet done, and the knack of composition will come to him as he advances. A young lady asleep in a chamber overlooking a wooded piece of country, Catherine A. Sparks calls 'Sleepy Hollow' (436); but there is not the interest in it that there is in the peasant boy under the fern-bush, piping on his penny whistle to his terrier dog, that sits patiently attentive in front of him, and whom she humorously designates 'The Friends' (79). A. W. Bayes tells the story of the taking of 'The Queen's Shilling' (438) with a mingled pathos and humour. A bloused young countryman, bedecked with military favours, meets his sweetheart at the accustomed well, and tells her that he has been to the fair and "done it." She lifts her blue apron to her eyes while the great bedazed gaby stands before her; and the artist leaves us in doubt whether it is tragedy or comedy that is going on behind the curtain. Let us hope it is the latter, and that the girl can afford to laugh.

One of the most amusing pictures in the exhibition is 'Aunt Chloe's Visit' (171), by Alfred E. Emslie. 'Aunt Chloe' is a richly-attired negro lady, who has called, with her spruce husband, on her sister, who, in spite of limited means, manages to push along right merrily; her four little darkeys evidently take after their mother, and regard the advent of their rich relations as a legitimate call to be joyous. Nor ought the visitor to pass without hearty recognition John Scott's mediæval apprentice 'Escorting his Master's Daughter' (360), for it is full of sound drawing and good colour.

In pictorial architecture we have good examples from the pencils of such men as H. W. Brewer, R. Phené Spiers, T. R. Macquoid, and Herbert M. Marshall; and flower-painting is ably represented by J. Jessop Hardwick, Helen C. Angell, Blanche Hanbury, H. Caffieri, Ellen Stone, Katharine M. Stocks, and Marie S. Stillman. 'The Bloom' (325), by the last-named lady, comes more properly under the head of figure-painting, and a very charming picture it is.

In the landscape section of the exhibition are many excellent drawings; but our space admits of our indicating only a few of the more conspicuous. Joseph Knight represents 'Twilight' (324) in a splendid drawing, and Tom Lloyd, Ernest Waterlow, and Arthur Ditchfield all aim at realising the same mystic hour. The first calls his drawing 'The Close of Day' (82); the second, 'The Hill Farm' (112); and the third, 'Evening Effect' (81); and all of them are good. Mark Fisher's 'Winter's Day' (97) occupies the place of honour on the left wall, as Mr. Knight's 'Twilight' fills a similar position on the right. Frank Cox's 'Windy Day' (323), 'Plashing for Trout' (359), by J. O. Long, and Walter Field's 'Waste Land' (310), with some sheep feeding busily under impending rain, are all drawings of character and quality.

Also among the notable contributions to the gallery are Charles Earle's 'Golden Fruit at Venice' (296); C. Napier Hemy's 'Port of Shields' (290); and Walter Severn's 'Wild Birds in June' (271). The far end of the gallery is occupied by such men as Hamilton Macallum, Alfred Parsons, Sutton Palmer, J. M. Jopling, Mark Fisher, J. C. Moore, and John Parker. The walls of the gallery struck us as being rather more crowded this year than usual, and there were several drawings of undoubted merit hung too high to be properly seen. The general level of excellence has been maintained, but nothing more.

WATER-COLOUR PICTURES AT MESSRS. AGNEW'S GALLERY.

THOUGH of limited dimensions, this gallery has always a certain interest to the connoisseur. The drawings are generally selected with taste and judgment, and, so far as they go, give the visitor a very fair idea of English water-colour practice. Not that the proprietors confine themselves altogether to the English school; for here and there a foreign picture asserts itself, and drawings by such men as J. Israel, M. Conradi, L. Gallait, Ary Scheffer, and E. Frère lend variety to the collection.

On the present occasion the drawings amount to a hundred and sixty-eight, and show the history of the art from the days of Thomas Girtin and John Varley onwards to the Edward Duncans, the F. W. Tophams, and the Birket Fosters of our own day. From E. Duncan there are two large and important drawings, which prove how thoroughly he has studied the sea in its varying moods, and with what freedom he can convey his impressions to the paper. 'Wreck off Worms Head' (27) shows a lost ship in the middle distance, surrounded by a fearful sea and stranded on a rockbound coast, to which the mist and spume of the sea give a terrible significance. The other drawing (No. 37) shows the aspect of the sea after the storm has subsided. In the foreground are seen some fishermen hauling in pieces of wreck; on the left are the ruins of the once-defiant stronghold of Tantallon, and in the far distance the Bass Rock. Aerial perspective is beautifully managed in this drawing, and the sense of space is fully gratified. Between these two pictures hangs a very fine example of Frederick Tayler's pencil, representing a 'Wild Boar at Bay' (31). The costume is that of Louis XIII., and the scene is depicted with an energy worthy of Snyders or Rubens. Above it are various studies of a pelican, or some bird of the kind; and the artist, Heywood Hardy, has shown remarkable ingenuity by converting the one bird into seven, and calling them 'Fishers of the Nile' (30). From F. W. Topham we have the 'Flower Girl of Seville' (80), effective in

touch and charming in sentiment, as are all the drawings which come from his hand. Another master of sentiment as found in the lowlier social grades is E. Frère, and here are two drawings highly characteristic of him. The one shows a boy stooping towards a little girl in a chair, holding his flask to her mouth that she may have 'Just a Taste' (38). The incident is rendered with much naïveté. 'Morning' (32), the other picture, represents an elder sister holding the hands of a little girl who is standing in front of the stove, on the top of which simmers her breakfast. The little thing is in the attitude of prayer, imploring a blessing on her morning meal. Both these works are in pencil, heightened with chalk; and there is another similar drawing of crayon, touched up with colour, which is interesting from the circumstance that it represents the same action as Mr. Frère's 'Morning.' Here, in No. 136, it is called 'Saying Grace,' and shows us an old Highlander with a young girl and a little child seated round a large basin of oatmeal porridge. The devout aspect which Sir Edwin Landseer (for he is the author of the work) has thrown into the faces of the three is worthy of Frère or Millet. Another important drawing is Sir John Gilbert's 'Quarrel at Cards' (17), during which one poor cavalier has met his death, and now lies prone on the floor, to the consternation and horror of the bystanders. 'The Lass of Richmond Hill' (115), sitting on a felled oak, by G. D. Leslie, R.A.; 'She never told her love' (143) by T. Faed, R.A.; a splendid seapiece by F. Powell, representing 'The Rantipike'; 'On the Housetops, Algiers' (98), by J. W. North; 'Cimon and Iphigenia' (66), a rustic boy tickling with a straw a young girl who is asleep in a barn, by W. Hunt; 'Interior of Bamberg Cathedral' (75) by F. W. Burton, R.H.A., are all important and characteristic examples of the respective masters named. Turner, Cox, Prout, De Wint, Britton Willis, Birket Foster, and many other distinguished water-colourists, will be found on the walls of this pleasant little gallery.

MR. VERNON HEATH'S AUTOTYPES.

WE have on several former occasions referred to the admirable works of Mr. Vernon Heath, and recommended those who have any love for beautiful scenery to visit his interesting gallery at 43, Piccadilly. He is not content to stand still in his art; scarcely a year passes but he either introduces some improvement himself or adopts the discoveries of others, for which he keeps a keen look-out. Thus, on revisiting his exhibition, we are sure to find many additions to its treasures and to learn many new secrets of the art of painting by light.

The small landscape photographs which used to be issued by him when the collodion process was universally followed were as delicate in execution as any produced by that process. But a comparison between his old collodion prints and his new autotypes will show, in a remarkable manner, the striking superiority of the latter. In the gallery are many examples of both. Mr. Heath's original negatives are all of the same size, twelve inches by ten; and it certainly at first sight seems very strange that the prints from these originals should be less beautiful, and actually less true to nature, than the prints that are taken from plates enlarged from these negatives to the size of twenty-seven inches by twenty-one, or in some cases forty inches by thirty. The process of autotype printing is too well known to need explanation now; suffice it to say that it possesses none of the uncertainty which marked the earlier process, and that autotype prints have "a tenure of permanency which may fairly be assumed to be as secure as the

Indian ink drawing to which experience enables us to assign a stability of at least some centuries."

Perhaps this character of *permanency* is what was most to be desired in photography; and if permanency be invaluable in human portraiture, surely it is equally so in landscape views. It is not pleasant to see the clear white sky turn dirty yellow, the feathery masses of wood grow into dense black blots. Such painful effects are to be found in some old collodion prints, but they are quite impossible in autotypes, which, until they be reduced to dust or ashes, will always keep their original colour. Many of Mr. Heath's pictures have been mentioned in these columns on former occasions; such, for example, as the leaf-laden 'Horse-Chestnut,' which stands sentinel to the beautiful mill-water at Cookham; the 'Four Seasons' amidst the glorious beeches of Burnham; the 'Fallen Monarch,' portrayed in its ruin as in its pride, with the loving care the author bestows on all his subjects; the 'Quiet Nook,' fit scene for the innocent delights of a new Paul and Virginia, though looked upon by its owner so slightly that he could not understand the artist's zeal to transfer it to his picture-book; the majestic 'Silver Firs' at Roseneath; the charming series of Thoresby views, especially No. 71, 'Near the Buck Gates,' the Killarney views, particularly the 'Torc Waterfall' and 'The Eagle's Nest,' the Plâs Tan-y-bwlch series; that lovely pair of 'Cottage Porch' subjects which make one long to quit the safe, dry smokiness of town, and brave the cool, damp airiness of the woodland; the series of great houses,

including Bearwood, and Mr. Gathorne Hardy's prim but impressive mansion.

The special feature of Mr. Heath's exhibition at present, however, is the series of views in Skye and about Inverary, which he took last autumn. The Inverary pictures are very beautiful, but it is in the Skye views that the artist has secured his greatest triumph. And the most marvellous thing is, that each of the six splendid hill-scenes, and the equally-striking 'Rocks and Burn,' were taken from within half a mile of his inn door. Who would not wish to be transported for a month to that quiet little inn at the mouth of Glen Sligachan, from which one may gaze in turn on the weird and sharply-cut triple peak of Scurra-Gilleann, the quaint, half-comic cones of Glamaig and Mars-cow, with mystic Blaven towering in the distance? The mere music of these names will stir the heart of a true Highlander, who loves to roll them over his tongue just for the sound's sake, feeling their blessedness in a spirit akin to that of the old woman in the anecdote who rejoiced in such words as "Mesopotamia." The artist himself was filled with deep delight whilst he watched those hills beneath the varied weather which always reigns (query *rains*) in Skye. His only regret was that he could not carry his apparatus with him in his rambles over the mountain-slopes to those eyries from which he peered down on gloomy

Coruisk, and looked across its black depths to the granite sierra of the Cuchullins. He vows that he will not be so betrayed another time, and his apparatus is now mounted in such a manner that he can carry it with him wherever he will. Three of his new views are of Dunvegan Castle, where he, as many an artist before and since, enjoyed the hospitality of the warm-hearted Macleods. The walls of Dunvegan seem fit framework for the wildest, saddest, fearsomest romance; yet nowadays they are renowned for homely comfort rather than for thrilling adventures. From the windows may be seen, and even heard, the breaking of the fierce Atlantic at the rocky entrance of that inlet from the sea on which the castle stands; and as we sit by our cosy London fireside it is delightful to fancy what a fine "Scotch symphony" the wind and waves and rain might make between them on that desolate rockbound coast.

Interesting as Mr. Heath's pictures must be to the public at large, their value to artists can hardly be estimated. Many will probably deny them to have any of the qualities of colour, but a keen eye will see an infinite variety of tones in these photographs. One example dwells especially on the memory, a woodland scene, with luxuriant bracken, and broken sunlight playing on its fronds. Let any artist study this well, and then say whether these autotype pictures are without colour or no.

ALBERT.

Engraved by W. ROFFE, from the Statue by J. H. FOLEY, R.A.

THIS, to speak metaphorically, is the jewel to contain which the magnificent shrine, known as the Albert Memorial, was erected in Hyde Park. The history of the statue may be thus briefly told:—

The work was originally given for execution to the late Baron Marochetti, who produced a large model, which was placed experimentally on the pedestal in April, 1857. Its effect not being considered satisfactory, the Baron commenced another model, but he died in 1867, without completing his design; this also was not deemed by the Committee of a character to meet the requirements of the case, and then Her Majesty placed the commission for another statue in the hands of Mr. Foley. In the summer of 1870 his full-sized model was placed on a pedestal for the better opportunity of studying its effect in relation to its surroundings, and was subsequently removed back to the sculptor's studio. A severe illness, continuing from the autumn of this year to the following spring, prevented him from proceeding with his work; but on recovering, he at once resumed his labours with all the energy and vigour of his character, working on the figure to an extent which severely taxed his weakened physique. At the date of his death, in 1874, not only was the model completed, but the head and hands were cast in bronze and successfully chased under his own personal inspection. On Mr. Foley's decease, in 1874, the casting of the remaining portions of the work, by Messrs. Prince and Co., Southwark, was resumed under the responsibility of the sculptor's friend and executor, Mr. G. F. Teniswood; which process, followed by the most careful chasing of the entire surface, was finished by the end of the next year. When this colossal figure, weighing nearly ten tons, was fixed in its assigned position, and gilded in accordance with the contract between the Committee and the sculptor, Her Majesty, on the 9th of March, 1876, inspected the fully completed work.

It should be borne in mind that the whole Memorial was framed so as to afford a lofty pedestal for the reception of an enthroned figure, robed, and expressive of royal rank. In referring to the *motive* of the sculptor's design, we may quote his own words:—"The seated position which has been chosen, though presenting difficulties of the gravest nature, owing to the distance from the ground at which the work must be viewed, cannot but be regarded as the most suitable for the purpose."

If represented standing, the figure would, in position, repeat those by which it is accompanied, and moreover would fail to have the appearance of being enthroned, and presiding over all that surround it.

In the attitude and expression, the aim of the sculptor undoubtedly was to embody, with the individuality of portraiture, rank, character, and enlightenment; and to convey a sense of that special intelligence which indicates an active, rather than a passive, interest in those pursuits of civilisation illustrated in the surrounding figures, groups, and *relievs*.

From an Art point of view, the statue is grand in form, regal in bearing, and masterly in its lines of composition. The Prince is represented in the rich robes and with the insignia of the Order of the Garter, and holding in his right hand the Catalogue of the Great Exhibition of 1851. The figure, if standing, would measure nineteen feet in height; and yet, notwithstanding its huge actual size, it has, by its admirable proportions with regard to surrounding quantities, the aspect of being little more than heroic in stature. Alas, that the gifted sculptor should not have lived to see this, almost his latest, and certainly among his greatest works of portrait sculpture, in its splendid resting-place!

And this "resting-place," glorious as it is, is but one among the many reared in various parts of the kingdom to the memory of the good Prince whom they are intended to honour; for there are few towns of any importance where a statue or a memorial of some kind has not been raised as a tribute of national, yet local, love and esteem for one who, by his virtues, his high principles, his wisdom, his affability, and his constitutional conduct, if such a term may be used, won the earnest and deep-felt regard of the people of Great Britain. More than fifteen years have passed since the country had first to mourn the loss of the Prince Consort, whose death was indeed

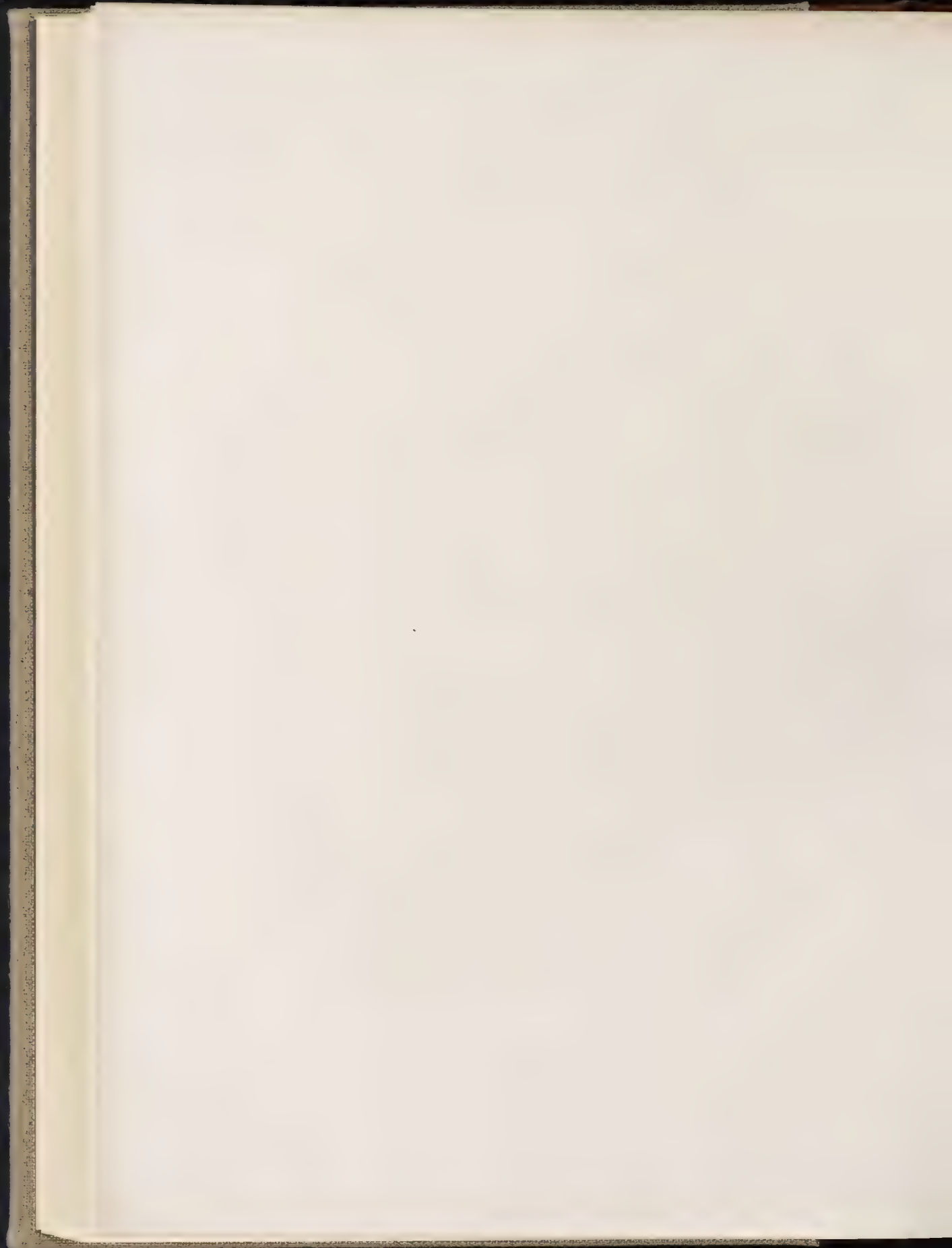
"The common grief of all the land;"

but the good work done by him during his lifetime remains with us to this day, and especially in all matters connected with our national Art-institutions, in which the Prince always manifested the warmest and deepest interest. It is meet and right, then, that his memory should be preserved in two such appropriate and noble Art-works as that in Hyde Park and the sculptured monument recently erected at Edinburgh.





ENGRAVED BY W. R. FEE FROM THE STATUE BY J. H. F. LEYFA



SCENERY OF THE PACIFIC RAILWAY.

IV.

WHEN the Mormons first settled in Utah, into which Territory we pass near Wahsatch Station, it was a part of Mexico, and was acquired by the United States in 1848, through the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo; but the Federal Government was lax, and the Mormons, who had been driven out of Illinois, appropriated it to themselves, and named it the State of Deseret.

south. The famous Colorado River is formed within the Territory, and its chaotic channel, hedged in with unutterable grandeur and desolation, is the key-note in which the tone of much of the scenery is struck. The population is about 125,000, including about 1,000 Indians, and the average number of persons to a family is five. There are ten railways, with a total length of

500 miles. The Union and Central Pacific roads are the longest, and cross the territory near its northern border.

After this statistical digression, let us return to our itinerary.

The grandest scenery of the Union Pacific Railway is crowded into the next sixty miles, and for four hours there is not a lagging moment to the tourist whose search is for the picturesque, nor to the more scientific traveller whose eyes are open to the marvellous geological revelations of Echo, Weber, and Ogden Cañons.

So far, in our "overland journey" we have met with no striking instance of that most striking and frequently occurring feature of these regions—the "cañon." What in the Far West is so termed is sometimes a narrow chasm in the mountains, the bottom of which is the bed of a stream of water, the cliffs on each side being nearly perpendicular or even inclining towards each other; this is called a "box" cañon. When the sides of the hollow are sloping so as to form a valley it is called an "open" cañon.

All down the southern side of Echo the boundary is a well-rounded range of hills, with enough grass upon them to hint of a superficial soil, and with a few emphatic projections of rock here and there. Another and opposite range of similar hills would make a characteristic "open cañon." But all along the northern side there is a sheer bluff or escarpment, from 500 to 700 feet in height, and of a reddish colour, which increases in warmth until it seems to glow with living heat. The

contrast goes further. The opposite southern rocks are yellow, and the soil has slipped away in places, leaving a broad patch of the naked sandstone visible in the surrounding green. Occasionally a valley intersects the main cañon, and, looking through it, we can see the white tips of the Wahsatch and Uintah Mountains with the upper slopes of dark blue or purple.



Pulpit-Rock, Echo Cañon.

The name was changed to "Utah" by Congress in 1850, at which time the territory included all of the present State of Nevada.

The area is about 54,000,000 acres, of which about 347,000 are under cultivation, and the value of all agricultural products in 1875 was about £1,600,000 sterling. The products are principally grain and fruit, including apples, pears, peaches, plums, and grapes, in abundance; but in the valley of the Rio Virgen cotton, figs, and pomegranates are also grown. The climate is variable, but the hottest days are followed by cool, refreshing nights. The aggregate yield of gold, silver, and lead, between 1868 and 1875, was, in round numbers, £4,200,000. The surface of the land is elevated; the valleys are from 4,000 to 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, and the highest peak about 13,000 feet.

Idaho and Wyoming bound Utah on the north, Wyoming and Colorado on the east, Nevada on the west, and Arizona on the

The scene has every element of impressiveness—strong, determinate colour, majestic forms, and a novel weirdness. Usually the descent into the cañon begins soon after dinner, at Evanston; the air coming from the mountains is inspiring; the afternoon light is growing mellower, and all other conditions are favourable to the highest enjoyment.

That most amusing of travellers, the Baron de Hübner, has described his impressions of this part of the overland journey as

follows: "The descent to the Salt Lake is done without steam, merely by the weight of the carriages, and although the break is put upon the wheels, you go down at a frightful pace, and of course the speed increases with the weight of the train; and being composed of an immense number of cars and trucks, I became positively giddy before we got to the bottom. Add to this the curves, which are as sharp as they are numerous, and the fearful precipices on each side, and you will understand why most of the



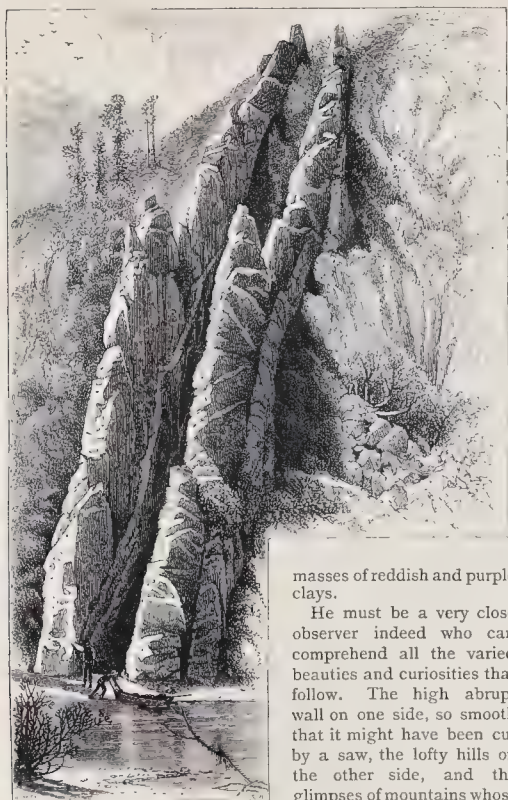
Echo Cañon, Utah.

travellers turn pale." There is a good deal of unconscious exaggeration in this picture, and the impressions are those of a highly-nervous person; but the real experience is sufficiently exciting as the train sweeps down and sways from side to side with increasing speed, now threatening to hurl itself against a solid cliff, then curving off like an obedient ship in answer to her helm.

Just eastward of the head of the cañon the country is undulating and breezy; farther westward it becomes more broken;

the foot-hills present craggy fronts, and detached masses of rock, curiously weathered, crop out.

Nine hundred and sixty-six miles from Omaha we pause at Wahsatch Station, which is on the divide between Bear River Valley and Echo Cañon, and thence we seem to sink lower and lower into the earth as the enclosing hills rise higher above us. Two miles from Wahsatch the train crosses a trestle-work bridge—450 feet long and 75 feet high, and immediately afterwards it crashes into the longest tunnel on the road, and through

*Devil's Slide, Weber Cañon.*

masses of reddish and purple clays.

He must be a very close observer indeed who can comprehend all the varied beauties and curiosities that follow. The high abrupt wall on one side, so smooth that it might have been cut by a saw, the lofty hills on the other side, and the glimpses of mountains whose snows never melt, are impressive and interesting; but they are not the only things

that make a journey through Echo Cañon memorable for a lifetime.

Here again, as at Green River and among the Bad Lands, stupendous rocks frequently assume the appearance of some artificial object, although the mimic forms are not so numerous nor so successful as imitations as those there met with. Still they are often very surprising. A castle-like butte strikes one as a strange object to come upon in a region twenty years ago unknown to civilised man; it seems to the traveller that human labour must have reared the tower-like and pinnacled masses, that have in truth been shaped by the unconscious rain-drops operating through a long series of ages.

At the head of the cañon, particularly, there is a remnant of the ancient rocky strata called Castle Rock (*vide p. 91*), which mimics an old dismantled fortress; and near by is another, called the Pulpit, from its form, and also from a tradition that from it Brigham Young preached to the Mormons as he led them into their promised land. The railway curves around the latter, and an outstretched arm from

the car might touch it. Next comes Sentinel Rock, an obelisk of conglomerate about 250 feet high, which shows the influence of "weathering," i.e., the action of the elements; and seven miles from Castle Rock is Hanging Rock, a view of which has been given in a preceding chapter (see p. 92).

From such a point of view as Hanging Rock, or the ridges above it, a much better idea of what one may term the tumultuousness of the surrounding country can be obtained than from the bed of the cañon. The earth is split by a score of transverse ravines, which extend like blue veins from the main artery and map the face of the country with shadow; isolated columns, positive and brilliant in colour, stand alone in their chromatic glory, without a visible connection with the main rock from which they were originally detached; odd groups of conglomerate, much like inverted wineglasses in shape, and plainly banded with several strata of colour, sprout out like so many monstrous mushrooms; and, clasping all within their basin, are the circling mountains of the Wahsatch and Uintah ranges—silvered with perpetual snow on their acute summits, and beautifully blue where covered with pines. These two chains are among the most picturesque of all the Western mountains. They fairly bristle with peaks and lateral ridges, and they soar from the plain at a bound, so to speak, without the concealment and dwarfing effect of foot-hills.

The swift water of Weber River winds by the track through a channel overhung with bright shrubs, and the immigrant road, upon which large calèches still travel, crosses and re-crosses the iron pathway, which from one of the neighbouring heights appears like a thread of silver, while the train, with its great and mighty locomotive and lofty Pullman-cars, becomes a toy in comparison with the Titanic rocks at the feet of which it is hurrying along.

The cedar seems to thrive on an astonishingly poor soil, and

*The Witches' Rocks, Weber Cañon.*

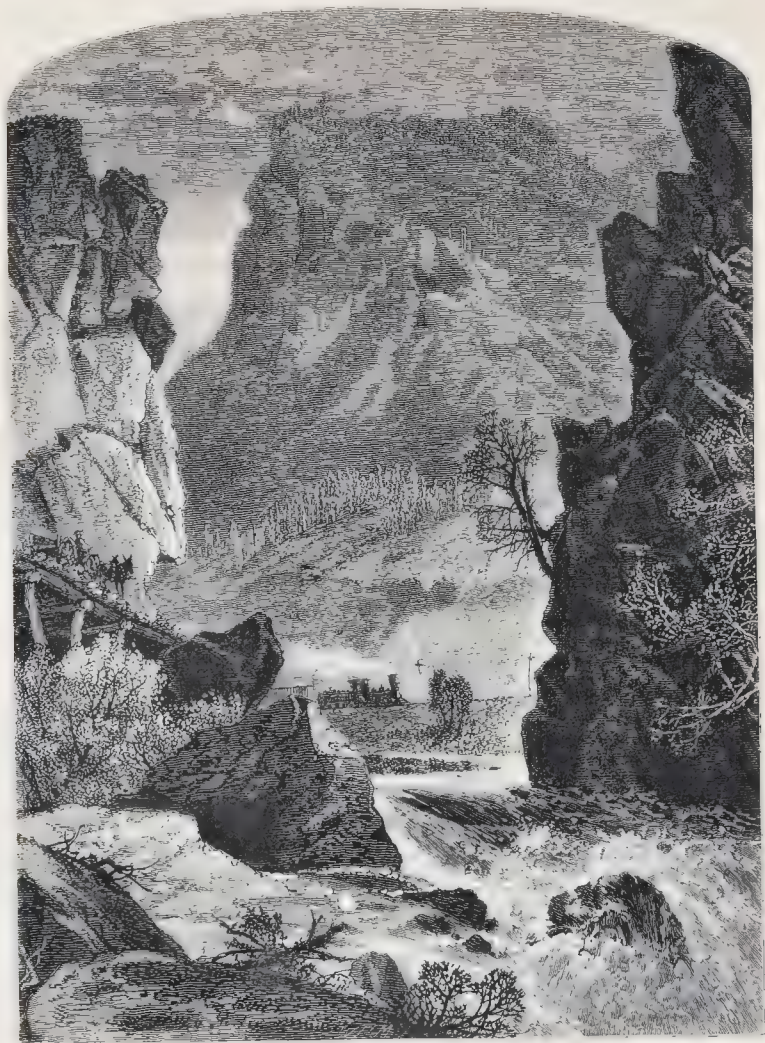
crops out among the rocks in profusion, giving them a peculiar mottled appearance. These and a few pines strive for sustenance on the least accessible ledges, and are

satisfied with never so small a hold on the rock. A sharp curve around an immense sandstone or conglomerate butte on the right hand or northern side of the cañon now changes the scene. The cañon opens into a wide valley, completely surrounded by mountains; but wherever tillage has been possible the land is cultivated, and a number of settlements have sprung up.

The train stops at the little town of Echo, 993 miles from Omaha, and 5,315 feet above the level of the sea. The next

station is Upper Weber Valley, whence a narrow-gauge railway turns off to Coalville, the site of an extensive deposit. The farmhouses are tidy and cheerful; the land has been fertilised by irrigation, and otherwise made the most of. The most prejudiced opponent of the Mormons must acknowledge that they have done wonders in agriculture, and that, whatever else they may be, they are industrious, energetic, and thrifty.

Rushing through the valley, between Echo and Weber Cañons,



The Devil's Gate, Weber Cañon.

we can now see the portals of the latter, flanked on the south-west by a stupendous dome-shaped abutment of brilliant red, nearly 1,000 feet high, which is the first in a chain of similar formations extending southward, and presenting abrupt fronts all the way down. There are small alcoves between them, and they jut out obliquely, like the prows of a fleet of iron-clads. This belt of flaming red makes an extraordinary contrast with the verdurous surroundings and the grey and white mountains above it; but it

is just such contrasts as this that constitute the wonderful novelty and originality, so to speak, of Western scenery.

In a moment more we have swept by the bluff, and the train is awaking thunderous reverberations in Weber Canon, which is deeper and wider than Echo, including among its wonders the Devil's Gate and the Devil's Slide, a description of which will appear in the next chapter.

WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

MINOR TOPICS.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—In reply to a question put in the House of Commons by Mr. Goldsmid some time ago, Mr. Gerard Noel said that negotiations were in progress by the Council of the Royal Academy for the purchase, out of the interest of the fund bequeathed by the sculptor Chantrey, of a picture that is to become the property of the nation. About the same time it was stated in some of the daily papers that the churchwardens of St. Peter's, Eaton Square, had applied in the London Consistorial Court for a faculty, which was granted, to sell the picture by W. Hilton, R.A., of 'Our Lord crowned with Thorns,' one of the artist's most valued works, which formerly was the altar-piece of the church, having been presented to it, as was said, by the Council of the British Institution many years ago, though now displaced; why or wherefore was not reported, nor why the parishioners wish to get rid of it altogether, which, as it appears, is their desire. It was added that Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A., had offered £1,000 for the painting; therefore, coupling this fact with the statement made in the House of Commons, it may fairly be assumed that Hilton's picture will find a home in the National Gallery. The Director has issued the annual report for the year 1876. It contains little to interest the public generally, and much which our readers may care to know has already been noticed at various times in our pages. Briefly, then, it may be stated, that one picture, the 'Portrait of a Woman,' by Frank Hals, was purchased out of what is known as the "Lewis Fund," and four Italian portraits, by special grant of parliament; these are, an 'Italian Nobleman,' an 'Italian Lady,' an 'Italian Ecclesiastic,' all by Giov. Batista Moroni, and a full length portrait of an 'Italian Nobleman,' by Bonvicini, called Il Morello da Brescia. The addition to the gallery of the Wynn Ellis bequest of ninety-four pictures by the old masters and the enlargement of the building are alluded to in the report. The pictures, which now include the whole of the examples of the British School removed from Kensington to Trafalgar Square, are arranged in twenty rooms, the entire gallery having been opened to the public in August last. During the past year thirty-six paintings, all of foreign schools, have been covered with glass, increasing the number of works so protected to 386. Since the preceding report the galleries at South Kensington have been made over for the use of the Department of Science and Art.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—Probably before this number of the Journal is issued the public will have the opportunity of examining the collection of pictures known as the "diploma" works of the members of the Royal Academy, a room in the upper floor of Burlington House being devoted to them. It may not be universally known that every member on his election is expected to present to the Academy a specimen of his work: this rule has been in force since the foundation of the institution, and consequently a large and most interesting assemblage of pictures, sculptures, &c., has accumulated from the time of the painters, Reynolds and Gainsborough, and Bacon and Banks, sculptors, to our own. If our memory serves us rightly, an exhibition of this kind was opened by the Academy about forty years ago: but the additions to the "diploma" works since then cannot fail to give increased value and interest to such a collection as that now at Burlington House.

THE QUEEN has, we are gratified to know, been graciously pleased to confer on Mrs. Noble, widow of the sculptor, an annual pension of £150.

THE PARIS UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION OF 1878.—The Royal Commissioners have taken possession of their new offices at Canada Buildings, Westminster, near the Houses of Parliament and public offices. The immediate result of a recent meeting of the Commissioners, under the presidency of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales last Saturday, was, that printed documents describing the French arrangements for the International

Exhibition, and others containing applications for space, were immediately forwarded to all firms in Great Britain and Ireland who have taken part in recent Exhibitions. All communications in reference to the disposal of space or relating to the British section generally, should be addressed to Mr. P. Cunliffe Owen, C.B., secretary to the Royal Commission, Canada Buildings, Westminster, S.W. It has been decided that the British Catalogue for this Exhibition shall be printed by her Majesty's printers, and that no advertisements will be inserted in the volume.—How far the idea of embracing within the vast circle of next year's undertaking contributions of important pictures from every provincial source in France may be realised is uncertain, but there can be no doubt that in one special quarter an extraordinary effort will be made to muster a very striking array. This has been made the subject of especial consideration on the part of Monsieur de Chennevières, Directeur des Beaux Arts, and upon its reference to his official chief, M. Waddington, the Minister of Public Instruction, the *mandat* for its realisation was conceded. It amounts, in a word, to a vast conscription of portraiture from all the provincial museums, from all parties who have been led to accumulate collections of that kind, and from all private families who may have cherished the proud gratification of transmitting the faces of their more noted kith and kin to the honours, not alone of conservative canvas, but of sculpture, drawings, miniatures, medallions, &c. This assuredly promises an extreme and extraordinary miscellany. It is not intended, however, to admit therein every quaint visage or venerable specimen worked up before the days of Jan Van Eyck; on the contrary, each work is to be subjected to the scrutiny of a very competent and exacting tribunal, by which its eligibility shall be ascertained, in reference either to its historic interest, its intrinsic artistic claims, or its import as evidence of the progressive development of portraiture in the French school. The adjudging tribunal is no other than that most important committee to which the task has been, not long since, confided by the Minister of Public Instruction of realising, as a great national undertaking, that encyclopedic *thesaurus* entitled "Inventaire Général des Richesses d'Art de la France." The Commissioner-in-Chief, by whom the Exposition is to be organized, enters zealously into this project, and will be sure to secure ample space for the congress of this most singular assemblage of representatives of various periods of the olden time.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—Another instalment of the work executed by Messrs. Minton for the decoration of the western staircase in the Museum, has arrived at the building. It is one of the largest ceramic pieces yet included in the contract, measuring about fifty-four feet square. This huge slab, if it may so be called, shows a picture representing 'The Triumph of Truth and Justice over Ignorance, Superstition, and Crime;' it is executed by Mr. H. W. Foster, an artist in the employ of Messrs. Minton, from cartoons painted by Mr. F. W. Moody, director of the decorative works at South Kensington. The material used for these ornamental purposes is, we understand, a kind of stoneware, which, when painted, is submitted to a heat so strong that the work on it is able to resist a deleterious agency which would entirely destroy an oil or fresco painting.—The late Mr. William Smith, F.S.A., of Southwick Street, Cambridge Square, London, deputy chairman of the National Portrait Gallery, has, by his will, added to his gift of eighty-six pictures, which, it may be remembered, he allowed the authorities of South Kensington to select from his collection in 1871. The bequest consists of one hundred and thirty-six water-colour paintings, making in all two hundred and twenty-two works, ranging from Voyens, Girtin, and Turner, to living artists. There are no fewer than seventy-five examples of artists (fifty-seven in number) who were previously unrepresented

in the Museum galleries, and the historical collections possessed by the South Kensington Museum, *i.e.* by the nation, may now be said to be complete. Besides the drawings, Mr. Smith has left one thousand volumes of books on the Fine Arts, all in splendid bindings and condition, and all his catalogues of exhibitions and sales by auction, with their indexes, whether printed or manuscript. This very unique bequest may now be seen tastefully arranged in one of the rooms at the Museum. We shall probably notice it in detail at some future time.

THE ICONOCLASTS of the eighteenth century, who sanctified their memories by whitewashing out ancient frescoes from the walls of churches, have found rivals or imitators in the nineteenth century. A most exquisite and holy picture, 'Christ crowned with Thorns,' stood for years over the altar of St. Peter's Church, Eaton Square. It is a masterpiece of British Art, a *chef-d'œuvre* of the painter Hilton, and was a gift to the church, presented by the British Institution in 1826. The churchwardens have sold it, considering that a thousand pounds, "vested in consols," might be far better expended in "ornamentation of the church"—most probably in accordance with their own designs. The strongest argument adduced in support of so gross an act was that in a neighbouring diocese the churchwardens had "sold some valuable pictures for a very small sum." This picture by Hilton was purchased by Sir Francis Grant, as intimated in another paragraph, so that it will not be lost to the nation. But if a better offer had come from the Cherokees, the churchwardens would, we are sure, have sold it to the Cherokees.

THE GRAPHIC SOCIETY.—At the *soirée* for February a large and interesting selection of pictures and drawings by the late J. F. Lewis, R.A., was exhibited, comprising many of his most important works; and when we refer to such exquisite productions as 'The Liliun Auratum,' 'The Prayer of Faith,' 'The School,' 'The Desert Encampment,' and others equally notable, lent by Mr. Bowman, Mr. Matthews, Mr. Quilter, and Mr. Vokins, our readers will have a good idea of the value of such a collection. The sketches were most numerous and of all classes of subject, illustrative of every phase of the artist's career. A crowded attendance testified to the interest the occasion excited, and the "Lewis night" at the Graphic will be long remembered as one of the most interesting the society has ever held.

THE COMPETITION FOR THE GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY'S ANNUAL PRIZE.—The drawings sent in for the above competition have been on view at the Royal Architectural Museum, Tufton Street, Westminster, and are most promising contributions to Art-industry. The winner of the £50 prize is Mr. John Watkins, a student at South Kensington, but formerly of the Birmingham School of Art. His design is for a shield after the wonderful description given by Virgil in the eighth book of the "Æneid." The shield is circular in shape, and on the boss in the centre is represented a fierce naval fight, in which the strangely-carved vessels are closely interlocked, and the whole of their crews absorbed in a hand-to-hand struggle to the death. The boss is encircled by a band of furies and warriors and water-gods, beyond which there comes a ring of twelve panels, representing a series of incidents in the history of Rome, commencing with the nurture of Romulus and Remus by the mother-wolf. The shield, as a whole, is a very beautiful work, although, perhaps, a little wanting in classic repose. Among the other designs we especially noted a shield of the 'Seven Beatitudes,' by Mr. Crichton, of Edinburgh, most original and delicate in composition; a Byzantine design for a tankard, also by Mr. Crichton; a clock in gold and *cloisonné* enamel, very rich in effect; a lamp, designed for the same materials, by Mr. Shaw, of Trinity Square, and an elegant candelabrum of iron inlaid with silver, by Mr. Aitchison. The designs of Mr. A. W. Edwards are pretty though weak, the best being his Amphitrite cup, in which he has made an admirable use of seaweed for details of ornament. Mr. Minoggio's Arctic shield is far too formal in conception. The numerous designs of S. G. Price seem lacking in every feature of beauty. The attempt of Mr.

John Park, of Chelsea, to adapt Assyrian Art-design to a modern ewer is a failure and a mistake. There is something bold and appropriate in Mr. James Egan's city cup, although the design is hardly carried far enough towards finish. The swan tankard, by Mr. Gibbons, of Cirencester, is very graceful, although somewhat too formal. Mr. Roberts, of Southampton Row, exhibits a set of water-bottle, cup, and salver, in steel, damascened with silver, most chaste and simple in shape and design. The Goldsmiths' Company deserves great approbation for having given such handsome encouragement to the art of design, and we note that in addition to the prize above mentioned they have awarded £65 to Mr. Angel (with Thomas & Co., of New Bond Street) for his fine execution of silver *repoussé* work, and £50 to Mr. Crichton, of Gerard Street, Soho, for his work in silver.

MR. R. W. BINNS, F.S.A., the Art-director of the Royal Worcester Porcelain Works, has received a testimonial from the "workpeople" of the establishment. It consists of two plaques and a ewer, manufactured by Elkington, from the designs of M. Ladeuil. They are of great beauty, and of the highest merit as works of Art, as they ought to be: we shall probably engrave them. No artist of the century has done so much to advance British ceramic art. There is no style in which he has not surpassed nearly all competitors, adding renown to the long-famous works over which he has presided for more than a quarter of a century. It is not, however, in that light only we are to regard the compliment he has received. He has earned it from his subordinate fellow workers by invariable courtesy, kindness, and considerateness, as well as by thoughtful counsel and an ever-helping hand. We quote passages from the address read by Mr. A. C. Sherriff, M.P. for the city:—"We gladly congratulate you upon the successes you have achieved. Your confidence in the ultimate victory of the true over the false in all Art-work, the ever-widening circle of your Art-productions, your deep interest and unremitting research, have written your name in the history of ceramic art, wherever it is recognised as a means of cultivating taste, by producing beauty combined with fitness and utility, and of creating employment for the artist and the workman." . . . "You have dealt with us so long, not as workers merely, but as workmen and work-women, inciting us to 'aim high,' not only in what you teach us to produce, but in those moral qualities which constitute excellence of character and true nobility in life." We shall have to recur to this subject, for it will be our duty to notice an exhibition of ceramic art, chiefly Japanese originals or suggestions, which, under the auspices of Mr. Binns, has been recently held at Worcester.

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.—A lecture was somewhat recently delivered before the members of this society by Mr. G. F. Teniswood, F.S.A., the subject being "English Landscape Art in the Past and Present Centuries." In the treatment of his theme the lecturer showed the debased condition of British Art generally in the early part of the eighteenth century, and the influence, far from favourable, which the foreign schools of the time had upon it, till Hogarth, Wilson, Reynolds, and Gainsborough laid its modern foundations. Wilson is justly considered by Mr. Teniswood as the founder of the English school of landscape, which the lecturer traced down to Turner and his times as its culminating point. He concluded, after comparing the characteristics of men of later date, by referring to the causes affecting its progress among us at the present time.

CITY AND SPITALFIELDS SCHOOL OF ART.—A course of lectures, for Art students and others who may be desirous of receiving information concerning the various employments connected with art and design, was given in the School of Art, Primrose Street, Bishopsgate Street, on the evenings of the first four Thursdays in March respectively, by Mr. N. H. J. Westlake, F.S.A., Mr. Thomas Chatfield Clarke, F.R.I.B.A., Mr. G. Aitchison, B.A., and Mr. Charles L. Eastlake, F.R.I.B.A.

REPRODUCTION OF THE PORTLAND VASE.—One of the highest and most exquisitely beautiful achievements, not only of

the glass-cutter's, but the glass-maker's, art, ever accomplished in this or any other country, is the magnificent reproduction of the Portland or Barberini vase, just completed by Mr. John Northwood. To this, it is with especial and genuine pleasure, we desire to call attention. Of the history of the original Portland vase, dating back as it does to nearly two centuries before Christ, and confessedly standing out as the finest, most valuable, and most perfectly unique example of its particular class of Art extant, it is not our intention to speak; we desire only to place on record our opinion of the modern reproduction of this priceless gem, and to congratulate our own nation on having produced an artist capable of so thoroughly vying in every intricacy of process with the most famous workers of glass in ancient Greek and Roman times. The vase, which, thanks to its liberal-minded owner, Mr. Philip Pargeter, we have had the opportunity of carefully examining, is decidedly a *chef-d'œuvre* of Art, and is without a fault, even in its most simple and unimportant parts. It is literally a reproduction of the Portland Vase, of the same size and in the same material (glass), and effected in the same manner, actual hand-cutting, in every part. Every leaf and stem, each detail of figure, and every minute portion of the original, have been literally copied in hard glass, cut by the graver, not by the wheel; and the result is satisfactory in the highest degree. The vase itself was made by Mr. Pargeter, who, after numberless trials and much patient thought, succeeded in imitating the full rich deep blue of the original. This he coated to a sufficient and considerable thickness with opal glass, closely and faultlessly welded to the body.

This was a matter of great difficulty, but Mr. Pargeter's indomitable energy and skill overcame all obstacles, and the vase was at length ready for Mr. Northwood to operate upon. His mode of proceeding was to cut away by hand, with chisels and gravers, the opal, and carve upon it the entire design of the original, in the same manner as the finest cameo engraving. This, there is no doubt, was the process employed on the original by the "verrier" two thousand years back, and it was only by closely following this mode of operation patiently, slowly, and surely, that Mr. Northwood could hope to succeed in his self-imposed and important task. For the entire ground of the design the opal has been literally chiselled away, and the surface of the blue glass polished, while the figures, trees, &c., composing the design are left in relief in the opal, and carved with consummate skill and unapproachable delicacy. In the higher and, of course, thicker parts, the opal retains its intense whiteness, while in others only a thin film is allowed to remain, and thus the softest and most delicate gradations of colour are obtained. Mr. Northwood has devoted three entire years, with unceasing daily work, to the production of this inestimable treasure, and he has had the advantage of special facilities granted by the museum authorities, for actually carving the glass in front of the original. It is, as we have said, a perfect masterpiece of Art, as unique and as valuable as its ancient prototype. We know of nothing in modern times that will compare with it, and we congratulate Mr. Pargeter upon being the envied possessor of so matchless an example of the Art he has done so much to extend and develope.

ART-PUBLICATIONS.

ADMITTING the "singular interest that has been excited of late years in the subject of pottery," to quote the introduction to a little book on Pottery Painting now before us,* we have yet scarcely arrived at the author's conclusion when he says that, concerning a knowledge of old pottery, "it has got to be a mark of inculture to be wholly ignorant, and to have at least read up Marryat or Chaffers has almost become part of a liberal education." If this really be so, one may soon expect to find the subject included among those set down for a competitive examination, or comprehended in the *curriculum* of a student at one of our universities: a man will have to "read up," his "pottery" for a degree. But while quite unprepared to go such lengths, we readily admit that a desire for the acquisition of beautiful porcelain is a sensible and praiseworthy feeling, deserving of encouragement. The decoration of ceramic works has become a fine art, and may be made a matter of elegant occupation or amusement equally with the practice of painting on canvas and modelling sculptural figures. It is to aid in the acquisition of such knowledge as pottery decoration requires that Mr. Sparkes has sent forth this well-studied and most useful manual. His qualifications for authorship of the kind are unquestionable: for many years head master of the Lambeth School of Art, he reared in that institution a class of artists who have been mainly instrumental in founding and supporting that most attractive description of ceramic productions known as "Lambeth Faience," made in the *ateliers* of Messrs. H. Doulton & Co., where we have seen a large body of young people, principally females, engaged in this beautiful and artistic work. In his book of instruction, after a few pages of general information respecting pottery in general, Mr. Sparkes proceeds to lay down rules for the study and practice of painting the clay forms under a variety of headings, as Colours, Requisites, Manipulation, &c., describing the entire process from the

plain object fresh from the wheel of the potter to the final operation of "firing," when the kiln either mars the object on which labour and probably talent have been employed, or renders it indestructible by the hand of time. Mr. Sparkes's manual is concise yet comprehensive, his teachings are thoroughly practical and intelligible.

THOMAS HOOD "the Younger" has left his mark upon the literature of the age, although he died before his mind had arrived at full maturity, when imagination rather than judgment was in its prime. His forty years of life were not eventful: his tender, loving, and good sister has not attempted to make a volume out of the few incidents that made up his career as a man of letters by profession, as his great father was before him. The "Life," by Mrs. Broderip, is contained in thirty-two pages, while the collected poems extend to no more than two hundred. A book is thus made that will be welcome to all libraries, and do honour to the memory of the younger Tom, for among the poems will be found some which would have done no discredit to the name of the elder.* It is a genial and affectionate, and yet sensible and judicious book, fully estimating the talent—nay, the genius—of the brother, yet containing nothing of over-praise. Tom from childhood to manhood was remarkably handsome, with large dark eyes, somewhat prominent features, yet with an expression that conveyed an idea of sadness rather than the joviality that characterized many of his later productions. Assuredly he was born a poet: we can recall to memory no one of "the tribe" who so forcibly illustrated the two terrible lines—

"We poets in our youth begin in gladness,
But thereof in the end come despondency and madness."

His first poem, "The Swallows," was published in 1852, in

* "A Handbook to the Practice of Pottery Painting." By John C. L. Sparkes, Head Master of the National Art Training School, South Kensington, Director of the Lambeth School of Art. Published by Leebertier, Barbe, & Co.

+ "Poems, Humorous and Pathetic." By Thomas Hood the Younger. Edited, with a Memoir, by his sister, Frances Freeling Broderip. Published by Chatto and Windus.

Sharpe's London Magazine, then edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall, to whom Mrs. Broderip gracefully and generously refers as "our life-long friend;" and to that lady Tom dedicated, in 1861, a little volume, the first he published. He died in 1874. His sister's tribute to his memory describes him, as we knew him, "genial, gentle-hearted, affectionate." He left a widow but no children; Mrs. Broderip has daughters but no son; so no descendant of his will bear his name. But it can never die. It will be honoured as long as lasts the language in which was written the grand and glorious poetry of the father, and the graceful, touching, and often admirable verse of the son. It is needless to add that the family renown has long been upheld by the daughter, that Mrs. Broderip holds a foremost rank among existing writers, both for old and young—for the young more especially—and is respected and loved for her own sake, as well as for the honoured name she bore before she became the wife of the estimable clergyman whose widow she now is. The renown of the father may have, in a degree, overshadowed their own, but at least they continued it into another generation, and the brother and sister have proved themselves worthy of their illustrious descent.

UNDER the attractive and comprehensive title of "The Mountain, River, Lake, and Landscape Scenery of Great Britain,"* Mr. D. Banks has just issued the first volume of a sumptuous work which, for elegance of appearance, novelty of issue, and beauty of plates and typography, surpasses most that have come before us. The volume, which is of imperial quarto size, contains a series of coloured plates, perfect reproductions of drawings, each mounted on board and accompanied by descriptive letterpress, printed on what may be fitly called thick drawing paper. The plates in this first instalment of this regal-looking book are, the Pass of Aberglaslyn, as seen from the *point* which spans the river Colwyn; Windermere, in all its richness and beauty, seen from a charming point near the ferry; two lovely bits on the river Wharfe in Bolton Woods, not far from the famed "Bolton Abbey" of "olden times" immortality; Cader Idris, from the road between Dolgelly and Barmouth; Tal-y-Llyn and its "lake of the pleasant retreat," surrounded by majestic mountains; Derwentwater and the Falls of Lodore; the Strydd, rendered famous by Samuel Rogers and dear old Wordsworth; the Wharfe and its surroundings connected with the White Doe of Rylstone; the Upper Falls, Conistone, with the beck rushing madly down its rocky bed towards its lake-home; Dalegarth Force, one of the grandest and most romantic of waterfalls; the Pass of Llanberis, the awe-inspiring pass between the northern ridge of Snowdon and the heights of Glyder Fawr, on the way from Capel Curig and Pen-y-Gwryd to Llanberis; Derwentwater and Walla Crag, famed in history from association with the Earls of Derwentwater; Moel Siabod, as seen from Capel Curig, with the glorious river flowing to the spectator; and that loveliest of all lovely scenes, the Fairy Glen at Bettws-y-Coed—a spot where fairies and elves might revel and disport themselves to their hearts' content, and make the glen their home. The views are, one and all, exquisitely drawn. They are true to nature in their every detail, and in their colouring and treatment are artistic in the extreme. The points are well chosen and the effects cleverly rendered. The editorship of this elegant publication has been entrusted to Mr. Llewellynn Jewitt, F.S.A., by whom the descriptive letterpress accompanying each plate is written. The descriptions, which are all that can possibly be desired, add much to the interest and value of the work; they contain a vast amount of information, pleasantly interspersed with anecdote and song. We ought to add that the work, which does credit to every one concerned in its production, is dedicated, by permission, to H.R.H. the Duchess of Teck.

FOUR admirably written and beautifully illustrated books from the Belfast Press of Marcus Ward & Co., are boons of no little

* "The Mountain, River, Lake, and Landscape Scenery of Great Britain." By Llewellynn Jewitt, F.S.A. Imperial 4to, plates. Published by D. Banks, Leeds.

value.* They are in all ways good; excellent specimens of typography, solidly and gracefully bound, and well calculated for gift-books—to the young more especially. They may be classed among the very best productions of the year. Of the three first named the prints are chromolithographs; the twelve that embellish the last-named are landscape line engravings on steel. The book consists of translations from the German, selected not alone for their literary merit but for their instructive purity. So much we may say of the volume that speaks of the language of flowers. The books that are written or edited by Sarah Tytler are of great excellence, as is all that accomplished lady writes, whether records of interesting or important facts or truths dressed in fairy fiction. Messrs. Ward & Co. have taken a high stand among the publishers of valuable books; by summoning to their aid authors of repute and power they have added value to the Art-works for the production of which they have obtained a high reputation. Of volumes such as these we cannot have too many.

FROM Messrs. Asher & Co. we have received some specimen numbers of a work called "The Designer;"† it has its origin in Frankfort, and is intended, as its name implies, for the use of all who are employed in, or have occasion for, ornamental work of any kind. Each part contains six large quarto sheets and each sheet several subjects, sufficiently diversified in themselves, yet too much of uniform character; most of them being variations, so to speak, of Raffaellian ornament. Some examples of earlier date, Greek and old Roman, would be of service and would prove an agreeable change; still, there must be a large class of persons to whom the work as it is will be an acquisition, if only for the sake of its suggestions.

AN eloquent writer and sound Christian worker, the Rev. James Bardsley, M.A., of Manchester, has published a valuable little book under the title of "Personal Visits to the Graves of Eminent Men."‡ The work originally appeared in a publication of great excellence, the *Day of Days*, edited by the Rev. Charles Bullock. The graves visited are those only of prominent divines, commencing with the Venerable Bede. The book is admirably done, the style is smooth, graphic, and clear, the information is carefully condensed, and altogether there are few works so small that contain so much.

MESSRS. W. AND A. K. JOHNSTON, of London and Edinburgh, have long held and maintained a foremost rank as producers and publishers of maps; their fame is the result not only of large experience, but of careful thought and unremitting attention to accuracy and perfection in all their numerous productions. It will suffice to say the work under notice is worthy of the respected name it bears,§ and that it consists of twenty-three coloured maps of the world as it was known to the ancients.

DEBRETT, indispensable Debrett,—as needful on the tables of all writers of every class as the pen and ink that are their other tools, a work without which every reader will be perpetually "at sea"—has this year assumed a more convenient form; instead of the peerage, baronetage, and knightage being in three volumes, they are in one; bulky, it is true, but not awkwardly so, rendering its contents more easy of reference and more readily at hand. Its repute has been so long and is so firmly established, that it will suffice to say that, as heretofore, nothing is omitted that ought to be introduced, or forgotten that ought to be remembered; while, as it seems to us, there is hardly a line that might be dispensed with.

* 1. "Childhood a Hundred Years Ago." By Sarah Tytler. 2. "Floral Poetry and the Language of Flowers." 3. "Landseer's Dogs and their Stories." By Sarah Tytler. 4. "English Echoes of German Song." Published by Marcus Ward & Co., London and Belfast.

† "The Designer: all Kinds of Ornament." Published by Asher & Co.

‡ "Personal Visits to the Graves of Eminent Men." By the Rev. James Bardsley, M.A., Rector of St. Ann's, Manchester, and Honorary Canon. Published by Hodder and Stoughton.

§ "The Unrivalled Classical Atlas." Published by W. and A. K. Johnston, London and Edinburgh.



STUDIES AND SKETCHES BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A.

OF the sketch on this page—one of those graciously lent us by the Queen—we can find no authenticated record; from its peculiarity there doubtless is some history attached to it. We have heard it has reference to the loan of a book, which either the Countess of Blessington or Count d'Orsay

wished to borrow from the painter, and that a Scotch terrier was made the medium of communication between the parties; but whether this little drawing, which is in chalk, originated from the transaction is uncertain. It is a most masterly sketch, vigorous and lifelike, but it may have had another origin:



A Letter Carrier (1842).—Lent by her Majesty the Queen.

in the possession of her Majesty is a picture of her favourite terrier, Islay, in the attitude of begging; and it is possible that Landseer may have sketched out the drawing we have engraved

MAY, 1877.

as an idea or model, to be subsequently worked up, with a different meaning attached to it, for the Queen's 'Islay.'

The next subject, a 'Hooded Falcon,' has, in the original

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sketch, a date not very legible, but it looks like January, 1811: | this, if correct, would make the drawing a very early one. The



Hooded Falcon.—Lent by C. W. Mansel Lewis, Esq., Stradey, Llanelly.

figures might, however, be intended for 1841, which would be | to her Majesty. Below the 'Hooded Falcon' is a deer-subject about the time when Landseer was sketching some birds belonging | belonging to the Queen; it was designed as a heading for her



Deer (1850).—Lent by her Majesty the Queen.

Majesty's private *note-paper*, and is used for that purpose. | It will be recollected that in our number for January we gave a

somewhat similar group, which forms the heading of the Queen's private *letter-paper*.

A youthful drawing, very freely and artistically executed in

sepia, is that of the 'Farm-Carts,' probably made when Landseer used to visit his friend, Mr. W. W. Simpson, at his farmhouse in Essex. The carts have apparently done their duty,



Farm-carts (1815).—Lent by Messrs. H. Graves & Co.

and look as if they were placed on the superannuated list. Underneath this engraving is one from a very richly-coloured sketch, in oils, of a specimen of those Highland interiors that the

artist loved to paint; they often took different forms, and were variously tenanted or occupied; sometimes we meet with them as a kind of illicit distillery, once as the chamber of the dead,



The Highland Cradle (1831).—Lent by W. Walker, Esq., Bath.

as in 'The Shepherd's Chief Mourner,' but most frequently when devoted to their own proper domestic use, as in this instance,

where a young-looking matron appears to be teaching her child to say its evening prayer before confiding it to the rude cradle.

'Sheep-shearing' is undoubtedly a very early pencil sketch; the young artist had certainly not carefully studied the opera-

tion; mark how awkwardly the man holds the shears, there is danger of their points penetrating the body of the animal; the



Sheep-shearing (1813).—Lent by Messrs. H. Graves & Co.

shepherd's hand should be turned downwards to allow of 'under-cutting.' There is good character in the attitude and expression

of the old man. It is not easy to define the outlines drawn above, the head may be that of a shaggy dog or a long-woolled



On the Scent (1819).—Lent by C. W. Mansel Lewis, Esq., Stradey, Llanelly.

sheep. There is wonderful life and "go" in the sporting dog if to give its owner notice of game being at hand. The sketch underneath, which seems to have brought itself up suddenly as is in pencil, and must have been drawn somewhat rapidly. J. D.

ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

THE Royal Scottish Academy has now attained its fifty-first year. The energetic men who originally projected it are nearly all gone, but their places have been successively supplied by others of kindred zeal, and the staff of members and managers is at present numerous and efficient. At the inauguration banquet, which was held as usual in the galleries, on the 16th of February, a cordial welcome was given to the new President, Sir Daniel Macnee, who of course acted as chairman, Mr. W. Brodie being croupier. Mr. Cowan, M.P., made feeling allusion to the loss of Sir George Harvey, and regretted that, owing to the want of Government assistance, the university would be forced to defer the additions, of which plans had been prepared.

The exhibition consists of above one thousand works (the rejections numbering nearly as many), of which one hundred and thirty-three, exclusive of portraits, are loans—specimens of Frith, Millais, Pettie, E. M. Ward, Orchardson, E. Nicol, &c. And here we cannot withhold a word of remonstrance against the current fashion of borrowed pictures. If it be really a wise custom to introduce so many "private properties" with the fresh marketable products, we would suggest their location in a room set apart for the purpose, so that all the best positions in our collections might not be monopolised by paintings already appraised and purchased; thus pleasure and improvement might equally accrue from their survey, without disadvantage to the others. Glancing round the galleries, we are struck by the general air of brightness and variety on the walls, from which we argue that the hanging committee have done their duty well. In the Great Room, the 'March of the Avenging Army,' by S. Bough, R.S.A., immediately arrests the eye. The Scottish army which invaded England after the battle of Bannockburn is represented crossing the Solway during a thunderstorm. The whole scene is finely conceived, and executed with the bold breadth of drawing and colour demanded by the occasion. The sun is setting in weird splendour, the lurid clouds rallying round his fiery disc, while the grand array of warriors, with their long terrific spears, hold triumphant march over the wet sandy expanse left by the ebb of the tide. A band of pipers in front have their music caught up by a multitude of voices behind in a glorious roll of patriotic song, while the clouds rattle a sublime accompaniment. The management of light, touching here with a hot brilliance and there with a sickly gleam, gives the impress of the master. 'The Parish Kirk,' W. E. Lockhart, A., appeals very successfully to the national interest. The sacred interior, of which the counterpart may be met in a hundred rural districts, shows the forms and faces of the congregation dispersed through the pews in truthful combination. One or two of the worshippers are studied portraits, and the whole is of most agreeable tone. There is talent in the 'On Strike,' of Otto Leyde (A.). Here, while the husband covers in dogged humour over the newspaper by the child's cradle, his wife, carrying his disused tools in her lap, has her hand on the door, ready to do the hateful errand, probably, of pawning them. Her angry distress is well depicted in her face.

The 'Pursued' of Keeley Halswelle is notable for its warm colour and clever composition of figures, but fails to tell a distinct story. We prefer the 'Sketches on the Thames,' which are sweetly handled. Scarcely can we accept the 'Sir Isaac Newton,' by J. A. Houston, R.S.A., as a correct likeness, seeing it differs so entirely from the portraits of the philosopher with which we are acquainted, yet the details are carefully considered. This painter's 'Death of Warwick,' a water-colour picture, is a work of much power: the tone and the pose are good, the armour of the knights is admirably presented; but surely the countenance of the dying man lacks the sign of death. 'Sorrow in the Tent' (T. Graham), where two figures crouch outside, while the end of a coffin protrudes from the parted canvas behind, lacks the expression to which the theme evidently points. 'Going a-milking,' by the same painter, is a bright maiden, who comes smiling down a summer slope, pail in hand, very pleasant to look upon. R.

1877.

Gavin, A., of Moorish proclivities, gives us 'Girl at the Fountain,' richly coloured, and a 'Shylock and Jessica,' remarkable for the easy spring of the youthful figure in contrast with the shuffling gait of the Jew. Common as the subject is, we have not often seen a 'Cinderella' that better embodies the ideal than that of J. R. Dicksee. The look, half fear, half joy, upon the expectant face, and the graceful haste that causes the hair to wave in shimmering beauty, are delicately touched. J. H. Lorimer's 'Christmas Roses' is prettily conceived. Two damsels—twins we might suppose, from the likeness—are arranging flowers to place in a vase. Another canvas by the same tells an affecting story. Some ragged children, with piteous eyes, are seen offering for sale to "each voyager to Iona's shores" a little store of shells and wave-worn pebbles. Besides his Venetian studies of last year, J. B. Macdonald, R.S.A., exhibits an incident in the massacre of Glencoe. A female, finding her murdered husband on the very spot where "he wooed her long ago," is a thrilling episode for an artist, to which considerable justice has been done. Yet, though broad and vigorous of conception, the colour, saving only the hideous blood mark on the snow, is monotonous, and wants relief somewhere. The hue on the dead man's face is surely too dark for the ghastly metamorphosis of death. The woman's action is vigorous and telling. 'A Highland Ferry,' by P. S. Nisbet, is charmingly put on the canvas: the quiet little jetty, to which the advent of the boat lends temporary bustle, the lazy people seeking to entice the scattered sheep into the vessel, with the misty distance of the far smooth water, combine to give a pleasant and truthful *coup d'œil*. 'What can a young lassie do wi an auld man?' by J. M. Barclay, R.S.A., is an effective interpretation. The cottage interior is swept clean, and everything tidy and comfortable. But the young wife is not happy. Leaning her rosy cheek on her fair, round arm, she sits gazing wistfully out of the window, plainly rueing her bargain, while the old man crouches inertly by the fire smoking his pipe. The moral is not far to seek. The "auld brass" is not the touchstone of the bliss matrimonial. There is a veritable feeling of idleness in L. Wingate's 'Dolce far niente': the youth reclining on the grassy bank, wrapt in the soft drowsy airs of summer-time, is as luxuriously placed as a human being could hope to be.

We are glad to meet George Hay, R.S.A., though only in 'Dreamland.' There is generally a quaintness in his conceptions which increases the attraction of his elaborate painting. The girl who has fallen asleep under the window carries the spectator along with her into her own visionary world. 'Out for a Shot' is in a widely different vein. Here the cavalier sportsman takes aim from a stand-point of brilliant snow, and the clear winter day exhilarates the sense. We should appreciate better 'Monks painting the Monastery,' by Max Michael, of Berlin, were the objects less numerous. The fat abbot in the centre seems shorn of all dignity by the confusion around him; neither is it a picturesque confusion. The eye is distracted from one part to another with no result of desired union in the end. In marked contrast is the 'Squire's Daughter,' by the same, a damsel bearing a salver covered with dainties, where the variety of rich and massive tints is only too abundant. S. Sanderson's 'Christmas Eve' is capital. Along a dreary, snow-covered road, in the deepening twilight, comes the old-fashioned four-horse stage coach, loaded with passengers. It is nearing an ancient gateway, which the bright lamps of the vehicle reveal. The foreshortening of the coach and horses, with the long perspective of the wintry desolation, is finely transcribed. 'A Rustic Spelling Bee' (J. R. Reid) is a work *sui generis*. The *dramatis personæ*, old and young, who are being drilled *al fresco* by the girl who holds out the ruler with a mock air of command, the amused look of the old man, the quiet submission of the woman who holds the baby, and the boy on the bench dallying with the dog, are cleverly grouped.

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But the principal charm lies in the green surroundings of grass, bush, and tree. Seldom has light been made to glint so exquisitely on the springing verdure as it is here.

In addition to several masterly portraits by G. P. Chalmers, R.S.A., we hail with pleasure a piece called 'Early Snow,' wherein the warm brown foliage of autumn woods is shown in remarkable relief against the cold-sheeted ground. W. McTaggart, R.S.A., is delightful in his old walk,—childhood revelling in nature's green retreats. 'A Highland Burn' is a lovely sequestered spot, where, under the spreading branches (of which, by-the-bye, every single leaf is a study), the warbling waters have drawn the feet of the little people. A very large canvas shows the equestrian portrait of the Earl of Eglinton, by Gourlay Steell, R.S.A., to be presented by the "members of his hunt." His son, D. G. Steell, is making rapid progress in his art. 'The Village Doctor' attracts general notice. An old man, the Esculapius of the rural population, ascends the outer stair of a peasant's abode, while a small boy holds his white pony below, and another watches with shy, smiling face on the landing above. The surroundings are prettily disposed.

R. Gibbs's 'most important work represents a Venetian noble, manacled, prophetic of the fatal issue at hand, and crossing the Bridge of Sighs, accompanied by his daughter, while the grizzly guard stalk on behind. The prisoner's air is steady yet sorrowful; the lady's face has an overstrained expression, and shows none of the pallor usually associated with grief. The draperies are gorgeous, and the whole effect denotes earnest purpose. 'At the Seaside,' by Hugh Cameron, R.S.A., is too sketchy; hence a certain indefiniteness which even a thoughtful survey scarcely overcomes. There is more satisfaction in 'The Fireside,' where denser colour is laid on. The little granddaughter unlacing the old man's boots, while the good dame busies herself with the teakettle, with all the simple details of the cottage interior shown under a sweet and gracious influence, form an *ensemble* most peaceful and pleasant. R. Herdman, R.S.A., great in portraiture, has a charming transcript of maidenhood in 'The Scotch Ballad,' where, under a shady tree, a bonnie lassie bends her head over a leaflet of favourite song. The flesh tints are in perfect unison with the conditions of light and shade; the countenance shows a mixture of amusement with pensiveness which lends piquancy to the expression. J. C. Noble's 'Toilers on the Deep' goes so far in the right direction that we wish it had gone just a step farther; we mean that with good arrangement of figures, not forgetting the lavish display of the finny tribe in the foreground, there is a lack of some leading 'point of interest, and the whole scene is too *commonly real* (so to speak) to lead to great results.

There are three excellent sea-beach views by the late R. T. Ross, R.S.A., and several highly artistic renderings by his son, R. Ross; notably 'Her only Comfort,' a forlorn woman sitting complacently pouring out a cup of tea, very faithful to the situation; and the 'Returned Sodger' of Burns, excellently composed and delicately toned, only the female is ill-fancied and clumsy of form, wofully unlike the poet's winsome Nancy. A useful lesson is conveyed in 'His Lordship,' W. B. Hole. The child-peer, who pays a visit to the blacksmith's forge, attended by the maid and obsequious lackey, looks puny, and sickly, and unhappy, while the hardworking artisan rejoices in his stalwart frame and a merry heart. The theme is original, and meritoriously handled. W. Proudfoot exhibits a clever little work under the title of 'Simple Wiles:' a boy, too simple by half, stands behind a door, expecting to catch a robin which hops among the snow outside: the composition is artless, and yet artistic.

Besides the host of contributions, of which the number this year is much above the average, that may be termed half *genre* and half landscape, there is a choice of landscapes proper, mostly by native hands, and mostly also of Scottish character. Of these, as of the others, we have space to mention but a few. J. Smart R.S.A., revels in his beloved themes of Caledonian grandeur with all his old tenacity and fine enthusiasm. The tone of his pictures is always in keeping with the rugged and romantic, which he invariably affects. Of this we have eminent examples in 'Loch-na-Nuag,' 'Craig-Mhor,' 'Among the Yellow Corn,'

and a very striking water-colour of 'Glen Ogle.' 'Harvest-time at St. Fillans,' D. Cameron, is simply delicious. The sunshine playing hide and seek among the stooks in front, with the clear green background of hill and dale, exquisitely toned, at once arrests and charms the beholder. Possibly designed as a companion to his last year's 'Evening' of the Royal Academy, Vicat Cole, R.S.A., presents an 'Early Morning in Surrey,' a beautiful peep of English woodland. A significant example of the late J. Corot (dealing with the same subject as the foregoing) possesses a certain dreamy indistinctness for which this artist had a special predilection. We would fain have a small portion, at least, of that mist dispersed that overhangs the meadows. We single out from Waller Paton's numerous delineations a magnificent canvas, 'Entrance to Glencoe,'—characterized by the bold breadth of the variegated brown foreground, and the delicate purple of the far distance,—and 'The Cobbler at Sundown, Arrochar.' The majestic old trees, overlaid with a wealth of wild bracken, the luminous vista of the lonely mountain peaks, with the balmy summer atmosphere enveloping the whole in dreamy peace, offer a rare banquet for eye and soul. We have seldom seen A. Perigal, R.S.A., to more advantage than in his 'Highland Moor.' He has caught the spirit of the dreary solitude and infused it into his work. The sluggish pool in front, with the cattle straggling over the immense waste that stretches out into the distant horizon, bounded by the range of vapourclad hills, all bear marks of earnest study. Of numerous contributions by W. B. Brown, R.S.A., none pleases us more than 'A Breezy Day on the Coast of Arran.' The sweep of the shingly shore, with the belt of trees behind, and the roll of the glittering sea beyond, are in beautiful combination, evidencing a solid and practised hand. D. Murray goes on his way successfully, both in respect of good work and golden encouragement, for all his pictures now hung had become private property before exhibition. J. Farquharson, in addition to 'The Crofter's Team,' contributes 'Through the Woods.' That this artist has made trees his peculiar study is sufficiently apparent in this charming glimpse into the green sanctuary, over which he has contrived to breathe a certain air of holiness very touching and appropriate.

Glady would we linger longer among the lovely landscapes with Wintour, Cassie, Fraser, Vallance, and many others. But we must pass on to notice a few of the portraits, which are numerous, and comprise the names of Sir D. Macnee, P.R.S.A., (his own portrait by J. Archer, R.S.A., being not the least interesting and admirable of the whole), G. Reid, the new Academician, E. M. Ward, R.A. (the portrait of himself in his studio), Mungo Burton, J. Pettie, R.A. (sketch of W. Black, the novelist), Hugh Collins, &c. We cannot pass over a very clever ingenious composition entitled 'St. Giles's, Edinburgh,' by C. A. Doyle, in which the old-year memories are personified in a myriad of fantastic shapes, swinging and whirling in lengthened circles round and away from the old spire. The chimes meanwhile are supposed to be ushering in the new year: the idea is original.

Of the fifty-two sculptures we would particularise a forcible bust of the late A. Russell, Esq., editor of the *Scotsman* (W. Brodie, R.S.A.); a portrait-bust of Kenneth MacLeay, (D. W. Stevenson), full of individuality; 'Eurydice' (C. Stanton, A.R.S.A.), wherein the drapery flows with singular grace from the floating figures; and though last not least 'The Mermaid of Galloway,' by Mrs. D. O. Hill. The head and shoulders are of stately elegance, shells and seaweed circle the brow and nestle among the hair, and the countenance, of rare and noble beauty, has something of the weird look we associate with the fabled nymph.

The vacancies in the list of Academicians caused by the somewhat recent decease of Sir George Harvey and Messrs. D. Bryce and R. T. Ross, have been filled up by the election of Messrs. J. B. Macdonald, G. Reid, and J. Smart. There are now four vacancies in the ranks of Associates, caused by the elevation of the three last-named artists and the death of Mr. T. Clarke, which we recorded a short time since.

The last year's report of the Academy has reached us, but it contains nothing we find it necessary to state beyond the facts just mentioned.

THE ROYAL HIBERNIAN ACADEMY.

THE forty-eighth annual exhibition of modern works now open in the Academy House, Dublin, consists of the finest collection ever gathered within the walls; a fact due not so much to the presence of a large number of pictures from the easels of well-known and justly-celebrated men, as to the general excellence of a great majority of the works; for, of the five hundred and four contributions there are not more than half-a-dozen really unworthy of a place.

Of late years there has been a great improvement in Ireland in Art matters, and a growing appreciation of good work is evidenced, not only by the increased number of purchases made at the Abbey Street exhibitions, but even more satisfactorily by the character of the pictures selected. Upon the opening day the new Lord-Lieutenant, the Duke of Marlborough, showed his appreciation of a noted Irish landscape-painter by purchasing a large and noble work from the easel of Mr. B. Colles Watkins; and if we except perhaps the same artist's 'Peat Bog, Connemara,' exhibited last year, a work at least equal to the one in question, we may say that his lordship has obtained the best picture Mr. Watkins has ever produced. 'In the Western Highlands' is a masterly landscape, full of that nameless feeling which can only be expressed by an artist who is thoroughly in sympathy with nature in her ever-varying moods; over the pictured expanse of boggy moorland bounded by lake and mountain there rests the golden and purple glory of autumn, pathetic in its suggestiveness.

As is but right, the other academicians are strongly represented, though one or two well-known names are this year absent from the catalogue.

The president's life-size portrait of the Duke of Abercorn is an attractive picture even to those who are unable to speak to its excellence as a portrait; and though the treatment of the background is not quite equal to Mr. Jones's usual style, the painting will add greatly to his well-deserved reputation. Mr. Jones has several other portraits in the exhibition, all of a high order of merit. Adjoining the landscape referred to above hangs a large and exquisite painting by Augustus Burke, 'A Breton Farm-yard,' which is simply perfect. Full of vigorous and truthful open-air work, and yet refined and delicate, the picture is without doubt the best Mr. Burke has ever exhibited, and is not excelled by any in the collection. Mr. Burke has several smaller pictures upon the walls, all of Breton peasants and scenes in Brittany, and notably a fine one named 'Towards Evening,' in which the pensiveness of the gloaming has been very happily expressed; but in each of them there is evidence of the careful, reverent study of nature, poetic conception, and honest, manly execution.

Alfred Grey has two excellent works: 'West Highlanders,' a fine study of highland cattle, and 'Bringing Home the Deer,' a careful and beautiful forest scene in Aberdeenshire, with the sunlight glinting among the grand old trees. Charles Grey has a good painting, 'Among the Grampians,' with wild mountains and clouds, and a shepherd and his collie dog carefully guiding a flock of sheep along the lonely road. James Grey has some exquisite little landscapes and two or three bits of animal life, full of quaint, dry humour; and yet another member of the family, who is, however, outside the charmed circle of the Academy, contributes a very promising picture, 'Black Turf,' a little transcript from Irish peasant life, well worthy of notice. Mr. Macmanus has four works: a meritorious landscape, a sweet-looking peasant girl returning from a pilgrimage, a saucy maiden, 'Unattached,' if not in meditation yet evidently fancy-free, and a splendid life-like portrait of Mr. Kennedy, the late member for Louth. Mr. Vincent Duffy, whose pictures last year were produced under difficulties, the artist having had a broken wrist, this year exhibits three works, all very good, and one of them, 'A Sunny Day, Killarney,' the largest picture in the entire collection, remarkably excellent, and almost sparkling

in its brightness and clearness. Mr. Duffy, unfortunately for his admirers, does not often do full justice to his undoubted powers. Mr. Osborne exhibits a breezy work named 'Mast-headed,' almost smelling of the sea. Mr. Mayne has a good landscape, 'Vale of Shanganagh,' and a brilliantly coloured 'Home of the Swan.' The Hon. Lewis Wingfield has sent four splendid cartoons. Mr. J. E. Rogers, usually so prolific, this year has but one picture, a very good one, by-the-by, and Mr. Brennan and Mr. Butler Brennan have each a number of good works upon the walls. The academicians too show very favourably in their architectural drawings, Mr. Drew's and Mr. Deane's works being remarkable amid an unusual number, some of the best of which have been contributed by Mr. Gribble.

There are this year several pictures by associates and members of the Royal Academy, but as they have seen the light elsewhere they do not now call for notice. Of the general contributors Mr. Henry Wallis is perhaps entitled to first mention, his 'Outside a Prison in South Italy,' a small work which found a ready purchaser on the opening day, being a gem, quiet and subdued in colour, yet with all the richness and warmth of Naples. Mr. Keeley Halswelle has a fitting companion to it in his 'Theatre of Marcellus,' a wonderful bit of Rome and Roman street life. Perhaps, however, lovers of Art give most attention to E. de Schampheleer's paintings, in which the long watery reaches of Holland are reproduced with so much fidelity; a faithfulness due, doubtless, to the fact that the pictures are to a great extent outdoor work; the one named 'Marshes of Vreeland' being the best, the very life in it being suggestive of loneliness. Mr. Halswelle's 'Letter Writer, Piazza, Rome,' hanging near it, affords a remarkable contrast so far as colour is concerned, the one having little but the vivid white and the luscious green of the land of canals, the other glowing with the rich hues of the sunny south. Mr. Milne Ramsay's 'La Cigale et la Fourmi' gives a striking illustration of the old fable, and it introduces the carefully-painted side of an old church in Brittany with which we are pleasantly familiar; a priest, breviary in hand, and with no eyes for this world's vanities, but followed by a servant bearing fowls and a basket of good things, walks along, unwilling to see a beautiful wandering minstrel who, in gaudy attire, rests by the church, a splendid little brother in Italian peasant dress by her side, and their musical instruments upon the ground; but the servant, with no compunctions of conscience, looks back in deep admiration. The conception and execution of this work are admirable. Mr. Lippincott, whose 'Breton Peasant Child' was one of the gems of last year's collection, and who is, we believe, an American artist residing in Paris, sends a charming study named 'Wayside Rest,' a lovely Italian contadina with a wondrous face and dreamy eyes, and it is not too much to say that there are few better pictures in the room. Mr. V. Gilbert also sends from Paris a brilliant little work, 'Le Moulin à Café,' and the face of the girl upon whose knee the mill rests is one of the brightest bits in the collection. Baron H. de Lyancourt has several of his sad-looking landscapes, and Mr. Alex. Williams, Mr. Parkes, and other local artists have helped to swell the list with a number of works, some of which are above the average. Several pictures by Clara Montalba, M. D. Webb, Hannah Cooke, Ellen Connolly, Mary Julian, E. Foster, L. Bowkett, and others, testify to the excellence arrived at by many of our female artists.

The water-colour drawings this year, though seemingly fewer in number than is usual, are above the average; the works of David Law and a noble Scotch landscape by Mrs. Oliver taking the first place. Miss Law, who so far as we know exhibits at Dublin for the first time, has two charming bits, resembling in their style her namesake's larger pictures; and Albert Steevens, W. Cooke, J. H. Barnes, Pinhorn Wood, and others, whose works we have not space to enumerate, exhibit drawings well worthy of admiration and careful study.

JAPANESE ART EXHIBITION.

AN exhibition of Japanese industrial art, although with a view to trade—as so many of the picture exhibitions now are—demands from us some notice, not only for the interest the objects have from their curiosity of structure and often artistic beauty, but as suggestive to British Art-manufacturers. Messrs. Jackson and Graham, so long famous for the taste they have introduced into the art of furnishing, have been at great pains to gather together a large collection of Japanese articles of *virtu*. Their agent in Japan has travelled over the whole of that empire in search of these things of beauty; he has obtained them from the palaces of the tycoon and the mikado, from the mansions of the daimios, from the religious temples, and from the houses of even the meanest citizens; but in every case he has sent only the choicest treasures to England. Messrs. Jackson and Graham employed Dr. Dresser to draw up a catalogue of their exhibition; but the number of examples has increased to such an extent that the catalogue with its seven hundred entries represents not quite a quarter of the show.

One striking lesson taught by the exhibition is, that the history of Art-manufacture in Japan has followed a course like that of the same industry in England. Compare the finest Japanese lacquer-ware of to-day with that of two centuries—one century ago. The old objects we admire so greatly were executed, perhaps, for tyrannic nobles, who required the finest work from their serfs, and no doubt the surest passport to favour would lie in skilful workmanship. The later productions are made for the European market, and the Japanese are quick to understand how easily superficial elegance attracts the western barbarians. However, matters are greatly changed now.

But to return to Messrs. Jackson and Graham's exhibition. The oldest articles are in bronze and iron. The most interesting, perhaps, are (359) two Saki kettles, shaped like bottle-gourds, with slender double handles; (358) a curious diamond-shaped kettle with *cloisonné* enamel cover and handle, much injured, said to be some five hundred years old; (352) a bronze group, representing Fusi-yama Mountain, with a pilgrim at its base; and (353) another bronze group of the battle between a famous god, armed with his magic sword, and an evil spirit. Then there are two sets (362 and 363) of beautiful hexagonal iron boxes, inlaid with solid gold and silver. The lid of one of them has quite a lovely idyl engraven on it. Two bamboo canes, one gold, the other silver, cross its surface; on one of their tiny sprays sits a silver owl, and a cold white silver moon shines out behind: no words can describe the beauty of this design. The Tonquin iron tea-service, lined with gold, is not in the catalogue, but deserves attention.

Among the *cloisonné* enamels the most notable are perhaps the bowls numbered 240 and 253, the spill cups (243 and 244), and the very beautiful teapot (246).

In the porcelain and earthenware collection should be noted the curious incense-burner in the figure of the God of Good Luck; the old brown ware figure numbered 48; the fruit of the sacred bean (50), representing it cut in half, with its loose ripe seeds prevented from falling out by some mysterious arrangement; the beautiful Kioto teapot, in the shape of a fruit (2); the Bichu (Owari) porcelain bowl, decorated with the Grecian key pattern (149); an old oval cream-coloured vase with blue ornaments (74). For examples of delicate colour in porcelain the modern citron-hued sweetmeat tray (55), and the minute brown lustre vase (76), of what is said to be the rarest ware in Japan, should be examined.

Amongst the carvings are an ivory fan (377), with exquisite decorations in gold, and pearl, and jewels; a group of children playing with an elephant (369), most highly finished, in ivory; a carved rhinoceros horn, representing a spray of pomegranate (393); and a crystal tazza (396) with a wonderfully carved and coloured old ivory stand.

By far the largest portion of the collection consists of lacquer-ware, in all its many varieties. We have marked in the catalogue the following, but they by no means exhaust the wealth of the exhibition: an old tray, with leaf and fruit of the sacred bean in gold and oxidized lacquer and pearl, and a spray of bamboo in raised black lacquer (416); a curious pastile-box, covered with common red canvas, to which are affixed some beautiful ornaments in lacquer (432); a Saki bottle of wood (not in the catalogue) fashioned into the shape of a most graceful bird and lacquered with silver, which in the course of time has turned to an exquisite grey colour; an old lacquer box in the form of three chrysanthemum flowers—the mikado's crest (438); a set of five ink-boxes, perhaps the apparatus of the mikado's privy council, enclosed in a beautiful perforated case in gold, bronze, and silver lacquer (582); sets of cups in clouded gold and orange-red lacquer (633 and 634); a quaint Fusi-yama wood case, opening in the most ingenious way, and containing five exquisitely-finished scarlet lacquer saki cups (657); a small cabinet covered externally with skin of the bamboo stem, and filled with little drawers cut out of the solid wood (678); two Soochow boxes of hand-cut Chinese red lac, probably fifty years old (644).

Besides the Japanese productions there are some most interesting examples from China, Siam, and Corea, which we have no space to point out.

THE SMOKER.

From the Picture, by J. L. MEISSONIER.

THE truthfulness which this popular and most skilful French artist imparts to his subjects is almost the surest passport to the acceptability of his pictures: people unable to appreciate the wonderful *finesse* of his execution are charmed by his grasp of the natural in his conception of the human figure, and his complete freedom from anything approaching to ideal conventionalism. But Meissonier's naturalism never descends to vulgarity, scarcely even to commonplace: his impersonations of ordinary life are characterized by a sense of elegance in unison with the painter's refinement of mind. How indicative of this quality is his conception of "The Smoker"! Seated "corner-wise" on an old-fashioned chair, he quietly smokes his pipe, the narcotic influence of which is seen in his countenance, so

thoroughly significant is it of repose—yet expressing that kind of mental activity whose cogitations are of nothing special, though possibly wandering over a variety of subjects. The attitude of the man is in perfect keeping with his apparent absence of consciousness: the fingers of his left hand are thrust carelessly into his breeches pocket; one foot is pushed forward and is turned on its side, while the other is forced back and rests against the bar of the chair. The foreshortening of this right leg shows very clever drawing, as the whole design suggests the idea of one who, for the present at least, is at peace with himself and all the world. The *nonchalant*, easy indifference of this Parisian of the last century is inimitable, and is by no means the least meritorious quality of the picture.





J. J. MONTGOMERY PINX

THE SMOKER.

LONDON: VINTAGE & CO. 1788.

THE WORKS OF FRANCIS JOHN WYBURD.



DURING nearly a quarter of a century there has hung every year, with one exception (1870), on the walls of the Royal Academy a succession of pictures which, from their comparatively modest dimensions and the absence of startling narrative, would be very apt to be passed unnoticed by a large number of those who visit the galleries during the season. Works of such a kind, unless painted by some artist whose name is a passport to popularity, are in danger of being overlooked in crowded rooms and, too

often, hurried and cursory examination. We do not assume in these remarks that Mr. Wyburd has found occasion to complain of neglect; very far from it; they are merely intended to show that pictures of a certain description are frequently placed at a disadvantage in the matter of attracting observation by the relative position they may chance to occupy in the exhibition-room.

In these days of almost perpetual locomotion and of love of change, it is rare to find a man, and especially an artist, inhabiting the same dwelling in which he first saw the light fifty years ago: yet such has been the lot of Mr. Wyburd, who



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

The Convent Shrine.

[Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

was born in Bryanston Street in 1826, and is still living there, having, in fact, never removed from the house as his abode. He received his general education at Lille, in the north of France, and when he returned from school, having from a child

showed talent for drawing, he was placed as a pupil with the late Thomas Fairland, a very clever lithographic artist. In 1845 Mr. Wyburd obtained a silver medal from the Society of Arts for a drawing, and three years afterwards he entered the

schools of the Royal Academy as a student; and this is all there is to relate of the Art-education of the painter, and of his life, apart from his works: a meagre statement, but as much, perhaps, as most artists have to make: and so, to employ an oft-used remark, we must look for the painter's history in his pictures.

In the earlier time of his practice Mr. Wyburd seems to have gone to the volumes of modern writers for some female figure as a subject for his canvas, and even many of his later pictures are of a similar description. He began to exhibit at the Royal Academy about 1849, but the first of his works of which we took

any note was 'Beatrice,' a small study, showing the figure raising the veil from her face: "the conception is original," was our remark at the time, "and very minutely carried out;" it was in the Academy in 1853. "Lalla Rookh" was for some time a favourite poem with this artist, who, between the years 1854 and 1857, borrowed several subjects from the part known as "The Fire Worshippers;" for example, under the title of 'The East,' he illustrated the lines,

Beautiful are the maids that glide
On summer eves through Yemen's dales," &c.



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

Immortelles.

[Engraved by C. M. Jenkins.

The "little Persian slave who sang sweetly to the Vina, and who now and then lulled the Princess to sleep with the ancient ditties of her country," suggested a picture which the artist called simply 'Lalla Rookh:' 'The Kiosk,' painted for the Glasgow Art-Union, illustrates—

"And brides as delicate and fair
As the white jasmine-flowers they wear,
Hath Yemen in her blissful clime," &c.

Another of the same class is 'Hinda,'—

"Upon a galliot's deck she lies,
Beneath no rich pavilion shade," &c.

The whole of these pictures from Tom Moore's luxurious descriptive conceptions are quite worthy of the poet's ideals.

In 1858 Mr. Wyburd sent to the Academy for the first time, so far as we remember, a group of two figures, 'Amy Robsart and Janet Forster;' the countess has "playfully stretched

herself" upon a pile of rich Moorish cushions in the withdrawing room, with her attendant behind engaged in arranging her mistress's hair. In both figures the extreme delicacy of the painting, especially in the faces, could scarcely be surpassed; while the taste and disposition of the furniture in the room are

fully in keeping with the manner in which its occupants are presented. In that year the artist and his friend, Mr. George E. Hering, the landscape painter, went on a sketching expedition to the north of Italy and the Tyrol, which resulted in several pictures, one of which, 'THE CONVENT SHRINE,' is engraved



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

Esther.

[Engraved by C. M. Jenkins.

here: it was exhibited at the British Institution in 1862, and bore the following couplet from Longfellow:

"And the hymn of the nuns was heard the while,
Sung low in the deep mysterious aisle."

There are three figures in the composition; one a nun, who has

fallen on her knees on hearing the distant chant of her sisters in the convent; the others are two females of the peasant class: all are assembled under what appears to be the exterior of a *chalet* by the side of a lake, across which is a range of mountains, painted, as is also the sky, of a pure crystal green colour:

the effect is singular as regards the sky, but doubtless the artist had authority for what he did. Another of these Italian or Tyrolean pictures is 'The Home of the Mountaineer,' exhibited at the British Institution in 1859: it represents a young mother seated at the casement window of a cottage, and nursing her infant child, while watching for the return of her husband. The work is remarkable for the feeling and truth shown in the management of the light, which is chiefly obtained by the suppression of colour. We have heard that the Prince Consort was very desirous of possessing this work, and would have purchased it, had it not been previously disposed of.

'IMMORTELLS,' another of the examples we have engraved, was painted for H.R.H. the Duchess of Cambridge, and was exhibited at the Academy in 1862. The composition is very simple,—a young girl engaged in weaving wreaths of flowers in memory of

"Friends whom she loved so long, and sees no more,—
Loved and still loves; not lost, but gone before,"—

the motto attached to the picture when it was exhibited. The same subject, with the female in a different costume, was subsequently painted for the Marquis of Lansdowne.

Referring to our Royal Academy catalogue of 1863, we find a commendatory note appended to Mr. Wyburd's picture of 'Christmas Time;' we however pass over it now to refer to two works by him exhibited at the British Institution in 1864, which were thus spoken of at the time in the pages of this Journal:—"Mr. F. Wyburd's two pictures, 'The Offering' and 'The Private View,' have deservedly won admiration. In the first, a peasant is praying by a side-altar of a church; a chaplet of flowers, which she has brought as an offering at the shrine, lies before her on the pavement; a triptych, whereon a painting of the Annunciation, after the manner of Cimabue, may be distinguished, hangs on the chapel wall behind. The sentiment of Mr. Wyburd's picture is exquisite. A pretty idea he has expressed with refined simplicity. In his second work, 'The Private View,' he is no less felicitous. A happy thought has here struck him. His first picture, 'The Offering,' is in this second work introduced on an easel, and forms the subject of 'The Private View.' The artist, we see, has but just left his studio; his palette, brushes, and maulstick are for the moment laid aside upon the chair. These constitute the still life of the picture; the living tenants of the scene are a lady and the baby which she carries in her arms, who are both looking at the canvas on which the painter has been at work. We watch them as

they take their 'private view,' which seems duly to delight them. The treatment and execution of this picture within a picture are delicate and dexterous." At the Royal Academy in the same year Mr. Wyburd exhibited 'Home in Acadie,' as described by Longfellow, when he speaks of matrons and maidens with their distaffs seated on the summer evenings and "spinning the golden flax." The subject is treated poetically and with refinement, but is somewhat lacking in vigour.

Another picture, to which in our catalogue a "good mark" is attached, is 'The Last Day in the Old Room,' sent to the Academy in 1867. We have no space for any detailed account of it, and proceed to point out a few out of his many subsequent works worthy of mention; such, for example, as 'The Birthday Visit,' exhibited at the Academy in 1869, with 'Daisy,' a pretty little child,—

"A rocker of dolls with staring eyes
That a thought of sleep disdain."

'Chrystallinus' is the title given to a picture sent to the Academy in 1871, and representing a Greek girl holding a glass globe; 'The Harem,' a bevy of captivating odalisques, painted with extreme care and finish, exhibited in the year immediately following; 'Breakfast-time,' his picture of 1875, and 'The Life of the Old Manor House,' his solitary contribution last year to the Academy, quite maintain the painter's reputation. The last of these were desirous of engraving among our examples, but there being some difficulty in the way of obtaining the work, we have substituted for it an engraving of an elegant little composition that hung in the Winter Exhibition of the Society of British Artists in 1875, 'ESTHER;' it is the property of Mr. George Lunt, of Liverpool, and represents the Hebrew maiden who superseded Queen Vashti in the affection of Ahasuerus, attiring herself for her first introduction to her future husband, who "reigned from India even unto Ethiopia, over an hundred and seven and twenty provinces." This is among Mr. Wyburd's most pleasing single figures: several pictures of this class, such as 'Undine,' 'Titania,' 'Imogen,' and others, were, we have heard him say, suggested by the caves round the Isle of Arran, visited when staying in Scotland with his brother-artist, Mr. George E. Hering. The characteristics of Mr. Wyburd's art are, principally, a perfect realisation of female beauty, an attractive manner in setting out his figures, and a refinement of finish which is sometimes carried almost to excess: his pictures would often gain value and effect by more robust and vigorous handling.

JAMES DAFFORNE.

LAD AND LASSIE.

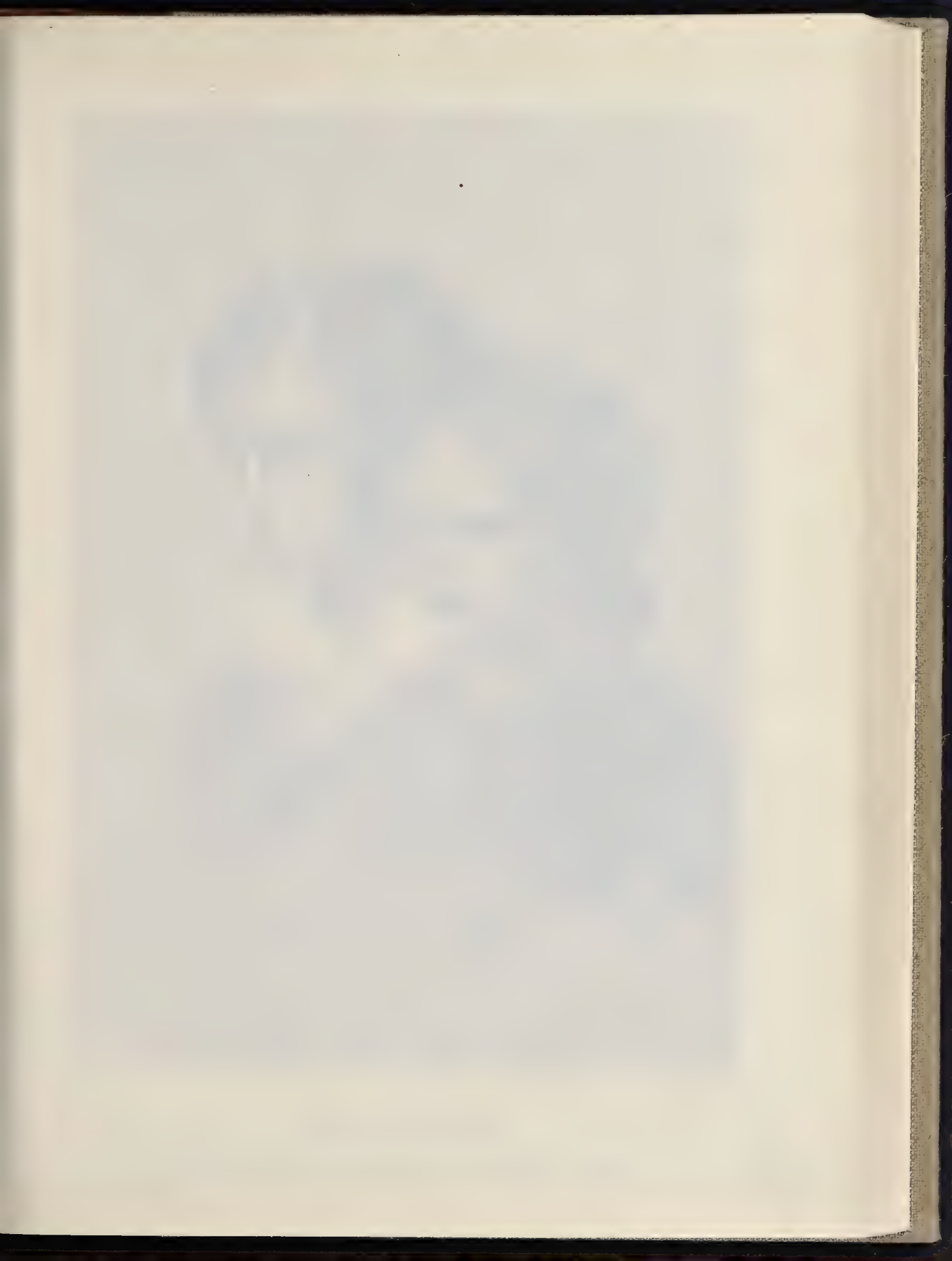
FROM A DRAWING IN THE POSSESSION OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

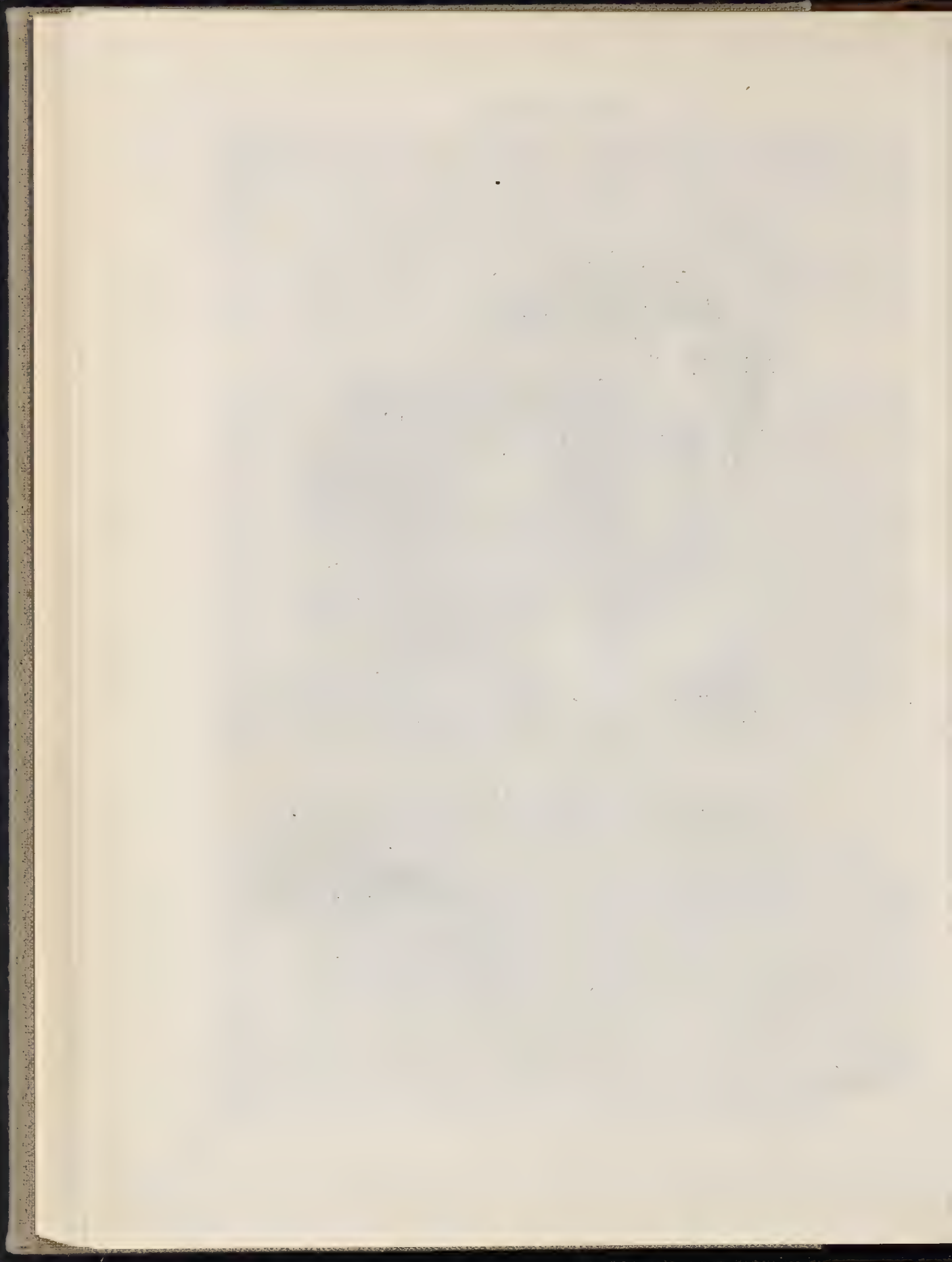
SIR E. LANDSEER, R.A., Del.

F. HOLT, Sculpt.

AMONG the many favours the Queen has at various times graciously conferred on the *Art Journal*, is that of permitting us access, for the purpose of engraving, to some of the beautiful works of Art comprising the private collection of her Majesty, who, even long before she ascended the throne so pre-eminently adorned by her, was known to have manifested more than ordinary taste and judgment in all matters associated with the Fine Arts. And even amid the cares of state and the infinite variety of demands made upon the time and attention of the royal lady, the Queen has maintained her interest in the works of the artist of every kind and degree. Skilful herself in the use of the pencil and the etching-needle, she has often found, especially in years now long past, relaxation and amusement in their employment, cultivating her own æsthetic tastes by practice, and thereby helping to form in the minds of her youthful family a love, as well as a knowledge, of what must be always considered one of the great enjoyments of life, however exalted the possessor's station: an enjoyment that must be the greater in proportion to the means and the ability one may have to indulge in it.

The drawing by Landseer her Majesty has allowed us to copy here is a highly-finished work in coloured chalks: finished, that is, so far as the faces are concerned; the hair and the dresses are touched in with great boldness and in a most effective manner. Who the bonnie "lad and lassie" may be—they are doubtless brother and sister—we know not, nor is it of any importance to the world at large. The original bears the artist's monogram and the date of the drawing,—the same year in which he painted several Scotch pictures, 'The Monarch of the Glen,' 'Highland Lassie Crossing the Stream,' &c. Among the works belonging to the year 1851 which were in the Landseer exhibition of 1874, were portraits, also in crayons, of two Highland gillies, favourite attendants, we believe, on the Prince Consort in his deer-stalking expeditions: these portraits are also in the Queen's collection. It is quite possible that Landseer met with this "Lad and Lassie" among the children of the royal tenants at Balmoral, and so came to make this drawing of them, with which her Majesty was so much interested as to add it to her collection.







THE TWO SISTERS

Engraved by J. H. B. from a drawing by J. H. B.

THE USE OF ANIMAL FORMS IN ORNAMENTAL ART.

By F. EDWARD HULME, F.L.S., F.S.A.

CHAPTER III.



HE horse figures largely in several classic myths, and is therefore very often met with in Greek and Roman Art. When Poseidon and Athene disputed—such was their interest in the rising state—as to which should give their name to the capital of Attica, their fellow-divinities of Olympus decided that it should be named after the deity who should bestow upon man the most useful gift. Poseidon, the Neptune of Roman mythology, therefore created the horse, and Athene, or Minerva, the olive-tree. Judgment was given in favour of Athene; but the myth shows that, if the horse is not the very highest gift that could have been bestowed, it was one that was held in great estimation. Poseidon is hence believed to have taught man how to control and tame horses, and to have been the originator and protector of horse-races. He is, therefore, also represented as him-

self riding on a horse, or riding over the waves in a chariot drawn by horses; these horses being frequently represented as sea-horses, the fore part being equine, the back part like the body and tail of a fish. On another occasion he metamorphosed himself into a fish to deceive Demeter. Another myth, however, assigns to Athene, as the protector of agriculture, the honour of having first instructed men how to tame the horse by the bridle. The father of Ganymedes, the most beautiful of mortals, was compensated for his loss by the gift of a pair of divine horses; Ganymedes himself being carried off that he might be the cup-bearer of Zeus and dwell among the gods. Zeus abducted him, either in his natural shape or in the form of an eagle, or by means of his eagle,—a subject more than once chosen by the artists of mediæval times for representation. The sacrifices offered to Helios, the god of the sun, consisted of white rams, boars, bulls, goats, or lambs, but especially of white horses. The famous Colossus of Rhodes was a representation of this god. The horses of the sun frequently figure both

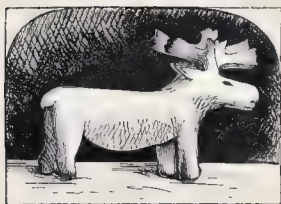


Fig. 21.



Fig. 22.



Fig. 23.

in the literature and art of these early times. Another familiar reason for the introduction of this animal in classic art arises from the capture of the horses of Diomedes, King of Thrace (which were fed on human flesh, and employed to tear in pieces all strangers who entered the land), being one of the celebrated twelve labours assigned to Hercules. We have in

Fig. 26 a representation of the horse from a coin of Arpi, a town in Apulia, founded, according to tradition, by Diomedes. The coins of Cunobelin, one of our ancient British kings, frequently have a horse or wild boar on them as a device, while the Saxon white horse is still preserved to these later days in the device of Kent, a white horse rampant on a



Fig. 24.

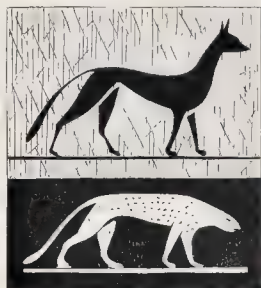


Fig. 25.



Fig. 26.

red ground, and in the various "white horses" cut on the surface of the chalk downs in several parts of the south and west of England. The removal of the upper layer of soil lays bare the gleaming white of the chalk, and "the scouring of the white horse," the removal of any growth that may tarnish its brilliancy or blur its outline, is, in one case at least, a great local festival,

and a means of preserving, in a rough and ready way, the memory of Alfred's great and crowning victory over the Danes. The horse has in mediæval and modern times been freely employed as a charge in heraldry or a supporter of arms; as illustrations of this use may, however, be very easily met with, we need now do no more than merely refer to it.

The dog, though in an especial degree the companion and friend of man, is far less commonly met with in artistic work, either pictorial or decorative, than one would have imagined from so close an intimacy. When found, it will, however, generally be clearly introduced as a symbol of that fidelity that is so marked a trait in its nature. We have in Fig. 33 a representation of the dog from a coin of Segesta; and Colophon, in Ionia, in like manner introduced the dog on its coinage. It is

related by Pliny that the Colophonians trained dogs to assist in war, and that they were largely employed in aid of their masters as sentinels in defence of their posts and to give the warning notes that testified of the coming danger. The coins of Ceos bear the fore part of a dog. In the Middle Ages we find, in accordance with that love for devices that exercised so considerable an influence on decorative art, one of the celebrated Sforza family assuming as his badge a sleeping hound, to testify that



Fig. 27.



Fig. 28.



Fig. 29.

though he molested no one neither might any with impunity arouse his anger. An Order of the Dog was also instituted in France as a reward for fidelity to the sovereign, but it appears to have been but shortlived. Amongst the ancient Egyptians, Anubis, figured as a human being with a dog's head, was originally worshipped as representative of the dog, which, like the cat and many other animals, was from its value held sacred

by those people. The chief seat of his worship was at Cynopolis, in Middle Egypt. A son of Osiris and Nephthys, but born after the death of his father, he was nurtured by Isis, who made him her companion and guard. In the temples of Egypt he is ordinarily depicted as the guardian, and the portals of the building were especially dedicated to him. The Greeks identified him with Hermes, and his worship ultimately spread rapidly

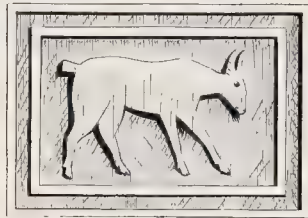


Fig. 30.



Fig. 31.



Fig. 32.

both in Greece and Rome. It was the policy of both these peoples to assimilate in their conquests the religious belief of the conquered with their own. Fig. 29 is from a piece of Roman pottery.

The bull is frequently introduced in early Art. The capture of the Cretan bull by Hercules, and afterwards of the cattle of Geryon, figure with the other famous labours of the demigod; and the slaying of the Minotaur, a monster having a human body and bull's head, or at other times a bull's body and human head, by Theseus, is another favourite subject in classic art. Fore-parts of bulls, joined together at the centre of the body, form the commonest type of the capitals of the palaces of Persepolis; and we need do no more than allude again in passing to the human-headed bulls that guard the entrances of the palace-temples of Nineveh.

The bull is a very common device on ancient coinage; we see it on that of Chalcedon in Bithynia, on that of Sybaris, Samos, and many other places. A considerable variation of treatment may be found. On the coins of Gelas, in Sicily, of Acarnania and Neapolis, the bull is human-headed; on those of Phocis we get the animal's head alone, and given in front view; on those of Tauromenium and

Thurium the bull is represented as charging; while in the coinage of Eretria the animal is in repose. The coins of Metapontum, a Greek colony in Italy, have on the obverse the river god Archelous (a river of that part of Greece from which the colony sprang). The deity is represented in human form leaning on a reed, and having the head of a bull. The figure of a bull was often used to symbolize a stream. Homer, in narrating the combat between the river god Scamander and Achilles, says of the former that he roared like a bull, an idea afterwards employed by other poets. In the fable of the combat of Hercules with the river deity Archelous, the latter was represented as actually changing himself into a bull; the deep roar of the bull suggesting the sound of the torrent, while the impetuosity of the attack not inaptly symbolizes the rush of the stream as it sweeps all before it. On the coins of Camarina, a Syracusan colony on the south coast of Sicily, we find the same idea treated with great beauty and refinement, the centre of the coin being filled with a youthful human head, full face, having the budding horns of a bull just rising from the hair, while the whole is surrounded by the wave-scroll.

The worship of the bull in Egypt, though at first only a recog-



Fig. 33.

nition of the services of the animal to man, was afterwards greatly modified, as the animal became recognised as the type of Osiris; representations of the sacred bull Apis are very commonly seen in the paintings and sculptures of that ancient people; and the worship of the golden calf in the wilderness by the Israelites was suggested readily to their minds by the honours they had seen paid to the sacred Apis in the land of their bondage. We have in Fig. 24 a coin of Acanthus, in Macedonia, and in Fig. 27 a Lydian coin, two examples of a treatment that is not uncommon—the conflict between lion and bull. Various theories have been broached in explanation of this device; by some it is held to symbolize the triumph of the king over external or domestic foes—a not improbable motive for its adoption; by others the lion is held to typify the sun, and the bull, as the symbol of a river, to represent the unwholesome vapours and exhalations of earth; the whole thus being a mode of representing the grand conflict between Good and Evil. In heraldry the bull is largely employed either as charge, supporter, or crest. Among the ancient British coins, those of Verulamium are distinguished by the device of a cow borne on reverse.

The ram figures occasionally in Art; we have in Fig. 28 a representation of the ram's head on the coins of Delphi. The ram, again, occurs on the coins of the Phœceans and those of Antioch; its introduction in all these cases is probably owing to its connection with the national sacrificial rites, in the same way that we often see rams' heads at the angles of Roman altars. The animal figures heraldically in the arms of the Swiss Schaffhausen, where it is sable, rampant, on argent; and again in the arms of Istria, which are vert, a ram, argent, statant. It also occurs very commonly on the blazon of various noble families, either as supporter, as in the case of Cloncurry, as a charge, as in the arms of Yea, or as a crest, as we find it, for example, in the arms of Elton. The Spanish order of the Golden Fleece, second only to the Garter in honour, bears as one of its insignia a suspended ram, a form that may still be commonly seen as a shop sign. The order was instituted in 1429, by Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy and Brabant, and the most puissant prince of that age.

The lamb is very familiar to us as a symbol of the second person of the Trinity, and as such occurs abundantly throughout the whole realm of Christian art. In Fig. 22 we have a very interesting figure of the lamb standing on a rock, from whence flow the streams of living waters. This form, with various slight modifications, is seen repeatedly on the tombs of the catacombs of Rome and in the mosaics of the early churches. The lamb, bearing the cross-embazoned banner, was adopted by the Knights Templars as their device; it may be seen carved on the keystone of the arch that covers in the roadway from Fleet Street to the old Temple Church; and the same symbol may also be seen on the coinage of Henry V.—pieces that are hence known to collectors as "moutons d'or." Excepting in connection with this religious significance, the lamb is but rarely found. The family of Lamb bear it in their armorial bearings, since the older heralds seem to have been quite unable to resist anything that appeared like a pictorial form or allusion to the name of the bearer, but with this exception it is scarcely ever met with. Heraldry, springing from the desire for the personal distinction to be gained amid the pomp and dangers of war, employs the dragon, the lion, the eagle, and such like, to express the character of the warrior; and with such the peaceful lamb, or He, the Prince of peace, whom it symbolizes, can have little in common.

Many of the Egyptian paintings contain admirable representations of the various animals known to that ancient people. We have in Fig. 25 the jackal and the leopard. Fig. 21, from a specimen in our possession, is a very good representation of a reindeer, carved by the Esquimaux in walrus ivory. Fig. 23 is the old sign of the Hare and Sun in Southwark: these old signs, like that of the Civet Cat in Cockspur Street, or the Boar's Head in Eastcheap, though rapidly disappearing, are often very quaint and interesting. Fig. 30 is the sign of a seller of goat's milk, who conducted his business in Pompeii some little time before the destruction of that city—a destruction that, overwhelming as it was, left us this and many other most interesting relics. Our comments on the stag, goat, boar, wolf, bear, and some few other animals, must be reserved until our next paper.

GILDING ON PORCELAIN.

ANY process which brings the artistic and decorative effects of the more costly processes of ornamentation of objects of domestic use within the reach of the mass of the people, and combines good workmanship and durability with economy of production, is a gain to the industrial Arts and a boon to the public. If, however, it descends to the region of "shams," and is more pretentious than real, it is the reverse of this, however ingenious or apparently economical it may be. True economy involves reality and durability, and in the transfer process of gold ornaments to porcelain, which we have recently had the privilege of examining at the works of Messrs. Powell and Bishop, of Hanley, Staffordshire Potteries, there can be no doubt these elements exist, in combination with a facility for the decoration of porcelain in an artistic and effective manner, which cannot fail to be appreciated when it is properly understood. We purpose, then, to make our readers acquainted with the nature and advantages of this gilding process, which has not received the attention to which its merits entitle it, since it has now stood the test of some fifteen years' experience as to its permanence; for the process has been in operation in Messrs. Powell and Bishop's works since 1860, and is confined exclusively to their establishment at Hanley. Unfortunately for its immediate success, the earlier examples were brought into the market just at the time when a French process for effecting the transfer of gold to porcelain had, from the want of permanence in the result, created a great prejudice in the

minds of the principal dealers in modern porcelain, especially in London, against transfer gilding, and the really permanent and effective method of the English manufacturer has suffered in the estimation of London buyers from this cause. Time, however, has brought its full evidence of durability, as nothing but time and experience can do in such cases; and it is now desirable that all persons interested in modern ceramic art should know of and understand so admirable and economical a method of embellishing porcelain.

The ordinary process of gilding on porcelain is by applying with a pencil or brush the prepared gold, mixed with a proper flux, to the surface of the body to be decorated. Of course this is done by the hand of an Art-workman, and is dependent upon his skill and dexterity in reproducing the lines and masses of the design prepared for the decoration of the object under ornamentation, be it cup, saucer, plate, or vase. Of course, to produce good gilding, a proper quantity of the precious metal must be conveyed by the pencil or brush of the artist to the surface of the porcelain, so that, when fired, it will stand the action of the burnisher, or other after-processes by acid, &c., according to the details of the design selected. The repetition of a very intricate ornament by this hand-process is therefore a most costly operation, and is rarely attempted, and gold is generally used more or less as supplementary to colour. By the process of Messrs. Powell and Bishop all this is changed, and the most delicate and intricate designs and repetitions can be

produced, colour being used to supplement the effect of the gold. In short, the method is analogous to that by which an engraved design is transferred in vitreous colour to a ceramic body. The French process, already alluded to, was based mechanically upon the ordinary transfer process, and therefore the breadth of effect had to be produced by fine lines, practically conveying a minimum of gold to the surface of the porcelain, so that in all probability the gold itself is disintegrated either in the process of firing or of burnishing, and when the decorated vessels come to be applied to their proper use the gilding quickly disappears.

The ordinary English process of "transfer gilding" is to transfer an oil surface to the ware, and then apply the gold in the form of a powder, the oil taking up a sufficient quantity of the metal to produce a surface of gold capable of being burnished. This, however, has never been considered really satisfactory.

In the process under consideration we have a totally different result. The gold is transferred from the absorbent paper, on which it is printed ready for transfer, in a compact body, every atom of it being conveyed to the porcelain. The masses are as solid as if wrought with the pencil or brush; and, considering the pressure used by the hand of the operator in the course of the transfer, we are inclined to the belief that the gold must of necessity adhere to the porcelain surface in a more compact mass than it can possibly be conveyed by the point of the pencil or brush. At all events, when fired it presents a most unmistakable and solid surface of dead gold to the action of the burnisher, but certainly does not burnish so smoothly as pencil gold.

Artistically, the examples inspected at the works of Messrs. Powell and Bishop were generally excellent and tasteful. The temptation to exuberant gilding, always a mistake, has been

fairly resisted. As a matter of course, the repetitions of the borders are of the most perfect character, there being practically no limit to the design except the taste and skill of the designer; and patterns which would have been simply impossible to produce by hand, unless at an enormous expenditure of time on the part of an expert gilder, are among the ordinary designs used by this process; but over-ornamentation, especially for high-class demand, is a danger to be guarded against.

The question of durability, then, only remains to be disposed of, and this may now be considered as settled by the experience of the last ten or twelve years. During this period large quantities of porcelain so decorated have been sold, and been in constant use in the north of England, issued to the public by high-class establishments in Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and other towns, and the result has been perfectly satisfactory alike to the producer, the seller, and the buyer; and when it is considered that tastefully-gilt and decorated porcelain can be supplied at a price on the average from thirty to forty per cent. lower than that ornamented by the usual transfer process of gilding, with a very remarkable improvement in the Art-quality of the ornamentation, we think it our duty to bring this fact before the general public. The producers of this porcelain show their own confidence in their process of gilding by giving a guarantee for one year to the buyer, during which period should any deterioration manifest itself in the gilding, they undertake to replace the defective pieces. We understand they have never been called upon to redeem their pledge; and if by fair usage the gilding will not deteriorate within a year, it is reasonable to infer that the transfer gilding will last as long as that by the hand process, with all the advantages of reasonableness in cost and tasteful patterns in the repetition of borders, &c.

VOLUMNIA REPROACHING BRUTUS AND SICINIUS.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE PUBLISHERS.

J. D. LINTON, *Pinxit.*

J. STEPHENSON and J. GREATBACH, *Sculpt.*

WHEN Mr. Linton, the author of this picture, was elected a few years ago into the Institute of Water Colour Painters, we anticipated a considerable accession of his works to the annual exhibition of the society; but our anticipation, as to number, has been disappointed; for though he began well—with three or four examples at the first—we have seen scarcely more than one each season latterly. Were his works less attractive than they are; we might be indifferent to their appearance; but inasmuch as they are generally among the most inviting contributions of their kind to the gallery, we would gladly see more of them. The demand for his pencil as a wood draughtsman may, possibly, be his apology for absence from the Pall Mall Gallery.

His later pictures have a semi-historical character, as in 'His Eminence the Cardinal Minister,' one of the most important and striking works seen last year in the gallery of the Institute. In his 'Volumnia,' a subject taken from assumed Roman story—Niebuhr, we believe, questions the authenticity of what is told of Coriolanus—we have a theme decidedly historical, or alleged to be so, and for the sake of Shakspeare's noble drama one is quite willing to accept it all as truth. According to his version of the story, Coriolanus, "the people's enemy," has just left the city, banished, or as he puts it, when addressing the mob,

"Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elsewhere."

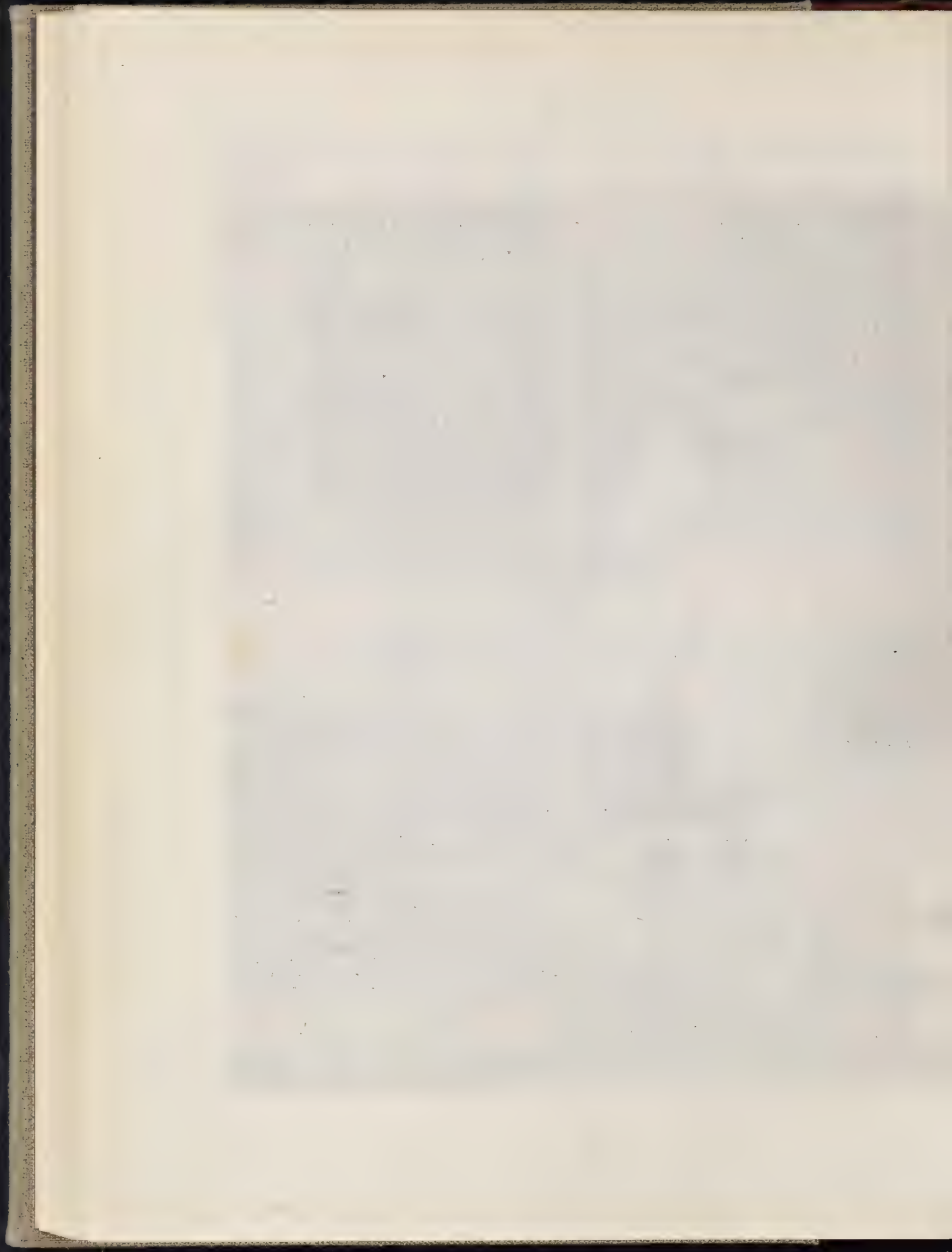
His mother Volumnia, his wife Virgilia, his friend Menenius, having, with others, taken leave of the "noble Roman" outside

the gate of the city, return within its walls, and in a street near the gate the two women and their companion accidentally meet Brutus and Sicinius, the tribunes of the people, who, from jealousy of Coriolanus, have aided in stirring them up to banish him. The tribunes wished to avoid a *rencontre*, but were not in a position to do so, and the meeting afforded Volumnia and her daughter-in-law the opportunity of speaking their minds with far more openness, perhaps, than courtesy. Especially was the elder lady very bitter in her reproach: she says—

"I was you incensed the rabble;
Cats! that can judge as fitly of his worth
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.
Brutus. Pray, let us go.
Volumnia. Now, pray, sir, get you gone;
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this:
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome, so far my son
(This lady's husband here, this, do you see)
Whom you have banished, does exceed you all."
Coriolanus, Act iv., sc. 2.

There is nothing in the composition to show a desire to go beyond the strict limits of the text: the figures are well arranged in two distinct groups, the outstretched arms of Volumnia and Brutus forming a connecting link between them. The face of the former reveals much of the fiery nature ascribed to her, while that of Virgilia combines sweetness with grief. The barred window is an object "too much" in the picture, coming intrusively before the eye, and thus distracting it from the figures immediately below, which are the "motive" of the composition.





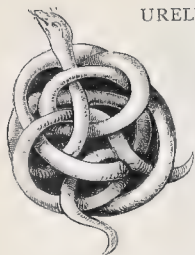


THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

NORWAY.*

By R. T. PRITCHETT, F.S.A.

CHAPTER V.



URELY the man who loves God, worships Him through nature, and traces his majesty in creation, would enjoy the spot depicted in the large woodcut, where the village of Veblungnæss is shown close to the edge of the fjord backed by the snow range. What a neighbourhood to have round one! What a contrast to the idea conveyed by the same word in modern acceptation! Here the sea-water of the fjord washes the edges of the hamlet, in many parts bluffly repelled by huge

and mighty façades of rocks; here and there a ravine terminating in a water-fall into the sea itself. Valleys branch off in all directions, excursions are numerous, and many new ones still remain uninvestigated. The high fjeld is easy of access from Veblungnæss, and real bear valleys are near, where bruin exists and has been killed, falling by the hands of our countrymen. Natives have offered to go on the terms of "No bear, no pay." This suggests a practical confidence in the latter, which is paramount in all bargains between Scandinavians and our folks. Bruin is still a terror in some parts, and especially to the "Sæter" people, or "Piges." For instance, near Isterdal the following circumstance occurred to a friend:—Scene, lonely Sæter. English traveller approaching. "Pige" appears at window imploring help; dare not come out; beseeches traveller's assistance. A bear has been down, killed a cow. The "Pige" positively dare not come out until Englishman shoots bear that killed cow, that frightened Pige. The sad finale now comes. The dead cow could not be found, neither could the bear be found to be shot; and had the bear been found, the traveller had no rifle to shoot him with. Still there can be no doubt of there being many left yet to be laid low by our enthusiastic fellow-hunters in days to come. Veblungnæss is hardly appreciated by travellers, who generally are so bent on rushing forward to the well-known comforts of Aak, that they are blind to the beauty *en route*. Perhaps an innate longing to get away from villages makes them more anxious to dive at once to the more placid and less populated parts. This place is generally reached by those who come from Molde by steamer, in which case the entrance to the Romsdal fjord is a grand subject, affording the most magnificent mountain and seascape combined. Happier far is the traveller who goes in a small sailing-boat, with a good south-wester behind him, with a tight sheet, and the water hissing away all round her, thrown off from her bows and rushing from her stern, as the crew lie down singing good Norske songs, some of which are as long as Gaelic ones—and that is saying a good deal.

Veblungnæss is close to the mouth of the Rauma, which rises in Læsje Vand, and after forcing its way through rocks and every kind of obstruction, finally finishes its course through peaceful sand plains. This village can boast of many good things. First, the church or kirke, the post-office, telegraph-office, station for carriages, a compulsory school, a baker of white bread, præstegaarde, and a pier, to say nothing of the store or shop. Having made a bouquet of these charms, let us refer to them *seriatim*.

The church is the old wooden church from Gryten, which was buried in the sand, and stood as shown by the spire on the right hand side of the illustration, looking from "Næss." It was moved about fifty years ago, and at that time was painted red,

having only of late years assumed the more sombre hue which now characterizes its roof and spire—namely black. The interior is plain fir, the pulpit is high up over the altar, and is of a general light blue tone; on the right side, on the ground, is the bishop's stall, panelled up to the galleries which go round the church. The candelabrum that hangs in the centre from the ceiling is very elegant in design, and made of pinchbeck; it is dated 1770. The silver candlesticks on the altar are large and massive, one on each side; these are lighted three times a year—Christmas, Easter, and at the end of the forty days. The first priest appointed to Gryten commenced his work A.D. 1514.

Here we saw a funeral, which was largely attended, as the church is on a main road, and the coffin was followed by seven "stolkjærns" and many people, some of whom had driven on, before. Even in this instance there was no clergyman to officiate.

The post-office is kept in a very unofficial way. Calling one



Looking across Jufjord.

day, we found that "post kontouress" (who, by the way, is a very superior person) was not at home, having left her official duties to assist at four o'clock tea—*société*. The postman is picturesque, with an enormous portmanteau, with irons, chains, and such fastenings, to assist in the protection of which he carries a horn and a revolver; he goes from this office to Dombaas, so that sometimes from the difference of elevation he will sledge one part regularly and carriage the other. Before leaving the post-office we will thank the chef for all her kind attentions to us and many of our countrymen.

* Continued from page 108.

The telegraph-office is admirable. English spoken, and every information.

The carriage station is at Herr Onsum's, who seems to be the squire of Veblungnæss. Here "tout est Onsum"—hotel, boats, land, the store; every one has a good word for the member of

the "Storthing," Herr Onsum, and his musical and well-educated family.

The school is, throughout Norway, for all denominations, and compulsory.

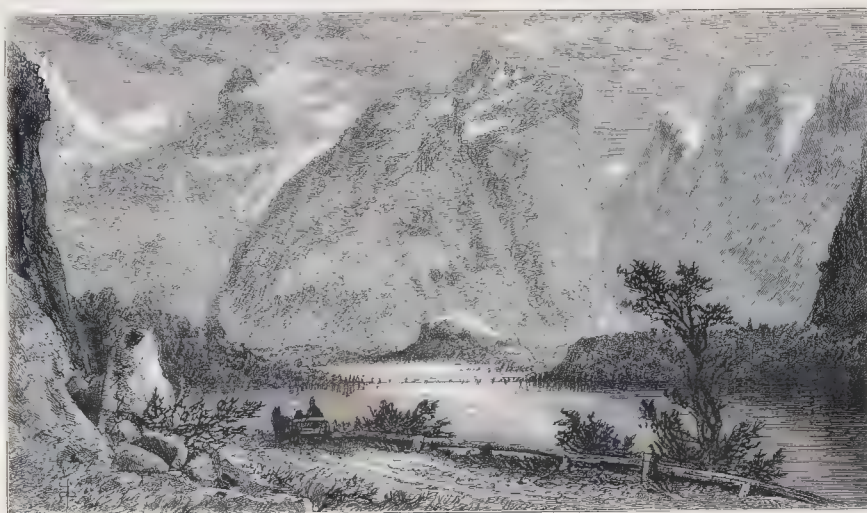
As to the baker of white bread, this personage is mentioned



Ole Larsen - our Shoemaker.

because white bread bakers are few and far between, and a valuable adjunct to Fiva, where we stopped. Twice a week "our daughter" drove in from Fiva to the baker at Veblungnæss, about nine miles in and nine out. Sometimes the white bread was not ready, and after a nine mile carriage drive, with a long ford

across the river, it is rather trying to go back empty-handed. Sometimes there were additions, such as "rød fiske," red sea-fish, like very large mullet, hanging from the carriage, picturesque in colour; then the odd baskets banging about. We must sometime have a sketch of "The Return from Market through the



Næss.

Ford, with the Skyd-gut Boy behind.' Our daughter's was rather an old boy, Ole Fiva as he called himself—the Gamel Skyd-gut. The occasional one was very young, and very nice indeed; as he did not understand English his answers resolved themselves almost always into the "blushing grin" of good-hearted inno-

cence. At last "Mee boy Matthias"—pronounced "Matteus"—found an outlet for his feelings, and brought red berries, or "tuttiber," in his cap, and when he found them accepted, and that his offering gave us pleasure, he grinned and blushed more than ever. But why were we not sure of getting our white

bread when we sent so far for it, hail, rain, or shine? It is this: | one day there was a glorious breeze out in the fjord, the white



The Laave at Fiva Romsdal.

horses were showing their crests, the gulls and terns were | a good sea-boat, and would be sure to lend it to us if we
sweeping round us—what a day for a sail! Herr Onsum had | asked. We did. My wife, daughter, self, Ole Fiva, three Nor-



Fæblungnass, Romsdal.

wegians, full of sea-rovers' expeditions and sagas, for a crew, were | soon on board. As the craft was lying by the landing-place

her bowsprit naturally rose up and down as the waves heaved her hull. A voice came from the end of the bowsprit. "Ole, Ole! Spørge, Ole, spørge!" Ole took no notice; again the same appeal from a figure with a white cap, white jacket; it was the baker of the white bread, hanging on with a desperate effort, asking permission to go for a sail with us instead of getting our "vid brod" ready for us to take back. Judging from the uncertain movements of the applicant, it is to be feared the supply of white bread is equally uncertain at Veblungnæss.

Our view of Næss is taken as looking up the Rauma River. On the left are the Vengetinderne, the Karlstrotind; the Romsdal Horn over the valley on the left, down which flows the river Rauma by Aak; the centre peak is the Mid-dag Horn, and on the right is the Isterdal valley, with the Biskop and Drøningen towering above. The little spire of Gryten is inserted here to show where it stood before its sand immersion and removal to its present resting-place. From this point one obtains a grand view and general idea of the immense sand and grit deposit, collected here from the two valleys of the Rauma and Ister, the greater portion of which was ground off the sides of the valleys by the great glaciers when the glacial period was in full action, and before all the mighty ice giants melted at the presence of the new visitor to the coasts of Norway, the Gulf Stream. All down the valleys the rocks are worn and ground round by the *débris* in the ice as it passed down. Only some such phenomenon as that referred to could have so raised the temperature and worked such changes.

An old friend is shown at work by the river-side—Ole Larsen, a shoemaker, of simple habits, small *clientelle*, but very large

family, about eighteen in number. Unlike many of our followers of St. Crispin, he begins *ab initio*,—with the skin as removed from the animal, and is now getting the hair off previous to tanning. It can well be imagined that Ole Larsen does not do a large business in the course of the financial year, and the family seldom get meat, their whole nourishment being "Brod og smør," and bunkers, and cow comforts.

The Norwegian farm-building is called a "laave," and is so constructed that the hay-carts can drive right in under cover, and be unladen at convenience; underneath are generally stables and cow-house. Such a "laave" as the one shown here will hold three ponies and about twelve cows. During the summer the cows all go up to the sæter, and about September return to the valleys, preparatory to their winter session, poor things, shut up from October generally right through the winter till spring comes with all her brightness and releases these long-pent prisoners from their thralldom. It is an amusing sight to see them first at liberty when the snow has melted in the valley. They gallop, kick, frisk, career, and chase each other; and the ponies join in the festivities with the cows and the goats, and all rejoice together for a time, until all finally agree that there is nothing like good quiet steady grazing, and to that they betake themselves.

The initial letter at the head of this chapter is from a remarkable specimen of Runic wood-carving—part of an old episcopal seat—which will be more fully described when we arrive at the details of that class of work, of which we find such interesting specimens in the museums of Norway, especially Bergen, and which happily are well preserved for our study and guidance.

ART-NOTES FROM THE PROVINCES.

DUBLIN.—An exhibition of ancient and modern needlework, under the patronage of Her Majesty, and the auspices of the Lord Lieutenant and the Duchess of Marlborough, was opened by her grace in the Exhibition Palace early in the month of March. The collection, one of much interest and value, was divided into two sections—a loan collection, and a large number of works executed by the pupils and the teachers of the Queen's Institute: the former included specimens of ancient tapestries, lace work, embroideries in silk, gold, &c., contributed by the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, the Duchess of Leinster, the Marchioness of Waterford, Lady Louisa Egerton, Mrs. Browne, Mr. E. C. Guinness, and others. In the other section, that for which the School of Art Needlework at the Queen's Institute is more especially responsible, were many most ingenious and beautiful specimens—screens, worked in silk, showing a variety of artistic and elaborate designs, curtains, chimney-piece coverings, chair covers, laces, &c. The South Kensington Museum forwarded as many as thirty-five frames of antique needlework, and forty-five frames of photo and coloured paintings of old embroideries. Contributions were expected from the Queen, the Royal Princesses, and the Royal School of Art Needlework, in London; but they had not arrived when the Exhibition was opened: it was expected that it would remain open for about a month.

BIRMINGHAM.—The Royal Society of Artists of Birmingham intends to devote a portion of the gallery in which the spring exhibition of sketches is held to the display of engravings by Birmingham engravers. It may not be generally known that this town has proved a very nursery of the art: the staple trade of the place—metal-work of every kind—called it into existence. Many of the most eminent line engravers of the last half century were, or are, natives of Birmingham, as J. Pye, J. Goodyear, the brothers Willmore, the two Brandards, E. and W. Radcliffe, T. Garner, S. Fisher, C. W. Sharpe, T. Jeavons, and others. In aid of the project, Mr. A. Graves, of Pall Mall, has been at

great trouble to collect specimens of the works of the Birmingham men, and has got together more than three hundred, large and small, which he had neatly framed and forwarded to the gallery. We had an opportunity of examining them prior to their being sent away, and were much pleased with the collection, which contains some veritable gems. Birmingham has good reason to be proud of the men who have done so much to give her an honourable name in the annals of British Art.

BRIGHTON.—The new school of Science and Art in this town was opened by H.R.H. the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, early in February last: the building, which has a handsome elevation, stands on the Grand Parade.

CAMBRIDGE.—A bust of the late Dr. Cookson, master of St. Peter's College in the university of this town, is being executed by Mr. Woolner, A.R.A.; we presume for the college over which Dr. Cookson presided long and most acceptably.

MANCHESTER.—It is intended to erect a new building for the School of Art in this place, which shall combine with it a permanent Art-gallery, "the want of which has long been felt in Manchester, where the opportunities of cultivating a taste for Art are singularly small—probably smaller, indeed, than in any other good town in the kingdom." This opinion is reported to have been offered at a large and influential meeting held somewhat recently at the Town Hall, to promote the undertaking. A suitable site for the gallery and school has been marked out: it will cost £10,000, which has already been subscribed, while more than £15,000, it is said, "is required for the building, in addition to the school of Art. . . . The scheme leaves little room for doubt that all the money required would soon be forthcoming."—Mr. John Bell, the sculptor of the group 'America,' (one of the ornaments on the Albert Memorial, Hyde Park, and which was engraved in the *Art Journal* of the year 1871), has presented the original model to Sir Edward Lee, who purposes placing it in the public grounds of Manley Park.

ANCIENT IRISH ART.

A FEW WORDS ON INTERLACED METAL-WORK.

By LLEWELLYNN JEWITT, F.S.A.



striking characteristic of ancient Irish Art is the elaborate nature of the interlacing which prevails in ornamentation. Whether in sculpture, in metal-work, or in illuminated drawings, the same general principle of interwoven lines, bands, animals, or foliage, or a combination of all, predominates, and gives to Irish Art a character which, despite its general analogy to that of the Anglo-Saxons, is all its own. The same feeling, it is true, runs through the designs of the ancient Irish and the Anglo-Saxon artists, but there are distinct characteristics belonging to each, and however beautiful may be, and undoubtedly is, the latter, it is far surpassed in wideness of conception, in intricacy of design, in delicacy of execution, in richness of effect, and in variety of detail, by the former. It is as though the minds of both conceived the same general ideas, but that the one alone had the power of expanding and carrying out those ideas to their minutest detail.

The beauty, and even microscopic nicety, of some of the examples of early Irish Art, have called forth the strongest, and

mystic shapes of the evangelists, furnished with six, four, or two wings; here is the eagle, there is the calf; in another part the face of a man, or of a lion, together with other designs without number, which, if carelessly surveyed, seemed rather blots than intertwined ligatures, and appeared to be simple, where in truth there was nothing but intricacy. But on close examination the secrets of the art were evident; and so delicate and subtle, so laboured and minute, so intertwined and knotted, so intricately brilliantly coloured did you perceive them, that you were ready to say that they were the work of an angel, and not of man; the more intently I examined them, the more was I filled with fresh wonder and amazement. Neither could Apelles do the like. Indeed, mortal hand seemed incapable of forming or painting them." So minute and intricate indeed is the work in some examples, that they are traditionally said (notably the Book of Kells) to have been traced by angels.

Of this marvellously elaborate character of early Irish Art, Mr. Westwood says that, at a period when the Fine Arts may be said to have been almost extinct in Italy and other parts of the continent, namely, from the fifth to the end of the eighth



Fig. 1.—Case of the Bell of St. Patrick, end view.



Fig. 2.—Central Band of the Devonshire Crozier.

sometimes even the most extravagant, expressions of wonder and admiration from men of judgment; and the minds that conceived and carried out some of the designs have been declared to be "superhuman" and "inspired by angels." The opinion of Giraldus Cambrensis, who wrote in the twelfth century, may be thus freely translated:—"Amongst all the miraculous things of Kildare, nothing surprised me so much as that wonderful book said to have been written from the dictation of an angel in St. Bridget's own time. This book contains the four Gospels according to Jerome's version, and is adorned with almost as many richly-illuminated figures as it has pages. Here you see the majesty of the Divine countenance, there the

century, the art of ornamenting manuscripts had attained a perfection almost miraculous in Ireland. "Another circumstance," he says, "equally deserving of notice, is the extreme delicacy and wonderful precision, united with extraordinary minuteness of detail, with which many of these ancient manuscripts are ornamented. I have examined with a magnifying glass the pages of the Gospels of Lindisfarne and the Book of Kells, without detecting a false line or irregular interlacement; and when it is considered that many of these details consist of spiral lines, and are so minute as to have been impossible to have been executed by a pair of compasses, it really seems a problem, not only with what eyes, but also with what instru-

ments, they could have been executed. One instance of the minuteness of these details will suffice. I have counted in a small space, scarcely three-quarters of an inch in length by less than half an inch in width, in the Book of Armagh, no fewer than one hundred and fifty-eight interlacings of a slender ribbon pattern, formed of white lines edged with black ones. The style of Art in these islands, from the seventh to the eleventh century, was infinitely more elaborate than that of any existing, or, indeed, of any subsequent school . . . The invention and skill displayed, the neatness, precision, and delicacy, far surpass all that is to be found in ancient manuscripts executed

by continental artists . . . The artists who executed the manuscripts were also the originators of the stone crosses . . . The style of ornament in both classes of monuments is essentially the same."

But it is not my intention in this brief article to touch upon the subject of manuscripts further than to remark that the same general characteristic of minuteness and intricacy of pattern prevailing in the designs with which they are adorned, marks, to an equally great extent, the designs exhibited on the metal-work and on the sculpture of the same and subsequent periods. Some marvellous examples of metal-work, quite dis-



Fig. 3. - The Devonshire Crozier.

tinget in their character from the Shrine of St. Manchán, which I have recently described in these pages, but which are of at least equal interest and more elaborate beauty, exist; and to one or two of these I now purpose to call attention. The eleventh or twelfth century case in which St. Patrick's bell is preserved, is a notable example of metal-work. It was made, as is ascertained from the inscription which it bears in ancient Irish lettering, for Donnell O'Lochlainn, monarch of Ireland, who reigned from 1091 to 1105. It is of copper, and was originally ornamented in various ways with gold, silver, and coloured glass. The interlacings, which are of the most elaborate character, are, in some



Fig. 4.—The Tara Brooch: Front.

smaller parts, cut in the solid gold, but the larger and more important ones are entirely open-work, and of wondrous delicacy; they are, in all cases, attached to the copper body by pins or rivets. The main feature of the design is that of extraordinary animals distorted and twisted into flowing lines, and forming the most elaborate interlaced knots, which intersect and intertwine with each other in the wildest but most symmetrical manner. The cut is engraved on Fig. 1.

Another fine example of early Irish metal-work is the "Devonshire crozier" (Fig. 3)—so called because it belongs to the Duke of Devonshire—which was some time ago exhibited at South Ken-

sington. This remarkable example of early Irish Art was found several years ago—during alterations at Lismore Castle—built up in a recess in a wall along with a valuable Irish MS. It is three feet four inches in length, the core being of oak, which is cased with bronze. It is elaborately ornamented at the head, the foot, and the central band, with raised work in bronze, which has been richly gilt, and with silver, enamel, and niello. Around the shaft, at the foot of the crook, is an inscription in ancient Irish character and language, which reads thus:—"A prayer of Nial Mac Meic Educaín, for whom was made this precious work." A prayer for Nechtan, the artist who made this precious work.* MacEducaín, who was Bishop of Lismore, died in 1113, so that the crozier dates back to the end of the eleventh or the beginning of the twelfth century. On the ridge of the head, or crook, is a series of non-descript animals, such as the Irish artists so revelled in depicting (which in this instance bear, perhaps, a slight resemblance to lizards or dragons), scaled, and exquisitely interlaced one with another in succession. This crest, or ridge (if it may be so called) of the crook is perforated, so that the openwork gives it a peculiarly light and elegant appearance. The eyes of some of the animals are formed of what is said to be lapis lazuli. The head is divided into panels, with circular bosses at the intersections; these are mostly formed of deep blue glass, while in the panels are rivet-holes, which show that they too were originally filled with metal-work—probably silver interlacing. The edge of the front of the crook is divided into delicately-formed panels filled with interlacings, and divided from each other by enamelled squares, while the front itself has originally been filled with designs in gold. Round the centre of the shaft is a richly-ornamented band, shown on the engraving (Fig. 2); each compartment of this is filled with intricate interlacing in metal-work. The foot of the staff is of extreme beauty. Its design is thus carefully described by Mr. O'Neill in his admirable work, to which I am indebted for the two woodcuts:—"The designs are framed with silver and dark blue, similar to the centre boss: but the framing, which in the centre ornament is principally of circular forms mixed with straight lines, is, in this lower ornament, composed of straight lines, with the exception of the ornaments at the upper part. There are four human heads at this part, and the tops of the fastening-pins are at each side of these heads, and form parts of the designs. There are twenty-eight panels of ornaments contained within the silver bands of this lower part of the staff; of these, six are almost exactly alike, and the singular figure subjects, in the third row from the top, are in couples which have a very close resemblance. Below these twenty-eight panels of ornament the staff narrows, and from a round form it becomes six-sided; each of these sides is filled with gilt and silver ornaments, the silver being let into spaces cut out of the solid metal. The six ornaments at the top of this lower part consist of so many different gilt interlaced patterns; then come six silver ornaments. Below the silver decorations are five panels containing full-length human figures, gilt, the head of each finishing in a pair of horns; the lower part of each figure is attired in a garment which, both in shape and from being checkered, resembles a Highlander's kilt. The North British kilt is worn shorter than is seen on these figures. The remaining, or sixth panel, has an interlaced pattern composed of two animals intertwined. Below these six patterns is another series of six silver ornaments resting on a gilt and silver-banded nearly half-round moulding; below this moulding are six more gilt panels, which are separated by silver bands; the ornaments in these are of the animal character. The staff finishes as is shown in the woodcut, the part immediately above the termination being com-

posed of three small round pieces of metal, which we may term pillars, the metal being cut away clear inside."

But it is not these exceptional kinds of articles—bell cases, croziers, and the like—that I wish to speak of in this brief paper. I have simply alluded to them as being fine examples of early decorative metal-work, for the sake of showing that the same feeling which characterized the design upon them, pervaded and became the distinguishing feature of those articles and objects of everyday use, the fibulae, or penannular brooches. These were of a more or less valuable and elaborate character, and of greatly varied sizes; but many of them present features



Fig. 3.—The Tara Brooch: Back.

of extreme beauty, and are made highly ornate by the introduction of delicate interlacings, which form an integral part of the design and add immeasurably to its richness. One of the finest as well as largest known examples, is that known as the "Tara Brooch," which, sold some years ago by a poor woman for a few pence at Drogheda, ultimately passed into the hands of Mr. Waterhouse, the eminent silversmith of Dublin, who, with satisfactory results, reproduced it in a reduced form as an article of commerce. I must however defer the description of this brooch till another time.

(To be continued.)

* The modern forms of the names here commemorated are MacEducaín, M'Gettigan; and Nechtan, Naughton, or M'Naughton.

PAINTERS OF ALL SCHOOLS.*

THERE is little, if any, excuse in our day for ignorance concerning Art and artists of every kind and degree, so many and various are the books constantly being issued from the press



La Vierge aux Rochers. By Leonardo da Vinci. In the Louvre, Paris.

in which these matters are discussed. Writers upon Art are, generally, placed at a disadvantage when compared with writers on science and other kindred matters: the former are at this date travelling for the most part over ground which has been previously well covered; only here and there, where close and diligent research is made into the history of some great master of Art, does one meet with any new revelation, or is some light, unseen before, thrown upon the life and works of the painter. Hence the repetition which is the inevitable result of attempting to work up old materials into a new form; and yet no others are, as a rule, available.

These remarks apply to the volume now before us, but not necessarily to its disparagement: the book, within its assigned limits, is good, and calculated to be of service as a work of reference where larger and more costly histories are not at hand. M. Louis Viardot is an Art-writer whose name has extended beyond his own country. The groundwork of this publication, as the introductory notes to the foreign schools, and the criticisms upon the pictures of the more famous artists, is based on the author's "Les Merveilles de la Peinture," published originally in Paris, whence also appeared, in an English dress, M. Viardot's "Wonders of Italian Art" and "Wonders of

European Art," which were published six or seven years ago and were duly noticed by us at the time. The contents of these two last-named books are embodied in his present volume, which may claim to be more comprehensive than any previous work of its kind hitherto put forth by its author. His part in the volume before us extends, however, little beyond what he has to remark on those painters whom he styles the "Divinities of Art;" the remainder of the matter, consisting chiefly of biographical details, has been gleaned by the compiler—and very carefully gleaned too—from a variety of well-known sources, dating from Vasari down to the last learned researches into the history of Italian painting by Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle. So far as relates to the English school, recourse has been had to the writings of Allan Cunningham, Mr. R. Redgrave, R.A., and sundry periodical publications, among which the *Art Journal* has not been forgotten. The history of the different schools is brought down to within a year of the present date.

The volume commences at the earliest period at which the art of painting was known to exist, about the fifth century before Christ, "and then it must have quickly reached to the highest eminence. It is to Athens that we must give," says M. Viardot, "the glory of its birthplace, though, by a fatality ever to be deplored, no work of the famous Greek painters remains to the present day;" nor, considering what are the materials used for painting, could we reasonably expect to see a picture in existence after the lapse of more than two thousand years. We have, however, some idea of what the compositions of those early artists may presumably have been, from the beautiful mosaic found at Pompeii in what is now known as the "House of the Faun." There is an excellent engraving of all that now remains of it in the volume we are noticing, which also contains a very considerable number of others: two of the smaller examples are introduced here. Regarding it in its comprehensiveness, in the attractiveness of the illustrations, and the style in which it is placed before the public, this "History of the Painters of all Schools" deserves a place in every library where books on Art find a home: it contains all that every one, beyond the comparatively few who make the



The Martyrdom of St. Justina. By Paul Veronese. In the Church of Santa Giustina, Padua.

* "A Brief History of the Painters of all Schools." By Louis Viardot, and other Writers. Illustrated. Published by Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.

subject a study, care to know about the world's greatest painters, and the works which have given them immortality.

SCENERY OF THE PACIFIC RAILWAY.

V.

WHILE the curious erosions in and near Echo Cañon, such as Witches' Castle and Pulpit Rocks, that were mentioned in the last number of the *Art Journal*, are still in mind, we are inclined to repeat what we have said as to the unsatisfying enjoyment which the phenomenal in Nature affords. We know that mere curiosity will attract the multitude, when a thing

the solid mountains; the high peaks that have hitherto been in the far distance descend into the cañon at an angle of 80°, and loom directly above us; lateral ribs of rock project from the slopes, some of them of fan-like formation. The Weber River flashes through the ravine, and breaks into a wrathful white as it leaps from ledge to ledge; even above there is no calm, and the

clouds are torn into shreds and contribute to the general wild disorder of the scene.

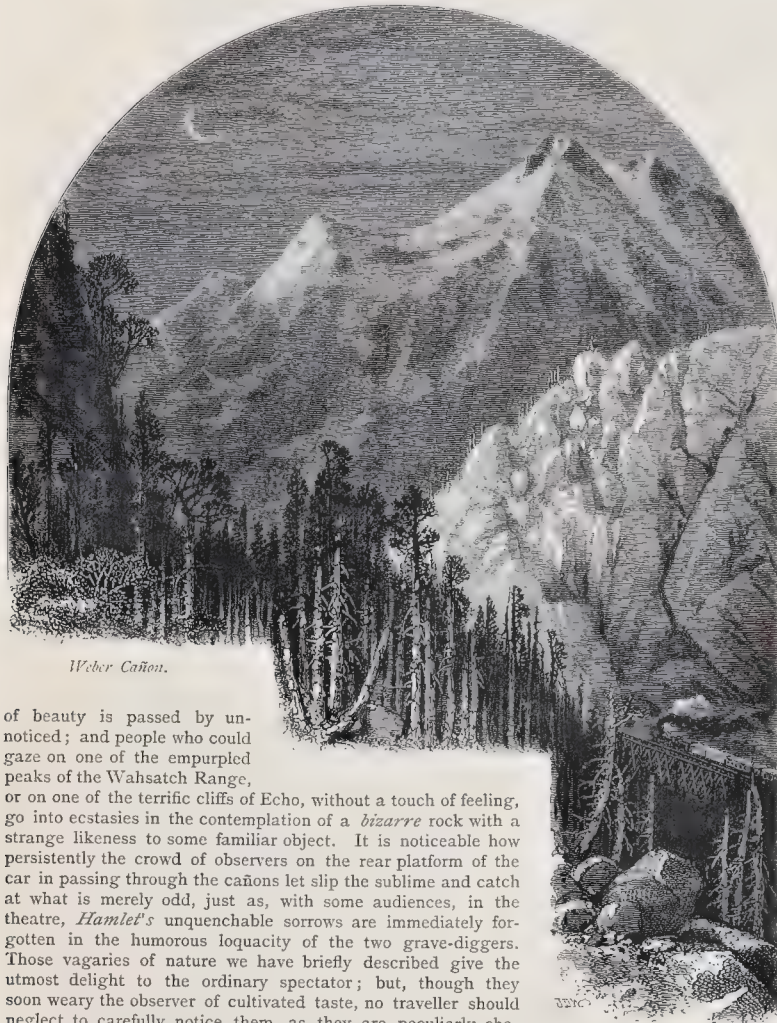
The geology as well as the picturesqueness of the Wahsatch Range, by which we are surrounded, is interesting. The lower rocks are a series in alternating layers of quartzose, mica, and hornblendic schists. Above these rests a heavy bed of quartzites, with very regular and distinctly-marked stratifications. Above the quartzites is a bed of ash-en-grey limestones, probably of the Silurian age, and a group of shales, clays, and quartzites intervenes between this and another bed of limestone, which belongs to the Carboniferous age.

In Weber Cañon, and on the east side of the range from Ogden, there is a large group of quartzites, passing up into siliceous limestones and capped with red sandstones, which are overlaid by bluish-grey limestones containing Jurassic fossils.

In all probability, says a well-known authority, the vast area usually described as the Great American Desert, between the Wahsatch Mountains on the east and the Sierra Nevada on the west, was one great lake, in which the present mountains formed islands, and the lakes, large and small, which are scattered over the basin at the present time are only remnants of the former inland sea. The modern deposits that cover the lowlands are mostly calcareous and arenaceous beds, and are often filled with fresh-water and land shells of modern origin.

The range extends, with intervals in its continuity, far northward of the railway into Montana and Idaho, and many of the peaks are within the region of perpetual snow. The cañons are the result of erosion, and there are hundreds of them with vertical walls from 1,000 to 2,000 feet in height. On the left side of the track an isolated tree marks the thousandth mile west of Omaha, and near this is a notable formation called the Devil's Slide—two parallel sloping buttresses of granite,

R R



Weber Cañon.

of beauty is passed by unnoticed; and people who could gaze on one of the empurpled peaks of the Wahsatch Range, or on one of the terrific cliffs of Echo, without a touch of feeling, go into ecstasies in the contemplation of a *bizarre* rock with a strange likeness to some familiar object. It is noticeable how persistently the crowd of observers on the rear platform of the car in passing through the cañons let slip the sublime and catch at what is merely odd, just as, with some audiences, in the theatre, *Hamlet's* unquenchable sorrows are immediately forgotten in the humorous loquacity of the two grave-diggers. Those vagaries of nature we have briefly described give the utmost delight to the ordinary spectator; but, though they soon weary the observer of cultivated taste, no traveller should neglect to carefully notice them, as they are peculiarly characteristic of this western region.

It is impossible, however, even for the most frivolous to pass unawed the cliffs of Weber Cañon, between which the train is now running. They are absolutely perpendicular walls of rock; the prevailing colour is a bronze green, intermingled with other hues. Masses of bright-red conglomerate, pale-grey limestones, bluish granites, and vari-coloured stratifications, also crop out in towers, crags, and caverns. We plunge into tunnels cut through

fourteen feet apart, projecting from the mountain-side to a height of fifty feet—an engraving of which appeared in the last chapter (p. 123). One thousand and one miles from Omaha is Weber Quarry, from which quantities of red sandstone are obtained for building purposes, and seven miles farther is the town of Weber, a thrifty Mormon settlement.

We soon emerge from the cañon into another fertile valley, in which the river widens and courses through several channels. The vegetation is abundant here, and there is some breathing-space between the mountains. Children offer apples, peaches, and pears for sale in the stations; and as the writer passed through, on a warm, hazy afternoon of August, the orchards were bowed down with fruit. This pastoral element in the midst of such striking sterility and wildness as the mountains display is a grateful relief and surprise: a relief, because the giant cliffs and buttes of the cañon are oppressive, and a surprise, because the shallowness of the soil is very apparent. When we again passed through it was late in November, and the winter had set in. The orchards were bare, the pastures were yellow and empty, and the mask of verdure being removed it was easier to see and appreciate the difficulties with which the farmers had to contend. But perhaps the mountains looked more beautiful under the chill grey sky of November than in the warm effulgence of the mid-summer. The pines were the same black inflexible bars on the slopes, and the peaks and intervening ridges were defined with a steely sharpness. A light snow had fallen and spread an exquisite web over the purple rock, and in the hollows were floods of ultramarine blue.

The length of the valley is soon traversed, and in a few minutes we pass through Devil's Gate, illustrated in the last chapter (p. 124) into Ogden Cañon, another chasm, with walls from 1,000 to 2,500 feet in height. Ogden Cañon emerges in the Salt Lake Valley, and at about five o'clock in the afternoon we change cars at Ogden, the terminus of the Union Pacific Railway, 1,033 miles from Omaha, and 5,340 feet above the level of the sea.

Ogden is the second town of importance in Utah, and contains a population of about 6,000. It is situated on a high plateau, with mountains on every side of it, and is by far the best-looking attempt at a city that we have discovered since leaving Omaha. Not only the Union Pacific, but the Central Pacific, the Utah Central, and the Utah Northern Railways, have their terminus here, and the scene in the station on the arrival of the overland train is full of life and colour. Baggage has to be rechecked; new berths must be obtained in the sleeping-cars as the Pullman coaches go no farther, and all the annoyances which the

through passenger experiences at Omaha are repeated. It is a disgraceful and inexcusable fact that though through-transportation tickets are sold at Omaha to San Francisco, neither sleeping-car tickets nor baggage-checks are issued to points beyond Ogden; but, while it is disgraceful and inexcusable, it is not by any means singular, as the Pacific Railway companies treat their passengers from one end to the other of the route with a very palpable lack of considerateness.

A delay of an hour and a half occurs in making the transfers, and during this time the station platform, as I have said, pre-



Ogden River.

sents a very lively scene. Passengers are flitting hither and thither, promenading, or looking after their tickets; newsboys vociferate the New York papers; eager brokers with their hands full of coin ply the travellers with offers of exchange for currency; dining-room gongs are booming furiously, and hotel agents are earnestly soliciting custom. The moving throng is cosmopolitan in dress, manner, and language. The Ute Indian, wrapped up in resplendent blanket, and bedaubed with vermillion, rubs elbows with the sleek Chinaman in blue blouse, cloth shoes, and bamboo hat; the negro and the Spaniard, the German and the Irishman, the richly-arrayed "swell" of Paris and Vienna and the Scandinavian peasant, mingle in the most picturesque contrasts. But what gives the scene emphasis and novelty is, not the crowd itself, nor the variety of costume, but the situation—the grand, vivid hills on every side tinged with fiery light, the broken outlines of the peaks that are glowing with passionate heat, the mountain fields of perpetual snow, the green lowlands, and above all the iridescent sky, changing colour every moment. There are few lovelier sights than Ogden in a summer's sunset; and if, as the traveller proceeds on his westward journey, the moon should be near its full and should follow the splendours

of the dying day with its chastening light, silvering the wide expanse of the lake and turning to a whiter white the low rim of alkaline shore, it will seem to him that he is leaving paradise behind.

The town spreads out from both sides of the station in broad, watered, shaded streets; the white houses are set in gardens; thrift, neatness, and industry reign visibly everywhere. What wonder that the inhabitants, like nearly all Mormons, are at-



Ogden, and Wahsatch Range.

tenuated, weazen, and dejected-looking? To say that they are lightly-built would not be correct, for they are not built at all, but appear to be hung together by invisible wires. Every vege-

table that is growing and every acre that is green have cost them untold labour, and whatever success they have attained has been wrested from a hungry and savage nature by a desperate struggle.



Black Rock, Great Salt Lake.

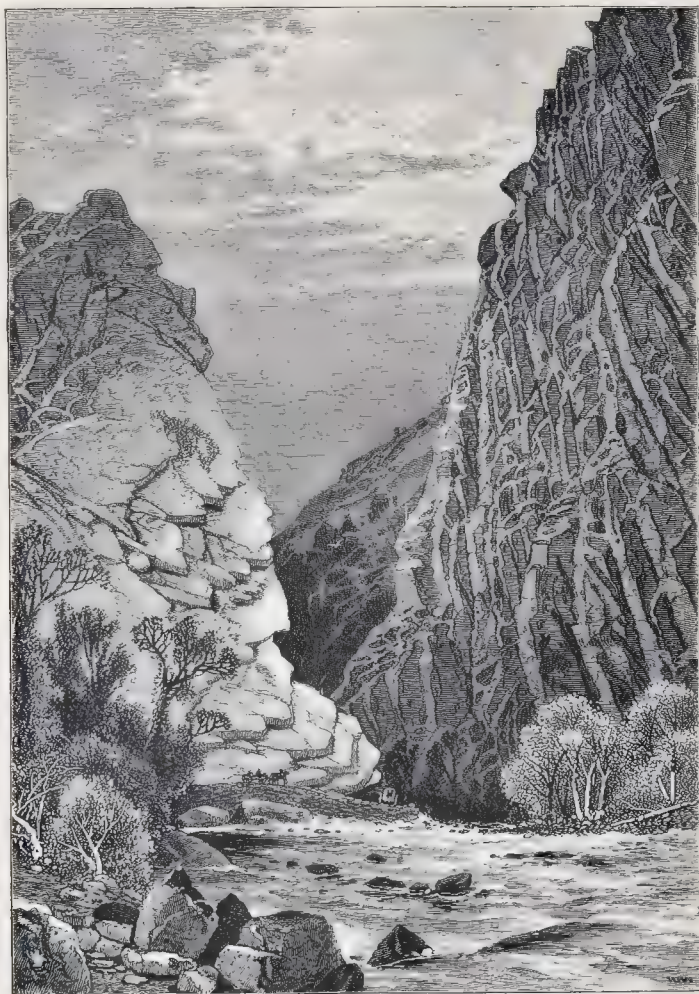
How much they have done may be seen to better advantage, however, in the capital, thirty-seven miles south of Ogden. The trains of the Utah Central Railway connect with those of the

Union and Central Pacific, and the *détour* to Salt Lake City may be made in one day. The country between the latter place and Ogden is quite thickly settled, except within the first seven

miles, and stoppages are made at four Mormon villages, with nothing in particular to characterize them, except the co-operative stores, with an open eye and the legend "Holiness to the Lord" painted over the doorways.

The station at Salt Lake City is fenced in with verdure, and the little cottages near the track, on the outskirts of the city—such as in other cities present pictures of the meanest squalor—are charmingly rustic with vines and trellis-work. The first street into which we emerge is an example of all the streets, that

divide the city into handsome squares or "blocks"; the roadway is firm and smooth; the sidewalks would be no discredit to London or Paris. Clear streams of water trickle along the kerb at both sides, and feed the lines of shade-trees, not fully grown yet, that are planted with the same exactness of interval as cogs are set upon a wheel. Nothing is dilapidated; everything shows care and watchfulness; the unpleasant loafer, whom we have come to look upon as an unavoidable parasite of a railway town of the Far West, is invisible; the horse-car and omnibus con-



Ogden Cañon.

ductors are surprisingly civil; the crowd at the station and in the streets is quite a respectable crowd.

The generosity of space is magnificent. All the streets are 132 feet wide between the fence-lines, including twenty feet of side-walk on each side. The blocks contain about eight lots apiece, each lot measuring about one acre and a quarter, and the builders have been required to set their houses at least twenty feet back from the front fences of their lots. Fifteen or twenty years ago there was scarcely a structure of material

superior to the convenient *adobe*; but now, when the harvest of the almost superhuman toil of pioneer days is being reaped, wood, brick, iron, granite, and stucco are brought into use. The population of the city is about 25,000; six newspapers (five daily and one weekly) are published, the theatre is a popular institution, and a freedom of speech is allowed to Gentiles which in times past would have cost them their lives.

WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE PICTURE GALLERY.

WERE all the departments in the Crystal Palace as successful as that which devotes itself to the exhibition of pictures and the general management of the Fine Art Gallery, the company would not, in all probability, be in the financial condition in which it is said to be.

All the twelve hundred and odd pictures, in oil and water-colour, that hang on the walls of the long gallery in the Crystal Palace, and with which the season is opened, may not be of high order; but considering the immense space to be covered, it is astonishing how trifling the proportion really is of pictures which are beneath criticism. There is scarcely a drawing but has some merit; and if the department finds room on the walls of the gallery, here and there, for a few works having more of the amateur than of the professional painter in them, much might be said in its defence. But so far as the great bulk of pictures is concerned, the director may well decline to receive negative praise and challenge positive admiration.

On the principle of *place aux dames*, we would call attention to Mrs. E. M. Ward's picture, showing Mrs. Delaney in the midst of the family circle of George III. at the Queen's Lodge, Windsor, in 1786. This is as fine an example of the artist as one could wish to possess. Mrs. Jopling shows, on a large canvas, the monk approaching the 'Five Sisters of York,' all seated on the grass, as the legend goes; we have, we believe, made the acquaintance of this picture elsewhere. Miss J. Macleod, with all the will, but by no means all the strength, of the two lady artists just named, essays also to set forth a passage in history. It is that in which the famous Flora Macdonald disguised Prince Charles Edward, after the Battle of Culloden, as Betty Burke, her maid-servant: a splendid incident to paint; but Miss Macleod, with all her sympathy and dramatic instinct, had scarcely force enough to rise to the height of her argument. She must, if she will allow us to say so, devote more time to preliminary studies if she would hope to represent such a scene as this with character, force, and truth. Then there are Miss E. M. Osborn, Miss L. Leroux, Miss Kate Thompson, Miss S. S. Warren, Miss Ellen Partridge, Miss Adelaide Claxton, Mrs. Hemming, Madame Bodichon, and many other lady artists, whose works command honourable places wherever they may be sent.

The great strength, however, of the Crystal Palace picture gallery lies in its foreign works, especially in the contributions of German and Belgian artists. C. Mali of Munich, for example, sends a low but full-toned landscape representing 'Sheep reposing at Mid-day' (21); L. Touissaint of Dusseldorf a piece

of amusing *genre* showing the effect a picture gallery has on 'Country Visitors,' (42). In real character painting this picture is only excelled by that of F. Brutt, of Munich, the 'Arrival of the Country Deputation to the Lord of the Manor' (51). Anything more self-conscious, fussy, and smirkingly important, without at all trenching on the province of caricature, than the various faces of this deputation, we have never seen upon canvas.

There are also various powerful landscapes by S. Jacobsen, and R. von Poschinger, the latter showing over and over again how exquisitely he can combine blue and silver in the sky and water of his very bright landscapes. Van den Bussche sets forth, with a sickening realism, how Russia treats her 'Political Offenders on their way to Siberia in charge of Cossacks' (85). It is in vain that women and children sink in the snow overpowered with cold, hunger, and fatigue; in vain they implore the mercy of their cruel custodians; the government desires that they "move on," and that is enough.

For studies of animal life we would point to the dog and puppies (116) of L. Bokelmann, the 'Savoyard and his Monkey' (130) of J. Geertz, the cat picture (201) of H. H. Couldery, the waggon in the 'Snow' (254) of Charles Frère, and the 'Landscape with Cattle—Evening' (341) by E. Ducker.

The 'Venus' (342), of Professor D. Begas, is a masterly piece of flesh painting, correct drawing, and truthful modelling. Von Echenbrecher and Munthe, the Meyers and Brenaskis, Bournier, and Professor O. Achenbach, are all landscape painters of reputation, and on the walls of this gallery they will be found fully represented.

'The Last Sacrifice' (518, G. J. Geertz), representing an elegant and thoughtful young girl, in dark dress, having her long, fair hair, which reaches to her knee, cut off, in exchange for the pieces of money which the wretched Jew, seated in the corner, jingles in his hand, is one of the most touching pictures in the whole exhibition. But the collection, as already intimated, is by no means confined to foreign artists. H. W. Brewer, J. H. S. Mann, Valentine Bromley, H. Moore, J. J. Bannatyne, E. J. Cobbett, E. Gill, J. A. Houston, J. Hayllar (see especially his 'Flowers for the Button-hole' 57), and E. Hargitt, are all artists of power and recognised reputation.

There is something very refreshing in visiting the picture gallery at the Crystal Palace. When one considers for a moment how much in the aggregate the public get for their shillings, we at once perceive what a national disgrace it would be to allow such a glorious institution as the Crystal Palace to collapse.

MINOR TOPICS.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—In the will of Mr. Henry Harpur, lately deceased, he has left "two pictures of the late Mr. J. M. W. Turner, R.A., and the print over the larger one," to the Trustees of the National Gallery, "on condition of their paying the legacy duty thereon, and hanging them for public inspection in the said gallery." Mr. Harpur was formerly a solicitor at Kennington Cross; his name appears in the codicil of Turner's will, dated June 20, 1831, and we find it again among those who proved the will in the Prerogative Court, September 6, 1852. The names of Mr. Harpur's clerks are appended to some of the codicils as witnesses of the testator's signature. We do not yet know the names of the two pictures offered on the above easy conditions to the National Gallery.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—A vacancy in the list of Academicians has been caused by the resignation of Mr. Sydney

Smirke, who will be placed on the roll of Honorary Retired Academicians. Mr. Smirke was elected Associate in 1847, and Academician in 1859; three years afterwards he was nominated by the Queen Treasurer of the Academy on the death of Mr. Hardwick: this post he resigned in 1874. He also filled the chair of Professor of Architecture from 1861 to 1865. Mr. Smirke was the architect of the Academy galleries at Burlington House.

THE SOCIETY OF WATER-COLOUR PAINTERS has elected three new Associates: Messrs. E. Buckman and A. Hopkins, figure painters, and Mr. Cuthbert Rigby, a landscape painter. We remember to have occasionally seen works by these artists among the water-colour pictures in the Royal Academy, and especially some rather eccentric yet clever compositions by Mr. Buckman.

ARCTIC PICTURES.—At Mr. Borgen's Marine Picture Gallery, 142, New Bond Street, has been brought together by far the most remarkable collection of paintings of Arctic scenes and of the incidents of Arctic life that ever before formed a single collection, visible at the same time in a single gallery. Irrespective of the high character and the extreme interest of the numerous other marine pictures (which for the present include Small's picture of the 'Shipwreck,' that last year attracted so much notice in the exhibition of the Royal Academy), in the rooms of the gallery, this Arctic collection has special claims of its own upon all who are interested, either in works of Art of rare merit, or in such matters as are associated with Arctic exploration and discovery. Carl Rasmussen, as a matter of course, is the principal contributor; and now his famous 'Discovery of Greenland' has a companion picture of the same importance—his own work also—in the 'Discovery of America,' that is, of its north-easternmost shores, by the adventurous Scandinavian Viking, Eric the Red. This picture was exhibited at Philadelphia. Melby's beautiful pair of pictures of 'Summer Midnight in Iceland,' and Sørensen's prize picture from Vienna, 'Swedish Fisherboats in the North Sea,' are happily grouped with Rasmussen's glowing skies and ice-cold waters, with the strong ships and the hardy seamen that brave their manifold perils. The Arctic series also has received a further accession in Bradford's two large pictures, 'Wreckers' (in the shape of polar bears) 'on the Floe beside a Forsaken Boat,' and 'Arctic Sunrise in Melville Bay,' both of them works of great merit, kindly lent to the Arctic Gallery by Mr. Ashbury, M.P. Within a few days of the opening of this collection to the public, Mr. Borgen had the honour to exhibit his entire series of Arctic pictures at Marlborough House to their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales. We may add that numerous Arctic officers, who have visited the Bond Street Marine Gallery, have been unanimous in attesting the felicitous truthfulness of the admirable pictures which they found collected there.

ELIJAH WALTON'S DRAWINGS AT THE BURLINGTON GALLERY, PICCADILLY.—This interesting collection has been considerably added to since we last noticed it, and numbers now a hundred and sixty drawings. The additions all refer to Egypt, and the fine faculty of rendering atmospheric phenomena, which first manifested itself in northern regions, he has carried with him to the land of the Nile. Among the more conspicuous of the new drawings are 'Mists rising over the Tombs of the Mamelooks, near Cairo' (3), the two camels 'On the Sands near Alexandria' (13) during a storm, and 'Unsettled Weather in the Desert near Cairo' (19). Mr. Walton, indeed, shows very plainly that the weather in these sunny lands, usually glowing with the purple and orange of the East, can be very wet and cheerless at times. It is this faithful realisation of what the climatic conditions really are in Nubia and Egypt which makes his collection so interesting and valuable. He enables the visitors to travel from the Swiss Alps across the Mediterranean to the mountains of Sinai, and gain a correct notion of how land and sea look at morning, noon, and night.

PROVINCIAL PRODUCERS of first-class Art-work are rare: now and then we meet with productions that vie with the best of the metropolis. One such is now before us. It is a chromolithograph of the Princess of Wales, most agreeable as a portrait, and strikingly like the original, who has been since her auspicious marriage a special favourite of the British people, beloved as well as esteemed and respected. The print is issued by Messrs. Armitage and Ibbotson, of Bradford; we have seldom met with a work so entirely good. It is a picture also, for the bust is surrounded by emblematic flowers, roses principally; lilies and laburnums crowning it. As a composition merely it is exceedingly fine, while it may be accepted as a perfect example of its class, as evidence, indeed, of what chromolithography may do, not only in bold, but in very delicate, colours. Altogether it is a production of thought and labour well applied.

THE HERALDRY OF ST. ALBAN'S CATHEDRAL.—As one good result of the formidable works of so-called "restoration" that

have been carried on for so long a time, and are still in progress at St. Alban's Cathedral, we record with sincere pleasure the discovery of the original painted decoration of the flat wooden ceiling of the easternmost three bays of the nave. This has been accomplished by the judicious and completely successful removal of a comparatively recent coat of paint, when the ceiling appeared to have been divided into sixty-six square panels, the two central panels having painted figures of our Lord enthroned and of, apparently, St. Alban, while the remaining sixty-four panels have alternately a shield of arms and the monogram IHC within a circular wreath. Each of these shields of arms is supported by an angel; and above this angelic figure is some text or precatory ejaculation upon a scroll; below the shield the name or title of the personage or potentate to whom it belonged being set forth in full, upon a corresponding scroll very gracefully arranged. This assigning shields of arms with the shields themselves, which is of very rare occurrence, is of great interest and considerable historical importance. In the present instance, the approximate date of the entire series of these shields is determined by the names and titles connected with some of them, their period being quite the commencement of the fifteenth century. In an early number of the *Journal of the Archaeological Association* will appear a complete account of this heraldic discovery by the Rev. Charles Boutell, with the blazon of all the shields and notices of their historical associations.

AN ATTRACTIVE SCHEME has been promulgated by Mr. John Wills, an eminent florist and horticulturist of Brompton, who is widely known as a designer and constructor of conservatories; who is, indeed, an "authority" on that important branch of Art. His proposal is to enclose under glass the Albert Memorial in Hyde Park. He has issued lithographed plans and explanations that have given "great satisfaction" to the Prince of Wales, and which have been submitted to the Queen. It is a huge undertaking Mr. Wills proposes to the public; and there is only one objection to it—its cost. For, undoubtedly, a "winter garden" so near to the great world of London would be an acquisition of immense value; such a covering would effectually preserve from London atmospheric influences the only one of our national monuments worthy the name, and certainly so very beautiful a design as that which has been shown to us would add greatly to the graces of the Metropolis. The proposal is for a glass structure, in five main divisions; the centre division to cover the whole of the Memorial, and the other four divisions to be devoted to the growth of plants, trees, &c., representing the four quarters of the globe. No doubt it would be a glorious thing to do, and we heartily hope that Mr. Wills will live to see it done; but the question is, how is it to be paid for? If done, the monument under glass must be as freely open to the public as it is now; there can be no tax for admission; consequently the required amount—and it certainly would be large—must be raised by parliamentary grants; in other words, the public must pay for it. Surely there are many who would be content to be taxed for such a purpose, and perhaps in the provinces there would be little objection thus to add to the attractions of London. But Mr. Wills has no doubt foreseen the difficulties in his way; we repeat, may he live to remove them. We borrow from a contemporary some notes as to the details: "The proposed structure covering the Memorial is designed for execution in iron, copper, and glass. It is octagonal in plan, 200 feet in diameter, with projections on four alternate faces of the octagon, 80 feet by 27 feet. The width of the central part supporting the dome is 130 feet, and the height from the ground to the springing of the dome 145 feet. The extreme height from the ground to the top of the figure surmounting the lantern on the dome is 340 feet. The principal entrance, which is 25 feet wide, is from Kensington Gore. The archway of this entrance, richly cusped, is carried into the gable, which is filled with elaborate Gothic tracery. The other principal faces of the octagon are similarly treated. Clusters of columns, forming the piers at the intersecting angles of the octagon, are carried up in stages to the springing of the dome,

terminating in gabled pinnacles and open traceried spires. From these piers (at the base of the dome) spring the gables which terminate the faces of the octagon; these are filled in also with cusped Gothic tracery. East and west of the central structure, and connected therewith by corridors, it is proposed to have gardens, in which shall be placed trees and plants representing the vegetable kingdoms of the four quarters of the globe." Certainly such a scheme, well carried out, would be a public benefit unparalleled in this country; of that there is no doubt. We hope hereafter to have more to say on the subject—in short, "to report progress."

A STATUE, representing 'The Good Shepherd,' has recently been placed outside "St. Saviour's Church, Oxford Street, an edifice erected for the express use of the deaf and dumb." The sculptor of the statue, Mr. Joseph Gawen, is unhappily thus afflicted, being both mute and deaf. He acquired his art, we understand, in the studios of Mr. Behnes and Mr. Foley, and was among the assistants of the latter sculptor.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.—Sir Coutts Lindsay has turned his Art-culture to practical account, and by the time these pages reach the reader he will have done much to remove whatever difficulties lay in the way of our artists' work being fairly and satisfactorily seen. All that a natural taste perfected by culture, an Art-knowledge enlarged by experience, and a familiarity with the leading Art-centres in Europe, could do for the Grosvenor Gallery, has been done. Sir Coutts Lindsay has had the courage to act upon his opinions—a courage which amounts to an expenditure of considerably more than a hundred thousand pounds; and we have no hesitation in expressing our belief that his bold venture will be a success, even in a money sense. Men whose works are not often seen in public places will be as fully and fairly represented here as

if they were hung in the private galleries of the Duke of Westminster himself; and the Art-knowledge and attainments of Sir Coutts are a guarantee that none but works of high quality will be exhibited. We wait with confidence the issue of an enterprise to which this gentleman has given his energies, his wealth, and his talents.

THE CARVED PRODUCTIONS OF M. JACOBY.—Some years have passed since we directed attention to the productions in carved wood of M. Jacoby of Regent Circus. At that time they were chiefly imported from Vienna, added to and "fitted" in this country; and great success was achieved, not only in respect to the artistic designs of the objects, but as to their execution. Of late years, however, M. Jacoby has produced all his works in England, by the hands of English artist-artisans; and it is gratifying to find that, under his education, they have surpassed those who may be said to be, in a sense, their teachers. M. Jacoby has thus introduced and perfected among us an important branch of art-industry. His establishment courts examination; it contains almost all the various kinds and classes of furniture that can be, with taste and judgment, submitted to the carver's art, all admirably finished, while the designs are furnished not only by ancient and time-honoured "authorities," but by artists whose minds have been specially directed to productions such as these, which cannot fail to give general satisfaction, not only by their merit but by their real value.

MR. PAUL NAFFEL.—In noticing, somewhat recently, a picture by Mrs. Paul Naffel, this lady was inadvertently spoken of as the widow of Mr. Naffel, who, we are well pleased to know, is alive and in perfect health: his absence on the Continent gave rise, in some way or other, to the report which reached the writer of the paragraph in question.

ART-PUBLICATIONS.

A PUBLICATION of vast compass, and of something more than mere national interest, has lately made its appearance in Paris, of which two parts only have as yet reached us.* it was incidentally alluded to by our Paris correspondent a month or two since. So far back as 1856 it was resolved, at a congress of learned societies of the various departments, that it was expedient to prepare and publish an inventory of the whole of the Art-treasures possessed by France, in her palaces, her national collections, both in the capital and in the provinces, in her churches, and in her public monuments of every kind. The project was ultimately taken up on behalf of the Government by the Minister of Public Instruction; a large committee of able and suitable individuals was formed under the presidency of M. la Marquis de Chennevières, Director of the Beaux Arts, with M. Reiset, Director of the National Museums, as vice-president; and circulars were sent out to the prefects and other authorities throughout the whole of the country for all necessary information, which was to comprehend, with the utmost brevity possible, a description of all pictures, drawings, sculptures, objects of Art and curiosity, as gems, jewellery, porcelain, bronzes, tapestries, miniatures, in fact, of everything that could by any possibility be regarded as a work of Art. It will be readily understood what an enormous mass of information will thus be supplied. This gigantic catalogue, for so it may well be considered, commences with "Monuments Religieux;" and to show how minute are the instructions sent out, the order to be followed in the description of the churches, which of course are the first to come under that title, includes the

doors, the exterior and interior of the porches, the *tribune supérieure*, the nave, the chapels of each side, the transept, choir, painted windows, the left and the right transepts: all these are again subdivided for special detail. It is clear that on such a plan as this, little, if anything, can escape notice. The two parts of this "Inventaire" now in our hands describe several of the Paris churches, with their contents; each church is introduced by a brief account of its history, and then the descriptions follow in the order just enumerated. Of course the critic of such a work has little more to do, especially in its early stages, than to announce its plan and what it promises to be: the arrangement throughout is excellent, every portion of each building is ready to hand, so to speak, and the sculptures, pictures, &c., are concisely described, but not criticised. There is no doubt of the value of this publication, which can only be spoken of as still quite in its infancy.

MR. ARTHUR LUCAS always produces good work; he has judgment as well as taste, and adds to both experience. His latest issue is a series of thirty-five photographic pictures, all of which, with one exception, graced the Exhibition of 1876. It is "an Annual" that cannot fail to gratify and instruct all Art-lovers; the pictures are widely scattered, but these memories of them are treasures very desirable to the artists who thus widely circulate evidences of their genius, and most acceptable to the public, a large proportion of whom desire such records to be obtained on very easy terms. The one class will no doubt cooperate with Mr. Lucas for their mutual benefit, although probably more will be gained in honour than in actual profit by the undertaking; while the other class will, we trust, sustain and aid the enterprising publisher. A long notice of the interesting and very varied collection is unnecessary; it will suffice to say

* "Inventaire Général des Richesses d'Art de la France." Published by E. Plon & Co., Paris.

that "each subject is mounted upon imperial 4to tinted card, with the title, artist's name, catalogue number, year of exhibition, and (as far as it has been possible to ascertain) the name of the possessor of the picture. The whole is contained in a handsomely-bound case-folio, with clasp, price five guineas."

MESSRS. PILGERAM AND LEFEBRE have issued a remarkable print, the joint work of two great men, the painter Alma-Tadema and the artist-etcher Rajon. The subject is unpleasant, even painful: a Roman emperor, half-concealed by drapery, is gloating over the headless bodies of enemies the executioner has dealt with, while terrified but applauding satellites are standing by. No doubt this is a production of great ability, one that will be very welcome to collectors; but we cannot help regretting that the two great masters have not combined to produce a work which would give pleasure to all who look upon it, that its claim to admiration might be not merely what is derived from its value as a work of Art. We can hardly consider any artist justified in multiplying a picture that repels—one that cannot fail to give pain rather than enjoyment.

In one of the earlier numbers of the *Art Journal* for 1874 is a brief record of a painter, John Christian Schetky, who had then but quite recently ended a not uneventful and laborious life at the very advanced age of ninety-six. His career through so protracted a term of years was full of varied and interesting incident, quite enough to justify the appearance of a small volume from the pen of his daughter, which she speaks of in the title-page as a record of "Ninety Years of Work and Play."* Descended from a Hungarian family of some distinction, Mr. Schetky was born in Edinburgh in 1778, which his father, Christoff Schetky, a "great violoncellist from Hesse Darmstadt," made his residence. His early education was received at the High School of Edinburgh, where he had as schoolfellows some whose names afterwards were well known to fame. The boy's desire was to enter the navy, and his parents yielded at first so far to their son's wishes as to get his name placed on the books of H.M. frigate *Hind* in 1792, "but their hearts afterwards failed them, and they withdrew the permission they had given. Henceforward John Schetky consoled himself by painting the great swan-like vessels in which he longed to sail." But from his schoolboy years he had always shown a disposition for marine drawing; his books were full of pictures of little ships chasing one another; and there is one anecdote of him and his younger brother so good that it is quite worth quoting. The two boys had been playing truant one day when they ought to have been at school, and had spent the morning at Leith, "where dwelt an old fisherman, upon the hire of whose boat they generally spent all their pocket-money. Returning late in the afternoon, tired, hot, and hungry, from their sail, they took a short cut through the Old Town, hoping to slink into the house by a back way, but forgot that their road lay past the house of one of the masters." As they passed it a window was suddenly thrown up, and the heads of their father and master appeared outside, both of whom gave them "a wee bit o' their mind," the former telling them they must not expect any supper on account of their misdoing, and the latter addressing them thus:—"Shame on ye, ne'er-do-weel callants that ye are! Wait till I come at ye the morn, an' see hoo ye like a taste o' my tawse; aye deedle-dawdlin' wi' your boats an' your pictures, instead o' mindin' your books like decent lads!" After studying painting for some time under Nasmyth at Edinburgh, young Schetky set off with two companions of about his own age for Paris, intending to walk thence to Rome, a feat which two of them actually accomplished; this was in 1801-2: he drew up a narrative of this journey, and also an epitome of nearly fifty years of his subsequent life, which his daughter includes in her "Sketches." Shortly after his return to England Schetky went to visit an uncle at Oxford, where, at the invitation

of "the two proctors, excellent worthy men," who thought his talents as an artist would "be of much use and benefit to the students," he remained six years. In 1808 he was elected Professor of Drawing at the Military College at Sandhurst; three years afterwards he was appointed to the same post at the Royal Naval College at Portsmouth, where he remained till the dissolution of the establishment in 1836, when, through the personal influence of the king, William IV., who told the Earl of Erroll that he had "a great regard for Mr. Schetky," he received the appointment of Professor of Drawing at Addiscombe. The various positions he thus occupied brought the artist into association, more or less intimate, with many notable personages; stories connected with them, descriptive letters of occurrences when Schetky was present, anecdotes about the pictures he was commissioned to paint, and his Art-experiences generally, all combine to render the daughter's tribute to the memory of a loving father, a most estimable man, and a capital marine painter, a very readable and entertaining book.

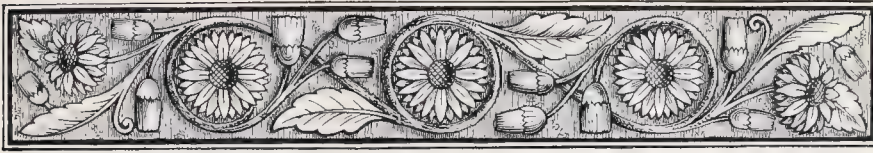
It must be more than thirty years since the late J. D. Harding brought out his "Principles and Practice of Art," a work which, both in its teachings and admirable examples, has long proved a most valuable textbook for Art-students of every kind, but especially of landscape, of which the author himself was so skilful an exponent; yet, as he remarks in this volume, "general principles are applicable in every department of Art." No artist did more, during his somewhat long and very busy life, to create and foster a love of Art than did Harding, both by pen and pencil: the appearance of a new edition of his "Principles and Practice"* is proof that the influence of his teachings has not passed away. Mr. Walker's task of editor has been light, for "the text," he says, "remains intact," but he has introduced "several steel plates, which Harding had prepared, to take the place of the less certain and satisfactory illustrations on stone and with lithotint." We confess, however, we have failed to discover what these new plates are, though we have carefully compared this later edition with the original work. The only sensible difference apparent to us is in Plate 11, where the various subjects are now presented in little more than outlines, whereas in the older edition they are completely finished. We heartily echo Mr. Walker's hope, "that the work may still prove as useful in the future as it has been in the past."

"THE STUDIES IN TWO CRAYONS," published by Messrs. Rowney, cannot fail to be of great use to all who adopt them as instructive teachers; without being too far advanced for learners in Art, they are of sufficient excellence to be made of great value to those who have gone far beyond first lessons. The originals are in all cases by eminent artists, sometimes the whole of a picture is given, others are judiciously detached parts. The absence of colour does not seem to be a disadvantage: certainly it will not be so to the student, who will find it as easy as pleasant to copy them. They are the best and safest examples we have yet seen for a teacher to place before a learner.

A SERIES of pencil sketches of scenes in Corsica has been produced and issued by an accomplished artist, R. Cadogan Rothery: the subject is very interesting, and certainly novel, for of the historic island we know but little. The views, however, are not limited to Corsica; the Riviera is pictured, with the towns familiar to English ears that line its banks—Cannes, Monaco, Nice, and Mentone. They are pencil sketches lithographed, but give a fair general idea of the localities, and are evidently literal truths. The artist has aimed only at that, and has succeeded; but he might have derived a little more aid from fancy, and brief letterpress descriptions would have much aided the book. His work is, however, satisfactory proof how well an artist's holiday can be spent, not only for his own enjoyment, but for the pleasure and profit of others.

* "Sketches from the Public and Private Career of John Christian Schetky, late Marine Painter in Ordinary to her Majesty." By his Daughter. Published by W. Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London.

* "The Principles and Practice of Art." By J. D. Harding. Edited by William Walker, Teacher of Freehand Drawing at the Owens College, &c. With Illustrations drawn and engraved by the Author. Published by W. Kent & Co.



JAPANESE ART.*

By SIR RUTHERFORD ALCOCK, K.C.B., D.C.L.



IN writing on "Japanese Art," however cursorily, it is impossible to leave unnoticed the lacquer-ware. Some of the most admirable and highly-finished articles produced by the artists of the country are to be found in this department. The styles adopted and the processes employed are very numerous, with proportionably varied effects, yet all have some great beauty to recommend them. In none of their Art-manufactures is greater delicacy, finish, or perfection of detail to be observed. It is all decorative Art, but decoration of a kind of which the Japanese may truly be said to have the monopoly and the secret. Whether they or the Chinese should have the credit of having originated this ware is not so clear. Judging by the fact that we in Europe first knew it as coming from Japan (hence the term "Japan ware," just as porcelain has always been called "China,") there is a presumption of priority in favour of the Japanese, independent of the fact that no other nation has attained the same degree of excellence up to the present day. It is impossible to convey by engravings any idea of the beauty of effect, because that depends in no small degree on the polish of the surface, the brilliancy and harmony of superimposed colours and variety of textures, forming either pictures or basso-reliefs, and the refined delicacy of touch displayed in the work. Mr. Audsley speaks of one cabinet in the collection of Mr. James L. Bowes, in which he thinks he can distinguish nine distinct species of lacquers and twenty-four different modes of artistic treatment, together with sixteen different modes of applying and decorating gold-work, and seven ways of treating various metals. I have no pretension to such discriminative power, although many fine specimens in cabinets and other objects are in my possession, and many more have been under my eye. I have seen the work going on, however, in various stages, both in China and Japan. It consists generally in laying on successive layers of the varnish collected from the sap of the *urushi* tree, the fruit of which produces the vegetable wax, and variously coloured by very careful manipulation in the fining processes it undergoes in its liquid state, before it is ready for use. Gold and other metals are sometimes mingled with it, and sometimes applied on the surface, as the designs are elaborated, but all, I believe, in a liquid state. There is infinite variety in the value which the Japanese themselves attach to specimens, according to the fineness of the varnish and the time that has elapsed since its application, as it acquires by age a vitreous hardness. Of course the artistic treatment of the design enters also largely into the question of value. The name of a distinguished painter in lacquer who lived in the thirteenth century is still handed down as the founder of a particular school of Art in lacquer painting. Some of the distinctive differences and excellences strike any cultivated eye, but, as a rule, the discrimination acquired by Japanese connoisseurs is, in great degree, unattainable without long practice and special study. In 1862 I sent home to the International Exhibition specimens of all kinds, some of very ordinary workmanship and everyday production for common use, and others as fine as I could obtain, on rare occasions, not of recent manufacture. At

the close of the Exhibition the bulk of the objects in the Japan Court were left to be sold (having been collected only for the Exhibition and as a means of instruction), and I was more amused than surprised to find that nearly all the common specimens of lacquer-ware sold rapidly, while very few persons were disposed to pay the cost price of the finest and most valuable.

The peculiar principles of surface ornamentation adopted by the Japanese can nowhere be more perfectly seen than in their lacquer-ware; for in none of their Art-manufactures is such inexhaustible fertility of invention shown. Diapers are constantly resorted to for the covering of large surfaces, and often many different patterns appear in unsymmetrically-shaped divisions on the same article, and are left with incomplete or zigzag edges. In Fig. 20 will be found an example taken from three drawers of a miniature ivory and lacquer cabinet. Contrary to their usual habit, the artist here has continued the same design or pattern

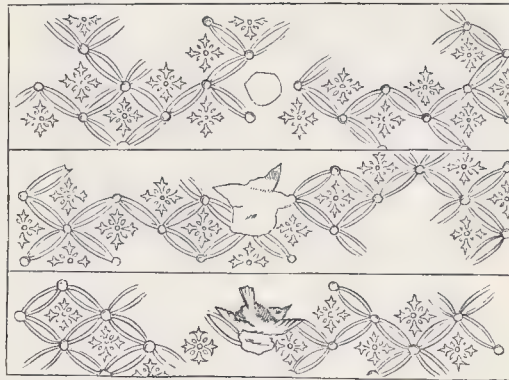


Fig. 20.

on all three, and obtained the indispensable variety by irregularity in the disposition of similar portions, leaving the edges free.

The introduction of medallions with separate and independent designs, and the imbedding or inlaying of pearl, ivory, or thin plates of silver or gold, and sometimes coral or precious stones, add greatly to the cost of production, since successive layers of varnish, up to the desired level, have to be laid on, and each allowed to dry, before the whole can be polished, both ground and relief—with infinite pains and delicacy. The harmonizing of these multifarious colours, patterns, materials and designs—an object very generally and perfectly effected—is simply a marvel of artistic excellence and power. The Chinese have never approached them in this; but, on the contrary, generally produce the teaboard style of ornamentation, with which we are only too familiar, and commonly known as "Canton lacquer-ware," where the Art, such as it is among them, is chiefly located. I only know one exception to this, in a family resident at Foochow. It is said they have had for successive generations some of the secrets of the Japanese in lacquer, derived from them

* Concluded from page 99.

in the first instance, and, in consequence, are able to approach much more nearly, both in the quality of the lacquer and in the designs, to their original teachers. At Soochow there used also to be a superior class of lacquer-ware produced, before that once wealthy and populous city was reduced to a heap of ruins by the Taepings and Imperialists combined.

Of the special Foochow lacquer I obtained several good examples as to workmanship, but of late years they have unfortunately been tempted to work after European designs, furnished by foreign amateurs, and the result is a hybrid production, neither distinctly Japanese, Chinese, nor foreign, but a compound of all three, and wanting in the best characteristics of each. In the ornamentation of their lacquer the Japanese show a wonderful fertility of invention, and, as a rule, they produce designs which never would enter into the imagination of European craftsmen or artists. Fig. 21 may be taken as a good example. It is a tray, some twelve inches square, of very fine old lacquer, with a slightly-curved edge; part of a set which, I have no doubt, originally formed the fittings of one of those ancient cabinets of rarest workmanship only made for the wealthier Daimios and great princes of the Empire. It almost defies analysis or description; but the *motive*, so to speak, is the fir-cone and needles of the pine in the two corners; and



Fig. 21.

the rest is scrollwork and arabesque. The ground is a dark reddish brown, and the pattern is traced in various subdued colours to harmonise. It must represent the labour of weeks of a skilled hand, and would be costly, therefore, in any land, apart from its age. Whether such artistic work as the finer specimens of lacquer of a past day will ever again be produced, seems to be more than doubtful. The race of feudal princes and nobles of the Mikado's court is ceasing to exist, and, with them, the patrons and promoters of all the more costly work in metal, lacquer, and enamel. The wealth of the country may increase with the new impulse to develop its natural resources, but with the spirit of innovation new tasks and multiplied wants have also come, giving a different employment for riches and different tastes for their enjoyment. If such be the result, something of beauty and excellence will have passed out of the world, to make room, it may be, for more useful work; but the lover of the beautiful, and of originality in Art, will regard the sacrifice of such precious gifts to utility with a feeling of undying regret. I have a small cabinet in my possession, a gift of the present Mikado, so beautiful in all its parts—material, design, and execution vying with each other to make a perfect work—that I am sure the best and most skilled hands employed in producing the *objets de Paris*—charming evidences as these often

afford of artistic taste and skill of hand—or the most deft of the Art-manufacturers of Vienna, Berlin, or Florence, could not match it by any effort, single or combined, if the same materials were supplied to their hand.

The Japanese have also in great perfection the Art of lacquering on ivory and tortoiseshell minute figures and landscapes, with a mixture of gilding and colouring. In some cases the lacquering is in relief, and in others engraved and sunk. An ivory box, in shape like an orange, now before me, is very perfect. It represents a group of figures, male and female, following each other *en promenade*, the grass growing under their feet and birds flying over their heads. All these are cut into the ivory and then coloured with thin layers of lacquer. There are seven figures in all, and nothing can exceed the finish of the execution or the excellence of the design. An ivory cabinet, three inches high by three and a half in width—the same from which the drawers were taken for Fig. 20—is a gem of artistic execution and design. Back, front, top, and sides are all equally lovingly cared for and finished, while coral, mother-of-pearl, and tortoiseshell have been lavished to increase the beauty of effect. It is not the materials, however, which give the value, but the artistic grace of the design—the grouping of flowers, birds, and trees, the unrivalled delicacy of the workmanship, and, though last not least, the conscientiousness with which the whole has been worked out. It has doors, which give access to two recesses and the three drawers of gold-lacquer figured with the pattern already given. Small birds, exquisitely wrought in metal, form the handles to the drawers.

Of the Art-manufactures of Japan there is much to be said, and more to be learned, perhaps, than even yet is understood, notwithstanding the decided advent of an era of *japonisme*, as the French have described the prevailing admiration for Japanese works. I can only, however, offer a few words in this place on the varieties of paper manufactured in Japan, from the bark of the papyrus chiefly, but not wholly or exclusively, and the decorative uses made of the product. As papier-mâché, it supplies the foundation for a great deal of their lacquer-ware and of toys innumerable. Made as tough and strong almost as leather, they have succeeded in imitating so admirably the stamped and embossed leather in use in Europe some two or three hundred years ago, that, when specimens first came under my notice, I had some difficulty in detecting the imitation; all the more, perhaps, that I could trace in the pattern the royal arms of Holland, from which country no doubt they received the first idea. The difficulty of getting rid of the smell of the oil or varnish used in the manufacture is, I believe, the chief obstacle to the substitution, to a great extent, of this article in Europe for leather in book-binding, chair-covering, wainscoting, &c. Their wall-papers deserve an article to themselves for the originality, variety, and striking effect of the colours and patterns introduced for purposes of decoration. I sent home, in 1862, a collection of several hundred patterns, which I thought our upholsterers might consult with advantage to themselves and their customers. The use of powdered mica for their silver effects has the great advantage of never discolouring or tarnishing.

As to their ingenuity in the various uses to which they apply their paper, it may surprise some of my readers that one of the most common, indeed the sole material for handkerchiefs, some ten years ago at least, was an almost diaphanous square of paper. Its gossamer texture did not prevent a considerable degree of tenacity, and as the Japanese only require it to perform its office once, after which it is discarded whenever opportunity occurs of throwing it aside, its fineness is perhaps open to less objection than the embroidered cobweb substance of some of the dainty handkerchiefs of cambric to be seen in an English ball-room. The paper *mouchoir* of the Japanese belle has also its ornamentation from a great variety of delicate patterns, stamped upon it in colours, or displayed by transparency of texture. The Japanese even weave paper, cut into very narrow coloured strips, and produce pictures by such means, which if not exactly works of Art, have at least the merit of great ingenuity, and show much delicacy of handling.

As to textile fabrics and embroidery, species of Art-manufacture in which they have also achieved great excellence, I feel hardly competent to offer much information. Mr. Audsley is mistaken, however, in assuming that the first time Europeans had any opportunity of forming definite ideas of the state of the textile arts in Japan was during the Paris Exhibition of 1867. They were very fairly represented in the Japanese court of our own International Exhibition of 1862, and some of the specimens are still in my possession. The robes manufactured for the court in past years were models of beautiful work, both in design, colour, and texture, and many of those from the Tycoon's own looms were there. But I quite agree with Mr. Audsley in the opinion that many of the commoner textile fabrics afford the best evidence of the essentially artistic feeling of the people and its universality. In some of the very commonest fabrics—towels and dusters of the least costly material—may be seen designs consisting of the simplest elements. A broken bamboo, or two in "counter-changed colours," a flight of birds, or a few creeping plants, suffice in their hands to produce the most pleasing effects, and something as artistic as it is original. Were I more competent to deal adequately with this part of the subject, space would not allow me to give as detailed and elaborate an account of the textile fabrics of Japan as they merit from their extraordinary beauty and variety. From the thickest of satins, plain, or decorated with designs in brocade, to the most gossamer-like gauzes, every combination of silk and gold thread has been seized and carried to perfection by this people.

It was the custom for each Daimio to have his private loom for weaving the brocade with his own crest, which he and his retainers wore on their dress; and these brocades were either of satin, with the design in dull silk, or of combined silk and gold thread; sometimes stiff as cardboard, and quite incapable of making folds.

Next in the catalogue of Art-manufactures comes a thick striped silk, with a cunning arrangement of white strands, which give the effect of a bloom on the surface, like the soft down on plum or peach through which we see the rich purple or red of the fruit. Thick crapes are made with plain surfaces, and also curiously wrought in the fabrication, with folds or wrinkles in the material, as if in imitation of the skin of some animal.

Sometimes they take a piece of thin white crape and carefully tie up a series of small portions of its surface with fine cord, forming a pattern, and when it is dyed of the desired colour, the cords are cut and the pattern is not only left white but stands in relief on the crape. Another favourite form of deco-

ration is to print a pattern on crape or soft silk, and afterwards to embroider the prominent objects. Thus we see a stamped design of bamboo, the stems and leaves printed, and the flowers or berries embroidered in silk and gold; or soft evening clouds printed on the silk, and a flight of birds, in tender imitation of natural colours and form, worked in delicately tinted silks. Their designs for embroidery are endless, and most happy when nearest to nature, without the conventionality which our schools of Art-needlework deem necessary for a striking effect. The dresses worn by the Japanese ladies—now unfortunately falling into disuse—lent themselves to the form of decoration most in sympathy with the national mind. The wreaths and blossoms could entwine, or be scattered at will over the loose robe and ample sleeves. There was no need for any part of the design to be repeated; a certain harmony was all that was necessary.

We are now endeavouring to acquire this freedom from formality, and the soft crape and silk materials, with patterns in satin, so much admired in Paris and London, are close imitations of Japanese materials. They, on the other hand, are learning to make our velvet, which is not a native manufacture. The Japanese possess, in common with and perhaps in greater degree than other Oriental nations, the instinct of colour. Not only have they a scale of shades from light to dark, like the most delicate notes of music, tones and semi-tones, but they are perfect masters of the law of contrast.

I believe the secret of this power over seemingly discordant colours to be a fearless imitation of nature, as we see objects with arbitrary surroundings, or against the different greens of different foliage or the endless variety of sky-tints. Pink and scarlet are put together successfully and in direct contrast, with no shading of red to pink, or *vice versa*. Part of this secret is in the arrangement of pattern as well as of colour. The strong design will often be broken off with a jagged edge, gently to break, as it were, the moment of change from one colour to the other. The arabesques and diaper patterns are made to change colours on the same object—such as white rings, or squares, or fans, on a blue ground, and the same objects in blue on a white surface. I should imagine the Japanese to possess no code of colouring, every designer putting together the tints that seem happiest to his own mind. This, again, we trace back to their habit of going straight to nature for inspiration. Every plant, every animal, every change of cloud or wave, is reverently noted and harmoniously used. They work, not after the school of this artist or that, but patiently sit at the feet of the great mother of all beauty; and they reap a rich reward.

THE FRENCH GALLERY, PALL MALL.

THE French Gallery, which has done so much for English Art and English taste generally, differs from the French Gallery of former years, inasmuch as it is now cosmopolitan. When first established, and for many years afterwards, it was limited to works of French and Belgian artists; now it embraces the Art of all countries, from Norway to Italy and from Spain to Poland, and may be regarded as a brief summary of the contemporaneous Art of Europe.

The present collection includes a hundred and ninety-eight works, which, with two or three exceptions, are all of cabinet size and all of sterling Art quality. Beginning with the country which gives name to the gallery, and a home to the first Art-school in Europe, we are glad to welcome two of her greatest painters, viz., Gérôme and Meissonier. Each is represented by a single work, and that of rare excellence. 'Eastern Women' (87), by the first named, is conspicuous for the lovely female standing at the door of her house in green veil, scarlet bodice, and yellow robe. The rendering of the diaphanous material in which she is partly attired is all that could be wished, and the way in which

the fine form of the girl expresses itself through her robes is worthy of the high reputation of the artist. Air and light, too, and the very genius of the Orient are made manifest.

We do not know whether H. Lazerges ever studied under Gérôme, but certainly he breathes the spirit, suggests the method, and deals in very similar subjects to those treated by the greater master. It scarcely amounts to imitation, much less servility. His 'Oriental Courtship' (24) shows a young lover, with a red carnation in his hand, waiting at the door of his beloved, as she is about to step forth, half veiled, from her father's house. The lady seems perfectly equal to the occasion, and our fair readers must learn for themselves, from the books sacred to such matters, what a red carnation held to the right signifies in the language of flowers. This artist's other contribution represents the 'Entrance to a Moorish Bath' (17), with a handsome young woman chatting to one of the bath-men at the door. Both these pictures are admirably painted, and as H. Lazerges is a young man the world has yet much to expect from him. He can, moreover, acquit himself in fields unoccupied by Gérôme; as in

'A Caravan of Kabyles' (72), coming down from the mountains to gather in the harvest of the French colonists, who employ them in preference to the Arabs on account of their honesty and industry: it is a large picture, boldly and originally treated.

Meissonier contributes a spurred cavalier in buff looking up towards the balcony to catch a glimpse of his lady love. The picture has all Meissonier's usual charm of largeness and breadth. Hitherto the illustrious Frenchman has stood alone in his glory, but within the last two or three years there has arisen a young artist in Spain who is likely to share it with him. Indeed there are those who assert that for colour which is at once strong and tender, and for modelling which is large and masterly, without any needless sacrifice of detail, the Spaniard is the greater man of the two. We are scarcely yet prepared to endorse this opinion; at the same time our estimate of the talents of Domingo, for such is the artist's name, is of the very highest kind. He was much esteemed by the late Fortuny, and it is, perhaps, the blending of the style of that artist with the manner of Meissonier, which gives to J. Domingo his great strength. He has sent two pictures to this gallery, 'Card-players in a Hostelry' (78), and 'The Ruined Gambler' (198). The latter we see sitting alone with his back to the table and to the men who have ruined him. His hair is dishevelled, his whole frame relaxed, and his haggard face speaks terrible things. The dramatic intensity of this little picture will strike every one, and Art-lovers will rejoice that they have a new master whose works deserve a hearty recognition, an English welcome.

Another artist who has never been seen in England before in any force, is Professor L. Knaus, of Berlin, formerly of Dusseldorf. 'Auf Schlechtem Wege' (73)—'The Bad Road'—is, like the last-named, a gambling subject, only on a larger scale, and treated in what used to be called the Dusseldorf manner. In a low hostelry four evil-looking fellows—each thoroughly individualised—are dicing at the table, and the wife and the little daughter of the least truculent of the four have come to entreat him with tears and oburgations to leave the terrible place and come home to his family. The episode is splendidly treated, and the accomplished Professor will in the future occupy a high place in the estimation of English connoisseurs. Another German artist of note and ability is Professor W. Diez, of Munich; but his 'Commissariat Waggon' (62) not being so important a work as the preceding we are less able to judge of his merits. There are several other German artists represented in the present exhibition, such as Laupheimer, Kauffmann, Kaulbach (nephew of the great master of that name), and A. Spring, who painted the 'Knitting School' of last year: the last-named has three characteristic subjects in the present exhibition.

Then Belgian Art is spoken for by such men as L. Munthe, who stands alone in rendering slushy winter weather in the dreary flats of the Low Countries; I. Israels, who on the present occasion introduces us to 'A Yachting Party' (57), which consists of a group of children sailing their mimic boats in the shallow waters of the sea shore of Scheveling; and F. Cogen, who shows us 'Shrimpers returning Home' (126), painted in the manner of Israels.

Nor must we forget to record our approval of the work of an artist who follows most loyally a section of the French school and yet is no Frenchman. We allude to J. Jefferson, who is known the world all over as the inimitable personator of Rip Van Winkle. With the exception of J. Forbes-Robertson, there is no one in England who combines so equally the two arts of painter and player. Only the latter is a figure painter, whereas Jefferson confines himself to landscape. 'Forest and Stream' (163) is a beautiful picture, painted in Corot's most poetical manner. Indeed it would be difficult for any one but an expert to say that the picture was not a Corot.

There are two Polish artists in the exhibition for whose works we would claim special attention. N. Gysis represents a way-worn young lady, on whose face is written pain and sorrow, if not remorse. Her female companion has conducted her to the foot of a rocky height on which is perched a convent. The lovely penitent has brought with her a votive gold trinket and a candle, and her companion is urging her apparently to ascend the narrow and rugged path which leads to rest and peace before the night closes. The work is originally and impressively treated, and the gloaming effect is admirably given. The other Pole is T. Ajdukiewicz; but his themes are anti-religious, and he very possibly cares little for any sentiment connected therewith. His religion is patriotism, his shrine his country. 'The Battle of Ignacew' (46), which was fought in 1863, under the leadership of Taczanowski, the Polish hero, is the subject he has projected on his canvas, and projected in such a manner as will make the glorious episode in the wood live in the memories of his co-patriots, and spur them on to a renewal, at some more auspicious day, of the fight against revolting tyranny.

Besides the works noticed there are many important contributions by men whom we can only name. Madrazo, J. E. Vibert (whose 'Probationary Sermon' (8) is one of the gems of the exhibition), A. Vely, whose 'Premier Pas' (22) occupies the place of honour in the near end of the gallery, Agrassot of Spain, Chevilliard, Charnay, Raffaelli of Rome, Bouguereau, Daubigny, Dupré, Duverger, Leroux, Millett, and Corot. The exhibition is full of interest, and records, as we have already implied, the state of the current Art of continental Europe.

NEWS FROM THE WAR.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF FREDERICK A. MILBANK, ESQ., M.P.

G. D. LESLIE, R.A., Painter.

F. A. HEATH, Engraver.

IT would, as a rule, be very difficult to find on the walls of the Royal Academy, figures more unaffectedly refined, more genuine in their artlessness, and more winning in their attractiveness, than those Mr. Leslie places on his canvas; and this too whether his models are taken from a high class of society, as for example in his 'Pot-pourri' of the year 1874, or from a humble class, as 'The Nut-brown Maid' of the same year, or in his picture of 'The Fountain,' exhibited in 1873, wherein are introduced females which are typical of both conditions of life. "The painter," as we found occasion to say in noticing the first-named of these pictures, "understands thoroughly the sources of a delicate beauty proper to a refined type of English girlhood, and he has the power—genuinely artistic in its kind—to bring all the materials of the composition into accord with the dainty spirit that inspires it;" for even the landscape portions of his pictures seem as if painted under the influence of the same graceful feeling and purity of taste, so as to present a perfect

harmony between the outside world and those who, for the time at least, occupy the scene.

These characteristics of Mr. Leslie's art are quite obvious in the work here engraved. Seated on a wooden bench in her cottage-garden by the river-side is an elderly matron, reading a letter from, it may be, a son, who, like Tom Moore's minstrel boy, "to the war is gone." Leaning on a post of the palings, in an easy, unconstrained attitude, is a young girl, listening to the narrative with an expression of countenance very thoughtful, if not somewhat sad; in her hand she holds what seems to be a framed portrait—perchance of one dearer to her than a brother. This girl is the feature of the composition: a gentle, loving, filial being, one may warrant her to be, and of quiet beauty; a girl that would grace a mansion, for which she is eminently fitted, as she now sheds lustre on the cottage where she dwells. The artist has painted few more winning pictures, either in sentiment or in delicacy of execution, than this.







THE TWO SISTERS

FROM THE "LIFE OF MARY SEWALL" BY MARY SEWALL

GRECIAN CLIMATE AND GREEK ART.

By PROFESSOR D. T. ANSTED, M.A., F.R.S.



THE influence of climate on the inhabitants of a country is not a new subject. We all complain of the foggy and rainy atmosphere of our own island, that keeps from us the beautiful sky and bright sun; and it is not unusual to hear the shortcomings of Englishmen, in matters of Art and taste, described as due in some measure to this cause. Our poets tell us that there is something gained in the exquisite sunset effects produced by cloud and the ever-varying aspect of the heavens, and it is certain that not a few even of our artists get in time to prefer grey to blue, and to look at a moist air, heavy with rain-clouds almost resting on the earth, as more interesting than the glorious expanse of rich dark blue, seen for months together. Some of our untravelling fellow-countrymen regard this as a monotonous and tame medium, through which a wide expanse of grey rock or an unbroken sea of vegetation, presented from day to day and continued from month to month, without change of tone, must induce dulness and apathy.

Four years ago I passed the greater part of a year almost within sight of "Sunium's marble steep," and had an opportunity of verifying the accounts I had read, and already partly experienced, of the sky and climate of Greece. I had facilities and opportunity enabling me to range over the interior of the country, to go from one island of the Greek Archipelago to another, and to see the nature of the changes that occasionally take place. From July to October, indeed, there was hardly a change. The sky was nearly always free from clouds, but it was by no means always equally clear. Strong winds coming down from the Balkan swept through and amongst the valleys, and through the channels between the islands, and now and then the natural result was to produce mist. But of actual rain-cloud there was none. The weather of that year was not exceptional or remarkable, and when towards the middle of November change at last took place, and torrents of rain replaced the perpetual drought of summer, I learnt also what a winter in the Eastern Archipelago might mean. I had previously been familiar with winter in the Adriatic, on the Italian shores, in Spain, and on the north coast of Africa, and I was not without experience in the Black Sea and the mouths of the Danube. The difference, however, was marked. Owing to causes not difficult to trace connected with the position of the mountain chain of the Balkan, and the peculiar form of the ragged peninsulas of Attica and the Morea and of the long islands running north and south nearly parallel to them, owing also partly to the absence of rivers and lakes, and therefore of natural and permanent receptacles and channels of water, the rain is retained for a time in shallow pools near the coast, which are only separated from the sea by low sand banks, and continue to exist and to exhale miasma during a large part of the year. But the air remains almost always clear and dry, and the atmospheric effects vary but little. The changes of temperature and moisture of the winds that meet and dispute possession are not very great, and the climate is thus preserved from the effects that with us in England, and throughout Western Europe, cannot but be felt when the warm south-westerly winds that have become charged with large quantities of vapour by blowing for thousands of miles across the Atlantic, come in contact with cold but saturated north-westerly winds, fresh from the Arctic Ocean, or with dry easterly and north-easterly winds that have traversed the vast plains of Northern Asia and Europe. The atmospheric effects do not consist much of picturesque and highly-tinted clouds, but of distinct tints of colour, passing from perfect opalescence to the richest reds and yellows, and characterizing the whole of a sky whose transparency is hardly affected. Sunset is marked as usual by redness when the sun's declining rays

pass through a great thickness of air. I have seen the delicate white marble columns and pediment of the Parthenon and the other buildings of the Acropolis, whose natural colour is slightly yellow through the stains of age and weathering, reflecting the purest and most brilliant blood red, and then, as the sun disappeared and the moon rose behind them, standing out in the most marked contrast. So also the tops of the Eubœan mountains, often covered with snow even during summer, would appear of the same exquisite blood-red tint when seen from the hills of Laurium on a clear autumnal evening.

There is little contrast, and not much variety, in Greek skies. Winter is often rainy and often cold, but seldom thick. Spring is also wet at times, and may be cloudy and even disagreeably cold, but still clear. Summer and autumn are almost without change.

It is impossible not to recognise in these climatal conditions some explanation of the peculiarities of Greek nature and of Greek Art. The buildings are felt to be adapted to the conditions of existence. The simple pure outlines of the older Greek buildings are modified from the Egyptian and perhaps Ninevitic and Assyrian types; they are less heavy, more elegant in form, decorated with sculpture of a higher order, and more effective. They are adapted to be seen in connection with sea and land, with broad masses of rock little covered by vegetation of large growth, and through an atmosphere which permits every detail to be recognised. The sculpture with which they were ornamented could also be seen to perfection. Even the most delicate details, at the height at which they were placed on the pediment of the Parthenon, would certainly be seen to advantage, not merely from the noble entrance to the Acropolis, but even from the plains lying at the foot of the mount so named, capped by one of the noblest buildings ever constructed.

The sculpture of Greece, whether exposed in the temples or in the public cemeteries, partook of the same character. It could best be seen in the open air, where it retained its exquisite finish and the finest marks of the skilful hand of the sculptor from generation to generation without injury. The specimens laid bare during the recent excavations at the entrance of the present city of Athens, show this as clearly as those found in the Sacred Way leading from Athens to Eleusis. The same simple, noble, and touching outlines characterize everywhere this class of sculpture, and derive much of their effect from the surrounding circumstances of land, sea, and air. Placed elsewhere they lose effect, and that soft melancholy and resignation so feelingly expressed, become almost painful when the climate is gloomy, the air thick, and the sky grey or white. The Art of Greece has always seemed to me intensely insular, and yet belonging to islands which have permanently a dry atmosphere and a pure sky.

It is unfortunate that we know so little of pictorial art as it was presented to the instructed and intelligent Greek in the best days of Grecian history. The art of blending and contrasting colour must have been attained, and was probably perfect. Nowhere do colours appear so bright, or mix so well, as in the kind of light and atmosphere characteristic of Greece. No doubt colour was largely employed in all decoration. With us colours do not blend well, and owing partly to climate, partly to social conditions, partly to natural taste, we cannot endure pure colour where, beyond all doubt, the Greek delighted to see it. But the state of the atmosphere has much to do in this matter; we should like colour more if we were able to see it better, and if our eyes were educated to its use.

I wish I were better able to do justice to the subject I have undertaken, but my pen fails when I would illustrate the peculiar features of the Greek islands and of the peninsulas. There

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is a general idea among Greek travellers that the impression of barrenness and grey naked rock that meets one's eye everywhere on passing along the coast on the deck of a steamer or yacht belongs to the whole country, and that whatever it may have been once, Greece is now almost without vegetation. The olive with its sombre leaves and melancholy trunk, an occasional fig-tree sprawling over the walls, and the vines, which are only in leaf for about four months of the year, seem to be the only redeeming points. But those who know the interior, and who have seen it in all seasons, are well aware of the intense and brilliant green of the more common varieties of coniferous trees that occupy square miles of country without interruption, and never lose their beauty. Like many other Eastern countries, but more than many—for the variation of the surface of the ground is greater, and the outline is more picturesque—much of the plant-life is limited to the season of spring, and that which is not so limited is to be found only in sheltered valleys, where the droughts of summer and autumn are less felt, and the shade received prevents or checks rapid evaporation. The absence of summer rain is not peculiar to any one country or district; it is universal in every part of Central and Eastern Europe and in the Asiatic countries yet further removed from the influence of the south-westerly gales which come from the Atlantic laden with moisture, but whose moisture is sucked out of them before they reach the eastern shores of the Adriatic. The hot winds from the desert, when the sirocco blows, also tend to increase the dryness, while there are no winds that really bring moisture at this season.

The Greeks certainly loved town life, and lived chiefly in the large cities; but it is equally certain that they visited distant spots, and inhabited the open country to some extent. Throughout Attica remains are found of their works and habitations, and the population in ancient times was large enough to require that the whole country should be more or less sprinkled over with habitations. But the style of houses now, and probably then, renders it almost impossible that they should leave any clear indications behind them. The houses, no doubt, were constructed of stone, because there was an infinitude of stone and little of any other building material at hand. But the stone for the poorer class of houses was and is mere rubble, consisting of weathered fragments of limestone lying on the surface; and whether these fragments of stone as they are now found have been distributed by nature or piled by human hands there is rarely any clear indication. It was not everywhere that walls and temples and other buildings were constructed showing that marvellous capacity for construction which excites our curiosity so much in the earlier Cyclopien efforts. When large numbers of workpeople, probably slaves, were employed, as in the neighbourhood of ancient mines, the remains of subterranean dwellings, constructed by excavating the solid rock, are very numerous and very curious. We see in them how the slave population was then lodged; but, in fact, wherever large numbers of human

beings are brought together for manufacturing purposes even now, the same peculiarity is observed. There is a shed, twenty or thirty yards long, with a low lean-to roof supported by a mud wall at the back, about eight or nine feet high, and a front wall less than six feet high: there are no windows thought of. In such a place a score of men are presumed to find all the accommodation necessary. A long wide divan or seat, ranging from one end to the other, and consisting only of a bank of earth, is the couch for as many as happen to be present. There is no reason to suppose that fashions have changed. People thus lodged must evidently live in the open air, and cannot understand the nature of house accommodation as it would present itself to an English, French, Belgian, or German mechanic. But it suits the Spaniard, and is universal in the East. This living in the open air, regardless of home comfort, was probably at the bottom of many of the marked peculiarities of the Greek character. In this way they became familiar with nature, and admired only such Art as lends itself to the development of external form. Architecture and sculpture are essentially the arts that belong to the life of the East, which is an out-of-door life in the strictest sense of the word.

Greek Art, then, may be imagined to have some reference to the climate of Greece, and it is reasonable to assume that some of the changes from Greek to Roman forms of Art are due to national habits derived from different climates. Greece certainly supplied South Italy with ideas and types, and these were not at once modified. The buildings of Sicily—the temple at Syracuse especially, as compared with the temple of Paestum—show a divergence which is of interest in this respect. They are adaptations prepared by Greek artists, and are different from the aftergrowth of Rome under altered conditions of life and climate.

The attempt to introduce Classical architecture into England and north-western Europe has never seemed to meet the popular taste, and was rather the result of the cultivation of Greek literature and philosophy, at a certain period of our history, than any real preference for Classical models in Art. The Byzantine seems the natural outcome of Greek constructive ideas in climates where people enjoy life within doors, and Byzantine Art appears to be a natural link connecting Classical with Gothic forms. The gloom that is felt when a building intended to receive direct sky light is covered with a roof and partially lighted from the side is ill adapted to our northern feelings, but follows from our cloudy firmament.

In this attempt to point out some of the reasons for the different styles of Art prevalent in different countries, I have made no attempt to illustrate the subject by references to Egypt, Assyria, or India. I believe, however, that such illustrations would help the argument, and would show how probable it is that local influences, reflected in the aesthetic condition of different peoples, may have had very much to do with the development of Art in all countries and at all times.

THE EVERARD GALLERY, NEW COVENTRY STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE.

HITHER Mr. EVERARD has removed what was known as the Belgian Gallery, Covent Garden; and his new and more extensive premises he has opened with a collection of foreign pictures as interesting and important as any in London.

Israels contributes a large picture, very powerfully treated in the *chiaroscuro*, representing a lowly interior with a peasant mother feeding her two little ones, while the father of the family is seated in the background. Pinchart, a French artist of great ability, whose works are rarely seen in this country, sends a very splendid picture in the Fortuny manner, called 'Dans l'Atelier,' in which is a handsome Spanish lady, in black lace shawl and light green shot-silk dress, standing, fan in hand, behind a lady who is holding a guitar. The latter

occupies her seat with an *abandon* which bespeaks the model, and which is further emphasized by the loose figured Japanese dress in which she is wrapped. Both ladies are looking at the picture on the easel.

The Fortuny manner has also been adopted by Cortazzo, only he carries finish much farther than did the founder of the school. The 'Matinée musicale' which this artist exhibits is a brilliant production. Ladies and gentlemen, attired in the costumes of Louis Quinze, are assembled in a spacious and gorgeously appointed chamber in a Roman palace, and they pursue their musical avocations with a certain *blasé* air which is perfectly in keeping with their surroundings and their time.

Leon y Escosura, the famous Spanish artist, who is a Chevalier

of the Orders of Charles of Spain and of Christo of Portugal, has two small interiors of exquisite finish: the first represents a couple of toppers, one of whom drains a decanter of wine, and the other rests his head on the cask, being already overcome by the "strong man." The other, entitled 'La Pendule cassée,' shows a female domestic in red dress and white apron holding up her hands in well-feigned horror at the porcelain timepiece she has knocked off the table. Adolf Schreyer has a large picture, 'A Charge of Cavalry,' into which he has thrown much of his accustomed fire and power.

A. Vertuni is another man of mark. He is regarded by his brother artists as the greatest landscape painter in Rome, and certainly, if we may judge from the two landscapes in the present exhibition, Italy must possess a very great landscape painter indeed to excel him. The first picture shows on the right two or three stately poplars, backed by other trees growing in the steeply sloping bank of a noble river which flows over two or three low falls before it sweeps on towards the spectator on the left. The second work represents oaks and brushwood springing out of some rocks which project threateningly from the shoulder of a high hill. We look, indeed, on the contour of a precipice, and feel that beyond the jagged rocks, in which the stubborn oak has rooted itself with grim tenacity, there is nothing but a fearful abyss. Both pictures are boldly painted, and with a free and masterly use of *impasto*.

Nor do we in this country hear much of P. Jazet, and yet he is a painter of high merit, who combines figures and landscape with consummate mastery. His 'Franc Tireurs in the Forest of Fontainebleau' is a well-considered work, and represents some sharpshooters assembling at a certain spot to report to their officer. One of them carries on his back a German helmet, by

which we conclude that he at least has not been calling up the echoes of Fontainebleau in vain. One of the finest pictures by Troyon we have seen for a long time will be found in this gallery, representing a woman feeding poultry: its power and breadth quite charm one.

Nor are there wanting examples of Rosa Bonheur, Daubigny, James Bertrand, Diaz, Decamps, Roybet, Boldini, and Fortuny. Portaels also, painter to the King of the Belgians, and Bazzani, who is making so great a name among Italians, are well represented.

The late Adolf Dillens is represented by a work which will confirm and extend his great reputation. It represents a set of hardy young Dutchmen, mounted on their stout plough-horses, tilting at the ring. The silver prizes are hung up on a cross-beam to the left, nailed against the trees that line the road on which the tilters ride. Nor is there lacking the sweet fresh faces of pretty Dutch girls to give life and interest to the scene. Theodore Weber, the Prussian artist, who divides his time between this country and Belgium, has two of the largest and finest sea pictures he ever painted. The one represents some large rocks on the coast of Finisterre lashed by a stormy sea, with a ship labouring fearfully in the offing, and the other a ship driven ashore on a wild rocky part of the Kentish coast. Her main-mast has gone by the board, and the crew are huddled together at the bows of the vessel, while those on shore prepare with eager haste means of safety. Mr. Weber never painted two better pictures.

We think it rather a pity that Mr. Everard should give up the name "Belgian Gallery." It has acquired a certain prestige in this country which would, by the adoption of a new title, have to be sacrificed.

THE McLEAN GALLERY, HAYMARKET.

THE hundred and sixteen cabinet pictures we have here are by British and foreign artists, and have been selected with much discrimination and taste. The British school is worthily represented by such men as E. Nicol, R. Beavis, E. Gill, Luke Fildes, G. H. Boughton, D. Cameron, J. Brett, and H. T. Dawson. As we shall meet these artists elsewhere, we need not stay to characterize their works.

Turning to the foreign pictures we find several to attract attention. Alfred Stevens, for example, sends four pictures, in which, by means of four elegantly attired ladies, he represents the four seasons. These pictures attract attention from the circumstance of their being decorative in character—a field that, we believe, is new to this artist. L. Munthe sends one of those splashy roads 'Through the Field' (5), with the melting snow lying on the ground, which nobody can depict so well; and F. Heilbuth, who, in his special walk, stands equally alone, contributes 'The Cardinal's Promenade' (19). His two stalwart lackeys, richly dight, stand aside, while his eminence chats over the balustraded terrace with a lovely lady who is accompanied by her *bonne* carrying a baby. The scene is most naturally

given. Carl Mucke of Dusseldorf allows us to be present at a little love-making on the beach at Scheveningen, where we see a pretty girl 'Making Nets' (46), as she listens to the soft praises of her fisher lad, who looks up into her face as he lies lazily his length before her.

One of the most important pictures in the gallery is that representing the French taking possession of a village which the Germans have seen fit to evacuate. The advanced guard 'Reconnoitring' (50), by G. F. Delaillie, with a young officer at their head, is perfect in every detail, and the whole scene gives a wonderfully realistic idea of the havoc and horrors of war. Another important work is L. Herman's 'Laughing Chef' (78), whom we see sitting out in the garden, in his "professional" attire, with "Figaro" in his hand, highly amused at something he has read. Muncatzy of Dusseldorf sends a very vigorously executed work showing a row of women 'Washing on the Banks of a River' (99). Besides these there are pictures by such able artists as De Penne, Clara Montalba, Madrazo, Frère, Duverger, Boldini, and others, of whose works we could write at some length, did space and time permit.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

IN the North-west Room, through which the visitor passes to the principal gallery, are several pictures of merit which he would do well to examine before going farther; for in an exhibition which contains eight hundred and fifty-three oil pictures and water-colour drawings, besides ten examples of sculpture, the attention is likely to flag long before the middle of the catalogue is reached, if not at an earlier period.

'The Thames near Cookham' (440), by H. Caffieri, is a good outdoor effect, with a boating-party looking at a steam launch. Close by hangs an amusing piece of thoroughly English *genre*, by G. J. Morgan: a cobbler exerts himself on the cornet, and a robust-looking man in red nightcap—from the neighbouring brewery seemingly—devotes himself, heart and soul, to the trombone, in a brave endeavour to bring out between them the

notes of 'Life let us cherish' (441); the result is anything but harmonious, if we may credit the action of the cobbler's wife, who holds her ears disparagingly as she rocks the cradle. 'The Way to Make a Pancake' (442), by E. Eagles, would be much more pleasant, if the artist had not thrown his model into such an awkward, not to say indelicate, pose.

'Sheep on a Surrey Common' (444), by W. C. Estall, is low in key, French in manner, and altogether cleverly painted. J. Hayllar, on the other hand, rejoices in clean, clear work, the brightness of which gives to his pictures almost a painty look. This is exemplified in the schoolboy who has been set up as a dunce, but who is 'Not such a Fool as he looks' (446). Close by hangs 'The Interior of St. Mark's Church, Venice' (450), by W. Henry. It is broadly and richly painted, and has the quality of solidity more firmly pronounced than in the larger and more ambitious work of Wyke Bayliss, representing the 'Interior of Strasbourg Cathedral' (171), in the great room. This has space and atmosphere; but in a work intended to illustrate the fact that

"The architect
Built his great heart into the sculptured stones,"

the enduring strength of the masonry ought to have been more boldly emphasized. J. W. B. Knight's 'Yorkshire Coast, Whitby' (469), is small, sketchy, and clever; but when he carries this slight handling into larger and more important works, such as his 'Yalding Lees, and Twyford Bridge on the Medway' (177), which occupies a place of honour in the principal gallery, it ceases to be sketchy and deserves only to be called sloppy. The sky is good, but the rest of the picture is hot, unfinished, and unsatisfactory. 'Teaching Brother' (470), at the foot of some rustic steps, by W. Bromley, another important member of the Society, is a pretty incident, told with much sweetness; and his 'On the Llugwy' (497), showing in the foliage the first tints of autumn, is excellent in its suggestion of outdoor effect. The solemn stillness of 'A Winter Evening' (503) (C. W. Wyllie), on a bare hill-side garnished with leafless trees, looks to our eye slightly marred by the blue petticoat to the left; otherwise the picture is wonderfully true to nature. Another picture full of carefully noted fact is R. G. Somerset's 'Early Spring' (512), with sheep; so also is P. Macnab's ploughed 'Surrey Field' (513), which hangs near the floor. 'Highland Cattle in England' (519), by T. J. Ellis, is also a carefully studied work, although not of the size and importance of 'Felling Trees, Craigie, Barnes' (71). John Bromley shows a proper appreciation of light and shade in his girl 'Preparing Dinner' (520), in a rustic interior. There is a nice sunny effect in J. C. Waites's two children watching the man 'Repairing the Well Rope' (526), and in J. A. Fitzgerald's 'Titania and Bottom' (534) we have all the bright colouring and brighter invention of this accomplished artist.

H. E. Glindoni is very impressive in his 'French Revolution, 1793' (535), showing a solitary figure in a naked room; and full of character is his picture of a man struggling into his top boots and finding them 'A Tight Fit' (266). H. C. Bryant, in 'Fruit and Poultry Dealers' (541), is quite Dutch-like in the realistic finish he has given to the eggs, rabbits, cabbages, poultry alive and plucked, with which he has so cleverly filled his picture.

In the water-colour rooms we find A. F. Grace, reminding us somewhat of Mr. H. G. Hine in his drawing 'On the South Downs' (637). In the doorway will be found a truthful representation of 'A Bit of the Backwater, Wargrave' (653), by T. Pyne; a 'View near Folkestone' (660), by C. T. Garland; and a vigorous drawing of 'A Mountain Stream, near Festiniog' (672), by G. Harrison; there is much local truth in this last picture and a fine sense of atmosphere. J. J. Curnock has been working in the same neighbourhood, and has sent a very delightful 'View on the Llugwy, Capel Curig' (677), showing the effect of autumn on the foliage of the birch-trees. 'Mountain Gloom' (763), a capital drawing by F. Boisseree, is also Welsh in character and in its atmospheric effect. B. Evans has given a vigorous rendering of 'A Windy Day near Barmouth' (753), and A.

Powell, though less strong is equally trustworthy in his 'Crossing the Moorland' (774).

I. Pradilla, in his crowded 'Spanish Market-place' (731 and 737), is an able disciple of Fortuny; and the same remark is applicable to J. M. Fenollera, as may be seen in his 'Banderilla, Seville' (736). There are also among the water-colour drawings desirable works by such artists as C. Hayes, A. Ludovici, junior, F. W. Cartwright, E. J. Ellis, C. A. Smith, A. B. Donaldson, J. B. Bedford, and Miss M. J. Grant.

Entering the large room, which is entirely devoted to works in oil, we find many pictures of interest, and a few whose artistic merits would command attention anywhere. Among the latter is assuredly to be reckoned W. L. Wyllie's parlour at 'The Good Intent' (77), a waterside publichouse, in which are assembled several groups of seafaring men with their sweethearts. The work is very sketchy, but marvellously clean: for characterization of the most individual and life-like kind it is by far the finest work in the exhibition. The artist we understand is young, and if he is also wise, he will yet make a mark which will be seen of all men. Another rising young painter is J. S. Noble, whose picture of a Highland farmer or drover, mounted on his pony, and accompanied by his two collie dogs, 'Collecting the Drove' (95) of Highland cattle in the neighbourhood of a large rock, which crops up boulder-like on the hillside, is, as a cattle picture, worthy almost to take its place side by side with the 'Boundary Line' (233) of H. W. B. Davis, A.R.A. This splendid picture represents a group of cattle which have come up to the brambly hedge that separates their field from one occupied by some horses, in order that they may exchange greetings with their equine neighbours. The painting of the back of the white cow equals anything, in our opinion, that was ever done by the Dutchmen. Besides this work Mr. Davis has sent a very fine evening effect, 'Sunset' (16), showing some cattle coming home by a rich clover-field whose purple darkens in the gloaming.

This present exhibition has also been supported by other members of the Academy, and for the friendly act we have much pleasure in recording their names: E. M. Ward, R. Redgrave, A. Elmore, James Sant, P. H. Calderon, and G. A. Storey, have each contributed something; but they have not been nearly so hearty in their recognition as Mr. Davis.

We would draw attention to the silvery effect of a misty morning in the 'View near Chatham' (28), by H. T. Dawson, junior; and to the still more poetical rendering of a similar effect by E. Ellis, which represents a boat 'Setting Crab-pots off the Yorkshire Coast' (185). To the right are lofty rocks with seagulls sailing grandly; to the left, and more in the distance, are seen ships in sail to which the mist gives a phantom character; while in the immediate foreground the open boat rises and falls on a living sea. The picture is altogether a very fine one. So also is the large work of A. J. Woolmer, representing 'The Birth of Venus' (193), whom we see adjusting her hair as she walks towards us through the shallow waves during a glorious sunrise. The colour, generally so suggestive, is a little crude in parts, perhaps arising from hasty finish.

The elder Dawson has sent a capital picture, showing evening clouds rising on the horizon over 'A Common' (91), while the sky above is still bright with something like an after-glow. We like also Haynes King's illustration to 'The Course of True Love never did run smooth' (86). Gustave Girardot's 'Industry and Want' (202)—a poor girl asleep in a wretched room—is not a pleasant subject but is cleverly painted. 'Disarmed' (142), by C. Cattermole, represents the interruption of a fight between two cavaliers by a young girl, who pleads imploringly upon her knees with one of them. The tone of the picture is excellent, and the action dramatically expressed. When Mr. Cattermole is as familiar with oil medium as he is with water, we may expect more important work than any he has yet done.

There are also in the gallery good pictures by J. Gow, W. J. Mückley, D. Passmore, H. H. Coultery, T. Roberts, W. Myer, H. R. Robertson, and J. D. Watson.

NORWAY.*

By R. T. PRITCHETT, F.S.A.

CHAPTER V.



OR some days we had been on the tramp and arrived at Indfjord. Thursday, August 20th, 1875, was a sad day at Indfjord. Returned from a long tour through very wild, rough districts where food was not to be obtained nor lodgings to be had, we were settling down for a good night's rest, certainly under difficulties, at the farmhouse of a good bonder, or farmer, named "Ole Erikson Boe," when the gruesome news came of a disaster in the mountains above—a tremendous rock crash, or "steen skreed," had taken place in a spot called Sjolbotten, some three thousand feet above, where there were two "sæters" occupied by two "piges," who had charge of the cows belonging to the good people down the valley. We started off at once. In a more than quiet spot like this, with what a crash such news bursts upon every one! what sympathy it brings out; what interest in the details of the occurrence; what interest in the sympathy of others! What sadness marks each face; how quiet all are, though all are talking, but in subdued voice. We pass on, with a little provision in our wallets, and soon come to some reapers in the valley, working in the fields, with leather aprons for their protection. We started with Halver Jacobsen, the owner of the sæter, who went up, taking a pony and foal, in case the mare's services were required: the foal always runs by the mother. On our sad mission, we could not be otherwise than struck with the joyfulness of the foal; the abounding spirits of the young creature, its caprices and quirks and capers. Before arriving at the steep part of the ascent we stopped at a small outbuilding close to the farm, the front of the house looking over the Indfjord, through the door, with a grand expanse before one—the morning light shimmering down to the edge of the water, far, far below—all seeming peace and gladness. At the back of the house, between that and the Laave, we found a vastly different scene—pain, grief, and heavy hearts. What a contrast to the brightness on the fjord side—the sunny side that was! The anxious group was in shadow, comparatively speaking; the centre of attraction was a roughly-made stretcher, on which was lying, hardly conscious—pale and agonized and bone-broken—Ingeborg, Erichsdatter, Griseth. Poor girl! she had been brought down some three thousand feet, by a very steep sæter path, hardly any road, jogged and shaken, with one leg broken, ribs crushed, and her face much cut and bruised by the cracking up of the sæter before the overwhelming force which carried it away. Around her were the bonder folk, and one poor old woman whose grief seemed beyond consolation. The autumn was advanced, winter coming quickly on—for the first snow days had begun. She had only one cow to support her; that was at Sjolbotten and was killed, and her only hope of livelihood for the moment swept from her: no kind of cow could be got under £5, and "no siller had she." What a chance for some rich Samaritan to heal a broken heart for the small sum of £5! but as "many a mickle makes a muckle," so, doubtless, would a new cow be bought by the loving hearts and kindly spirits of the good Indfjord-folk. Their kindly love for each other is a lesson to even the most civilised among us. It is very noticeable that small communities care for everybody; large masses notice no individual—only charitable institutions.

But we have not yet commenced the ascent. Through brush-

wood the mare leads; the cheerful foal diverging now and then, in the self-conceit of all young things, fancying they know better than their mothers. It was a steep climb. The mare slipped; but Halve said it was all right, she knew the way. The morning sun was warm, and as soon as we arrived at a kind of ledge looking over the valley and fjord we halted. What a lovely—or rather, what a grand scene it was! Still there was no forgetting our mission; no shaking off its sadness. Our present object, after Ingeborg's arrival, was to go up and see after her companion, Ingrana. Our halt was not for long. We had already taken off our coats, and hung them on a pine-stump. To our surprise, Halve left his there until our return, and said, when we did not, "You can leave anything, as you like, in Gamle Norge." En route, in three hours we had left our last briar and alder behind, and were on the plateau of the High Fjord, and found much "smørgrass," so good for cows. "Smør" being the Norse for butter, will explain the name. Now, for a long time, we tramp over the "botten," carpeted with rich flora; at the end we saw the steen skreede, or landslip. Several bonders were already there, some four or five, and seemed very surprised



The Halt at Griseth.

to see a foreigner coming up with Halve. A few words of explanation, and all was understood; one common object in view, that of helping each other, soon bound us together. Ingrana, naturally, had not been to sleep since the disaster; it is difficult to imagine any Norske pige nervous, but poor Ingrana had been shaken and frightened out of her wits. Her

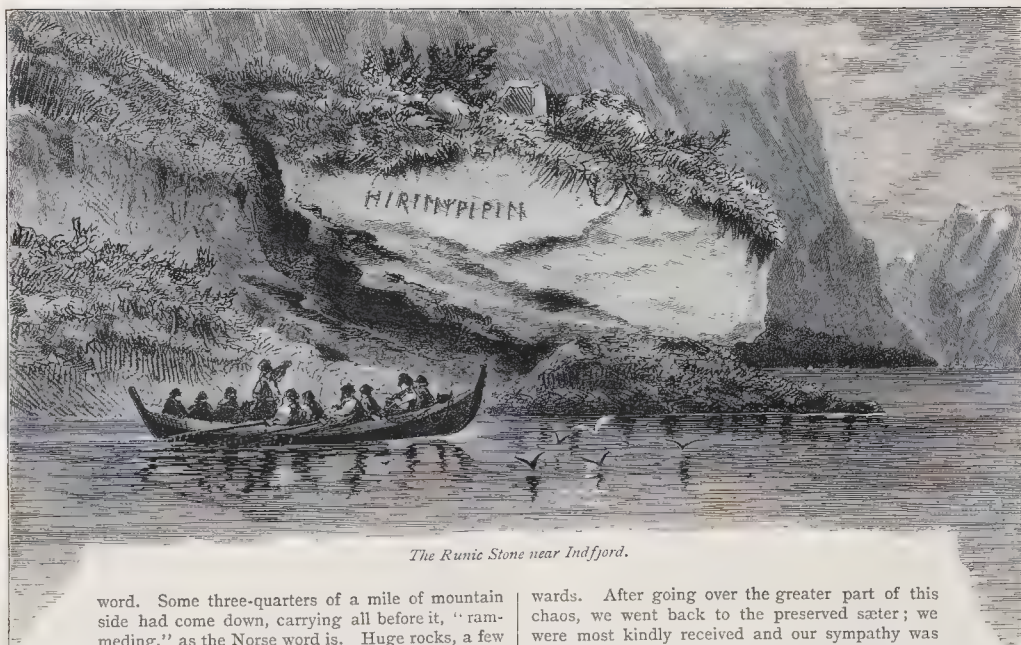
* Continued from page 108.

verbatim description, after a little entreaty and patience on the part of the persuader, ran thus: "Early in the morning, Ingrana was awoke by a heavy rolling sound of thunder, and directly followed a crash. She rushed from her sæter, and coming out of her door, saw Ingeborg's sæter carried away and buried." It is difficult to realise the feelings of this simple-minded girl, living this solitary life for three months. In a moment—a second of time—one taken and the other left. Ten cows also were buried; and Ingrana left alone, to go down this lonely mountain with the sad news, leaving her companion fixed, pinned, and crushed, until she could return with help. We

arrived after three and a half hours' hard ascent; some sour milk that had been left was given us. The Englishman elicited a smile from Ingrana, when, taking the bowl from his lips, his moustache was white with cream. This was hopeful and a good sign.

"The slip was accelerated by a very large waterspout striking the face of the mountain, as amongst the rocks which were brought down was a quantity of sand, and the presence and action of water were palpable, leaving deep pools in many places."

The scene was appalling; a wreck in the wildest sense of the



The Runic Stone near Indfjord.

word. Some three-quarters of a mile of mountain side had come down, carrying all before it, "rammed," as the Norse word is. Huge rocks, a few stunted trees, hardly any kind of herbage. What a hurlyburly of desolation! Looking across and over it were seen the placid distant fjord and open sea. What a contrast, the peace of one and turbulence of the other! Still the damage was a known quantity; every year something of the kind happens; a similar convulsion takes place, sometimes with loss of life, sometimes without. The sketch on page 172 was taken from the lower portion, looking up-

wards. After going over the greater part of this chaos, we went back to the preserved sæter; we were most kindly received and our sympathy was accepted in the same spirit in which it was offered. Then we returned. We found Halve's coat quite safe and undisturbed, and after the usual time arrived at the bonder's below, Ole Erikson Boe. A simple repast of good "flad brod" and "bunker;" no meat here. We rested, and early in the morning started for Fiva. During the evening Boe showed me an old Danske Bible, folio size, 1590, with large brass clasps. The good folks wanted me to bring my wife to the funeral, in

MIRINEYPIPIPI

Inscription on the Runic Stone.

case the poor girl should not survive. In the morning we went down to the shore, as we heard the steamer for Molde was coming in to take Ingeborg to Molde should she be still alive. Life was all but extinct when she was got on board. Ole Fiva and myself started in boat for Veblungnæss, having thanked the good people of Indfjord for their kindly welcome, and they thanking us much for our interest and sympathy, and pressing me to bring my wife to Indfjord, where they wished to welcome her too.

The morning was lovely for boat travel; such peace that

convulsions such as we had witnessed seemed incredible. Still it was no dream, and the inhabitants of Indfjord, the family of Ingeborg, Ingrana, and the poor woman without her solitary cow, all were stern realities.

Soon after our return to Fiva we heard that Ingeborg was dead, had been taken back from Molde, and was to be buried in the "gravested," Indfjord, September 2nd, 1875.

Early morn, September 2nd, we started, drove in carioles from Fiva to Veblungnæss; then took boat, having sent on the boat with six oars, self, wife, daughter and Ole Fiva; so we set off

to the funeral at Indfjord. A lovely, peaceful morning it was as we left the landing-place at Veblungnæss; soon the six oars began their sturdy dip as we came under the shadow of the mountains; the dip was strong, as Norwegians only can row, for a long travelling sweep and perfect time. After settling down with our "teena" of provisions—for we were travelling Norskily, and no "Norske" is complete without teena, and well filled—there seemed a sad tone pervading the boat; our mission was one of sympathy for the bereavement of others, with an after-thought of thankfulness that we had been spared in health, sound in body and bone. The melancholy of every one soon after this was broken by a remark from Ola that we should soon see the Runic Steen, half a Norsk mile from Veblungnæss. A lieutenant of Engineers, who was superintending a new bridge, had described this stone to us, and we were eager to see it. At last we came upon it. The boatmen ran alongside, threw water over

it, and I sketched it. In 900 years, "pluvial attrition" alone is sure to make its mark; to say nothing of our energetic friend Neptune's constant stormdrift, storm, and tempest. (The writer would apologize for the term "pluvial attrition," but there are so many long words about just now, what with street advertisements and urban authors.) A general view of the Runic Stone is given on a preceding page: the initial ornament of this chapter was drawn from a plant plucked on the spot. The letters are thirteen in number, and their length about eighteen inches. Twelve feet from the sea level a ledge of rocks runs under low-water mark, projecting some few feet, under this is supposed to be secreted untold wealth.

The translation of these Runic hieroglyphics is, "The Court of Justice," and this was evidently placed in a conspicuous place to guide any who came to the court in old pagan days; for as already stated, Romsdal was one of the last livers of the pagan



The Gravested : Ingeborg's Funeral, Indfjord,

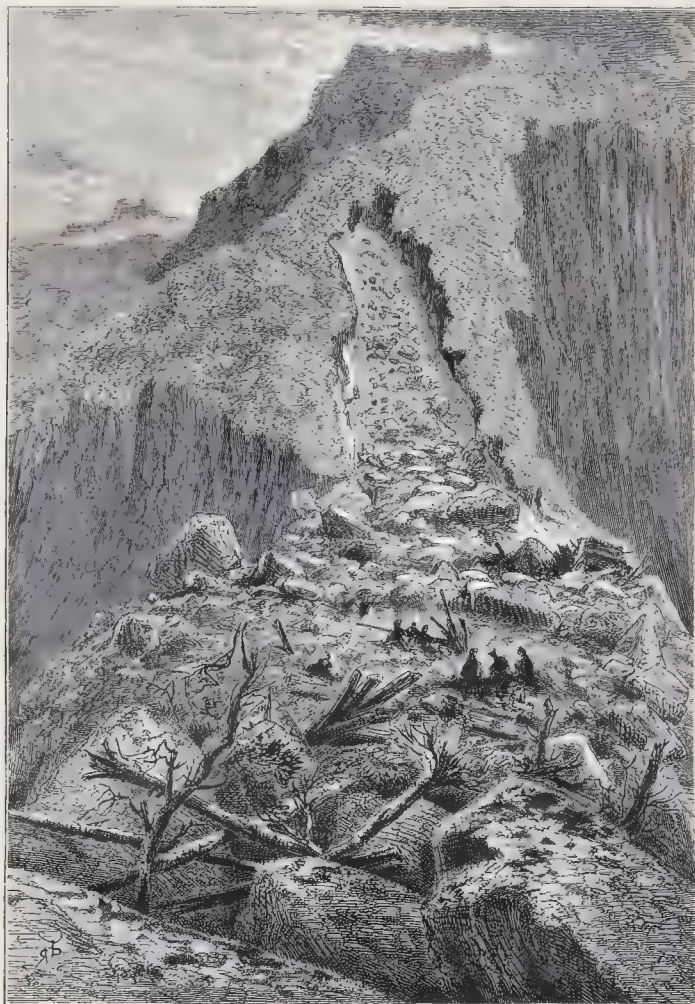
period. Above, high up, close to Sylbotten, was a temple—pagan; but the Court of Justice was held at Devold Romsdal. There was now a regular good settle down for a long pull. Up to this time we have been in shadow, now we round a point, and taking what a landsman would call "first on the left," we go due south down to Indfjord. The sea-water so clear! the quartz rocks reflected *à merveille*, like the good old chandeliers of our grandfathers after a spring cleaning; the rich sun-lit yellow sea-weed, grander far than omolou; and here are three herons in repose, water ousels with their snow-white breasts, and now and then sparkles by an old cormorant or diver. As we go down the fjord the snow range at the end of it blocks in everything, the morning mist waiting in the valley for exit, if possible. By this time we near the hamlet, and high above us on the left, on a kind of plateau, we see many figures congregated. They were in front of Erich's house, Griseth being the name of the farm. We soon steered in, and then between two boat-houses, at a rude

pile-driven landing-place, the well-known scrape of keel on shore was heard, and we had safely arrived at Indfjord. By this time Griseth had sent down to meet us and invite us up to the house, but we return message of thanks that we would rather not disturb the family, but await their arrival at the gravested; so with our teena, or carved-wood box, we picked out a spot for lunch and enjoyed some cold reindeer-meat, biscuit, cheese, &c. During the lunch we could see the bonderfolk collecting high up at Griseth, overlooking fjord, and at two o'clock we saw them by the telescope start down the narrow mountain path, the coffin on a little cart, lashed on to prevent it slipping down hill. Soon they were lost in a dip in the wood, then emerged nearer to us. At this time, as we stood at the gravested or graveyard—like our word homestead, homeplace—a man came up and shook hands with us, and then went on to toll the bell, standing on the wall, for here there is no church, only a bell-tower. Soon the procession drew near: first the coffin, black,

lashed on to the hay-cart, and drawn by a beautiful young black Norsk pony; his collar was old carved-wood painted; the bonder driver walking behind the coffin, which bore three wreaths of wild flowers; at a distance behind the coffin came the men, an interval, and then the women sorrowing; then men of the family, many sad hearts, and Ingrana. It was a modest scene indeed, but impressive. When the pony arrived it stopped at the gravest, and hearing the tolling bell, he shied and jibbed, as if regretting what he had done. The coffin was therefore

carried in at once. There being no clergyman, a friend sang a hymn. The coffin was lowered into the grave; the wreaths removed; the ropes were withdrawn. Some one said to Ingrana, "You were lucky to escape." "I could not have been ready," she said; "God wanted me not, and left me a little longer. She was ready," meaning Ingeborg, whom they were burying.

They then sang the second hymn, "Hjemme, Hjemme," as the friend shovelled the earth in, and the heavy thud of the large spadeful boomed like parts of Handel's "Dead March" in



Landskip at Sylbotten, Indfjord.

"Saul." After filling in the grave the wreaths were placed on the newly-risen mound, and the ceremony closed with "Hjemme," the weird sea-birds screamed, and all went away together. Many will recount the story of Ingeborg, Erichsdatter, Griseth.

Before leaving the gravest the grave-boards must be noted, they are so remarkable in form, so quaint, also so Bosphoric. Sometimes a white butterfly is introduced, as typical of the soul. How different to the present association

with the allegory of their transient nothingness! After the funeral we had to pay two or three visits. All the farmers wanted us to visit them; some to tell of sport, some to offer us *aqua vitæ* and stamped cakes like the Dutch waffles; and when we arrived back at Ole Erikson Boe's he gave me an old Norske belt as a memento of our visit, and carefully is that memento treasured.

So passed away Ingeborg, Erichsdatter of Griseth, and Ingrana remained waiting her bidding.

ART-NOTES FROM THE PROVINCES.

EDINBURGH.—*The Albert Institute*.—For some years past, owing to the great increase of Art-study in Scotland, the limited accommodation in the rooms of the Royal Scottish Academy, necessitating the rejection of a multitude of works more or less meritorious, has been a serious disadvantage. The matter having been brought under the notice of a member of the Scottish Heritages Company, he immediately set about devising a remedy; and with the aid and co-operation of several gentlemen of taste and influence a fine gallery was projected, and is now nearing completion, at the west end of the Scottish metropolis. This gallery, which will give space for about a thousand works, cannot in any sense be regarded but as a needful adjunct to the Royal Scottish Academy. It is simply a means to supply an evident demand, to open a door for those who otherwise might lack opportunity of appeal to the public tribunal in Edinburgh. Moreover, the new hall is proposed to be a *permanent* Fine Art exhibition, where a variety of original works of native taste and skill may appear in succession. The building is expected to be completed in May.

BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. Edward R. Taylor, who has filled for some years the position of head master of the Lincoln School of Art, has been elected for the same post in the Birmingham school. According to a new scheme of payment, aided by an anonymous donor, who has, it is said, munificently presented £10,000 to the school, the salary of the head master will be £600 per annum.

KIDDERMINSTER.—It is proposed to raise a memorial to Sir Rowland Hill in this, his native town. To this gentleman the world is indebted for adapting the Post Office to the requirements of the age, and making it one of the most powerful among civilising agencies. Some years ago a writer in the *Edinburgh Review* remarked, "Though men who have risked their lives on fields of battle, or borne the whole burden of public affairs, may have claims to more stately trophies and more lavish rewards, we know of no man who has conferred a greater amount of benefit upon his fellow-creatures than the unassuming author of 'Postage Reform.'" It would be difficult to estimate the advantages the whole civilised world has derived from the comparatively new penny postage system; and one may suppose that few persons would be disinclined to aid the movement for raising a statue, or some other memorial, in honour of the venerable Sir Rowland Hill, who has now passed his eightieth

year. A meeting for carrying out the object has been held at Kidderminster, and a committee appointed, the honorary secretaries being Mr. J. Morton, town clerk, and Mr. A. W. Beale.

LEEDS.—Four statues have been recently placed in the exterior niches of the Royal Exchange of this town: they respectively represent Sir T. Gresham, Christopher Columbus, Sebastian Cabot, and Sir Walter Raleigh—men whose lives were intimately associated with the commerce of the western world. The figures are life-size, executed by Mr. John Throp, a sculptor of Leeds, whose works have been occasionally seen in the Royal Academy: we understand that the whole of the carving of the Exchange, both internally and externally, is from the hand of Mr. Throp.

MANCHESTER.—The façade of the Town Hall has recently received in the niches prepared for them statues of Edward III., Thomas de la Warr, and De Gresley: they are executed by Messrs. Farmer and Brindley.

STOCKTON-ON-TEES.—An exhibition of objects of the Fine Arts and of Industry was opened in this town early in April. A large number of pictures was lent by gentlemen resident in the place and neighbourhood; and in the industrial department were models and specimens sent by upwards of a hundred contributors.

WREXHAM.—From printed circulars which have reached us we much regret to know that the Art-treasures Exhibition held last summer in this town was, financially, a total failure, the balance-sheet, also in our hands, showing a deficiency of about £6,511 in an expenditure of £12,153, or more than one half. The causes of this most unsatisfactory result of an excellent undertaking are, from a statement made by Major W. Cornwallis West, chairman of the committee, traceable to a combination of circumstances: under-estimated cost of the building and fitting; too cheap admission, consequent on arrangement with the railway companies; general stagnation of trade, &c. The guarantee fund, amounting, when all is paid up, to nearly £2,300, will, of course, discharge a portion of the liabilities, the whole of which have been met by cash temporarily advanced by the chairman, the Duke of Westminster, and other gentlemen. An appeal is being publicly made for funds to recoup, as far as it is possible, the heavy losses incurred: we hope it will not be made in vain.

ART-NOTES FROM THE CONTINENT.

BERLIN.—The *Moniteur des Arts* states that a famous picture by John Van Eyck was stolen, on March 15, from the Royal Museum of this city: it is painted on wood, and represents the Virgin crowned, with the Infant Jesus, in a Gothic church. The work is dated 1440, and is signed "Jan van Eyck, Brugge." Subsequent reports not yet authenticated say that the painting has been recovered.—A gigantic picture, the gift of the reigning princes and the Free Towns of Germany, was presented to the Emperor on the last anniversary, the eightieth, of his birthday. It is the work of Anton von Werner, Director of the Berlin Academy of Arts, who received a commission for it four years ago, and has been occupied upon it ever since. The picture measures twenty-seven feet long by fifteen in height, and it contains no fewer than one hundred and forty portrait figures. The subject is 'The Proclamation of the German Emperor at Versailles on January 18, 1871.' The *locale* of the scene is the large hall known as the *Galerie des Glaces* in the Château at Versailles, where are seen, on a carpeted platform, the German

Emperor, with the Crown Prince on his right, and his son-in-law, the Grand Duke of Baden, on his left. Grouped about them are the German sovereigns and princes present in the camp, Prince Bismarck, who holds the proclamation in his hand, Moltke, Von Blumenthal, Von Stosch, Von Hartmann, and a host of famous men of war whose names are legibly written in the annals of a contest so glorious to Fatherland. The artist was present on the occasion of the proclamation being read, and he has illustrated the event at the moment when the great military throng wave their helmets in the air and shout their huzzahs. The painting is said to be a fine work.

BRUSSELS.—The distinguished Belgian painter, M. Louis Gallait, H.R.A., has completed six out of fifteen historical portraits for the panels of the hemicycle of the hall of the Belgian senate. They represent Charlemagne, Godfrey of Bouillon, Jean II., Philippe d'Alsace, the Archduke Albert, and the Archduchess Isabel.

ALFRED T. BRICHER.

ALFRED THOMPSON BRICHER, although among the younger men belonging to the American school of painting, has already assumed a leading position as an artist, not only as a marine painter, but also in the delineation of landscapes. He was born in the city of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in 1837, but at an early age his parents removed to Newburyport, Massachusetts, where he remained until 1851,

and acquired a common school education in the academy there. Leaving home in the same year, young Bricher set out for Boston, and shortly after his arrival in that city he obtained a situation in a large wholesale "dry-goods" house as a clerk, which he retained until he reached his twenty-first year. It was always his ambition to become an artist; but being without the means to acquire academic instruction he went earnestly to work, and



Cliffs of Ironbound Island, Maine.

during his leisure hours pursued his Art-studies in the seclusion of his chamber, when opportunities occurred sketch the scenes in Boston Harbour with unwearied zeal.

In 1858 he gave up his clerkship, and at once set up his easel as a landscape painter. Young Bricher, at the beginning of his studies, seldom came in contact with any of the Boston artists, and was therefore entirely self-taught. His first sketch-

ing-season was passed on the island of Mount Desert, coast of Maine, and while there he became acquainted with William Stanley Haseltine and the late Charles Temple Dix. These artists were men of genius, and Bricher derived great benefit from their kindly advice. After the season spent at Mount Desert, he turned his attention to the bays, creeks, and pastoral scenery in the neighbourhood of his early home at Newbury-

port, and many of his most successful pictures have been painted from sketches made there. Mr. Bricher pursued his profession with considerable success in Boston, but, with a desire to seek a wider field for the development of his genius, he removed to New York in 1868. One of his first pictures exhibited in the latter city was in the exhibition of the National Academy of Design in that year. It was a study 'On a Mill-Stream at Newburyport,'

and attracted considerable attention, owing to the beauty of the subject and the fresh and truthful style of its treatment. From that year he became a constant contributor to the Academy exhibitions, but from the character of his work he is, perhaps, better known as a marine painter than as a painter of landscapes.

In 1873 he became interested in water-colour painting, and in that year contributed his first drawing in that medium to the



The Mill-Stream.

exhibition of the American Society of Painters in Water Colours, and was at once elected a member of the institution. His water-colour works are remarkable for their force and brilliancy of tone.

Of the two examples of Mr. Bricher's oil paintings which we engrave, the coast scene portrays a sunset on the rugged shore of 'Ironbound Island, Mount Desert, Coast of Maine.' In the delineation of this rugged coast-line, Mr. Bricher has softened the inhospitable character of the place by the introduction of a brilliant sunset effect, which lights up the distant sea and shimmers

upon the breaking surf in the foreground with great power and beauty. The sky, with its cumulus clouds, is particularly pleasing, and exemplifies in a marked degree the poetical power of his pencil.

The pendant, 'The Mill-Stream at Newburyport,' is remarkable for its beauty, and the subdued yet brilliant way in which it is treated. It is a midsummer scene, as the boating-party on the left and the rich and luxuriant foliage of the overhanging trees evince; the broken forms of the clouds and the reflections upon the water give to the view an idyllic charm.

OBITUARY.

FRANCIS W. TOPHAM.

THE death of this well-known painter in water-colours is stated to have occurred suddenly, on the 31st of March, at Cordova, in Spain, while, we presume, on a sketching expedition in that country. Mr. Topham was a native of Leeds, where he practised the art of engraving till about the age of twenty-one, when he came up to London, relinquished engraving, finding it injurious to his health, and commenced water-colour painting, in which he was so successful that he was soon elected into the New Society of Water-Colour Painters, now known as the Institute: subsequently he seceded from this and joined the Old Society, where his pictures have since been seen each year. Mr. Topham's earlier works consist chiefly of representations of Irish life, and are remarkable for their truthfulness and power of expression. Latterly his attention was given to Spanish subjects, and in these he showed himself as accomplished as in those of his earlier time. Wales and her peasantry also were not overlooked by the deceased artist, many of his more recent pictures being of Welsh subjects. His style of painting was bold rather than highly finished, and his works will certainly be missed from the gallery where we have been accustomed to see them. One of his Irish subjects, 'A Baby was sleeping,' is engraved in our Journal for 1871.

Mr. Topham gained much popularity some years ago as a draughtsman on wood for serial and other publications: among the works his pencil has adorned may be mentioned Mrs. S. C. Hall's "Midsummer Eve," which originally appeared in the *Art Journal*, Moore's "Melodies and Poems," an edition of Burns's poems, and the "Angler's Souvenir," of which, we believe, he was both author and illustrator. He died at the age of sixty-nine; his son, Mr. F. W. W. Topham, has already made himself a name among our rising painters in oils.

JEAN BAPTISTE MADOU.

The Belgian school of painters has lost a venerable member in the person of M. Jean B. Madou, whose death is announced to have occurred about the 3rd of April at Brussels, where he was born in 1796; he had, therefore, passed the age of eighty.

In the *Art Journal* for 1866 is a long biographical sketch of the life and works of this artist, compiled chiefly from information he courteously gave to the writer when the latter visited him and many other Belgian painters in the preceding year: some engravings from his pictures accompany the article in question; and in the volume for 1873 is a steel-plate engraving from his 'The Arquebusier.' Up to the year 1840 M. Madou was known almost exclusively by his fine lithographic works, of which he executed a very large number from his own designs, many of them in series of subjects, as "Scenes in the Life of Napoleon," one hundred and twenty-four plates; "Picturesque Views in Belgium," upwards of two hundred subjects; "Scenes in the Lives of Dutch and Flemish Painters," twenty plates, folio, and several others. At the age of forty-four he made his first essay in oil painting, in which his success was most decided: still his works of this kind are comparatively few, and consequently scarce and of much value: they unquestionably placed him at the head of the *genre* painters of his country. In 1838 Madou was appointed Professor of Drawing in the Military School of Brussels; he was a member of the Academies of Brussels and Antwerp, and a Chevalier of the Order of Leopold.

ADOLPHE DILLENS.

The death of this popular and clever Belgian artist occurred in the month of March: he was born at Ghent in 1821, and consequently had reached the age of fifty-six. In our Journal for 1867 appears a short biographical notice of this painter, with a woodcut of one of his amusing pictures, 'The Gossip at the Window,' and in our volume for 1875 is a steel-plate engraving of M. Dillens's 'Taking Toll at the Bridge.' Those pictures, like very many others by the artist, were borrowed from Zealand life, which before his time was almost, if not quite, unknown as supplying subjects for Art, but which Dillens found fruitful, as a French writer observes, in "picturesque costumes, fresh countenances open and smiling, forms of beauty, manners original and naïves." His works, which certainly have great merit, were sometimes seen at the French Gallery, Pall Mall, and occasionally in the exhibitions of the Royal Academy.

THE SHEPHERD.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF HENRY WALLIS, ESQ.

ROSA BONHEUR, Painter.

C. COUSEN, Engraver.

RARE indeed is it to find in the annals of Art a woman choosing a field for the exercise of her talents such as that in which Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur has raised herself to the distinguished position she has attained. Animal painting, in its widest acceptation and highest development, is scarcely what one would naturally look for from feminine hands: that the fields and the pastures where herds and flocks are accustomed to congregate should be ordinary sketching-ground for a lady artist is scarcely a novelty; but we may well wonder to hear of a *petite* and delicately-formed lady, highly accomplished as is Rosa Bonheur—she is best known to us and to the world without the prefix to her name—studying in the stables, the horse-yard, and elsewhere, among stablemen and horsedealers, as she must have done to have produced such pictures as 'The Horse Fair,' 'A Stud of Horses,' and the numerous pictures of 'Ploughing' which have come from her pencil. Born at Bordeaux in 1822, and instructed by her father, a painter of some merit, her fame has

become world-wide, and her pictures rank with, if not beyond, most of her compeers in the same category of art. 'The Shepherd' is a very pleasing and discriminative specimen of her works, in which is seen the quietude and gentleness of nature as distinguished from the noise and bustle and power associated with any representation of a group of that noble animal, the horse. In foreign countries the flocks are more accustomed to follow their keepers than to be driven by them: and here we see the stalwart old shepherd, who is probably leading homewards his sheep at the decline of day—the long shadows on the ground help to determine the time—has brought them to a halt while he watches one of his dogs, the other seating itself with his eyes on the flock before him—bringing back a wanderer to its companions. The foremost sheep have been carefully studied, so as to give variety to their forms and attitudes. The picture may rank with this gifted artist's most successful pastorals, and is in all respects a very pleasing and attractive composition.





SYMBOLS OF THE SEASONS AND MONTHS REPRESENTED IN EARLY ART.*

BY THE REV. CHARLES BOUTELL, M.A.



NOW proceed to adduce examples of the Symbols of the Months, the three months of each season grouped together, from various early works, as well on the Continent as at home. In doing this, to some of these works reference is made in the most concise form, while in the case of a few others a fuller description is given. I keep together for comparison the symbols at Amiens and Salisbury, the two great contemporary cathedrals of the second and third quarters of the thirteenth century.

The early works to which reference is about to be made are—MS. (1). Calendar, apparently of the close of the tenth century, in the collections of the British Museum.

(2). A third MS., also in the British Museum.

(3, 4, and 5). French MSS., late in the thirteenth century; (6). French MS., early in the fourteenth century; (7). Flemish MS. of the fifteenth century. The symbols represented in these five foreign MSS. are arranged in a tabular form, for comparison with the symbols on the St. Mark's doorway-arch at Venice, in Ruskin's "Stones of Venice," ii., 277, from which work I have reproduced them here. To the foregoing seven MSS. I refer under each month merely by quoting the numerals (1), (2), &c. Of the illuminations in the Lambeth Psalter I give separate descriptions.

EARLY PRINTED BOOKS.—The Cologne edition of Bede, referred to as "Bede." Also a book of the "Hours," printed at Paris in 1533, in the library at Lambeth Palace.

ARCHITECTURAL WORKS. (1). The sculptures upon the Anglo-Norman font at Burham Deepdale, Norfolk.

(2). The castings in lead upon the Anglo-Norman font at Brookland, Kent.

(3). The sculptures upon the Anglo-Norman doorway-arch of St. Margaret's Church, York.

(4). The sculptures upon the great central doorway-arch of St. Mark's Cathedral, Venice (see "Stones of Venice," ii., 277).

(5). The sculptures upon the twenty-fifth capital of the Ducal Palace, Venice (see "Stones of Venice," ii., 362).

(6). The sculptures upon the great central portal of the cathedral at Rheims, of the second half of the thirteenth century.

(7). The doorway sculptures at Sens Cathedral.

(8). The sculptures on the north portal, Modena Cathedral.

(9). The sculptures on the central portal, Lucca Cathedral.

(10). The sculptures on the central portal, Parma Cathedral.

(11). The doorway sculptures at Cremona Cathedral.

(12). The doorway sculptures of San Zenone, Verona.

(13). The doorway sculptures of the church of the monastery of St. Ursin, in France; these sculptures are in the tympanum.

(14). The sculptures on the northernmost of the three great portals of the cathedral at Amiens (A.D. 1220—1288).

(15). The paintings (restored) upon the vaulting of the choir of Salisbury Cathedral (A.D. 1220—1258).

(16). The paintings by Giotto in the Great Hall at Padua; their date, the commencement of the fourteenth century.

(17). The medallions, one for each month, surrounding a central one for the year, "ANNVS," in the mosaic pavement of the choir of the cathedral at Aosta, a work of the second half of the twelfth century.

(18). Miserere-carvings in the Cathedrals of Worcester, Gloucester, Bristol, Norwich, Ripon, and Lincoln; in the Priory Church, Great Malvern; in Beverley Minster; in the Chapels of Henry VII. and of St. George, at Westminster and Windsor.

(19, 20). Stained glass at Leicester and Dewsbury.

(21). Mosaic pavement at Canterbury Cathedral.

(22). Wood carvings in a frieze running along both the northern

and the southern faces of the Watching Loft, a curious wooden structure still preserved *in situ*, immediately adjoining the position of the recently-recovered and *really* restored shrine of the English protomartyr in St. Alban's Cathedral. Not the least interesting point in these St. Alban's carvings is the illustration given by them of the manner in which in early works the symbols of the seasons were grouped with other subjects, some of them connected in a degree with those symbols, and others altogether distinct from them.

(23). A series of twelve circular medallions, in enamelled terra-cotta, painted in chiaroscuro, with impersonations of the months, the work of Luca della Robbia (born about 1400). Each of these roundels is a massive disc of terra-cotta, one foot ten inches and a half in diameter, of a single piece. Within a narrow border in relief, the surface of each medallion is flat, and is painted in grisaille on a blue ground. The designs consist of single figures of husbandmen, impersonating the agricultural occupations of the Florentine country, characteristic of each month of the year. A band, forming an inner border round each subject, is ingeniously and fancifully divided into two unequal sections, one being of a lighter tint than the general ground of the composition, while the other section is darker, thus indicating the day and the night; the mean duration of which for every month, being accurately computed, is set off on the band accordingly, and noted in written characters on the upper or daylight part, while the name of the month is written in large capital letters at the bottom in white, on the dark ground of the nocturnal portion. The sun pouring down a cone of yellow rays, accompanied by the sign of the zodiac proper to each month, is also seen on the left of the upper part of each margin, the moon being on the lower portion opposite to him. This singularly-interesting and very beautiful series of seasons medallions forms an important part of the collections of majolica in the South Kensington Museum.

Mr. Ruskin has introduced his description of the seasons sculptures upon the doorway-arch of St. Mark's in the following words:—"The great outer entrance of St. Mark's, which appears to have been completed some time after the rest of the fabric, differs from all others in presenting a series of subjects altogether Gothic in feeling, selection, and vitality of execution, and which show the occult entrance of the Gothic spirit before it had succeeded in effecting any modification of the Byzantine forms. These sculptures represent the Months of the Year employed in the avocations usually attributed to them throughout the whole compass of the Middle Ages in northern architecture and MS. calendars, and at last exquisitely verified by Spencer." Mr. Ruskin had previously said of St. Mark's, that "the main body may be broadly stated to be of the eleventh century, and the Gothic additions of the fourteenth." (See "Stones of Venice," ii., 271, and 59).

SYMBOLS OF SPRING.

The symbols generally accepted by mediæval artists as consistently characteristic of the *Spring Months* are, ploughing and digging, sowing, pruning, tending a flock, groups of animals with their young, gathering and displaying flowers, a tree with birds amidst its foliage, or a plant in flower, hawking, hunting the stag, riding on horseback, and blowing a horn or trumpet. It seems probable that digging sometimes may have been substituted for ploughing in compositions into which it would have been difficult to have introduced any representation of a ploughman at his work, as conveying the same idea of preparing the soil for the reception of the sower's seed, and the spade actually being to the garden what the plough is to the field.

SYMBOLS OF MARCH (Aries).—"In northern work, commonly

* Continued from page 116.

employed in pruning trees, when that occupation is left free for him by February."—*Ruskin*.

Ploughing: Lincoln miserere-carving.

Digging and sowing: MSS. (1, 2).

Digging: Burnham, Worcester, Great Malvern.

Pruning: In the south, pruning vines; vines also sometimes appear in "Pruning" symbols in the north. In warm climates, spring pruning and autumnal vintage correspond with the spring sowing and autumnal harvest of climates which are colder—MSS. (3, 4, 6); Brookland, St. Margaret's (York), Sens, Modena, Lucca, Aosta.

Vine-dressers at work: Rheims, Bede (two men, accompanied by a woman, sowing). *Reaping* (?): MS. (7).

Armed man leading a horse: Parma. *Hawking*: Padua.

Striking with an axe: MS. (5).

Blowing horn or trumpet: St. Mark's (armed man mounted, a boy gazing at him). In the Venice capital is represented a young man in rich attire, seated, his hair streaming in the wind behind him, who held a horn, now broken away. At Verona a man, also with streaming hair, holds two horns. At Padua, two men have a horn in each hand. At Cremona, a man, accompanied by a woman, appears to have been blowing a horn. In the marble pavement of the crypt of St. Savino, at Piacenza, also, the symbol of March is a man blowing a horn or trumpet.

One of the miserere-carvings of the Worcester series provides an excellent typical example of a March symbol in a sower, who

stands between two partly-emptied sacks of seed-corn, actively engaged in his proper occupation, his seed-wallet slung from a strap crossing his right shoulder and hanging on his left side. From this sower's right hand some object has been broken away, which may be assumed to have been a representation either of a falling handful of seed or of some implement to assist in the operation of sowing. In this miserere-carving the side supporters are two large birds on the wing, in vigilant readiness to secure their share of the seed as it falls to the ground (Fig. 5, p. 51 ante). A similar example, both of the sower and of the attendant birds on the watch, occurs in one of the few miserere-carvings that still survive in the Priory Church at Great Malvern. Tusser, from whom I already have quoted, says,

"In March sow thy barley, thy lande not to colde,

Sow wheate in a meane, sow thy rie not to thin,
let peason and beannes here and there take therein.
Sow barley and otes, good and thicke do not spare,
give lande leave her seede or her wede for to bare."

Hunting scenes, which are of frequent occurrence in miserere-carvings and other early works as symbols of the seasons, I leave at present, in order to treat them in connection with the months at the end of the year. Still, without doubt, some of them, and stag-hunting especially, may have been expressly intended to symbolize the first month of spring. Two of the Worcester miserere-carvings have figures of huntsmen, both of



Fig. 11.—Spring: Miserere-carving, Worcester Cathedral, c. A.D. 1395.

them on foot and in the act of lustily blowing very large and long horns. I am tempted to introduce one of these figures here, assuming, as in the instance of the fine composition at Venice already noticed, that this man's vehement performance on his great horn may refer to the sonorous blasts of the first month of spring. In the Worcester carving the horn, with the exception of its mouthpiece, and the man's right hand and arm below the elbow, now are broken away; but as very distinct indications of what they once were are still visible, I have restored them from a similar representation of a veritable horn-blowing hunter carved upon a miserere in Norwich Cathedral. The Worcester hunter himself has the buttons of his short tunic and the studs of his hip-belt of the most fashionable magnitude. He wears the tight hose and the pointed shoes of his period, his cap is enriched by a kind of fillet, and his hair is in the height of the fashion. He leans slightly towards the left, in order to balance the great instrument that stretches out from his right side. (Fig. 11.)

At Amiens, in the portal-sculpture, a vine-dresser is represented digging about the roots of two vines, which are entwined around a pole. The corresponding vaulting-painting at Salisbury also represents the same rural occupation of digging. In front of this digger is a tree just coming into leaf, and behind him is a bird which follows where the spade has been the agent for procuring its food.

Pruning is the March symbol in the Lambeth Psalter. A book of the "Hours," printed in Paris in 1533, also in the Lambeth library, commences with a calendar; and at the head of each

month's page, the Month, speaking as its own impersonation in the first person, proclaims its own characteristic and symbolical occupation. Alluding to pruning the vine, March says, "De vite superflua demo." Thus, in his circular plaque of enamelled terra-cotta, Luca della Robbia represents pruning the vine, the workman using a large pruning-hook, as the occupation symbolical of March.

SYMBOLS OF APRIL (Taurus).—"In northern work he is almost universally gathering flowers, or holding them triumphantly in each hand."—*Ruskin*.

Gathering flowers: MSS. (3, 4, 5, 6, 7).

Men holding flowers in each hand: Worcester, Great Malvern, Lucca, Cremona. St. Ursin, Verona (*woman*), Padua (*young woman*, richly clad, standing on ground sprinkled with flowers; to another woman, who is kneeling, a man presents flowers; others are gathering flowers into baskets). At Brookland, and apparently at St. Margaret's, York, a man, bare-headed, with long cloak, holds in each hand a sprouting plant.

Pruning a tree or vine: Rheims, Parma, Burham.

Man among vines: Modena, Luca della Robbia (training the vines). *Sowing*: Sens.

Feasting: MS. (1); man is seated between two women at a table; one attendant is pouring out liquor into a horn and another is blowing a pipe.

Carrying a sheep: St. Mark's. Upon the Venice Capital a youth, crowned with roses, is accompanied by a lamb.

Stag-hunting or deer-stalking: MS. (2); Bede, Gloucester.

Thus, in anticipation of the presence of May herself, flowers,

May's own dowry from bountiful nature are, by the early artists, assigned to April as one of his proper symbols. A third of the Worcester miserere-carvings gives an admirable example of this symbol, in exact accordance with the description given, as above quoted, in the "Stones of Venice" (Fig. 7). Here is a richly-attired personage, his anlace attached to the morse of his hip-belt, who, mindful that "April showers" play no unimportant part in producing "May flowers," wears his cloak; in each hand he displays exultingly a cluster of roses in full bloom.

At Amiens this month is symbolised by the figure of a man, evidently a personage of rank, standing near two trees in leaf, having a falcon on his wrist. The Salisbury painting represents a sower, with his seed-basket in his left hand and the seed falling copiously from his right hand, sowing upon well-tilled ground. In a tree in full foliage a dove is on her nest, while her mate hovers overhead; and a third bird, perched on the sower's partly-emptied sack of seed-corn, is feeding. In the April medallion of the Lambeth Psalter, March is impersonated by a youth, who holds in each hand a large branch of a plant sprouting and almost in flower. This month says "Do germen gratum."

SYMBOLS OF MAY (Gemini).—"In Italy, as in the north, almost always riding out hunting or hawking, sometimes play-

ing on a musical instrument."—(*Ruskin*.) In her symbols, May also is not unmindful of her own flowers. Thus Chaucer:

"May, with all thy flour and thy greene,
Welcome be thou, well faire freische May!
I hope that I som grene gete may."

Knight's Tale, 652.

And again—

"Forth goith all the courte, with moste and leste,
To feche flouris fresch."

Court of Love, 1431.

Flowers: Man crowned with flowers by two maidens (the "twins"): St. Mark's. Young man crowned with flowers, holds rose: Venice Capital. Young man holding flowers: Rheims. Man carrying tree covered with flowers: Padua.

Hawking: Riding on horseback with falcon on wrist, MSS. (3, 4, 6). Brookland, Padua, Worcester, Gloucester, Beverley.

On horseback: Armed man: Lucca, Verona. Riding at speed: Aosta, Padua (horseman carries branch). Man and horse: Sens. Man stands at horse's head: Modena. Man riding with woman on pillion: MS. (7).

Shepherd and flock: Shepherd sitting, his flock about him feeding; another man is carrying a lamb; three others are spectators: MS. (1). Piping shepherd with flock: St. Albans.

Playing on violin: MS. (5). *Reaping*: Parma.

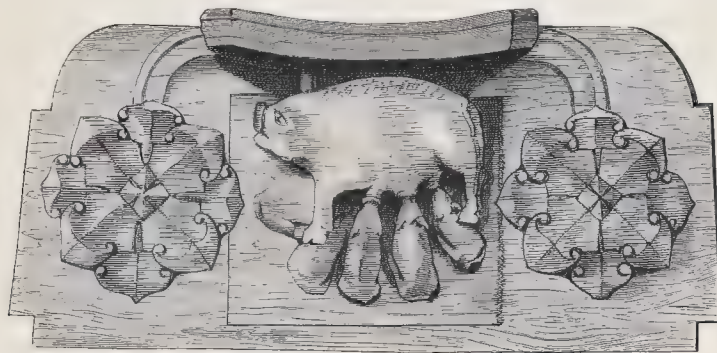


Fig. 12.—Spring: Miserere-carving, Worcester Cathedral, c. A.D. 1395.

Crowned figure kneeling before wayside cross: Bede.

Riding on a mule: Cremona, Gloucester.

"Hawking," writes Hentzner, upon the manners and customs of the English in 1598, "is the general sport of the gentry." On the Brookland font, expressly assigned to May, in another Worcester miserere-carving, hawking is represented in the person of a man of high rank (to indicate the aristocratic character of the sport), wearing a coronet of ample proportions, his short tunic encircled by a rich hip-belt, and his mantle so adjusted as to leave his right arm free. He stands with his right hand outstretched, his falcon on his wrist, and in his left hand he holds his hawking-gloves. To the right of this dignified sportsman is his youthful page, who holds by the rein a splendidly-caparisoned horse, having an immense head, in readiness for his lord to mount (Fig. 6, p. 52 ante). In the original carving, which in all other respects is perfect, the head of the page and the falcon have been broken away, leaving only indications of their outlines. Hawking is also represented with infinite spirit in one of the fine series of miserere-carvings in Gloucester Cathedral. In his admirable "Dictionnaire Raisonné du Mobilier française" (vol. ii., p. 436), M. Viollet-le-Duc gives several most characteristic examples of this symbol of May.

Luca della Robbia symbolizes May by a mower at work with a scythe, trees being in the background.

A shepherd, playing on his pipe while tending his flock, is carved with happy effect in the St. Alban's series; and at Beverley Minster there is another good example of a piping shepherd. Animals with their young are represented under various aspects, as symbols of the springtime, when, as the old

poet, who evidently had no fear of either spelling-bees or competitive examinations before his eyes, has it—

"Awe bleteth after lomb,
Louth after calve cu."

WHARTON'S History of English Poetry, ii., 41.

A sow with her litter appears in one of the Worcester carvings (Fig. 12).

The symbol of May, sculptured at Amiens, is a man lightly attired sitting under some trees, amidst the full foliage of which a bird is perched and is singing. The May symbol painted at Salisbury is a cavalier on a white horse, who looks back at the falcon sitting on his out-stretched right wrist; before him a tree in full foliage. At Lambeth a similar horseman is gazing on a falcon on his left wrist. May says, "Michi flos servit." At Amiens the sign of the zodiac for May is impersonated by a brother and a sister, *twins*.

So now we may pass on to consider the Symbols of Summer, that happy season, the approach of which had been hailed after the fashion following by the poet last quoted:

"Sumer is i-cumen in—
Lhude sing cucu!
Groweth sed, and bloweth med,
And springeth the wide nu.
Merrie sing, cucu, cucu!"

SYMBOLS OF SUMMER.

"The summer and autumnal months are always represented in a series of agricultural occupations, which, of course, vary with the locality in which they occur; but, generally, in their

order only. Thus, if June is mowing, July is reaping: if July is mowing, August is reaping, and so on. June sometimes is represented by sheep-shearing."—(*Ruskin*.) Accordingly, the prevalent early symbols of summer are, weeding, haymaking, harvesting, washing and shearing sheep, and, particularly in the south, preparing for the vintage; also, in the south, thrashing corn and sitting at rest or in repose.



Fig. 13.—Plaque by Luca della Robbia.

SYMBOLS OF JUNE (Cancer).—Weeding: Burnham, Worcester, Great Malvern, Canterbury, Leicester, St. Albans.

Mowing grass: Brookland, Modena, Aosta, Sens, St. Ursin (man sharpening his scythe with a whetstone, cut grass lying at his feet), St. Margaret's, York (for the Saxon intercalary month).

Reaping corn: St. Mark's, Lucca, Cremona, Padua. In his plaque Luca della Robbia has given reaping as his symbol for June (Fig. 13).

Sheep-shearing: MSS. (2, 7), Bede.

Gathering flowers: MS. (5).

Man in a tree gathering fruit: Verona.

Making a wine-barrel: Parma.

Swimming: Padua.

On horseback: Rheims.

Two vine-leaves united by their stalks: York.

Cherries in a basket: Venice Capital (this symbol is peculiar to Venice, where June is the "cherry month").

The accepted mediæval symbols of the three summer months are well represented in the Worcester miserere-carvings by as many groups of three figures, all of them actively engaged in the appropriate and characteristic rural occupations of the successive periods of the season. Illustrative of *weeding*, which, in the north especially, may be considered to be pre-eminently the symbol of June, in the first of the Worcester carvings (Fig. 9), three farming-men are introduced, all of them uniformly attired in closely-buttoned short tunics adjusted with hip-belts, their head-gear and their pointed shoes also being strictly in the fashion of the time, and all three actively employed in cutting thistles or other large weeds with "wedehokes" and "crotches." The implements held in the hands of these three fellow-workers—each one of them the exact counterpart of the other two—in the Worcester miserere are unfortunately broken away, except at their extremities; near at hand, however, at Great Malvern, a corresponding carving has a single workman engaged in the same useful labour. As this figure and his implements, as well as the bushy straggling objects at his feet which he is cutting,

are quite perfect, this worthy fellow gives a clear and completely satisfactory explanation of the vocation of the Worcester group of his comrades, as their vocation explains their own symbolical intention; and he supplies all that they have lost through the partial mutilation of the carving. In his left hand each of these "weeder" holds a "crotch"—a staff, that is, having at its lower extremity a double prong or fork, pointing downwards—with which the large weeds are *held down*, while in his right hand each man grasps a "wedehoke"—a similar staff with a sickle-like blade fixed on its lower extremity—with which these same weeds are *cut up*. In the Worcester group, in the original carving in its present condition, the blades of the "wedehokes" are seen in the act of cutting, and a part of a prong of the "crotch" of the central workman also remains. This process, as the symbol of June, is represented in one of the medallions of the inlaid pavement in Trinity Chapel in Canterbury Cathedral (Fig. 14). Again, another medallion in painted glass, of the time of Henry VII., now in the Mayor's Parlour at Leicester, shows (notwithstanding a partial mutilation) the same rural occupation of weeding as the symbol of the month June—the Saxon "weyd-monat"—in beautifully-clear and distinct detail. Thistles, having holly-like leaves, are the weeds this man, who looks like a nobleman's gardener's head-man, is holding down and cutting up in a fine garden in front of a large embattled castle. Above, on a scroll, is the word "JUNII." In his "*Speculum Universale*," in many respects by far the most valuable work on mediæval husbandry that has come down to our times, Vincent of Beauvais, speaking "*De instrumentis rusticis*" (A.D. 1244), describes the "*falcastrum*" and "*runcus*" as weeding implements. And Tusser gives us the vernacular rendering for these two Latin words respectively in the time of Henry VII. to have been "wedehoke" and "crotch."

Another weeder is doing good work with the same implements in one of the St. Alban's carvings. And once more, when referring to sheep-shearing, so well described in his "*Seasons*" by Thomson as a work to be done in June, Tusser adds—

"In June washe thy shepe where the water doth rune—
Then shere them, and spare not at two daies anende."

In the illustration of sheep-shearing given in the Cologne edition of Bede as symbolical of June, two men are represented sitting, and shearing their sheep with spring-shears.

The Amiens sculpture for this month exhibits a man with bare feet, and naked above his hips except that his head is covered with a cap, who is mowing grass in the midst of which flowers are growing. At Salisbury, in the vaulting painting, a youth presents freshly-gathered flowers to a seated lady, who already



Fig. 14.

has a bouquet in her right hand. A strenuous mower is the representative of June in the Lambeth MS. He wears a dark blue tunic and black low boots, his head and his arms being bare. He is looking behind him, while with his utmost strength wielding his scythe with its immense blade. At the head of the page is a similar figure, on his head a cap resembling an inverted bowl, carrying a companion scythe on his shoulder. June says, "*Michi pratum*."

(To be continued.)

OBJECTS OF ART EXPORTED FROM ROME INTO ENGLAND IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

IN the government archives at Rome there are many registers belonging to the ex-Papal administration which begin from the year 1500 and continue up to the beginning of this century. In some of them there are registered the permissions granted to foreigners for the exportation of objects of Art from the Papal Dominions. Among the persons named to whom such permission has been granted occurs that of the English family of Arundel. A member of this noble family employed a certain William Smith, who, in 1617, purchased several sculptures in Rome, and in the year 1626 bought again some Flemish pictures and many other objects of Art. In the year 1626 there appears the name of a certain Nicholas Lanieri (Englishman), as he is styled in the register, who also purchased numerous pictures and some sculptures, which he brought to England.

The indications given by these documents (the first of which we here present, translated, as nearly verbatim as possible, so as to show the form used in granting such permissions) may enable some of our readers to make researches in England and to identify some of these objects, and to find out where they are now deposited, whether in public galleries, museums, or private collections, as well as to correctly establish their *provenance* and to give the exact date of their coming to England.

Mr. Bertolotti, the learned keeper of the state archives at Rome, well known for his numerous literary productions, and especially as the author of the "*Passeggiate nel Canavese*," a work of many volumes and of great statistic and literary merit, kindly offered to send to us all such notices as he may find in the archives at Rome concerning our English families, &c.

✱ PIETRO, CAMERLENGO.

"1617. According to the tenor of the presents, and by the express order of His Holiness, verbally communicated to the undersigned, our auditor, and by authority of our office of Camerlengo, we do hereby grant leave to the Prince of Arundel (an Englishman), and for him to the bearer of this document, to export from alma city of Rome the statues herein described, namely:—

2 consuls in marble.

2 warriors in marble.

These four statues are each ten palms * high.

1 piety (statue of ?)

1 head of porphyry.

1 marble mortar (empty).

1 saltcellar, made of two pieces of alabaster (detached).

1 marble tazza for burning incense and perfumes.

1 large marble table.

Provided that all the above-named objects be all modern.

These objects we authorise him to export from the Papal dominions freely, and without incurring any fine or punishment. We command likewise, to whomsoever this order may concern, not to make any opposition, or to trouble him in the exportation of said objects, under the penalty of 500 ducats.

Given at Rome this day, the 25th of January, 1617.

By order of Cardinal Aldobrandini, Camerlengo,
(Signed) H. VACCARIUS, Auditor."

On the 29th of January, 1626, an Englishman, William Smith (on behalf of the Prince of Arundel), obtained leave to export from Rome the following modern paintings, namely:—

"25 Flemish landscape pictures on canvas, of modern work, size 3 x 5 palms.

12 pictures representing the apostles, 3 x 5 palms.

2 do. portraits of men, 3 x 5 palms.

20 do. representing Madonnas, apostles, prophets, &c., each of them 3 x 5 palms.

1 picture on copper, representing Christ carrying the cross, with many figures in front of him (Flemish work).

1 do. on copper, representing the same subject, and many figures (a copy).

22 pictures on copper, of one square palm each, six of them with figures, and the other sixteen representing landscapes (all of Flemish work).

1 painting on canvas, representing Judith.

1 do. do. Lot with the children.

1 do. do. St. John.

1 do. a Madonna with the infant Jesus in her arms, and 3 angels (this picture has a gold [probably gilt] frame).

1 head in metal of Socrates, life size (modern).

4 cases containing sundry objects in plaster, such as torsos, heads, legs, busts; also figurines in terra-cotta, bas-reliefs, &c.

5 little alabaster vases.

2 feet (of a table? made by order), with the arms of Count de la Rondella (probably an Italian branch of the Arundel family) with the table-top composed of several kinds of marbles and alabasters, &c.

3 tables of porphyry (ancient).

1 head of Apollo (modern).

1 marble figure draped, representing Count della Rondella, size 9 palms.

2 heads of women, of about life size.

3 statuettes of women.

1 do. of a woman on a lounge.

1 statue of Pallas (ancient), partly restored.

1 fragment of a terra-cotta vase, painted with vines and garlands (ancient).

Several fragments of ancient sculptures."

On the 29th of January, 1626, Nicholas Lanieri (an Englishman), was permitted to export from the Pontifical States the following objects:—

"5 Flemish landscape paintings, some on canvas and the others on copper.

3 portraits on canvas of different women.

1 portrait of Mr. Nicholas (Lanieri?)

Several little pictures, some on copper and others on canvas.

4 little paintings, with different figures on them.

2 do. heads of infants (copies of Titiano's).

1 do. representing a prophet.

1 do. a landscape by Guercino, 2 x 3 palms.

1 do. of St. John and several soldiers, on canvas.

1 do. landscape by Paolo Biello.

1 do. Madonna with Christ and St. Joseph, by Albano, 3 palms square.

1 painting, landscape, by Campiglia, on wood, 3 palms.

1 do. Madonna with Christ and St. John, by Carraccio, 5 palms.

3 do. half-figures on canvas (portraits, Venetian school).

1 do. Madonna with Christ, nude.

2 do. St. John, and one of St. Prasseda, by Gaetano.

2 do. heads of women (ancient).

1 do. representing Ecce Homo, by Salviati.

1 do. old woman, De Medici.

1 do. St. Peter, by Palma Vecchio.

1 do. portrait, by Francesco Salviati.

1 do. portrait of a knight of Malta.

And sundry other paintings on Biblical subjects.

A. BERTOLOTTI."

[We publish this somewhat singular and very interesting document, with the idea that we may obtain information as to where some of the objects and pictures now are.—ED. A. J.]

* The Roman palm is equal to eight inches and a half.

VENICE.*

EVER charming, if not "ever new," when will Venice have exhausted all the resources of Art or all her attractions for the pen of the writer? The city is a mine of wealth for the artist of every description, and her annals and literary treasures are yet a prolific field of operations for the historian and the bibliographer. It is no wonder, then, that painters should still see beauty in her faded and decaying palaces, whose steps are green with dank and slimy seaweed, and in the blue waters of the Adriatic amid which the city stands; and that publishers should continue to engage the services of the artist and also those of the author to spread over the world a knowledge of a place so marvellous in its construction, so inviting in its æsthetic attributes, and so renowned for its manifold and varied development of the Arts. Of the many publications which this famous city has called into existence, none can, in its way, surpass in comprehensiveness, in variety and beauty of illustration, in intelligent and pleasant, though somewhat brief, descriptive matter, a work now being issued by the eminent publishing house of M. J. Rothschild, of Paris, whose books, of almost every class, are, as a rule, *livres de luxe*.

The purpose of M. Yriarte, to whom has been confided the task of preparing the text for the volume before us, has evidently been to aid M. Rothschild in setting out or designing a vast picture, if such a term may be used, including the history of Venice, her commerce, arts, and industry; to show how the city has gradually descended from the plenitude of her power and the meridian altitude of her beauty to her present comparatively neglected and fallen condition; to exhibit her at the same time as she was and as she is; to resuscitate, through their works, the men who, as architects, painters, and sculptors, made Venice a glory among the nations, and to show the wide-spread

task here undertaken by a most interesting semi-fictional story called "The Life of a Patrician of Venice in the Sixteenth Century," divides the subject of his present work into a variety of chapters:—the history of the city, its archives, commerce, navy and arsenal, architecture, sculpture, painting, printing, glass-work, mosaics, lace-work; the city itself, and its inhabitants, or, as he calls it, its "life." It is clear, from the programme thus set forth, that the plan of the book is a comprehensive one; yet is there no fear that the author will exhaust



Lions of the Arsenal.

influence these works have had on other European countries. In short, we are offered in these pages a kind of moving panorama of this wondrous "city of the sea."

M. Yriarte, who some time since testified to his fitness for the

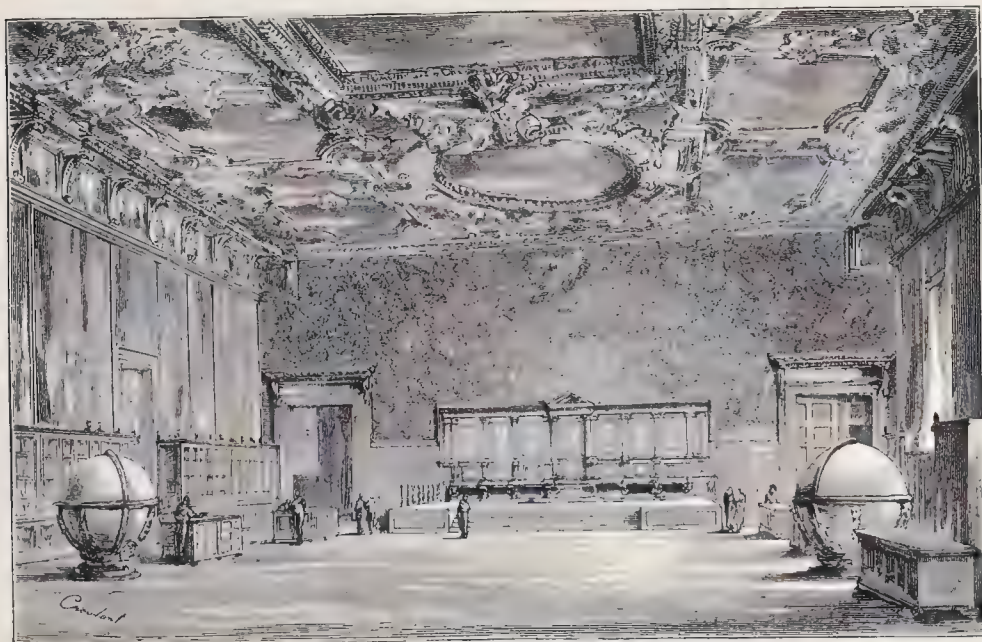


Pesaro's Tomb.

his materials within the space allotted to him, which is certainly not more than sufficient, even if it is enough, for his purpose. The book must be regarded as illustrative chiefly; almost every page shows some one or more examples of the diversified Art-treasures comprised within the confines of the city. Sometimes picturesque bits of external architecture—similar to those introduced on this page; sometimes we get a sight of sumptuous interiors, as that of the "Great Council Room," engraved on the next page; elsewhere are specimens of ornamental work, capitals of pillars, columns, bas-reliefs, iron-work, and kindred subjects. Then there are numerous large woodcuts, &c.—too large to admit of our giving an example—of many of the great pictures by the old masters which Venice contains; and also of the doges and nobles, from that of the famous Dandolo to that of Daniel Manin, president of the Venetian republic in 1848, the "last great political name in its history," who, in modern frock coat and black necktie, with spectacles on nose, seems anything but a lineal official descendant of the magnificent-looking old Dandolo.

* "Venise: Histoire, Arts, Industrie, Commerce; la Ville et la Vie." Par Charles Yriarte. Published by J. Rothschild, rue des Saints-Pères, Paris.

In dismissing this most interesting and richly illustrated publication—at least for the present (the first volume only



Chamber of the Grand Council in the Ducal Palace.

has yet made its appearance, the second is expected to be ready | in a few months)—we have only further to remark that the



The Doge and the Council descending the Giants' Steps of the Ducal Palace.

book and its subject are worthy of each other: to those who | know what Venice really is, no other recommendation is needed.

THE SOCIETY OF LADY ARTISTS AT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

WE are glad to see that this society continues vigorous, healthy, and independent; and while it has among its members, honorary or otherwise, such distinguished artists as Mrs. E. M. Ward, Madame Bisschop, Louisa Jopling, and Elizabeth Thompson, we are sure its active secretary, Miss M. Atkinson, will have no occasion to complain of any falling off either in strength or attractiveness.

Out of seven hundred and fifteen works, some in black and white, some in oil, some in water colours, others only copies, and a few paintings on china by that able artist, Miss R. Coleman, we have only space to mention a work here and there.

The first artist we have named sends the interesting picture which she exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1869, and which afterwards received the gold medal at the Crystal Palace. It is called 'An Incident in the Childhood of the Pretender' (595), and Mrs. E. M. Ward has treated it with that fine historic instinct for which she and her husband are so famous. Their daughters, Flora Ward and Eva M. Ward, send respectively a young lady devouring 'The Third Volume' (281) and 'A Frost at Last' (307), both of which we noticed when they adorned the walls of the Royal Academy. Madame C. Bisschop, of the Hague, sends an example of her free and masterly handling in a picture which shows us a child in yellow frock and white bib giving baby 'The First Kiss' (61); and Louisa Jopling, who is no less vigorous, with the advantage of being more varied in manner, contributes a splendid life-sized figure of Izanami, the Japanese Eve. The glowing reflections on her face, caused by her richly-coloured parasol, are well felt. We don't know whether the artist has ever visited Japan, but the background of her picture, and the landscape generally, adapt themselves to the figure as if they had been studied on the spot. Another life-sized figure of undoubted merit is Ellen Partridge's portrait of 'Miss Pierrepont' (253), in a light blue-green dress, with whose tone the black velvet tie comes in very well. Close by will be found a capital figure picture of a Breton girl in blue and red (248), by the same artist, which she calls 'He cometh not.' Near this hangs Mdlle. M. Kirschner's 'Cattle on the Banks of a Stream' (238), low in key, but full of art, reality, and effect. Similar remarks are applicable to Hilda Montalba's 'Early Spring' (261), showing a young lady wheeling a barrow through a leafless plantation, and two lovers conversing in the background. Nor must we omit mentioning, while in this part of the gallery, Louise B. Swift's remarkably clever group of four spaniels of King Charles's breed 'After a Lark' (270) which has just risen at their feet as they scampered across the field, and at which they now gaze in bewildered astonishment as the bird rises. Mary Backhouse's 'La Bella Lavandaja' (280) arranging flowers, and W. A.

Walker's 'Golden Age' (342), a boy blowing bubbles, watched by a girl, are among the masterly works of the exhibition.

Prominent among the landscape painters are Mrs. Marable, above whose pictures (57 and 63) hang two olive-complexioned beauties, nearly life size and full-faced, by F. Alldridge-Roberts and Emily Alldridge.

Kate Edith Nichols sends a well-considered view looking up the wooded 'River Esk' (80), with a fisher, rod in hand, in mid stream, and a view of 'The Old Town, Whitby, Yorkshire' (436), as seen from the height on which, if we remember rightly, stands the abbey. Marian Croft occupies the place of honour with her tree-shadowed 'Old Cottage, Ringmer' (165), in front of which is a wild luxuriant overgrowth, which she has rendered with some considerable detail, without any sacrifice of breadth. This picture is flanked by two clever works, 'Grape Gatherer, Sorrento' (150), and 'A Happy Thought' (171), both from the facile pencil of Mrs. Backhouse.

Immediately in this neighbourhood will be found some fine examples of flower painting. Maria Harrison shows a magnificent 'Marshal Neil Rose, in Wedgwood Vase' (177), and Mrs. A. Lukis Guerin, a 'White Iris,' both charmingly painted. The other ladies who hold distinguished places in this department, and whose fruit and flowers are all but unapproachable in their excellence, are M. Margetson, E. H. Stannard, F. E. Davis, C. J. James, R. Coleman, and Madame Hegg.

We would call attention also to E. Hine's 'Schoolfellows' (98); to the girl handling some 'Peacock's Feathers' (101), by E. S. Guinness; 'A Neapolitan Coral-fisher' (121), by Mrs. Bridell Fox; 'Sunset in the Marshes' (122), by Jane Deakin; a branch of 'Plums' (706), by Emma Cooper, and to her two Jenny Wrens in 'Spring Morning' (657). Miss Jessie Landseer's miniature on ivory of her brother's, Sir Edwin's, picture of 'Beauty's Bath' (682), a young lady with a spaniel in her arms, painted for the late Sir Robert Peel, is faithful to the original both in spirit and letter. Worthy of notice also are the works of S. M. Louisa Taylor (295), Adelaide Claxton (306), Miss H. Dixon (300)—'Lorni,' a work in which we see much promise—and L. Starr, who sends a sweetly modelled head of 'Miranda' (614). Lady Gordon, Miss F. Kempson, Miss M. Rayner, Miss E. Walter, Miss S. S. Warren, and Mrs. Thomas, of Sheffield, are all fully and worthily represented; but the many calls on the pencil of Miss Elizabeth Thompson have admitted of her sending this season only two small compositions, the one representing a youth lying back languidly in his rocking-chair, 'In a Genoese Garden' (608), the other a young lady looking over a garden terrace (619) in the same locality; but slight though these productions are, they bear on them the touch and impress of the artist.

RICHARD BAXTER.

Engraved by W. HUNT from the Statue by T. BROCK.

FOUR or five years ago a number of admirers of this famous old divine raised a subscription to defray the cost of a statue to be erected as a memorial of him in the busy town of Kidderminster, of which place he held the vicarage during nearly twenty years, between 1641 and 1660. Baxter's loyalty to Church and King was not strong enough to prevent him from sympathizing with the Parliament in the Civil War, though he bravely withstood Cromwell to the face when the latter was declared Protector. After the Restoration the Uniformity Act

drove Baxter from the Church into the ranks of the Nonconformists, and in this character he became one of the victims of the detestable Judge Jefferies, who fined and imprisoned him. Before this he settled in London, and used to preach at Pinner's Hall and in a chapel in Fetter Lane. His two principal books, 'The Saints' Everlasting Rest' and 'A Call to the Unconverted,' are still popular among a certain class of readers. This characteristic statue—larger than life size—by Mr. Brock, one of the late J. H. Foley's clever pupils, was erected in 1875.



THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.



ALL in all we are bound to accept the Annual Exhibition of the Royal Academy as a manifestation—a visible record—of the state of British Art; but it by no means follows that the annalists, so to speak, are invariably capable men, and give us on all occasions such a synopsis as will satisfy cultured people. The erratic and often contradictory character of their decisions has long been a source of amusement to the outside world, and of bitter (and, on some occasions to which we can point, of heart-breaking) complaint to those more immediately concerned.

This year, from many cases which have come under our own personal knowledge, we open the eyes of our mental vision with more distressed astonishment than ever. But we must return to the subject at another time; it is too important to be dismissed in a paragraph; and for the present, instead of harping on the absence of certain pictures, whose merits we thought ought to have commanded for them an honourable place on the walls of the Academy, we will proceed to notice those in the present exhibition about whose excellence we are perfectly at one with the council.

Before commencing with Gallery No. I. we would tender our sincere congratulations to Frederick Leighton and Lord Ronald Gower on their achieving a success in sculpture unprecedented in the history of Art in this country. The Athlete, in bronze, wrestling with a Python, which gives character and importance to the Lecture-room this year, is nobly classic in feeling, yet full of such realistic detail as modern anatomical knowledge demands. We have no space to enter into special criticism. Larger experience in modelling might, here and there, have given greater appearance of mere surface-freedom; but no increase of manipulative practice would have added to the grandeur and completeness of Mr. Leighton's Python Slayer, any more than would the most perfect finish have increased the awe with which we gaze on the reclining figures on the tombs of the Medici in the Sacristy of San Lorenzo. Under the Chantrey bequest the Academy authorities have secured Mr. Leighton's work for the sum of two thousand guineas.

Under noble inspiration, also, must Lord Ronald Gower have worked before he could have arrested, as it were on the very threshold of death, two such figures as are in the Sculpture Gallery. Last year we had from him an ideal head of Our Saviour on the Cross, which might have been conceived by Alonzo Cano in the religious rapture of a vision, so exceedingly sad was its expression. This year he turns with increase of success to secular history, and gives the world better and happier assurance of being a great sculptor than did Lord Byron in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" of being a great poet. The white marble form of Marie Antoinette, attenuated and tall, with head erect and face sublimed, as she leaves with stately step the Prison of the Conciergerie on the day of her execution, is startling in its vividness; and were one to come upon the figure suddenly in a moon-lit room he would draw back and say he had seen a spirit.

His other work is in bronze, and holds the place of honour in the Sculpture Gallery. It represents a warrior of the old Imperial Guard lying wounded to death on the battle-field; but who, hearing the approach of the foe, with his right hand for a lever, lifts himself partially and painfully from the ground, and grasping his musket, looks over his left shoulder with the grand defiance of Prometheus on his face, and hurls at the enemy with one final life effort, "La garde meurt, et ne se rend pas." The words may be apocryphal; but their spirit is characteristic and accepted as gospel. All the military details of dress and accoutrement are given with religious fidelity, yet the ideality and grandeur of the figure remain untouched.

The works, of course, of such able men as Calder Marshall, Joseph Durham, Bruce Joy, H. H. Armstead, W. J. Woodington, 1877.

Adams-Acton, H. Weekes, C. B. Birch, George Tinworth, Count Gleichen, Boehm, and Dalou—all of whom, with several others we have failed to name, are very fairly represented in the Sculpture Galleries—we hope to notice hereafter.

The entire number of accepted outsiders this year amounted to 256, and the doubtful pictures, as they are called by the Academy, for which no room could be found, reached a very startling total. We wish our disappointed artist friends distinctly to understand that we regard such rejection as being by no means either a fair or a final judgment on their works; and that, when they assure us there are scores of pictures on the walls, and some of them too by Academicians, far inferior to anything of theirs, we are perfectly familiar with the fact, and we would simply counsel them to "suffer and be strong."

This year's exhibition, then, consists of 1,539 works, which are apportioned among the various departments of Art in this way: oil paintings, 880; water colours, 257; miniatures, 37; engravings, etchings, drawings, &c., 62; architectural drawings, 164; sculpture, 139.

Entering Gallery No. I., and following the names as they occur in the Catalogue, we rejoice to find that accident for once enables us to obey the dictates of gallantry without invidiousness. The first name is that of LOUISA STARR, a *quondam* Gold Medalist; her two 'Daughters of Robert Russell Carew, Esq.' (1), attired in white, and life-sized, are pleasant in their grouping, satisfying as to colour, and altogether more masterly than anything the lady has yet done. She maintains her reputation with equal success in the portrait of 'Mrs. J. E. Pfeiffer' (383). F. GOODALL, R.A., seeks this year "fresh woods and pastures new," and has assuredly found them in his Scotch landscape of 'Glen-cro' (2). The cattle in the foreground he doubtless intends for Kyloes, but he has failed to seize either their proportions or their character. If the visitors will look at H. GARLAND'S 'Highland Drove' (7), or PETER GRAHAM'S Highland cattle among the blooming heather during 'A Glimpse of Sunshine' (46), both of whom understand perfectly the points of the animal, the difference will be at once apparent. Mr. GOODALL has another picture out of his ordinary track, called 'The Time of Roses' (216), showing a handsome young mother holding up her crowing baby to a rose-tree; but the work in which his admirers will most care to see his beauties is doubtless the large one occupying the place of honour in Gallery No. VII., representing the graceful coming and going of the female 'Water-Carriers' of the Nile (614). 'The Threshing Floor at Gilgal' (21), by R. BEAVIS, is one of the strongest pictures he has painted for a long time, and illustrates most aptly the injunction in Deuteronomy, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn."

C. E. PERUGINI'S hairdresser of last century giving the 'Finishing Touches' (8) with his powder-puff to the bright-eyed lady who stands behind the curtains and submits her pretty head to him, has all the charm, dexterous workmanship, and finish, for which this artist is famous. His sense of what is pleasing comes out also in 'The Hop-picker' (142); a fine healthy girl, at work in the hop-garden. Mrs. Perugini's 'Impartial Audience' (134) is a little picture as full of quiet humour as it is of merit.

The picture of the young girl claiming 'Sanctuary' (9), by EYRE CROWE, A., and clinging wildly to the pillar in the church on which stands the sacred figure of the Virgin, is conceived in the true dramatic spirit. Of his other three contributions we prefer the 'Bridal Procession at St. Maclou, Rouen' (389), as being less hard and dry. Another picture full of character and vigour is the memorable 'Tumult in the House of Commons, March 2nd, 1629' (19), by A. C. GOW: it is a great advance upon anything this artist has yet done. Another young painter, who has taken not so much a stride as a spring forward, is FRANK DICKSEE; his 'Harmony' (14), hangs in the place of honour, opposite

that occupied by J. E. Millais's 'Yeoman of the Guard.' It shows an auburn-haired girl seated at the organ on which a young man leans his elbow and gazes on her, as she plays with rapt admiration and holiest reverence. A richly-stained glass window above the lovers gives variety and volume to the harmony. In this chromatic scene Mr. Dicksee has given us one of the most perfectly toned harmonies in the Exhibition; and the Council of the Academy were perfectly right in purchasing the picture under the Chantrey bequest. With funds from the same source the Academy authorities bought—as is elsewhere stated—three other pictures of young students whom they thought deserving of the honour. These are JOSEPH KNIGHT'S 'Tidal River' (329), painted in a low key, with a punt in the foreground and some sportsmen reclining on the bank; 'Digging for Bait' (577), by C. W. WYLLIE—not a very interesting subject nor a very good example of this artist's powers; and 'The Story of Ruth' (574-576), told by T. M. ROOKE in three panels. The inspiration of this last-named artist has, probably, been found in contemplating the works of Burne Jones; but Mr. Rooke ought to remember that that painter makes the study of drapery a *sine qua non*, while the crumpings we have here not only rob the picture of breadth, but force upon the eye a sense of their impossibility, unless we are to suppose the dresses have been steeped in some peculiar liquid and then suddenly baked. In other respects the three compositions are far from being without positive merit.

Mrs. E. M. WARD'S 'Princess Charlotte of Wales' (45), binding up with her pocket-handkerchief the wounded hand of a poor ragged boy, is just such a subject as would commend itself to the sympathetic nature of Mrs. Ward. She has seized the situation entirely, and therefore compels the spectator to share with her the sentiment conveyed by the story. We take this opportunity of congratulating her husband on his return to his historic studies. Of the five contributions of Mr. E. M. WARD, R.A., two at least belong to this category. These are 'The Last Interview between Napoleon I. and Queen Louisa of Prussia (Mother of the present Emperor of Germany) at Tilsit, 1808' (408)—a dramatic episode set forth with all that powerful *vraisemblance* for which Mr. Ward is so justly distinguished; and 'William III. at Windsor' (197), granting gracious permission to Elizabeth Edwards to erect a shed in the gateway of the lower ward, that she might pursue her avocation as sempstress, and maintain herself and many children from becoming a burthen on the parish. To the left we see two guards presenting arms as the king puts his kindly hand on the eldest boy, while the younger ones cling shyly round their mother. The architectural accessions have been carefully studied, and although the incident recorded be in itself trifling, the art of the painter has given it significance, and raised it into historic importance.

In the first room will also be found a wonderfully clever, but at the same time very painful picture, by P. F. POOLE, R.A., representing a girl leading one who is blind (37). We prefer his pastoral called 'Autumn' (557), in which we see a country girl noting with thoughtful look the first advent of the robin, and his grand ideal landscape, in which is 'The Dragon's Cavern' (193). Another interesting picture, in Gallery No. I., is a representation of 'The Old Pump-room Bath' (67), a picture full of character and well-studied costume, by G. A. STOREY, R.A. It is a quaint but well carried out conceit of the same artist to make a little boy, in his garden chair, holding up an apple to three handsome girls, play the classic part of Paris in 'The Judgment of Paris' (110). The 'Legal Adviser' (56) by ERSKINE NICOL, A., has a half puzzled, half suspicious look on his face, as if Pat, for all his gesticulation, were scarcely making out a very clear case for himself. The marvellous way in which this artist hits off character, and clearly differentiates Irish peculiarities of look and feature from Scotch, places Mr. Nicol on a pedestal entirely his own. The worthy dame, who looks down benignly on her grandchild, going, after much persuasion, 'Unwillingly to School' (238)—also by Mr. Nicol—has precisely such an expression of *coothie* wisdom in her face as is found most frequently "ayont the Tweed."

This last expression reminds us that J. PETTIE, R.A., has in the same Gallery one of the most intensely expressed figures he ever painted—'Hunted Down' (28); a half-naked Highlander, with bloody claymore, has taken refuge in a rocky fastness, from which he looks forth with eager gaze and desperate resolve to mark the possible approach of the foe. We scarcely can decide whether this or the same painter's 'Sword and Dagger Fight' (203), by the side of a darkling wood—one of the combatants being in black, the other in white—is the more fearfully dramatic. Both subjects lend themselves most readily to the rugged brush work so peculiarly characteristic of this section of the Scottish School, created by Messrs. Pettie and Orchardson. 'A Knight of the Seventeenth Century' (96) in black armour, and with an airy freedom about the set of his head, is from the same vigorous brush; and it will, perhaps, be information to some of our readers if we tell them that this gallant knight is a portrait of William Black, author of "A Princess of Thule."

Among the notable portraits of the first room is 'Miss Ruth P. Bouverie' (13), seated in a wood, sketch-book in hand, by W. W. OULESS, A., whom we can safely leave to his own devices now that he is an Associate. At the same time this does not by any means alter our opinion that he is in the front rank of living portrait painters. We would also call attention to 'Mrs. Lloyd Rayner' (10), by W. B. BOADLE, of Liverpool; 'The Countess of Portsmouth' (18) seated at her writing-desk, by H. T. WELLS, R.A.; 'R. Mills, Esq.' (35), by VAL C. PRINSEP; 'W. E. Hensley, Esq.' (48), by T. BLAKE WIRGMAN; the two children of Angus Holden, Esq., 'Annie and Ernest' (66), by S. SIDLEY, who has very wisely got Mr. Ansdell to paint in the pony; and to 'The Rev. John Edward Kempe, M.A.' (58), by E. W. EDDIS.

To find, however, a portrait equal in power to Mr. Pettie's Knight in black armour, we must go to Mr. MILLAIS'S 'Yeoman of the Guard' (52), whom we see gravely seated, staff in hand. The forcible flash of red with which the Beefeater's coat is painted draws one up to the picture from the farthest corner of the room, and there are, perhaps, only two other men in the Academy who could throw on the canvas the colour so vividly. The figure subject proper, however, of the distinguished Academician is the picture he calls 'Yes' (409), in which is depicted the parting of two lovers. He, great-coated and buckled for a long journey, if we may judge by the portmanteau behind, presses her hand nervously, and gives at last utterance to the question which has trembled on his lips so long, and she, with a tearful expression of love and trust, looks up in his face and lets firmly from her quivering mouth a joyful "Yes." The pathos of this picture is only to be equalled by the same artist's 'Meeting of Effie Deans and Geordie Robertson at the Dykeside,' which is now being exhibited at the King Street Galleries. The other contribution of Mr. Millais is a fine landscape from the glorious neighbourhood of Dunkeld. We can almost hear the wooded banks of the tumultuous stream, as it dashes among the boulders, echoing as it were 'The Sound of many Waters' (273). This reminds us that J. CASSIE has sent one of his charmingly sweet transcripts from nature which he calls 'A Summer Afternoon—Frith of Forth' (34), and that J. W. OAKES, A., is no less true in his rendering of 'The Border Countrie' (57).

"Where Cheviot's ridges swell to meet the sky."

When we enter Gallery No. II., looking straight before us, our eye falls on the group of sweet young girls who, as G. D. LESLIE, R.A., shows us in his soothing and cajoling way, have been gathering cowslips. One has need of some gentle reassurance of this kind when one looks to the canvas above, and sees what sad confusion 'The Fall of Man' (100) made throughout all animated nature: BOUVERIE GODDARD displays in it, no doubt, much knowledge of animal life, and of feline nature especially. But we do not see here so much "signs of woe that all was lost" as ramping and raging among the wild beasts of the field at "completing of the mortal sin original." This picture, as a *tour de force* in the way of animal painting, is grand enough; but it would form a very disturbing element if hung in a room where a nervously imaginative man lived.

(To be continued.)

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

PREMISING that the number of drawings is two hundred and eighty-nine, and that they fully maintain the high reputation of the Society, we proceed, so far as our space allows, to indicate a few of the more notable works in the gallery.

Taking the figure painters first, and following the catalogue, we are arrested by one of those stirring battle-pieces for which Sir John Gilbert, R.A., is famous. The worthy President of the Society, in 'Marston Moor' (8), shows how the Cromwellians charged and routed the enemy. "God," to use the presumptuous expression of Oliver, in his letter describing the battle, "made them as stubble to our swords. We charged their regiments of foot with our horse, and routed all we charged." The picture, however, which shows Sir John's mastery over light and shade, the distribution of mass, and the vigorous yet harmonious distribution of colour, is 'The Guide' (112), which fills the place of honour on the opposite wall. A peasant leads forth from the shades of the forest into the buxom light of day a mounted priest and warrior; and the contrast between the dark cavernous depths of the wood and the joyous space into which they emerge is most subtly and triumphantly realised.

One regrets exceedingly, in looking at F. W. Topham's 'Blackberry Gatherers' (13), and at his two lovers at the style during 'Haymaking' (116), to remember that this idyllic painter will delight the world no more. No artist could touch the emotional in our nature with a subtler or more soothing hand.

R. Thorne Waite, one of last year's Associates, touches a humorous vein in his 'Idlers' (21), a boy and girl sailing their boat in a pond in the foreground, while the pigs disport themselves among the white sheets hung out to dry; and he succeeds in giving a warm sunny tone to the picture in which we see three country girls 'On the way to School' (51). Nor is J. D. Watson dead to a sense of the incongruous and comical. 'The Elopement Detected' (46) is a sorry sight for the lover, who waits in the background and dares not move a step, while the old dame, full of wrath and all uncharitableness, tears from the poor girl her male disguise. This artist has several other contributions, and not the least pleasing of these is his 'River-side Pastoral' (140), a picture in a low key, showing some large boulders and a few sheep under the shadow of trees.

The Society, at its last meeting, elected three new Associates, and Arthur Hopkins is one of these. 'The Genius of the Village' (57), a boy fashioning a little boat amidst a group of admiring children, and 'The Plough' (82), being dragged up hill by a team of four horses, although both of them, ordinary enough in subject, are yet treated with great vigour.

Edwin Buckman, the second of the three, has also an individuality of his own, and his notions of applied art we hope soon to see appreciated as they ought to be. His idea is this: that modern subjects, the manners and customs of to-day, in this section of society or in that, are perfectly amenable to decorative treatment; and he shows this by a long frieze-like drawing, representing a number of Showmen, Punch and Judy men, organ-grinders, and peripatetic performers generally, hurrying along the road as if anxious to get to the fair in time. The picture is called 'The Business of Pleasure' (65).

Cuthbert Rigby, the third Associate, is a landscape painter, choice in the selection of his subjects, careful in their manipulation, and always carrying them to a bright and silvery issue. His 'Plas-goch, Anglesea' (204), 'Randal How, Cumberland' (92), with its cottages and picturesque surroundings, and wooded 'Esk in quiet corners pausing' (1), though unostentatious, are very satisfying.

E. K. Johnson's old couple and some young folks in a flowery garden making preparations to hive a 'A Golden Swarm' (64), occupies the place of honour in the far end of the room. For so pleasant a subject as this, Mr. Johnson, from carrying his beautiful manipulation not only into every face and flower, but into every detail, has given rather a distracting effect to the whole.

Every person and thing in the picture is playing the first rôle; there is no subserviency anywhere; consequently the artist has missed that breadth and unity which would have enhanced the charms of his work. Above this picture hangs a 'Winter Twilight' (63), of great Art-merit, by C. Branwhite, showing a black frost on a canal. In the same neighbourhood will be found J. W. North's Algerian Hillside covered with 'Roses, Asphodel, and Cypress' (67); E. F. Brewtnall's 'I sent a letter to my love, I hope she hasn't lost it' (69); and Albert Goodwin's 'Water Babies' (71), sailing their tiny boats in a pool under the rocks; all of them notable in their respective ways for Art qualities of a high kind. T. R. Lamont's 'Spring Offering' (90), a little girl presenting a bunch of cowslips to a lady, is like all this artist's work, warm in tone and beautifully felt; and Mrs. Allingham carries out this same quality of warmth to the most grateful issues in 'The Old Men's Gardens, Chelsea Hospital' (139).

Alfred D. Fripp works in a higher key, and rejoices in a brighter effect of daylight, as may be seen in his 'Whortleberry Gatherers' (106), assembled with the fruits of their roaming in front of a North Devon cottage-door. The peasant, girl who has left the hayfield to reach with a long stick some 'Water Lilies' (146, by J. Parker), makes, with the distant hay-wain and the bright summer clouds overhead, a very desirable picture, and although smaller and less pretentious than his row of children fishing 'On the Banks of the Thames' (160), many people will give it the preference. We like too, very much, Birket Foster's 'Chair Mender' (172), who prosecutes his calling diligently in front of a cottage door, much to the satisfaction of some children. E. F. Brewtnall's 'Fortune Telling' (176), is also a well set forth incident, and few will look at the old gentleman reading the cards to the two young ladies without sharing their interest. Walter Duncan, one of the young Associates, sends a picture, 'Love, Scandal, and Politics' (180), which, for the Venetian quality of its colour, stands quite alone. The same artist has a 'Sleeping Girl' (213), on one of the screens, which, like Alma Tadema's Roman reading 'An Interesting Scroll' (218), is admirable in drawing; and as for Carl Haag's swarthy 'Said at Darfoor' (266), it is simply one of the most beautifully modelled heads he ever painted.

In sea pieces and landscapes the gallery is more than ordinarily rich. Oswald W. Brierly has achieved quite a success in his picture of the 'Morning after the Engagement off Florez, between Sir Richard Grenville in the *Revenge*, and a Spanish Fleet under the command of Admiral Alonzo de Baçon, August, 1591.' What Froude has done so graphically with his pen, Brierly has accomplished with his pencil. We see the English ship, dimasted and shattered, "settling slowly in the sea, the vast fleet of Spaniards lying round in a ring, like dogs round a dying lion, and wary of approaching him in his last agony." Another most impressive sea piece is that of Edward Duncan, one of the noblest of our marine painters. It represents the successful throwing of a rocket over a wrecked 'Brig on the Rocks near Dunbar, on the Coast of Haddingtonshire' (128).

Francis Powell is another artist who has studied to some effect the aspects of the ocean, as may well be seen by his 'Gales on the North-east Coast of Arran.' H. Moore, if we may judge from his 'Sunset in the Highlands' (12), is likely to prove as successful with his inland scenes as he has hitherto been with his sea pieces.

We would call attention also to Alfred P. Newton's 'Unveiling of the Mountain' (42), S. P. Jackson's 'Evening on the Thames' (79), C. Davidson's 'Carting Heather' (87), E. A. Goodall's 'Street in Cairo' (109), and Clara Montalba's 'Street in Venice' (83). Cattle subjects are ably treated by F. Tayler, Basil Bradley, O. Weber, and H. B. Willis; from lack of space we refrain from noticing their works more in detail. We have to congratulate S. Palmer on his return to the walls of the Society in force, exemplified in his 'Tityrus restored to his Patrimony' (100).

EXHIBITION OF THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

THE two hundred and thirty-four drawings which compose this exhibition are pretty fairly divided between landscape and figure painters, and a higher standard of excellence is reached this season, we think, than has been touched for several years back. Some of the leading landscape men, such as E. M. Wimperis, James Orrock, and Thomas Collier, base themselves upon Cox, just as Hugh Carter draws his inspiration from Israels; but we by no means wish to imply that there is anything slavish in their imitation.

On the screens will be found two sets of subjects from Shakespeare by Charles Cattermole (217 and 220), necessarily sketchy in treatment, but as full of life and vigour as similar illustrations by Sir John Gilbert himself. E. J. Gregory, one of our coming young men, sends a tired dancing-girl, whom we see leaning against the mantelpiece in the green-room. He calls it 'Tween Acts' (230); but although the drawing is exquisite, the model is not a very entrancing one, and the contribution is too slight for an artist of Mr. Gregory's reputation. Edward Henry Corbould's 'Lady Godiva' (195) riding forth "clothed on with chastity," is full of detached beauties, but does not, as a whole, convey a satisfactory impression. To use a paradox, 'Lady Godiva' would have been a better picture had it been worse painted. William Small's old Irishman 'Striking a Bargain' (187) with a bright-eyed Connemara girl, whom we see in a blue cloak sitting by her lamb in the midst of the fair, is a well-told incident, and if the artist had a little more ambition there are no honours in his profession beyond his reach. G. Clausen is another artist with a future. His 'Tale of the Sea' (174) is a little coarse in handling, but very effective. T. Walter Wilson's 'Grandfather's Darling' (30), an old fisherman crawling in play towards his little grandchild, is another vigorous composition, and the character in the face of the old woman is depicted with the hand of a master. Both Mr. Wilson and Mr. Clausen brought strength to the society when elected Associates.

Townley Green's 'Rainy Day' (10), with a girl at the window, is rich in every Art-quality, especially in that of tone; and in his 'Cross Roads' (87), an old man and girl waiting for the coming coach, he shows how a landscape can be enlivened by figures without violating true relationship. Another admirable example of perfect harmony between the landscape and those peopling it will be found in Valentine W. Bromley's 'Nearest Way to Church' (103). The two venturesome young ladies who, with the aid of their parasols, pick their way through the marshy ground, are as much part and parcel of the scene as the rushes which environ their devious steps. We cannot imagine the picture without them. This is the same artist who, the other day, carried off the gold medal at the Crystal Palace competition for the excellence of his water-colour practice. It is with the most unfeigned regret that we learn, since writing these lines, that the gifted young artist and most generous-hearted man is no more.

'Aaron Dodd, Tinker, Knifegrinder, and Gossip' (137), prosecuting his triple calling at a seaside village, is one of the strongest bits of characterization Chas. J. Staniland has accomplished for some time. James D. Linton, whose appreciation of tone is not to be equalled by that of any other member of the Institute, limits himself this season to a single picture. It is that of an old man showing an image of the Virgin, which he carries in a box, to some rough but devout troopers in a dimly lighted guardroom. If Mr. Linton's works were as varied in texture as they are rich and harmonious in tone, they would be the perfection of Art. H. B. Roberts goes in for character and chiaroscuro, and he finds his field generally in the humbler walks of life. That 'Music hath charms' (167), he illustrates with quaint humour, by showing us a young rustic, seated on a corn bin in a country stable, blowing away with might and main on Pan's pipes. The surroundings of the figure, and the details

of the picture generally, are treated with a fine intelligent appreciation of light and shade. A little farther on will be found a remarkably clever picture by Robert Carrick, representing some young folk 'Gathering Shellfish' (185).

As Mr. Linton occupies the place of honour on this side the gallery, so does C. Green, with great worthiness, fill it on the other. His 'Here they come!' (38), is the exclamation of a line of roughs, several deep, who press against the barrier of the Derby course, and strain their eyes and necks to catch a glimpse of the coming horses. Mr. Green counteracts very cleverly the disagreeable impression left on one's mind by the contemplation of so many distinct varieties of the "rough" species by backing them with coach-loads of, in one sense, a much more harmless class. Hugh Carter's priest reading 'Important News' (45), would be thought a remarkably clever picture had Israels never existed. Surely there is no occasion for one of Mr. Carter's artistic powers to sink his own individuality so entirely in that of M. Jozef Israels? G. G. Kilburne, in his young lady stepping into 'The Gondola' (60), has caught very cleverly that greenish-blue colour one often sees on the doors of Venetian houses. All the local colour, indeed, is well given, without any sacrifice either of the general harmony; and had the girl been a little less consciously posed the picture would have been altogether a success.

Among the sea pieces in the exhibition, we would call attention to J. G. Philip's rough water dashing among the rocks which the 'White-winged Pilots' (40) haunt; to John Mogford's 'Summer Light' (64), with a boat going out to a smack; Walter W. May's 'Entrance of the Scheldt, with a Pilot-boat running for the Port of Flushing' (73); and to the 'Dutch Pinks returning from the Dogger Bank' (27), of Edwin Hayes, R.H.A. Near the last named hangs a very powerfully drawn figure subject by Seymour Lucas, which we had almost missed. It represents an old gentleman examining critically and admiringly his 'Last Purchase' (24), in the shape of a picture, and in order to get satisfactorily at it he has placed the picture on a chair and drawn his own immediately opposite to it. The sentiment of the picture is thoroughly French, but expressed in a perfectly legitimate and independent way.

One of the most luminous pictures in the exhibition is J. Aumonier's swans sailing 'In the mellow light of an autumn eve' (19), on a broad piece of quiet water backed by a strip of land and arched by a glorious sky. Edward Hargitt is true to northern life and fact when he represents 'Highland Poachers' (7), in the character of red deer tossing about and eating the scant sheaves of corn on a hill-side farm. John A. Houston, R.S.A., in his 'Inverloch and Ben Nevis' (209), and W. L. Leitch, in his 'Gare Loch, Dumbartonshire' (214), show how they may be as safely trusted with the representation of northern scenery as H. G. Hine with the breezy downs of southern England. Edmund E. Warren is as much at home in the 'Forest Glade' (81) as ever. We wish James Orrock to be as pronounced in his foreground as he is delicate in his distances, without at the same time losing any of his gradation, and then we shall be satisfied, for his sense of a landscape in the entirety of its effect is artistic and sound. We admire much the rich glow which C. E. Holloway has thrown on his 'Sussex Hill-sides in September' (86); and we would have been altogether pleased with Mrs. Elizabeth Murray's 'Algerine Barber' (96), performing the important ceremony of shaving an Arab boy's head for the first time, had the operator been in a little better proportion. W. Simpson, the famous traveller, shows us 'Dr. Schliemann's Excavations in the Acropolis of Mycenæ' (98); and L. Haghe the character of the 'Summit of Grand Son' (95).

The high reputation for flower and fruit painting which the Institute has long maintained is fully supported by Mrs. W. Duffield, Marian Chase, Helen C. Angell, and J. Sherrin.

MINOR TOPICS.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY DINNER was this year, even more than usually, barren of information. Much is not expected, but it is an occasion when a little might be given—if there were any to give. Perhaps the President *de facto*, in the absence of the President *de jure*, thought it best to say nothing, and has enabled us to say no more.—It is rumoured that Sir William Boxall has joined the body of Honorary Members, and that his example will be followed by two other veteran painters.—The Academy having, as we stated a short time since, purchased out of the proceeds of the Chantry Bequest Hilton's large picture, 'Christ Crowned with Thorns,' which used to form the altar-piece at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, has lately made a further outlay in the purchase of Mr. F. Leighton's group in bronze of the 'Athlete wrestling with a Python,' for the sum of £2,000; of Mr. T. M. Rooke's picture, in three compartments, of the 'Story of Ruth,' for £400; of 'Harmony,' by Mr. F. Dicksee, for £350; of a figure subject, by Mr. J. Clark, for £200; and 'Sea-shore, with Shipping,' by Mr. W. L. Wyllie, for £100. These works of Art are intended to form the nucleus of a public collection representative of the English school, according to the will of Sir Francis Chantrey, R.A., the testator. This is the first time the Council of the Academy has had the opportunity of exercising its functions; Lady Chantrey, who died somewhat recently, had a life-interest in the property left by her husband, the distinguished sculptor. All the works above-mentioned are in the present exhibition of the Academy.

THE "BYRON EXHIBITION."—It is understood that the next competition for the honour of executing the Byron statue will be held at the Royal Albert Hall. By permission of the Council, there will also be an exhibition of portraits, books, busts, manuscripts, and other relics of the poet, which will be open to the public free of charge on and after Monday, June 4. It is scarcely reasonable to hope that the second exhibition will be superior to the first. Though our expectations are quite moderate, we shall examine it with much interest.

ART—DEAR AND BAD.—Some months ago we warned the public that there had started into existence several "Societies" so styled, that professed to issue first-class engravings at so small a cost that the poorest cottager or labourer could afford to buy them. The societies—in reality a few itinerant dealers—have much increased, and we suppose have succeeded in entrapping unwary or ignorant purchasers, letting them think they have rare, excellent, and valuable Art engravings, when they have really only wretched impressions from worn-out plates, that ought under no circumstances to be permitted to find their way into "the market." They are manifest frauds, and the law ought to interfere to suppress them; probably it will do so, for the Council of the Art Union of London has been aroused into activity, and will not, we think, be satisfied with a mere warning that the evil exists. From the last Annual Report of the London Art Union we make the following extract: "A host of schemes has been set on foot with the effect of spreading broadcast through the land a flood of miserable ghosts of impressions from utterly worn-out plates, by engravers who would have shuddered at the notion that their works would ever be so abused. . . . It is to be hoped that the bitter disappointment which must, in all cases, await the recipients of the articles for which they have performed the ceremony of coupons, stamps, &c., could be widely enough known to act as a deterrent to others from being taken in in a like manner. . . . It is hard that the name 'Art Union' should be degraded to designate a simple sale, having nothing in common with such institutions; and it must be broadly stated that it is by no means creditable to the owners of the original plates to allow them, for mere gain, to pass out of their hands, in order to transfer the designs to stone, and, by steam-printing, to throw off by thousands, at

about a penny each, the veriest shadows of engravings, for which, in their proof state, the publishers have received large returns, at 15 or 20 guineas each."

PULPIT FOR ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.—The Lord Mayor has received a communication from M. Mignot, President of the Paris Chambre Syndicale des Ouvriers Menuisiers en Batiment, intimating that this body of artisans had determined to offer, as a token of the good feeling existing between the two nations, a sculptured monumental pulpit of the pecuniary value of from £1,200 to £1,400, for erection in our metropolitan cathedral, in gratitude for the aid and succour rendered by England to the French sufferers during the Franco-Germanic war of 1870. The cost is to be defrayed by a voluntary subscription of the members of the chamber, and the pulpit is expected to be ready for exhibition at the forthcoming International Exposition next year. The dean and chapter of the cathedral have accepted, with thanks, the offer of this liberal gift; which, it is stated, will be placed in the nave of the church, under the dome, for the use of the preacher at occasional services conducted in that part of the sacred edifice.

EFFIE DEANS, BY JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, R.A.—The distinguished Academician has sometimes been accused by ill-natured critics of want of imagination; but if such will visit the King Street Galleries, St. James's, they might possibly free their minds of such a misconception. Mr. Millais depicts one of those clandestine meetings between Effie Deans and Geordie Staunton, or Robertson, referred to by Sir Walter Scott in his matchless novel of "The Heart of Midlothian." The handsome outlaw, in a slate-coloured coat with the deep cuffs of the period, and wearing a Lowland broad bonnet well pulled over his brows, has come through the wood to meet the young girl he has betrayed. Evidently his behaviour shows respect and sympathy. He places his hand tenderly upon her arm which leans upon the wall dividing the lovers. His words seem to bring little consolation to her, for she holds her blue snood, which, when binding the hair, is the emblem of maiden purity, listlessly in her hand, and lifts her eyes sorrowfully heavenwards. The faithful collie which has accompanied her from her father's cottage looks up wistfully in her face, as if he knew of the sore tribulation of his mistress. Effie is simply attired in a loose pale pink "wrapper;" and as she leans with her elbow on the dyke, backed by the red-berried wild-rose bush, which was in bloom probably when last they met, she looks the personification of hopelessness. The whole scheme of colour is unobtrusive and quiet, and Mr. Millais is to be congratulated on having embodied with such tenderness and purity a sentiment which speaks to the heart of all. The work is to be engraved. It is sure to make an interesting, touching, and popular print, for it is among the very best illustrations of "the great magician."

CRYSTAL PALACE PICTURE GALLERY.—The gold medals given by the directors of the company this year for the best paintings sent to the gallery were awarded to E. Dücher (a special medal), A. Johnston, H. Moore, the late V. W. Bromley, H. Vander Beck, and L. Münth. Twenty silver medals were also awarded, the recipients including Haynes Williams, C. Pope, C. Banerle, R. Dowling, F. W. Meyer, J. G. Naish, J. J. Banatyne, F. N. Downard, Mme. Bodichon, W. C. Edwards, &c. Bronze medals, to the number of fifteen, were additional prizes. The judges were Messrs. H. S. Marks, A.R.A., H. W. B. Davis, A.R.A., and Carl Haag.

SHERWOOD FOREST.—We have postponed longer than we had intended, notice of a series of water-colour drawings by Mrs. F. Thomas, of Sheffield, which are the results of her three months' out-of-door work last autumn in the forest of Sherwood—the precious remains still left to us of the "Merry Sherwood" of the olden time. They are among the pleasiest and most

suggestive works of the kind we have ever inspected. Added to much knowledge of Art, there is evidence of intense love and careful study of nature, under its innumerable conditions and effects. The lordly oak, the lady birch, and the magnificent "king fern," in short all that in their happy combination give fame to the forest and make the name familiar as one of the grandest and best of British landmarks, are here portrayed with true fidelity and with an educated eye for the grandest aspects of forest scenery. 'The Red Drive' and the 'Simon Foster Oak' will be perhaps most readily recognised by casual visitors to Sherwood. Some of the smaller sketches in the side glades of the forest are, however, very charming, notably 'On the way to Budby School'; whilst in 'Birklands' the graceful majesty of the birch—the Queen of the Woods—with her golden tresses wildly tossing in the autumn wind, is excellently rendered. There are also several capital sketches in Thoresby Park, especially 'The Old Raff Yard.' The productions of Mrs. Thomas are not unknown to us. They have occupied prominent places in several exhibitions both in London and in the provinces, and the series of works now spoken of will assuredly extend her well-earned reputation.

PRESENTATION CASKET.—An elegant casket of fine gold, designed and manufactured by Mr. J. W. Benson, of Old Bond Street and Ludgate Hill, has been given to Dr. E. B. Underhill to commemorate his services of twenty-seven years as secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society, a post from which he has now retired. The special features of the casket, which is in the cinque-cento style, are, at the corners, four figures beautifully carved in ivory, and representing respectively Brittany, Jamaica, China, and India; the centre panel of the reverse side bears an appropriate inscription; the obverse shows a view of the city of Benares, delicately carved in ivory. In the pilasters of the casket are introduced the bamboo, the sugar-cane, Indian corn, and the vine. The cover is surmounted by a globe festooned with a wreath of flowers; a flying dove crowns the whole. The workmanship throughout is of the very best order.

FINE ART SOCIETY'S GALLERIES, NEW BOND STREET.—This is the first and probably the only opportunity that will ever be afforded of seeing Miss Thompson's three famous pictures of 'The Roll Call,' 'Quatre Bras,' and 'Balaclava,' all together. The first, it will be remembered, is the Roll Call of the Grenadier Guards on a cold misty winter morning, after having repulsed over night a sortie from the beleaguered city. On the snow-covered ground, dabbled here and there with blood of the wounded, are paraded some fifty of the men belonging to the left division of the regiment, and the mounted Colonel rides slowly past noting the thinned numbers of his warriors. A leaden sky is above them, and the whole landscape is as wintry and cheerless as it well can be; but British pluck defies the biting winter, and at the call of duty, whoever is able to stand takes his place in the ranks. Well may the Queen own such a picture! 'Quatre Bras,' on the other hand, shows one of the active episodes in war. The gallant 28th has formed into square to receive the impetuous charge of Ney's cavalry. Over and over again the French horse have swept up to the bayonet's point, and as often have they reeled back shattered and foiled. The hero's firm resolve is in every face, and it is the varied manner in which this resolve expresses itself that gives the crowning value to the artist's work. From the lately-joined recruit to the veteran of a hundred fights, Miss Thompson has been careful to express every shade of character, and while thus representing multitudinous individuality her genius has not forgotten to combine with it the first of all warlike necessities—regimental unity. Her third battle picture, 'Balaclava,' like the first, represents the gathering of the troopers after a disastrous contest—after the world-famous charge, in short, up the valley of Balaclava—the reuniting of the remaining units of what an hour ago formed the British Light Brigade. Here again the artist makes the varied expression and action of the men tell the sad story of "the six hundred"; and very few, we imagine, could look on this, or on either of the other war

episodes, without being carried away by the genius of the artist, wailing the loss of the fallen on the one hand, or drinking with the dauntless 28th the strong wine of battle, and calling to Ney and his horsemen, "Ha, ha!"

MORTLOCK'S POTTERY GALLERIES, ORCHARD STREET.—There are now on view at these galleries some exquisite specimens of works in *pâte sur pâte*. In the famous Wedgwood jasper ware the figures were invariably modelled first, and then applied bodily to the vase or plaque. In these examples, on the other hand, the artist works his design with the brush in the moist clay on the vases themselves. There is neither colour nor enamel used; and by thus working up the natural china clay into low relief, the artist obtains a most transparent and cameo-like effect. Sometimes, for the sake of getting sharpness here and there, the modeller will give an extra touch or two while the bas-relief is still soft. The designs are all in the classic taste, and their author, M. Solon, formerly of the Sèvres factory, but now permanently attached to the works of Messrs. Minton & Co., is one of the most elegant and inventive designers in the whole range of applied art.

THE KENSINGTON HOUSE GALLERY, or in other words, the collection of Baron Albert Grant, has passed under the hammer of Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods. The sale was the great event of the season in Art circles, and as might be expected, the rooms in King Street were crowded to suffocation, both on the view days, and on the 27th and 28th of April, when the pictures were sold. It is not our intention to give, at present, any particulars of the sale; it must suffice to say that the entire collection, asserted to have cost their late owner £180,000, realised only £106,262; and yet no one assuming to be a judge of such matters would, we feel sure, say that the pictures did not sell at their full value, though, in the majority of instances, at considerably less than had been previously paid for them, but at a period when paintings of every kind, by popular artists and of good repute, were only obtainable at extravagant prices. The present condition of the money-market had, doubtless, some effect on the result of the sale; but a more rational and sober estimate of the value of the pictorial art had also, it is to be hoped, no little influence upon it. Four or five years ago, we said it would be impossible to maintain for any great length of time the high pressure to which the picture-market was then subjected, and so it turns out.

THE BRAZEN SERPENT IN THE WILDERNESS.—There is now placed in the Doré Gallery, occupying the whole of the wall space opposite that which has been so long filled with the pictorial glory known to the world as 'Christ leaving the Prætorium,' another of the artist's grand Scriptural conceptions. A more appropriate pendant to the great work could scarcely have been painted. It requires very little stretch of the imagination to hear our Saviour, as he leaves the judgment hall to make the tragic journey of the Via Dolorosa, using the words he addressed to Nicodemus, "As Moses lifted up the Serpent in the Wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life." We turn our heads, and lo! here is Moses, holding aloft the brazen serpent, and pointing his people, who writhe around him in the agonies of a terrible disease, to the healing symbol. The hill-environed plain is dotted with the plague-smitten Israelites; but the prophet is on an eminence, and the glory of his august head and the exalted sign of their salvation are seen of all men. His aspect is confident and grand; the very mountains beyond him are bright with heavenly lustre; and the moment the stricken people lift their eyes to their leader absolute faith in him seizes on their souls, and with that very trust come hope and healing, resolution and new life.

AN EXHIBITION of one hundred drawings of scenery, incidents, and character in Japan, now at Messrs. Agnew's gallery, may be described as the most interesting of a fertile season. The artist, Frank Dillon, is of established fame; this series will largely increase it. Our notice must be postponed.

ART-PUBLICATIONS.

WHEN, nearly two years ago, we noticed Mr. Symonds's "Age of the Despots," the title given by the author to a volume forming the first portion of a discursive treatise on the *Renaissance in Italy*, our remarks concluded thus: "We shall look for the subsequent parts of his work"—they were promised in the preface to his foregoing volume—"with very much interest from what we have found in this first portion." They are now in our hands, and we may at once say they fully maintain the favourable impression made on our mind by their predecessor.* In two volumes, totally distinct from each other, yet combining with the first to form a comprehensive whole, the respective subjects of "The Revival of Learning" and "The Fine Arts" during the period of the Renaissance, are brought forward and treated at considerable length and with no little exhibition of erudite research and discriminating judgment. In the former of these two volumes Mr. Symonds traces the progress of learning through what he designates "periods of humanism," pre-facing these chapters, of which there are several, with one on "The Men of the Renaissance," and following them with one on Latin poetry, and another, the last, that forms a kind of summing up of the whole matter. We pass over this volume, full of interest as it is to those who would learn how, from the Dark Ages, that bright era of genius and scholarship arose which in some degree equalled the most cultivated period of Greece or Rome, while, viewing it from certain special points, as, for example, in the influence of Christianity, it greatly surpassed what the old classic writers had left to posterity, and which the revival of learning brought again into light. We must, however, leave this subject to make a few remarks upon the other volume, "The Fine Arts," a theme which comes more immediately within our province. In the preface to it the author says, it "does not pretend to retrace the history of the Italian Arts, but rather to define their relation to the main movement of Renaissance culture. Keeping this, the chief object of my whole work, steadily in view, I have tried to explain the dependence of the arts on mediæval Christianity at their commencement, their gradual emancipation from ecclesiastical control, and their final attainment of freedom at the moment when the classical revival culminated." There is scarcely a question that, if the arts did not in reality take the initiative in the Renaissance, they followed very closely on the revival of learning, and soon getting a firm foothold, so to speak, the two progressed onwards *pari passu*. The period assigned by Mr. Symonds to this movement dates from about the middle of the twelfth century till towards the end of the sixteenth, which assuredly almost overlaps the beginning of the decadence of Art. In his treatment of this division of his threefold work the author takes a rather rapid, but yet a sufficiently intelligent, survey of the principal architects, painters, and sculptors, who assisted in the development of their respective arts; and he says that he is "not aware of having mentioned any important building, statue, or picture, which he had not the opportunity of studying;" at the same time he acknowledges his obligations to the books of many preceding writers on these several departments of Art. The last half of the sixteenth century, he allows, in the concluding pages of the volume, to be a period of decadence:—"The force of the Renaissance was exhausted . . . a new spiritual impulse produced a new style. . . Religious sentiments of a different order had to be expressed; society had undergone a change, and the arts were governed by a genuine, if far inferior, inspiration." If we cannot agree with all the conclusions at which Mr. Symonds arrives, it is only here and there we differ from him, and then on points of but minor importance, which could not, for one moment, forbid us

from pronouncing his three volumes of "Renaissance in Italy" as a valuable and most interesting disquisition on the intellectual history, and, so far as it and the arts are concerned, the social condition of the great Italian states.

It is gratifying to know that a second edition of Mr. R. W. Binns's *History of Worcester Porcelains* has been published.* It professes to be a history of "Pottery" in that city; but it is much more: it is a valuable contribution to Art, and will be an important aid to all future writers on the subject. It is full of information, skilfully arranged, and is largely illustrated by engravings that act as guides to collectors. There are also much interesting matter concerning the city and some curious items regarding the "good old times." Not only to persons directly interested in the subject will this excellent book be an indispensable acquisition, but as an addition to all good libraries it cannot fail to make its way into wide circulation. It must, indeed, be regarded as a text-book. But Mr. Binns stops short with his history at the epoch of the Great Exhibition, 1851: the works at Worcester were not at that time under his direction, but he has been their manager since the year 1852. It is for others to write of their progress from 1851 to 1877. During that period—a period of twenty-six years—they have so much advanced that the products of the works are of a character to equal, if not surpass, those of a century earlier, not only in variety and in the immense number of designs, but in the pure and good art to which they have been subjected, rivalling at least those of the most eminent producers of the kingdom, and as certainly those of Germany and France. It would be an interesting, an important, and very valuable chapter—some one else must write—to continue the history of Worcester Porcelain down to the present time; it seems indeed to be a necessity. It cannot be done by Mr. Binns, but Llewellynn Jewitt might do it. Until it is written that history will be imperfect, or at best unfinished. It ought to be known how greatly the art is indebted to Mr. R. W. Binns, to his indefatigable industry, large mind, thorough knowledge of Art, and resolute perseverance in overcoming difficulties that would have deterred many. He has seen the Works flourish not only artistically but commercially, and we rejoice to know that his merits are fully appreciated in the city he has served so long and so well.

A PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN would be acceptable in any form and at any period, but we have before us that which is a picture as well as a portrait. Landseer painted the Queen more than once when her Majesty was in early girlhood; that which is here engraved by his brother may be classed among the happiest of his works. It is that of a young girl seated on a noble horse; it would charm, no matter who might be the original; one would not care to inquire, but value it for its merits as a work of Art—the highest Art of its class. But the interest is surely enhanced when we know it to be a likeness of the good and gracious lady who rules over hundreds of millions, and is beloved as well as honoured by them all. The picture-portrait will be a welcome grace in many British homes. Perhaps Landseer never produced a better work; it has received full justice from his brother Thomas, who may be described as a veteran, for he is older than was the painter, and yet flourishes and labours in a green old age. We question if his name is affixed to a better engraving than Messrs. Agnew have published.

THE long-renowned "Waters of Bath" are not as famous as they were a century ago, but that is "not their fault;" their curative power is as great now as it ever was; they may and can as largely benefit the afflicted, in several diseases, as they could when the Romans bathed in them, or many centuries

* "Renaissance in Italy: the Revival of Learning.—Renaissance in Italy: the Fine Arts." By John A. Symonds, Author of "An Introduction to the Study of Dante," "Studies of the Greek Poets," &c. Published by Smith, Elder, & Co.

* "A Century of Pottery in the City of Worcester: being a History of the Royal Porcelain Works from 1751 to 1851." By R. W. Binns, F.S.A. Published by Bernard Quaritch.

afterwards, when Beau Nash made them "the fashion." Of late years they have had many successful rivals, not only abroad but at home. The medicinal waters of Germany and France are easily reached, even by invalids; and it is not difficult to account for the neglect into which those of Bladud's city have fallen. Yet Bath continues to be the pleasantest and the most "cheerful" of all the city-towns in the empire; its park is among the most beautiful of England; the adjacent walks and the neighbouring drives are charming; there is no place in the vicinity that has not some attraction, and efforts are continually being made by the corporation to tempt visitors to enjoy its landscape beauties, its pleasant aspect, its clear atmosphere, in addition to the health-giving waters, that have lost none of their still recognised virtues since they were first discovered. We write with the authority derived from experience when we express our belief that no waters in the world are so efficacious as cures in certain diseases—none so sure of restoring vigour to old age; their value is prodigious, and he is a public benefactor who helps to make known the boons and blessings they bestow. We therefore thank the author of a valuable book* which very fully describes Bath and its attractions. By far the greater part of it is new, and what is new is exceedingly well done. Moreover, it is sufficiently well illustrated. It may—we hope it will—have influence in inducing visitors to the ancient and long honoured city, by showing how many enjoyments it may give besides that which arises from renovated health.

The beautiful and expressive art of etching has one of its most able and productive practitioners among continental artists in Professor William Unger, whose works have on two or three previous occasions received from us a hearty welcome; especially so did his series of plates from the pictures of Frans Hals, reviewed in our columns about two years ago. Since then he has been engaged on another extensive series of etchings from various paintings in the Amsterdam Museum,† a collection which, as might reasonably be supposed, is especially rich in the works of the Dutch masters, though it is surpassed both in number and quality by the gallery at the Hague. When completed, the publication will consist of eight parts, containing four etchings each, and of these, six parts or twenty-four plates, have made their appearance. They include examples of F. Hals, 'The Jester'; of De Hooghe, 'The Cellar'; Hobbema, 'The Mill'; Govert Flink, 'Abraham blessing Jacob'; A. Cuyper's 'Combat of Birds'; Rembrandt's 'Syndics'; Van Ostade's 'Atelier'; Jan Steen's 'Parrot's Cage'; Van Dyck's 'Prince of Wales and his Sister Maria Henrietta'; Ruysdael's 'Château de Berthelm'; Wouwerman's 'Encampment'; Dusart's 'Wandering Musicians'; Metz's 'Breakfast'; Fabricius's 'Head of John Baptist,' &c.—ample variety of subjects and of painters. We have no space to enter into particulars: those who know what Professor Unger has previously accomplished may judge of his latest productions; his etching-needle maintains its masterly power of expression combined with delicacy and appreciation of colour. This work is to be commended to every lover of etching, and will assuredly find its way among collectors.

HENRY ASTBURY LEVESON (Major) died comparatively young, in his bed, at Brighton, although he had been very near death a hundred times in every part of the globe—the old world and the new. His life was one of daily adventure; he appears to have had a positive relish for peril; danger seems to have been a perpetual joy to him; he "filled his bag" with lions, tigers, elephants, crocodiles—to say nothing of "small deer"—continually encountered and slain, from which most of us would have run a mile, and then have sought safety in some tree-top. His book is full of marvels,‡ yet there is no sort of exaggeration:

every line is true. Among the bravest of the brave he will ever rank. The work so abounds with startling incident, is so full of anecdote, tells us so much of many lands, pictures so many strange peoples, as to read like a romance; exciting as a work of powerful fiction, it has the value of truth, from which much is to be learned that must add greatly to the reader's store of knowledge concerning any country which the enterprising traveller had made his field. The illustrations, many of which are excellent, are all good. They tell the story with almost as much force as do the hero's own words. In brief, the volumes are deeply interesting and very instructive.

MR. WILLIAM PAGE, artist, and ex-president of the Academy of Design, New York, has printed at the Chiswick Press a very graceful little book, entitled "A Study of Shakespeare's Portraits." He has, it appears, executed in bronze a bust of the poet, and he assigns his reasons for believing he has produced a veritable likeness; the ground-work being a mask alleged to have been taken after death. It is a searching inquiry, and evidences the zeal as well as industry of the artist-author—to his ability also, for he argues like a sensible man as well as a scholar. Whether his views, somewhat elaborately put forth, will be those of living authorities on the subject, we cannot say; but at all events, he has started and prompted inquiry, and has at least given us a valuable contribution to Shakespeare lore.

WITH, possibly, the exception of Holland, there is no country where the cultivation of flowers is so universal as in England. It must be, and is, a wretched home indeed where the love of flowers and the desire to possess them do not penetrate; even in the courts and alleys of our great metropolis some attempt to grow them is very frequently seen. A small treatise on the cultivation of plants in windows has recently been published which gives good practical instruction on this phase of garden operations, inducing to a love of it, and showing how it may best be accomplished, and in a variety of ways, according to the means of the 'tenant' of the window.* There are directions here to suit all conditions and classes of growers. Mr. Mollison gives also some instructions and suggestions equally applicable to the culture of flowers in the open garden.

THE mythology of the ancients has but comparatively few attractions for modern painters, although their predecessors made so much use of its stories; sculptors still occasionally refer to it; but even in their case it seems to be less employed than it used to be. Artists in our time, with few and far between exceptions, find abundant materials in the world around them—the world of fact—and need not, therefore, have recourse to the religious fictions of Greece and Rome, beautiful as are some of the legends and myths found in the volumes of certain writers of antiquity. The author of a little book on mythology now lying before us† says truly, "The works of Art in our museums and galleries require a certain amount of knowledge of the mythology of the Greeks and Romans for the full appreciation of their subjects. There is hardly any literature in Europe which has not been more or less coloured by these legends, and in our own day their power to inspire the poet has by no means ceased." To supply a need presumably existing Seemann's well-arranged and concise book now makes its appearance in an English dress; it gives, in a moderate compass, a clear and readable account of the Olympian deities, male and female, and also of others of less exalted rank and condition in the mythological world mainly created or shaped by the admirable Greek imagination. The work quite fulfils its conditions, and will be found very convenient as a book of reference. The illustrations, sufficiently well engraved for the purpose of identification, are taken chiefly from sculptures generally known.

* "Rambles about Bath and its Neighbourhood: based on the original work by Dr. Tunstall, containing maps, woodcuts, and autotypes." By R. E. Peach. Published by R. E. Peach, Bath; and Simpkin, Marshall & Co., London.

† "Musée National d'Amsterdam." Par M. le Professeur William Unger. François Buffa et Fils, Amsterdam; Dulan & Co., London.

‡ "Sport in Many Lands." By H. A. L., the "Old Shekarry." Author of "The Hunting Grounds of the Old World," &c. In Two Volumes. With One Hundred and Sixty-four Illustrations. Published by Chapman and Hall.

* "The New Practical Window Gardener; being practical directions for the Cultivation of Flowering and Foliage Plants in Windows and Glazed Cases, and the Arrangement of Plants and Flowers for the Embellishment of the Household." By John R. Mollison. Illustrated with coloured plates and wood engravings. Published by Groombridge and Sons.

† "The Mythology of Greece and Rome, with special reference to its use in Art." From the German of O. Seemann. Edited by G. H. Bianchi, B.A., late Scholar of St. Peter's College, Cambridge. With sixty-four illustrations. Published by Marcus Ward and Co.



STUDIES AND SKETCHES BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A.



WITH the present month we arrive at the termination of this series of illustrated papers; and it is our pleasant duty to express our most grateful acknowledgments to her Majesty the Queen and our sincere thanks to the many collectors of the works of Landseer, who have so kindly and liberally placed their acquisitions at our disposal, and thereby enabled us to carry on our undertaking without much "let or hindrance" to ourselves, and, as we have had abundant reason to know, with so much satisfaction to our subscribers everywhere. Commencing the series with the opening of the year 1875, it was continued monthly through that and the following year, and has appeared in alternate

numbers of the Journal through the present year up to this period. During this interval of time more than one hundred and eighty subjects have been engraved and published; they include sketches of every kind—landscapes, figures, animals—from the painter's earliest boyhood to his matured and well-practised manhood, and even to the date when the hand was losing very much of its cunning; though not arranged chronologically, the subjects are for the most part dated, and thus they serve as a kind of memoranda to mark the direction of his studies at a given time for works he had actually in hand or contemplated executing.

The sketch of Loch Laggan, graciously lent us by the Queen, shows a favourite resort of her Majesty when in her Highland



Loch Laggan (1847).—Lent by her Majesty the Queen.

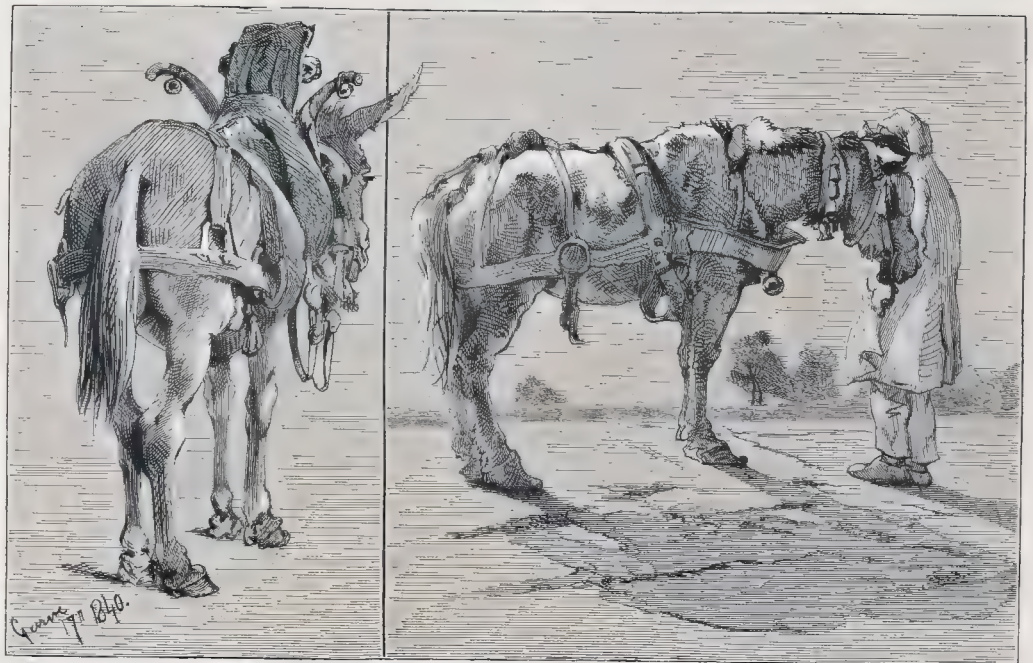
home. There is an engraving by the late J.T. Willmore, A.R.A., of 'Her Majesty Sketching at Loch Laggan,' from a picture painted by Landseer in 1847: the Queen is there represented standing on the point of land in the foreground of our woodcut. The dog in the rabbit-warren is evidently the same animal in two different attitudes; he looks very like the famous 'Brutus'

of which we gave a portrait several months ago. The 'Studies at Geneva' speak for themselves; we have introduced several of a somewhat similar kind at much earlier dates. The 'Lion,' from a drawing in sepia of the same size, was done when the boy artist was but ten years old, still, the touches are most masterly. In making his sketch he seems to have tried how

far he could assimilate the animal's face to that of a man. The drawing was formerly in the collection of L. Wedderburn, Esq.,



In the Warren (1824).—Lent by C. Mansel Lewis, Esq.

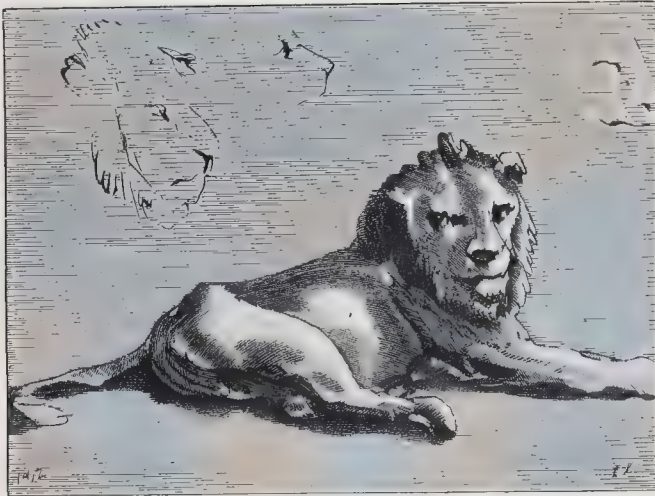


Studies at Geneva (1830).—Lent by C. Mansel Lewis, Esq.

of Leeds, by whom it was most kindly given to its present owner. The 'Deer-stalker' is from a very beautiful and finished sketch

in oils; the man is supposed to be one of two famous poachers whose portraits appear in the painter's celebrated picture,

'Poachers Deerstalking,' better known, perhaps, by the engraving called 'Waiting for the Deer to rise.'



Study of a Lion (1812).—Lent by James Dafforne, Brixton.

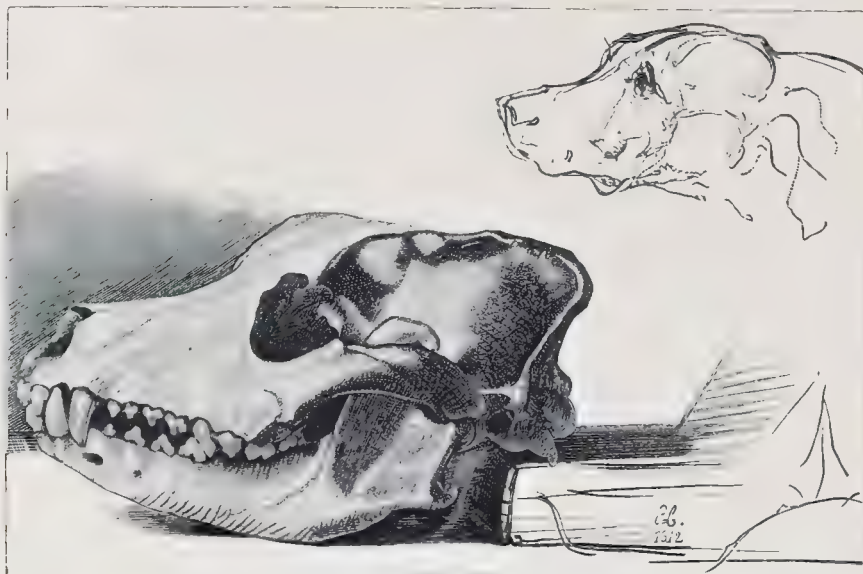
The dog's skull is from a most carefully executed drawing in pencil, made when Landseer was but ten years old: we have



The Deer-stalker (1833).—Lent by W. Walker, Esq., Bath.

engraved it to show how, even at that early age, he applied himself to the diligent anatomical study of the dog. By way of contrast, he has placed the head of a living animal in juxtaposition with the skull of a dead one. It may be added that

the margin of the paper on which the drawing is made is covered with references to the different parts of the skull, and



An Anatomical Study (1812).—Lent by Messrs. H. Graves & Co., Pall Mall.



A Highland Cabin.—Lent by W. Walker, Esq., Bath.

their proper anatomical names are given. The last engraving, 'colour: the subject is presumed to have been suggested by 'A Highland Cabin,' is from a sketch in oils, very powerful in an incident in Scott's "Redgauntlet."

J. D.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.*



OR a picture of animal life in presence of which a man might live his days in peace, we would commend the 'Milking Time in Jersey' (72), by E. DOUGLAS, in which is, in the foreground, a beautiful cow licking her calf, while milking operations are going on beyond. Sir Edwin himself had never a finer sense of texture than we have here; and had he found such a subject to paint he could scarcely have rendered with it greater suavity.

To the left of Mr. Leslie's 'Cowslips' hangs a glowing picture of 'Joan of Arc' (91) when a young peasant girl, hysterically susceptible, beholding, from the rocky ledge which she occupies, visions of glory, as she imagines, in the clouds that surround the setting sun. It is by P. H. CALDERON, R.A., and with heart-felt pleasure we welcome back this artist to the active practice of his profession. Illness, and a series of domestic afflictions, have, during the last two or three years, almost arrested the creative faculty within him; with returning health and tone comes back also the vigour of his imagination. Of the half-dozen works he has sent to the Academy the most important is his large picture (215) illustrating Tennyson's tender lines:—

"Home they brought her warrior dead;
She nor swoon'd nor utter'd cry.
All her maidens, watching, said
'She must weep, or she will die.'"

They have laid him, mail-clad as he was, upon his curtained bed, and with a dazed indifference, a wild calmness, she gazes on him as he lies before her stark and still. The world fades from her, her breast heaves with a long deep pain that brings no relief, life is on the point of leaving her, and she is following her dead warrior, when

"Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee;
Like summer tempest came her tears;
'Sweet, my child! I live for thee!'"

Besides the two pictures we have named, Mr. Calderon has a remarkably pleasing full face of a lady he calls 'Constance' (98); a delightful portrait of the 'Marchioness of Waterford' (518); a humorous and realistic bit of current life (311), showing an old Kentish farmer and his daughter, who have come to draw their dividends of the 'Reduced Three Per Cents,' approaching with awe the red-robed beadle of the Bank of England; and a very delightful picture called 'The Fruit-Seller' (490).

To the left of Mr. Calderon's 'Joan of Arc' hangs 'The Fairy Ring' (88) of VALENTINE W. BROMLEY. Two or three little country girls have discovered under a tree one of those circles in the grass popularly believed to be made by the dancing of fairies, and having taken possession of the fairy ground seem to be engaged in some impromptu performance. There is a nice little glimpse of landscape beyond, and altogether the picture is as pretty a transcript of simple nature as is to be found in the whole exhibition. But this artist sent to the Gallery a far better painted and altogether a much more important picture than 'The Fairy Ring.' It represents the tracking of a Cavalier to his own manor by some Roundheads, and the culmination of their visit in an incident strongly dramatic: unfortunately no room was found for it in the gallery. The death of this promising young artist soon followed the disappointment.

In our preliminary notice we complained of the want of taste on the part of the hanging committee, and in this room (Gallery No. II.) is at least one glaring example of it. Of the circumstance of the four classical illustrations of the 'Seasons' (117, 118, 119, and 120) by ALMA-TADEMA, being relegated to a corner of the room we need scarcely complain: the compositions are on a small scale, and, though exquisitely painted, they

are quite of a character to attract the many. Still some consideration might have been shown to a master whose Art merits are certainly not inferior to those of the great bulk of the Academicians.

But what shall we say to the great picture 'An Egyptian Feast' (83), by E. LONG, A., being banished to Gallery No. II., instead of holding the place of honour in the great hall? It is no excuse to say, as the hanging committee do, that here and there in the picture occur shaky passages. There never was a large composition yet, from the days of Michael Angelo and Raffaele downwards, in which a critical eye could not detect some inconsistency, some weakness. Here is the great outcome of a teeming imagination, constrained and guided by a ripe scholarship, a trained judgment, and projected on the canvas with a hand of the rarest cunning; and yet the hangers have had the bad taste to deny it the honour of the great room, in which alone a picture of its size can be adequately seen. This great Egyptian hall, with its many guests in semi-tropical costume, was painted by Mr. Long to illustrate that passage in Herodotus which tells us that when a great banquet among the rich was ended slaves brought round to the several guests a bier on which there was a wooden image of a corpse, carved and painted to resemble nature as nearly as possible. As it was shown to each guest in turn, the attendant said, "Gaze here, and drink, and be merry, for when you die such will you be." To this Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson adds a very beautiful note, in which he says that the Egyptian view of death was not a gloomy one, connected as it was with the prospect of a happy union with Osiris, and that the original object of the custom was doubtless to teach men "to love one another, and to avoid those evils which tend to make them consider life too long, when in reality it is too short." The merits of Mr. Long's work lie in his archæological knowledge, as already hinted; also in the wonderful variety of expressive action and detail, which, however, he keeps wisely subservient to the general effect, and thus maintains breadth and unity. Moreover, *ceteris paribus*, the warmth and wealth of his colouring give Mr. Long an advantage over every other workman in a similar field, whether that field be Classical or Oriental. His other contributions are a portrait sketch of a remarkably sweet young lady, 'A. M. F. R.' (30), in a grey dress, and a comparatively small picture of a negress, painting, in accordance with 'An Ancient Custom' (163), the eyebrows of her young mistress, who, for that purpose, squats down before her on the tiger rug. Immediately above Mr. Long's great picture hangs a remarkably clever composition, so far as its height enables us to judge, of 'The Fates' (81), by F. W. MOODY.

G. E. HICKS has acquired lately a much broader style and wields a more generous pencil than was his wont; but he must not allow this greater sympathy with the beautiful and the sensuous to run away with him. His 'Fisherman's Wife' (68), clasping her baby, is surely idealized too much. Queens of beauty, and sometimes even of refinement, though not of the conventional kind, appear every now and then among the humbler orders of society, and we suppose this remarkably handsome creature, upon whom Mr. Hicks has stumbled, is one of them.

In the life of St. Patrick there occurs the beautiful legend of his ascending the hill on which he afterwards built a church, and finding a roe with her little fawn beside her. He would not allow his companions to kill them, continues this pretty and most credible story (in the "Acta Sanctorum"), "but taking the fawn in his arms he carried it to a place of safety, while the roe followed him like a pet lamb." This delightful 'Legend of St. Patrick' (70) BRITON RIVIÈRE has narrated for us pictorially in his very happiest vein. If one of the leading requirements of a picture, and indeed of all works of Art, whether plastic or pictorial, be to convey pleasure, then Mr. Rivière's

* Continued from page 186.

St. Patrick is eminently successful. He is unquestionably a believer in this grand doctrine; and had not the faith that is in him been keen and self-sustaining he would have made disastrous shipwreck when he came to paint 'Lazarus' and the dogs (589). As it is, the picture, so far from having in it any element of repulsiveness, is really, from the almost human-like expression of sympathy in the faces of the dogs, interesting and attractive.

Close by 'St. Patrick' hangs a very charming landscape by R. ELLIS WILKINSON, representing a wood by the 'Undercliff, Isle of Wight' (71), with the ground all covered with primroses. The mention of flowers recalls to us the fact that there are in this room several artists who make flowers and fruit their special study. The grapes and oranges of ELEANOR S. WOOD (106), for example, are almost perfect in their way, and natural enough to make one's mouth water. EDITH ELMORE too, besides her carefully-studied 'Spring Flowers' (233), in Gallery No. III., has in the room now under notice a 'Study of Fruit and Flowers' (99). We have seen riper and more juicy grapes than she has given us, but probably by another year she will find for us a plumper and more translucent bunch. Grapes, and flowers too, require careful cultivation, and we are sure Miss Elmore has the courage and the patience to do all that is expected of her. Close by will be found in No. 95 some of the masterly works of W. J. MUCKLEY, in the same field. He has five pictures in the present exhibition, and they are as completely representative of English flower painting as H. FANTIN'S 'Gillyflowers and Cherry Blossoms' (74) and 'Basket of Roses' (388) are of French. The two Misses Mutrie and Mr. Muckley, indeed, can in this respect hold their own against all comers.

'After Sundown' (84, by H. W. B. DAVIS, A.) a rural scene, with cattle and horses, shows how naturally this artist can people a landscape, and how correctly he can mark the period of the day. This faculty is apart altogether from his mastery over animal forms and texture. We see it again in 'Reconnoitring' (196), a cow looking ruminatingly over a fence at the horses in the next field, and in 'Contentment' (591), a magnificent white cow submitting her head to the sympathetic tongue of her brown sister. The play of light on the varying planes of the back of this cream-white cow is delightful to behold, and the idea of peace and contentment is further enhanced by the summer sea which bounds the horizon.

We like very much the cool silvery tones of J. DOCHARTY'S 'Fishing-day on Loch Lomond' (92); they contrast refreshingly with the hot sunset in Mr. CALDERON'S 'Joan of Arc' (91). K. BODMER'S 'View on the Missouri, near Fort Leavenworth' (111), is also quiet, unpretending, and artistic. W. A. SHADE'S two lovers seated on a green sun-flecked bank, making 'A Spring-time Idyll' (140), is in a cool, green key; whereas TOM LLOYD'S 'Pastoral' (139), in which a shepherd is seen speaking to a girl lying on a bank, is warm and sunny, without being at all hot. The lighting up of the hill beyond is remarkably like nature; and so is the sheep-dotted hill which bounds the view in the picture of the girl with the bundle of sticks under her arm pulling after her a reluctant calf, 'Nearly Home' (638), by the same painter. This picture altogether is very faithful to rural circumstance as well as natural fact. Mr. Lloyd by no means confines himself, however, to the producing of glimpses of sunshine; in his 'Hundred Years Ago' (348) we have a traveller mounted on a grey horse coming along a splashy road at the fall of evening, and trying, as he rides, to decipher in the uncertain light the directing signpost. This artist has made immense strides within the last two years, and bids fair to become one of our great landscape painters.

On one side of the door leading to Gallery No. III. hangs W. LINNELL'S two girls in a wood 'In the leafy Month of June' (116); and on the other side a sweet level mead, bounded by a rushy river and some trees, in illustration of the well-known lines beginning 'If all the world and love were young' (123), by ARTHUR L. VERNON. We would, with all respect, advise him and all other artists, in every case, to give their pictures a name. To neither of his has Mr. Vernon done this, and the critic, not always having space at his command to give to a

quotation, may thus be obliged to pass by a deserving picture unnoticed.

A. B. DONALDSON has been more than ordinarily successful in 'Edric the Fisherman presenting a Fish as a token from St. Peter of the Consecration of Westminster Abbey' (112). The idea of solemn pomp and ceremony is expressed in the aspect and attitude of Bishop Mellitus, King Sebert, and their numerous attendants; and the quiet of early morning is well conveyed by the appearance of the landscape beyond, through which is seen winding the silvery Thames. The archæology of the details in the picture is no doubt close enough, and Edric, the stalwart fisherman, bending the knee, is effective in his attitude without being at all melodramatic. The large salmon he bears in his arms is so well painted that a true fisherman will see at a glance that it was never caught in British waters, and this is the only technical flaw in the picture—a flaw however, which, though Mr. Hook or Mr. Millais would no doubt detect it, would not be noticed by one in ten thousand of the general public. To make a natural digression, we may remind our readers that salmon have been caught at Lambeth within the last hundred years, in the very same neighbourhood where Edric the fisherman had his hut.

JOHN BALLANTYNE'S 'Night' (121), a robed lady drawing aside her black veil and looking forth full-faced on the spectator, is too high up to be satisfactorily seen, but with his young lady in flowered dress and dainty trimmings, which is better hung, we are much pleased. The fact of having reached 'the most interesting part of the story' (373), is cleverly conveyed by the way in which her elbow is placed on the table, and by the concentrated expression of the face.

The briny odours of the sea come to us as we look on 'Word from the Missing' (126), by J. C. HOOK, R.A. A poor fisher-girl has come to the beach to gather drift-wood; and her little brother playing about, and, boy-like, looking for what flotsam and jetsam in his small way the sea may have cast up, has come upon a bottle, which has evidently been some time in the water, for a piece of seaweed has grown to it. He holds his prize up to the wondering eyes of his little sister, who stoops, as little children will do, that she may the more readily catch a proper sight of the paper that is within, and which contains the "word from the missing." Mr. Hook is as delightful and fresh and true to nature in these sea pictures as ever. His other contributions are 'A Gull Catcher' (182)—a little boy on the seashore hauling in with a long line the bird he has caught—and a landscape with numerous dead plovers, wild ducks, and other birds lying in a heap in the foreground, 'He shot a fine shoot' (337)—a picture scarcely equal to Mr. Hook's high reputation in all its details. But any shortcomings here are more than atoned for by his 'Friends in Rough Weather' (380); we see a group of hardy fisher-folks—men and women—and one of the former is in the act of taking from a dog's mouth the end of a line; for it appears that "in some of the small fishing villages on the coast of Devon dogs are trained to swim through the surf to boats returning in rough weather, and bring to land a rope by which those on shore haul the boats to the beach."

Another Academician shows no abatement of his power, either in truth of eye, cunning of hand, or warm outcome of the imagination. It is true his themes are homely, but then they are so admirably treated that in looking at his pictures one forgets all about high Art and thinks only of eternal human nature. We leave detailed criticism to our daily contemporaries, and content ourselves with simply drawing attention to what is most worthy in the Exhibition. This is our excuse for merely naming the contributions of T. FAED, R.A.; they are, first, a mother whose chair is drawn up in front of the fire that she may warm baby's 'Little cold Tooties' (105). The second is 'A Runaway Horse' (448), which, to the immense dismay of old and young, comes tearing through a country village: a sturdy little girl runs across the road with a heavy bairn in her arms, and another little girl conducts her granny to a place of safety; the aspect and action of this old lady, as she feels the wall with her tremulous hand, give immense value to the picture, and show how true an observer Mr. Faed is in all that pertains

to human nature from "dawn to sunset." His third contribution, to our eye, is the best of them all. With that *amor patriæ* of which he, at least, is never ashamed, he makes it illustrate the tender Scotch ballad of "Logan Braes." It is 'In Time of War' (266); we see two children sleeping in their little bed, and their mother with baby in her lap, leaning on her elbow, pondering on her hapless lot, deprecating the cruel ambition of "men o' state," and envying the thrush who hears with joy the song of her mate as she sits among her nestlings:

"But I wif my sweet nurslings here,
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
Pass widowed nights and joyless days,
While Willie's far frae Logan Braes."

Before leaving Gallery II. we would draw attention to ALFRED WARD'S nude boy with 'A Favourite Ibis' (133), and to EDITH BALLANTYNE'S young lady, who is reaching down her china 'Treasures' (135) to show them to her friend, who is seated. These, and KATE PERUGINI'S little girl playing to 'An impartial Audience' (134) of dolls, already noticed, are all small pictures, but are not on that account the less desirable or artistic. We have to record our approval also of R. J. GORDON'S 'La Liseuse' (132)—a girl in black velvet dress lying on a sofa, reading; of BASIL BRADLEY'S 'Sheep Washing, Easdale' (130), with mist on the distant hills; and with 'Home of the Red Deer' (141), by R. ANSDALL, R.A.—a buck, accompanied by a doe and her fawn, scenting the morning air from the rocky height which overlooks a lake. What Mr. Ansdall has in this instance done for the red deer, J. EMMS has done for the 'Foxhounds on the Benches' (109), and W. E. MARSHALL for dogs in a general way in his picture representing 'A Corner in Leadenhall Market' (115).

J. E. HODGSON, A., indulges in a little quiet humour at the expense of his Oriental friends. For example, he represents 'Commercial Activity in the East' (124) by a bazaar, in three of the open stalls of which the merchant occupants are calmly sleeping. But it is perhaps mid-day, at which time people generally, in warm countries, very sensibly, indulge in a siesta. There is a suppressed humour also in his 'Pampered Menials' (156) and in 'Relatives in Bond' (415), to whose grated prison window their friends outside hoist up baskets of provisions. Like the first, these are both Eastern subjects, and are full of character and local colour. Mr. Hodgson seems emulous of following the example of Mr. Millais, and of achieving eminence in landscape as well as in figure subjects; and if 'Their haven under the hill' (428), a large canvas showing some yachts in a harbour, beyond which rises abruptly and picturesquely a dominating hill, be a fair specimen of his landscape powers, there is little doubt but he will obtain the object of his ambition. Besides, this landscape practice will impart to his pencil a richness and generosity which we desire to see in his figure-subjects.

Before proceeding to the next room we would point out the following excellent portraits: 'Charles D. Prideaux Brune, Esq.' (77), by F. G. COTMAN; 'Portrait Study' (82) of a fair girl darkly painted, by H. T. SCHAFER; 'Colonel the Hon. Charles Lindsay' (94), by LOUISE JOPLING; 'Sir John Steell, R.S.A., Sculptor, Edinburgh' (107), by NORMAN MACBETH; 'Samuel Hanson, Esq.' (114), by JANET ARCHER; 'The Earl Cowper, K.G.' (125), by G. F. WATTS, R.A.; and 'Dr. Goodwin, Bishop of Carlisle' (131), by G. RICHMOND, R.A. The last two portraits are strongly characteristic of the two artists: Mr. Watts is powerful, free, and masterly in his brushwork, but the tendency of his colour is smoky. Mr. Richmond models cleverly enough, but leaves a hard, cramped surface behind, with a colour so clear and bright that it produces the impression of paintiness and newness. JAMES ARCHER'S 'Rose' (127), a remarkably sweet girl, full faced, fair complexioned, standing, in a light dress and quilted satin petticoat, is one of the most fascinating portraits in this room. Mr. Archer had doubtless a lovely sitter, and he shows that he deserved his good fortune. If it were possible for him to have gone beyond this achievement, he has certainly done so in 'Florence Zelia, youngest daughter of Keith Stewart Mackenzie, of Seaforth' (492), representative of the ancient chiefs of Kintail. 'Florence' is a dark little fairy who, with her hands

lying in the lap of her crimson frock, sits in a great green chair, and looks out on the spectator so artlessly and winningly with her full round eyes that he would run up and kiss the olive-tinted face which forms so sweetly plump an oval, were the picture where it ought to be, on the line, and nobody happened to be in the room. Here, again, we must award half the praise to the cunning of the artist and half to the native fascination of the dear little sylph that sits to him. It may not be altogether uninteresting to our readers if we tell them that the grandmother of this little beauty, the late Hon. Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie, of Seaforth, was the model from which Sir Walter Scott drew his matchless word-portrait of the Lady of the Lake.

Entering the great room, Gallery No. III., we find much to admire, but nothing of the importance and excellence of last year's 'Daphnephoria.' Still following the catalogue, we reach a fancy portrait by Marie Cornelissen, called 'Phyllis' (143), a young lady in pale blue Gainsborough hat, holding in her hand a teacup of Nankin blue. The 'Bosom Friends' (144), by J. H. S. MANN, are a fair girl and her white poodle, which she hugs in that fondling way peculiar to her age and sex. The white dress of the lady and the white coat of the dog are well distinguished both as to colour and texture, and the general impression conveyed by the artist is one of pleasure.

In the same corner will be found 'Pamela concealing her Correspondence between the Tiles' (147), by C. LANDSEER, R.A., H. O'NEIL'S 'Arabella Stuart' (155) speaking through the bars to a robin redbreast; and 'Music' (148), by H. LE JEUNE, A., which is represented by a semi-nude, rose-crowned little girl clashing cymbals. But what most brings us back to nature in this corner is Miss M. D. MUTRIE'S 'Spring Flowers' (150); they give as much life and light and colour to this part of the gallery as her sister's 'Wild Flowers of South America' (435) impart to a similar region in Gallery No. V.

The place of honour in the near end of the great room is worthily filled by EDWARD ARMITAGE'S large canvas representing 'An Anglo-Saxon Noble on his Deathbed giving Freedom to his Slaves' (168). The work is conceived largely, and carried out with a mastery and breadth which Mr. Armitage has never excelled in any former composition. He still paints with a dry, ascetic sort of brush, so to speak; but when an artist comes to his work with a broad historic grasp of his subject such as we have here, it would be hypercriticism to condescend to minor matters.

Above this large picture hangs E. F. BREWNTNALL'S 'Sleeping Beauty' (167), and on each side of it a charming portrait; the first is that of 'The Lady Harlech,' by J. SANT, R.A. (164), a kindly-looking lady in black dress, seated; the second is that of 'Mrs. Archibald Milman' (169), a bright, handsome woman in brown dress, daintily lace-trimmed, by E. POYNTER, R.A., who never painted a better portrait. This artist's diploma picture, 'The Fortune-teller' (503), will be found in Gallery No. VI. It represents a nude girl, by no means original in her pose, but beautifully drawn, seated by the side of a marble bath, having her fortune told by a draped woman, who reads her destiny in a glass globe. When, may we ask in passing, are the Academy authorities to make an exhibition of their diploma works?

Above Mrs. Archibald Milman hangs a very honest piece of portraiture by J. MACBETH in 'Edward Atkinson, Esq.' (171); and a little farther on is a delightful work by W. Q. ORCHARDSON, A., representing a handsome dark girl passing under the crossed swords of a double line of gallants. 'Queen of the Swords' (174) she is called; and as she threads her way with becoming dignity through the lengthened archway made for her by her lovers and admirers, she is followed, queen-like, by her maidens. The artist has been wonderfully happy in his choice of subject, and just as felicitous in carrying it out. His only other contribution is a life-sized figure of 'Jessica' (1,388), in a handsome tawny yellow dress, about to pass through a curtained door. The colouring in this picture is as refined as it is rich.

On each side of the door in this room, opposite that by which we entered, hang two notable pictures: 'The Dragon's Cavern' (193), by P. F. POOLE, R.A., suggestive of weirdness and

mystery, and a cow 'Reconnoitring' a field, occupied by some horses (196), by H. W. B. DAVIS, A., both of which we have already mentioned. Above them, on one side, hangs a remarkably handsome life-sized girl, with an English face of a noble type, but clad in a loose dress of Oriental fashion and fabric; she carries a basket of 'Oranges' (194), and holds one out to the spectator: ARTHUR HILL was never happier than in this production. As a pendant to this, although not a very appropriate one, hangs on the opposite side a masterly portrait, by JOHN COLLIER, of 'Major Forster' (195) in grey Tweed attire, attending to his fernery. In the corner is a clever little bit of *genre* by A. HARVEY MOORE, representing, not altogether without humour, the fright of two little boys on a rock on discovering that they are 'Overtaken by the Tide' (192).

Passing E. M. WARD'S 'William III. at Windsor' (197), already noticed, we come to Sir JOHN GILBERT'S arrival of 'Cardinal Wolsey at Leicester Abbey' (201). The torches of the monks struggle with the moonlight; the cardinal is on his mule, wan and worn, and holds out his hands appealingly to the surprised and anxious abbot—

"O father abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth, for charity."

The story of Wolsey seems to have had a sort of fascination for the mind of Sir John; but among the many episodes he has illustrated in the life of the ambitious priest whose genius justified him in aspiring to the chair of St. Peter, never has the artist been so touching as here. Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy, under the Master of the Rolls, apportions certain periods of our history to such scholars as he knows have made those periods their peculiar study; and if the State were to have the history of the country set forth pictorially in our public places the reigns of Henry VIII. and Charles I. would most assuredly be confided to our English Rubens.

We next come to a most recognisable portrait of 'Sir William Gull, Bart.' (202), painted by the worthy president, Sir FRANCIS GRANT, who we think has excelled himself this year. In support of our opinion we would point to 'The Lady Victoria Leveson-Gower on her Pony' (263), following the hounds; and especially to the 'Duke of Rutland, K.G., on his Shooting Pony' (416), on his Derbyshire Moors, with two of his keepers, whose names the catalogue immortalises. 'The Rev. M. S. S. Johnstone' (444) is also a highly characteristic portrait. From the spot where the reverend gentleman is seated, *Quarterly Review* in hand—a certificate to a certain extent of literary culture—we get a view of his church, which we are glad to see is in good repair, so that the parishioners who present the picture to Mr. Johnstone will not be troubled on that score for some time to come. But although Sir Francis has thus had his hands tolerably full of portrait commissions, he could not altogether forget his old

sporting instincts, and to gratify them he has painted 'Suspicion' (360), a noble stag snuffing the air while the hinds stand timidly back.

Passing Mr. Pettie's grim fight with sword and dagger, which will help to make this year's Academy memorable, and of which we have already spoken, we come to what, in our opinion, is the most striking bit of Art-work in the whole Exhibition. It is the 'Music Lesson' (209) of FREDERICK LEIGHTON, R.A. A young girl of European fairness and a little sister, who leans lovingly against her bosom, are seated in a marble niche, which, like the robes they wear, is Oriental in character. With one hand the elder adjusts the fingers of her pupil to the finger-board of the instrument, while with the other she screws it into tune. What makes this picture valuable in our eyes and worthy the place of honour which it occupies is, first, the perfect oneness of the conception, the unity of action and sentiment, and secondly, the preciousness of the art with which he has carried his idea out. The exercise of the sense of touch must be to Mr. Leighton an enjoyment of the most refined and exquisite kind. All through his career he has been notable for his treatment of the human hand; and here we have the elegant fingers of the grown woman intertwined with those of her little pupil in a fashion so beautifully tender and sympathetic that we absolutely sigh with admiration as we look. Now this sensuousness of finish, this quality of preciousness, which Mr. Leighton evidently regards as an essential element in Art—as we see in this picture of the 'Music Lesson,' in that of the fair little girl ('Study,' 268), seated on the Turcoman carpet in a figured dress, examining studiously what appears to be an album, possibly the Koran, and in the bright, blue-eyed little 'Miss Mabel Mills' (612), in her black velvet dress, with neck beaded and frilled, and her prettily set head crowned with a claret-coloured Gainsborough—will be at once readily understood if the visitor will glance at 'Rejected Addresses' (208), by R. ANSDALL, R.A., hanging above the 'Music Lesson'; it represents a pack of hounds fawning round a sturdy country wench, whose occupation of potato-peeling has been suddenly interrupted by their friendly gambols. We by no means intend to imply that Mr. Ansdall's remarkably able delineations of animal life are not carried out in a manipulative method perfectly in harmony with his subject. All that we wish to point out is, that his idea of Art is far removed from Mr. Leighton's, and that, the two pictures being so close together, the visitor may judge for himself of the distance and its significance.

In the same neighbourhood will be found 'A Welsh Stream' (200), by A. W. WILLIAMS, not unsuggestive of Peter Graham; 'The Priory Stream' (198), by G. CHESTER; 'A hazy Day in Snowdonia' (199), by ARTHUR GILBERT; 'The last of the Shower' (214), E. A. WATERLOW, and a very pleasing bit of the Lancashire coast, viz., 'Morecambe Bay,' with Heysham, showing a wooded hill beyond (213), by A. DE BREANSKI.

(To be continued.)

THE FIRST HOPE.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE PUBLISHERS.

C. F. JALABERT, Painter.

G. BERTINOT, Engraver.

THE works of the old painters, their Madonnas, Holy Families, and somewhat kindred subjects, occasionally find imitators among modern Continental artists. It requires no great stretch of imagination to believe that M. Jalabert (a popular French artist and a pupil of Paul Delaroche), whose pictures now and then find their way across the Channel to our shores, had been studying some old representation of the Virgin and Child, or at least had it in his thoughts, when he applied himself to the composition of 'The First Hope.' This picture, seen among a number of works of the old masters on similar subjects, would not strike one as being out of place but for the mere accessories and the costume of the mother. She has been watching her

infant—a fine chubby fellow, by the way—asleep in its cradle; he has just awoke, and his mother, laying aside the needlework on which she was engaged, lifts her darling out of its warm nest to caress him. Her countenance, seen in profile, is remarkably sweet in expression, and quite as suggestive of holiness and purity as those of half the Madonnas we have seen on canvas from the pencils of the old Italian masters: it is thoughtful and pensive too, as well as sweet, and thus also the figure would well personate the Holy Mother. There is fine modelling in the well-rounded limbs of the boy, who strikingly reminds one of the representations of the Infant Jesus by Raffaele, Guido, and other artists of about their time.





THE WORKS OF EDMUND J. NIEMANN.

IN placing the name of this artist on the roll of those whose works have been made the subject of illustration in our pages for now many years in succession, we are but doing justice to a painter of undoubted power and varied ability; though it must be admitted that his pictures, from some inexplicable cause, never during his lifetime were successful in obtaining that position in public favour to which they certainly were entitled. Niemann was not a popular artist; his works show none of that prettiness so essential in some eyes to excellence; and, like Gaspar Poussin, with whom in feeling we have often associated him, he seems to have been more at home with nature in her stern and gloomy moods than when robed in smiles and sunshine; the latter are the pleasanter, and therefore the more popular.

In tracing the career of painters, which it has so often been our duty to do, we have vainly tried to discover the real key to the success which accompanies some and the neglect experienced by others. That there is a fashion in Art almost, if not entirely, independent of superior merit, admits of no question;

and if an artist is fortunate enough to "get the eye," so to speak, of a leading dealer, or is taken by the hand by some well-known collector whose judgment is considered unimpeachable, there is immediately a demand for his works. Instances of rapid elevation into popularity are indeed rare, but they are to be met with; yet by far the great majority have almost to grope their way tediously and laboriously to acknowledged reputation, which, however, few comparatively ever live to reach. To some, but not to many, it indeed comes after death, when it is known that the man's life-work is done, that the world has seen all his hand can ever produce; then connoisseurs begin to discover merits they could never previously discern, and desire the possession of what they had formerly scarcely deigned to notice. It is not a true saying, though a common one, that genius and talent of any kind invariably bring their possessors to the front: some neglect opportunities of displaying what they have, or the opportunity is altogether denied them, or their powers are misdirected; so that from one or other of these causes men who might have won for themselves a reputation which would have placed them on an eminence high above their fellows, pass through life undistinguishable from



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

Scarborough—Sunset.

[Engraved by J. and G. P. Nicholls.

the mass, or marked out among them only because of their ill fortune.

EDMUND JOHN NIEMANN may be classed with those painters whose works, now that he is dead, seem destined to give to his name a distinction it never attained when its possessor was living. The painter whose name stands at the head of this article was born in Islington in 1813, and was the eldest son of John Diederich Niemann, a native of Minden, in Westphalia, a small town comparatively, but possessing a history of considerable interest in the annals of Germany, especially during the period when the religious wars which followed the Reformation were waging. It is related that in 1651, as many as thirty-one persons were beheaded in Minden for witchcraft, and their bodies burnt, on which occasion a debate took place in the

town-council on the question, "whence they should get wood to burn the witches." Dr. Erasmus Darwin, a poetic and philosophic writer of the last century, grandfather of the distinguished Charles Robert Darwin, has, in his "Loves of the Plants," an affecting episode describing the death of a young wife while watching the course of the battle of Minden, in which her husband was engaged: the opening lines of the narrative are, doubtless, familiar to many of our readers:—

"Now stood Eliza on the wood-crowned height,
O'er Minden's plain, spectatress of the fight,
Sought with bold eye amid the bloody strife
Her dearer self, the partner of her life;
From hill to hill the rushing host pursued,
And viewed his banner, or believed she viewed."

The battle alluded to was probably that fought in 1759 between

the allied forces of England and Hanover against the French, when the latter were defeated with considerable loss.

But to return to the subject of this biographical sketch: the mother of E. J. Niemann was the eldest daughter of Dr. Edmund Philips Bridd, a distinguished linguist. When her husband came to England we know not, but he had made the neighbourhood of London his residence early in the present century, and engaged in commercial pursuits as a member of "Lloyd's;" in this avocation he was joined by his son at the early age of thirteen, and in that establishment of world-wide fame, so closely associated with the shipping interests of the kingdom, the younger Niemann remained till he was twenty-six years of age, when the love of Art, which had long taken possession of his mind, had grown too strong for further resistance; Lloyd's and its business were cast aside without regret, and the pencil of the artist superseded the pen of the underwriter. Quitting London in order to have constant opportunities of studying from nature—we do not remember to have heard at any time that he ever availed himself of the instruction of a master—he made High Wycombe, in Buckinghamshire,

his headquarters as a home, and found in the neighbourhood, and especially on the banks of the Thames, abundant picturesque scenery for the exercise of his pencil. The first picture exhibited by him at the Royal Academy was in 1844, a view "On the Thames, near Great Marlow, Bucks,"—a small canvas, yet it did not escape the notice of our critic, who spoke of the work as "containing many points of excellence;" adding "the simple objects of which it is constituted compose well, the principal being a group of trees thrown up against the evening sky. The trees are touched with decision, and left with a broad effect."

From that date till the year 1850 Niemann, who was still residing at Great Marlow, continued to send forth landscapes for exhibition, not only to the principal metropolitan galleries, such as the Royal Academy, the British Institution, the Society of British Artists, &c., but also to the Academies of Manchester and Liverpool, where he was very successful in the sale of his paintings: five of them exhibited at Manchester in 1848 were all sold shortly after the opening of the gallery. To the exhibition at Westminster Hall, in 1847, he sent a large landscape, evidently a composition, for it had no local name: it showed a



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

Trampers crossing a Moss—Autumn Evening.

[Engraved by J. and G. P. Nicholls.

noble river, occupying nearly the breadth of the canvas, studded with islets, and flowing through a country diversified with hill and valley; the whole is presented under an evening effect, brilliant, but in some degree disturbed by the numerous points of light which distract the eye—a defect noticeable in several of the artist's earlier works, but which he learned by degrees to get rid of. Another large picture, a view of Clifton, contributed to the British Institution in the following year, proved to be among the best landscapes in the gallery; the subject is one adapted to the painter's taste and manner, and it is treated with considerable power in the foreground, where such a quality is needed, and with great delicacy in the distance.

In the year 1847 a number of artists, dissatisfied with the habitual exclusiveness which in their opinion prevailed in the management of the several leading Art-societies of the metropolis, associated themselves together for the purpose of opening an exhibition of their own works, to which the public would have gratuitous admission. Among these artists were some whose names now occupy no obscure place in the records of our school of painting,—Messrs. E. Armitage, C. Lucy, Lander, Rothwell, Inskip, J. Peel, and others. The first expe-

periment was made by an exhibition of pictures in the large room of the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly; it succeeded so far to the satisfaction of those interested in it, that they gained a large accession to their ranks, a considerable sum was subscribed for the purpose of building a suitable exhibition-room, and a committee of management, consisting of twenty-five members, was appointed. The proposed gallery, however, was not erected, but that heretofore known as the Chinese Gallery, near Hyde Park Corner, was rented by the association, and here the first real exhibition known as the "Free Exhibition," was opened in 1848, with nearly five hundred works of all kinds, including a few specimens of sculpture. We have alluded to the foundation of this short-lived society because Niemann was among its earliest supporters, and contributed to the exhibition of that year two views of Thames scenery, and others of different subjects, showing great and distinctive progress, which were thus spoken of in our comments on the contents of the gallery:—"The pictures of this artist appear here with qualities we have never before recognised in them; that is, they are in everything so much superior to all works which have been hitherto exhibited under this name, that it is difficult to conceive how so sudden

an approach could be made to the best and rarest expressions of landscape art. The material of this picture—'The Thames at Maidenhead'—is extremely slight; everybody knows the scenery of the Thames; but it is dealt with in a manner so exquisitely tender, and so beautifully contributive to the effect proposed, as to challenge comparison with works ranked as the best in its own particular class. The immediate objects and distances, the water, trees, and sky, are all harmonized into an enchanting effect which is very seldom accomplished; indeed the mellow repose of this picture is a triumph of Art. Another landscape by this artist gives a distant view of Norwich, on part of which a storm-cloud has burst. The subject is most carefully worked out, and from the left the gradual retirement to the distance is finely felt. Another picture, entitled 'The Thames near Marlow,' is also a composition: both works partake largely of the advancement of which we speak."

In 1850 the society removed its operations from Hyde Park Corner to Regent Street, nearly opposite the Polytechnic Institution, where it had a gallery expressly erected for the use of the members, which was known as the Portland Gallery. Niemann had been chosen one of the trustees and the honorary

secretary; his position with respect to the society, which had now assumed the name of "The National Institution," compelled him to quit High Wycombe and make London his future residence. As to how long he held these posts we find no record, nor indeed does it appear that he continued to exhibit at the gallery after 1851, when he sent 'A Highland Loch,' the last work, so far as our researches have extended, he contributed. It is a large picture, and the subject, a romantic solitude—a virgin waste which seems never to have been impressed by the foot of man—is treated with impressive sentiment: a gloom hangs over the sullen lake, but a struggling light yet dwells on the hills at the right of the composition; the foreground is strewn with herbage and hoary stones. A spirit of poetry, very exalted in character, pervades the whole scene. As already intimated, the existence of the National Institution was comparatively short; its breaking-up was never, we believe, satisfactorily explained, though generally understood to have been the result of a disagreement among the directors. However this may be, the year 1861 saw the last of the National Institution exhibitions, —which had been of service to many.

But at the Royal Academy, the British Institution (so long



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

Ludlow—Sunshine and Showers.

[Engraved by J. and G. P. Nicholls.

as its doors were open to artists, and it did much good work on their account during its lifetime), the French Gallery, Pall Mall, and the Society of British Artists, the works of Mr. Niemann found welcome entrance: his subjects were taken principally from home scenery, either inland or on the coast, though occasionally he gave proofs of continental travel, as in 'The Rheinfels, looking towards Thurnberg,' exhibited at the British Artists' Society in 1816, and 'Recollections of the Rhine,' contributed to the same gallery in the next following year. Yorkshire supplied him with many excellent and picturesque subjects, especially those which are found in the neighbourhood of Richmond, where Turner used to be so busy with his pencil: of these Yorkshire scenes we have engraved one, 'SCARBOROUGH—SUNSET,' painted in 1862, but, so far as we can ascertain, never exhibited. The view of this now fashionable northern summer resort is treated with much poetic feeling, especially the sky, where the light and transient clouds are fringed with gold and vermillion from the setting sun, while the red moon, just above the horizon, is reflecting her peculiar tint on the smooth sea-surface.

Another form of composition Niemann occasionally indulged in is seen in our second engraving, 'TRAMPERS CROSSING A MOSS—AUTUMN EVENING,' from a picture he sent to the Royal Academy in the year 1852. The landscape shows a vast extent of level ground backed by a range of hills; it lies in deep shadow, telling very forcibly against a highly luminous sky. We remember other works by this painter in which similar treatment is shown, as 'Moss Troopers,'—a wide expanse of wild moorland country, traversed by a party of horsemen in the costume of the seventeenth century; and also a much later picture, 'The Ambush—a Scene on Eyton Moors,' where some soldiers of the period of the Civil War have concealed themselves among the boulders and gullies waiting the approach of a troop of horsemen. The first-named picture was exhibited at the British Institution in 1853, the latter at the Society of British Artists in 1860. Our third engraving shows the very picturesquely situated town of LUDLOW under the effect of "sunshine and showers." The sketch was evidently taken from a very elevated spot in the vicinity of the town, for it offers almost a "bird's-eye" view of the place, with the Teme, a branch

of the Severn, sweeping along its banks, and a wide range of Shropshire scenery beyond.

Mr. Niemann, who had for some time been in feeble health, died almost suddenly, at his residence in Brixton, on the 15th of April of last year. His style of painting may lay claim to a certain originality; his colouring is powerful, with often a tendency to heaviness, but at all times it is highly effective; examples of his works would adorn any well-chosen gallery where

pure landscape is admitted. A large number of his best pictures are in the possession of Messrs. Shepherd, of Nottingham, who kindly allowed us to engrave the three introduced here; they are large and important specimens. In the national collection at South Kensington are four paintings by Niemann; one bequeathed by the late Mr. Parsons, and three which form a portion of the Townsend bequest.

JAMES DAFFORNE.

ART-NOTES FROM THE PROVINCES.

DUBLIN.—The distribution of medals to the students of the Dublin Art Schools of the Royal Society took place on the 15th of March, by his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Lieutenant; the Duchess of Marlborough, the Duke of Leinster, and many other distinguished persons, attended to witness the ceremony. Dr. George J. Stony, secretary, opened the proceedings by pointing out that the Art schools of the Royal Society of Dublin were the oldest in the United Kingdom; and he referred to their distinguished career, especially their successful operations during the past twelve years, and to the very prominent and honourable position held by the society's school at the present time. Mr. Stony explained that, carrying out the plans of the Government, the schools were about to be placed on an altered footing; they would be rendered a central institution for the whole of Ireland, and the metropolis of the country would be adorned with a great Museum of Science and Art, which would give a vast impetus to the cultivation of Art in Ireland, and would enable them to rise to a still higher standard of excellence than that which they had so well maintained in the past. Lord James Butler, chairman of the Fine Arts committee, thanked his Grace, as her Majesty's representative, for having so kindly presided on the occasion; and referring to those Irishmen who in the past had distinguished themselves in Art, said he believed that the rising students of the school gave promise of being equal to those he had named; he trusted that the contemplated change with regard to the schools of Art might prove in every way advantageous to the interests of Art in the country. Dr. Stubs (secretary) read the report of Mr. Lyne, which gave a very interesting statement of the operations of the schools during the past year: referring to the establishment of a Science and Art Museum, Mr. Lyne remarks,—"It is encouraging to contemplate the success which is likely to crown the efforts the Royal Dublin Society has made for so many years past to obtain for this city a Museum of Science and Art adequate to the requirements of this country, and that assistance from the State which may enable us to extend the useful action of these schools, so distinguished in the past, over still wider areas, so that they may with greater opportunity and augmented means be enabled to increase their operations, whereby a higher development of national taste may ensue, such as may lead to greater material prosperity in Ireland." The Lord Lieutenant, in rising to address the assembly, said he experienced great satisfaction in acting as the distributor of the prizes on such an occasion to those successful candidates who, by their industry and ability, conferred honour not only on the schools where they had so successfully studied, but on the country at large. His Excellency sincerely congratulated those who had bestowed their labours and energies in advancing the Dublin School of Art upon the prominence which it had so deservedly acquired amongst the Art establishments of the United Kingdom. Referring to Mr. Lyne's report, his Grace said, "It appears to me that one of the most important aspects in which we may regard the Art School of Dublin is that which I see is alluded to in the report, and it struck me forcibly while I was reading it, namely, that the object of an Art school is to train in a solid and precise manner the eye, the understanding, and the taste, and to enable students, not merely to

execute certain works of design, or this or that work of greater or lesser prominence, but to enable them to gain by slow and measured degrees that higher training which will fit them to execute larger and more important works in the future. I cannot conceive anything more important than that view of a school of Art. The Government has now recognised the necessity of taking the future care and administration of the objects of the society; but the society will still, in its corporate capacity, be able to examine, watch over, and criticize the acts of the Government in relation to the great Museum and School which is now being taken under their care." His Grace referred to the valuable work the Royal Dublin Society had performed in the field of Science and Art in Ireland, and which had now attained to such a degree of prominence and importance that the Government could no longer forbear to deal with it. It is worthy of remark that the concession of a great Science and Art Institution for Ireland by the present Government has followed what was originally a demand for the establishment of an Art Museum of much smaller extent, and which it was proposed to erect adjacent to the present Art Schools; and we may observe that that demand on the part of the Royal Dublin Society originated in the successful working of the schools during the time they had been under Mr. Lyne's management, undoubtedly the most progressive and effective period in their history. During the time referred to they have rendered services of a most useful, practical, and valuable kind, and have largely aided in the formation and development of national taste in Ireland, and thus justified the Government in their recent determination to elevate them to the rank of State schools.

DUNDEE.—A special exhibition of paintings, drawings, and Art manufacture will be opened in the Albert Institute, Dundee, on October 1. Two similar exhibitions have been held in the town during recent years,—one when the British Association visited it in 1867, and the other on the opening of the Institute in 1873. Both were eminently successful in attracting works of Art of merit, as well as many visitors. The Albert Institute, which was erected from plans by Sir G. Gilbert Scott, R.A., at a cost of £40,000, to the memory of the late Prince Consort, affords accommodation to the Free Library, and also includes finely lighted picture galleries, a great hall, and Museum, all of which are to be used for the purposes of the forthcoming exhibition. The committee have already received promises of contributions from many members of the Royal Academy of London and the Royal Scotch Academy; and as the wealthy manufacturers of Dundee have been large buyers of pictures for some years past, such an exhibition should be an annual event in that town.

PONTYPOOL.—An exhibition of works of fine Art and of Art-manufactures was opened in this town early in May under the immediate patronage of the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, whose contributions were accompanied by those from Lord Raglan, Lady Llanover, Mr. J. C. Hanbury, Colonel Greenhow-Rolph, Major Phillips, Colonel Byrde, and many others of the neighbouring gentry. Judging from the catalogue sent to us, we assume that a large number and variety of interesting objects were collected together.

OBITUARY.

JOHN DENTON CRITTENDEN.

NOT the least gifted among those whose hands have been early arrested in that Art-work which beautifies life, was this sculptor, who died on the 22nd of April, at the age of forty-four, leaving behind him a good reputation and a number of works, each one of which not only shows the true artist gift in its conception, but the conscientious workmanship that faithfully strives after perfection.

Mr. Crittenden was born at Dartford, Kent, in 1834; he came to London in early childhood, and there received a solid education. A great taste for drawing was developed from the first in the intelligent boy, who laboured so assiduously that he invariably carried off the draughtsman's prize at his school. As soon as the youth had finished his studies, he entered a lawyer's office, still diligently following the evening classes of an Art school, wherein he made his first essay in modelling. The routine of law-copying, &c., proved, naturally, very irksome to the embryo sculptor, and one day, summoning up all his courage, he gave a timid knock at the door of Mr. J. Francis, the sculptor, showed him his youthful attempts and ventured to talk to him of his aspirations. Mr. Francis listened to the boy with kindly interest, gave him a bust of Lord Melbourne to copy, and told him to return when it was done. The result was that Mr. Francis generously received the youth into his studio, without any premium, and thus enabled him to carry out his cherished dream of becoming a sculptor.

In his spare hours, Mr. Crittenden began almost immediately to model portrait-busts, and at the age of nineteen he exhibited for the first time in the Royal Academy; this was in 1853, and from that period he has never failed to be represented there. In 1858 he sent two ideal groups to the Exhibition, suggested by the Crimean war. The first was Sir George Browne at the battle of the Alma, standing by the dead horse, which had been shot under him; the second group was of a woman and child, searching among the slain for the dead husband and father. After leaving Mr. Francis, Mr. Crittenden was for some time in the studio of Mr. Weekes, R.A., and subsequently was for several years in that of Mr. Foley, R.A.

Mr. Crittenden's principal works are 'Adversity,' 'Prosperity,' 'Stoning of St. Stephen,' 'Lady in Comus,' 'On the Sea Shore,' 'Christ giving Sight to the Blind,' 'La Vertu,' 'Hero,' and 'Prayer.' Two of his sculptured groups have been engraved in the *Art Journal*; 'Play,' a mother with her child—said to be portraits of the deceased sculptor's wife and one of their children—published in 1869; and 'Christ giving Sight to the Blind,' which appeared in 1873. He executed very successful portrait busts of Mr. Gladstone, Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Carlyle, Mr. Tennyson, Mr. Spurgeon, and other men of note. He also worked at the restoration of antiques in the British Museum.

During the long and trying illness which preceded his death it was touching to see the dying artist drawing, with his failing hands, animals for the amusement of his little children. Not less pathetic was it to hear him speak of his life of toil—the sunshine of its morning, the ever-glowing happiness of its noon—happiness which he was nevertheless quitting, with resignation to Heaven's will and with joyous faith in immortality. Few have equalled this childlike man in devotion to Art, in singleness of heart, and in purity of life.

VALENTINE WALTER BROMLEY.

This artist, whose unexpected death on the 30th of April, in the prime of manhood, greatly shocked the Art world of London, was the son of Mr. William Bromley, a member of the Society of British Artists, and great grandson of William Bromley, the engraver, an Associate of the Royal Academy in the early part of the century. The subject of our memoir was born on St. Valentine's day, 1848, and under the instruction of his father very soon

showed a most remarkable aptitude for Art. For invention and swiftness of execution there were few his equals. At nineteen years of age he was elected an Associate of the Institute of Water Colour Painters, and he belonged for some time also to the Society of British Artists. He was frequently Art-correspondent of the *Illustrated London News*, and executed a very large number of designs for the current literature of the country. Two years ago he spent six months travelling in the Far West of America with Lord Dunraven, and the illustrations to that nobleman's book of "The Great Divide" are by his pencil.

Just before his death he had undertaken for Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, to execute some of the designs for their forthcoming Shakespeare, and had also entered into an engagement with Mr. Ingram, M.P., to produce a series of double-page illustrations for that gentleman's paper, the *Illustrated London News*. He had undertaken also to bring out an important series of Bible subjects, to be executed by a new process. In June of last year he was married to the eldest daughter of Mr. John Forbes-Robertson, well known as a writer upon Art. "Val Bromley," as his friends affectionately called him, was personally much esteemed, and was one of the most warm-hearted of men. He has a picture called the 'Fairy Ring' in the present Academy Exhibition; but for his large work, which was a far more important and better painted picture, the Council thought fit not to find room. No artist had brighter prospects than this young man, or a genius more capable of making them realities. His pleasant ways endeared him to every one who knew him.

Mr. Bromley's picture, 'Troilus and Cressida,' appeared as one of our steel plates in the *Art Journal* of 1873.

PHILIPPE AUGUSTE JEANRON.

The French journals have announced the death of this clever *genre* historical painter in the early part of April last. He was born at Boulogne in 1809, and went to Paris in 1828, where he studied under M. Souchon. Among his best-known pictures are the 'Flight into Egypt,' 'The Camp at Ambleteuse,' 'The Camp at Equihem,' and 'The Port of Ambleteuse;' this last picture is in the Gallery of the Luxembourg. M. Jeanron was employed by the French Government in several duties connected with the Art-collections and Art-schools of Paris.

MADAME LEFEVRE-DEUMIER.

The death of this lady, an accomplished sculptor, is also announced to have occurred in Paris early in April. So far back as 1853 she received a third-class medal for her works, the principal of which are 'The Young Daughter of Procida,' the Infant Virgil, a bust of the Prince-President, a statue of the Empress Eugénie, 'The Young Herdsman,' 'The Nymph Glycera,' &c.

CHARLES MARCHAL.

There is yet another name to be added to the list of French artists recently deceased: it is that of Charles Marchal, who died, and, unhappily, by his own hand, in Paris on the 1st of April. The public journals of that city gave a long account of this melancholy event, which, in its manner and circumstances, reads like a sensational romance. The story is too long to introduce here, but it seems quite evident the poor painter's brain had been turned through disappointed vanity; "he had lived in a world," as a writer remarked, "where every one was *décoré* but himself." Among Marchal's best-known pictures are 'The Return from the Bal Masqué,' 'Foire aux Servantes,' 'Alsace,' 'Penelope,' 'Phryne,' &c. The crowd of artists and literati which accompanied the body to the church (Trinité) was so great that very many could not get admittance. Among the followers were MM. Alexandre Dumas, Meissonnier, Gérôme, Robert Fleury, Gustave Doré, and others of wide and well established reputation.

ART-NOTES FROM THE CONTINENT.

PARIS.—A glowing zeal to encourage fine art seems to develop itself on all sides in Paris. For the Exhibition of 1878 a great demand for artistic labour is anticipated, and the foreign artist resident in France is significantly warned that he is not to expect fellowship in the land of his sojourn. Fresh life is infused into the hot-house delicacies of Sèvres, and Gobelins is encouraged to make fresh efforts in its peculiar method of manufacture. Religion is fervently invoked to aid in the great revival, and the extensive orders of the municipal council and the action of the government through the minister of public instruction, might lead one to suppose that it is determined to rival the magnificent schemes and works of Leo the Tenth. Among the more recent evidences of this is the pictorial decoration of the various lateral chapels of the fine church of the Trinity. Of these two have not long since been freed from their scaffolding and veiling, to reveal two illustrations of the life of Sainte Geneviève, from the vigorous and masterly pencil of Barrias, whose initiation into professional life, after the completion of his Italian curriculum was so strikingly characterized by his fine composition of 'The Roman Exiles.' High as are the merits of these canvases for design, colour, and feeling, they have an unquestionably successful rival in Lecomte de Nouy's thoroughly original and sublime work, devoted to St. Vincent de Paul, which occupies the proximate chapel. This is one of the masterpieces of the present French school. We had occasion to notice its appearance at the Exhibition of the past year, and to mark the strong impression it made. Surely the fitness of things was excellently well observed, when this noble picture was placed in its conspicuous elevation in the church of the Trinity.—A recent notification informs us of the commencement of a project unequalled at present in any other country in Europe, and in truth, as a *coup seul*, leaving far behind any previous undertaking of France or its rulers; we allude to the pictorial embellishment of the church of Ste. Geneviève, or as it has been profanely named, the Pantheon. Strangely enough, when this momentous undertaking was, in the past year, first presented to the artistic world of Paris by the truly zealous Directeur des Beaux-Arts, Monsieur le Marquis de Chennevières, instead of being saluted with one welcoming acclaim, it encountered great hostility. However, the thing was in good hands, and, with the full concurrence of the minister of instruction, Mr. Waddington, it was strenuously pushed forward. The artists have been selected who are to have this opportunity of, it may be said, immortalising themselves, and they are engaged on the work. The chief portion of the subjects to be treated will be executed on canvas, and, for many reasons, will be painted in special *ateliers*. The two lateral chapels of the edifice will, however, be thoroughly mural in mode, and the colour will be laid upon their actual surfaces. One of these is dedicated to Ste. Geneviève, and the first touch of the brush engaged upon it was given on May-day. *Quod felix, faustumque sit!* may the genial friend of highest Art ejaculate. The preliminary operation of reducing the walls to a due superficial smoothness has already been commenced. The internal decoration of this heavily solemn structure, is not to be confined to painting. Sculpture is also invited to take its part therein, and ten statues are included in this competitive invitation to the Art-talent of France.

LE MUSÉE DES MOULAGES.—Under this modest designation one of the most remarkable and important fine art institutions known to France has recently been established and brought into operation. Our readers need not be told that the Louvre contains a vast treasure of original marbles from the antique, and that there are a large number of other works of the same class to be found in the various collections of the capital cities of Europe. Fortunately there is an art which enables all to

become participators in the gratification of contemplating these immortal creations of the mind,—the simple art, that is, of taking casts in plaster of Paris. It appears then, that by additions, accruing at different times, an almost incredible number of these copies have accumulated in the Parisian premises devoted to fine art. Of complete pieces and fragments of various kinds, the number is estimated at 3000 at the least. Strange to say, these masterpieces have hitherto existed in a state of comparative seclusion. At length, in reference to them, a happy idea occurred to some one. Why should they not be duly prepared and ranged and properly exhibited, so as both to charm and instruct? Admirably has the notion been reduced into a glorious reality. Fortunately the École des Beaux-Arts had within its walls apartments of dimensions sufficiently large and quite convenient for this purpose. The result is *de facto*, a vast collection containing duplicates of the statuary and architecture which have constituted the monopolized treasures of Rome, Florence, and Greece. To allude to a few of them let us mention the Barberini Faun from the Glyptothek of Munich; the colossal Castor from Monte Cavallo in Rome; the Scythe Sharpener (*Arrolino*), from Florence; the Mercury, or Antinous, from the Museum of the Capitol; the Florence Venus de Medici; the Menelaus and Patroclus from the Pitti Palace; the Victoria (from which certain French artists have won illegitimate honours) from the Brescia Museum; the Discobolus, from the Museo Vaticano; the seated statues of the Empress Agrippina and of Menander, from Rome also. These are a small portion of the contents of the chief hall, of which the mural embellishment is so quiet and yet brilliantly classic. Here also are two objects strikingly conspicuous and singularly interesting: the one, a corner group of pillars from the Parthenon; the other, a column from the Temple of Jupiter at Rome, in the composite capital of which all that is most exuberantly rich and exquisitely graceful in linear ornament has been developed. To see these two unique works, erect, in Parian purity of tint, is indeed a great treat. To note the crowding *ouvriers* whom each Sunday sees feasting on the banquet of Art to which they are here welcomed, to mark their quiet demeanour and quick intelligence in their enjoyment thereof, is assuredly not a little edifying, and—may it not be added?—suggests one means of counteracting the debasing seductions of alcohol. To the Art student this is an invaluable school, and with regard to them it is well said by a writer in *La Chronique des Arts*, "Il pourra, croyons nous, faire prendre patience aux jeunes artistes, qui n'ont pas encore été en Italie, et, en même temps, atténuer les regrets de ceux qui en sont revenus."—Apropos of the important Pantheon undertaking, alluded to in the preceding column, the following singular incident in reference to it takes its place in the statement of a committee named by the Chambre des Députés to draw up a report or budget, settling the monetary advances for fine art: "Your commission has required a return of themes ordered for illustration; it has even had certain sketches offered for its inspection, and regrets to conclude from them that the subjects directed to be executed for one of the most important chapels of the Pantheon are wholly discordant with the general views upon which an agreement had taken place. In a word, these subjects were neither historic nor national; they were but Art-illustrations of certain devotional peculiarities affected by Neo-Catholicism, and appeared to us of a nature to arouse the most deplorable polemics. Monsieur the minister of the department hesitated not to acknowledge the justice of our observations, and put himself at once into communication with the artist to whom this portion of the work in hand had been entrusted, and he consented to make a complete change in the suggestions that had been committed to him in the first instance."

THE ART UNION OF LONDON.

THIS well-managed and enterprising society has now reached a point of strong and vigorous manhood; the forty-first annual meeting of the subscribers having taken place at Willis's Rooms, St. James's, on the 24th of April, when Lord Houghton, the president, occupied the chair. We are not surprised to find by the report of the Council, read by Mr. T. S. Watson, the indefatigable secretary, that the income of the Society during the past year has suffered, in common with almost every association of whatever kind supported by public subscription, from the general depression in all commercial and monetary matters; yet certainly it did not to the extent which might reasonably have been looked for. The income for the two preceding years was respectively about £18,000 and £20,952; that of 1876-7 reached only £15,586; but even this reduced sum was an advance of about £4,000 over those years which immediately preceded the two just mentioned; it is evident, therefore, that the Art Union of London still maintains itself in public favour. There is, however, another matter to be taken into account when instituting a comparison between the receipts of the last year and those of the two years of exceptionally productive harvests which it followed; in the latter, the attractions of the two splendid engravings from Maclise's great pictures, 'Nelson' and 'Wellington,' brought forward, there is no doubt, a very large number of subscribers who were chiefly desirous to possess these fine prints.

Of the sum subscribed during the past year, which terminated on the 1st of April, about one-half, or £7,810, was allotted for the purchase of prizes, the principal of which were two of £200 each, three of £150 each, and five of £100 each, independent of

the first prize, the picture, by E. Armitage, R.A., of 'Joseph and Mary,' from which the engraving of the year was made; this painting fell to the number of the ticket held by Mr. C. W. Garrod, of Wells. Mr. J. Lay, of Colchester, and Mr. T. Young, of Port Augusta, South Australia, were, respectively, fortunate in securing the two £200 prizes. We notice that among the lesser prizes a very considerable portion goes to our colonies and to continental subscribers. The balance of the society's income was set apart for the expenses of the engravings and incidental disbursements of every kind, including the reserve fund, now amounting to more than £28,000.

The report of the council refers to many interesting topics, to which we have not room to allude, but there is one that must not be passed over; and that is, that the council has succeeded in acquiring a plot of ground near the Savoy in the Strand, on which it is proposed to build a house in lieu of that the association has long held possession of near Charing Cross, but which for many years has been found inadequate to the proper display of the collection of works of Art of various kinds forming the stock of the Art Union, as well as for the operations involved in the convenient packing and dispatch of the large amount of engravings and prize works which have each year to be distributed to every part of the world. There can be no doubt, it may be assumed, of the wisdom of this determination. Mr. E. Barry, R.A., is to be the architect of the new edifice, the cost of which will be defrayed out of the reserve fund. In its new quarters the society will, we trust, take a new and long lease of its hitherto well-spent life.

THE PERFECT HOUSE.

IT may be rather hard upon the idealists, but it is a demonstrable fact, nevertheless, that ugliness and awkwardness co-exist with the most romantic notions. No one, not in the secret, and looking merely at the abodes in which some of us are content to dwell, would imagine that the heads of every household, male and female, were troubled with anything so romantic as a dream about "a perfect house." We suppose a metaphysician would make something of such a fact, but we are by no means sure that it would illustrate a theory of the imagination as consisting of nothing more than the subtle chemistries of memory. It is quite certain that the dream cannot, in every case, be a compound of once visible fact. It is a romance, a poem, a piece of purely intellectual architecture. There is such a thing as making a theory out of our deprivations, and it is much to be feared that, in nine cases out of ten, we construct an ideally perfect house by an alarming series of opposites. Experience guides us, and we refine upon it, and the result is a something as unlike the reality as the glowing East is to a sea of eternal ice. The animals who carry their houses upon their backs have accommodated themselves without any theory at all, and, we suspect, it must be added, that the perfect houses some men and women dream of would far less harmoniously adjust themselves to their respective tenants.

Considering how varied the "perfect house" of the imagination is, it is strange there should be such a stupid uniformity in the dwellings which most of the dreamers abide in. Nor is it enough to say they only dream, whilst architects and builders do the practical part of the business. The little variety which has become apparent of late years is due to the intrusion of the romantic element, which is recognised, but not admitted to full power. A balcony is constructed, but it is only a sham; an

attachment to the house instead of being a useful part of it. So of other things. Stucco is merely a dull hint that stone is better to build with than brick, and embayed windows feebly express the notion that a house should be something superior to a well-lighted and well-furnished prison. A porch is of value as a sort of prologue, and dormer windows became fashionable, not because they break up the sky-line, but because they enable architects to provide an extra bedroom for servants. Thus, we may find in our dwellings suggestions of the fact that perfect houses are really dreamed about, but that architects and builders treat our ideals as fads, and never for a moment suffer themselves to relax their hold upon the immaculately commonplace.

Our ideals are curious. What is a perfect house? Dr. Marigold, when he was able "to put a name to his feelings," would have no hesitation in describing it as "something yellow, wooden, and upon wheels." We very much doubt whether any other person could be half so explicit. A whole catalogue of dimly-defined requirements would have to be rapidly run over, and the answers would, in some instances, be amazing. A squarely-built, commodious, suburban residence, with lawn in front and a big garden behind, would represent the ideal of not a few. "Something Gothic," would be the reply of a considerable section, strong in general principles and ignominiously weak in details—where, by the way, what is called "Gothic" usually fails. "I want a tower," another would say, "not because I am afraid of a flood, but because I want a good prospect now and then, and I believe there is sound science in that private maxim of Bacon's, 'Every morning inhale the air from some lofty place.'" Others would complain of the squat, mean-looking houses in which they have to pass their lives, and desire something lofty, roomy, gigantesque.

Augustus and Nero decreed that Roman houses should not be more than seventy feet high, but, in their dreams, these fanciful architects would make that height a sort of Local Government Board minimum. "Give me the old feudal style," chimes in another, "a common dining-hall for the entire establishment. It would suit my democratic notions. I agree with Selden, that when once the lord of the house 'became a thing coopt up, all his greatness was spoiled,' and that when the king used to eat in common hall with his lords 'then he understood men.' The great vice of all our modern dwellings is the provision made for the affected effeminacy of privacy. We seem to be either afraid or ashamed of each other." Upon the heels of this one comes another, who turns his head backward, and can see nothing beautiful in what is not antique. He would not build a house; he would restore one. If we doubt his wisdom, and point to the narrow rooms and small windows of these ancient abodes, he flings Mr. Ruskin at our head. "A house is not in its prime," says that high authority, "until it is five hundred years old." What havoc such an assertion makes with our dreams of perfect houses! The fitting house for our ensconcement ought to have been built in the time of Chaucer! We ought now to be intent upon building models for those tattooed students who may come over the sea and dig up London, Manchester, and Liverpool, about the year 2500.

The perfect-house idealizing has now entered upon quite a novel phase. An eminent authority, discarding Mr. Ruskin, and going back to the common sense of Bacon, who says, as if it needed saying, as *certes* it does, "houses are built to live in and not to look on," declares that all our abodes, from Land's End to the Hebrides, want either re-modelling or rebuilding. What tricks these idealists play with us! One wants us to leave houses for five hundred years to be in their prime, and the other to pull them all down instanter. Which has the greater amount of reason upon his side? Ruskin would say that no conditions of house-building can ever compensate for a fair amount of out-door living; and he is quite right in so saying. We stay indoors too much as it is, and if we ever attain to the heights and depths, the towers and arches, of sanitary perfection Dr. Richardson dreams of, we shall make the new house as

much of a cell as the old cloister. Can we make, ought we to try and make, our houses, as if we were to be in perpetual garrison, committed to prison, as Bacon says the man is who "builds a fair house upon an ill seat"? That is, we believe, the complete sanitary theory. The perfect house is that abode in which, if need be, you can live a complete existence, breathing pure air always, taking exercise all weathers, and able to regale sense and mind with all that is refreshing and delightful. It is the very opposite of the nomad-theory, in which a shifting tent is the highest bliss, and a house is merely a bedroom and a cover from the wet, all Nature lying open as lawn, pleasure-garden, and fair park and pasture. It is artificiality *in excelsis*. Each householder is to make an enclosure, and it is to suffice for him. Nature is to be shut out, as something we have nothing to do with in its raw state. We must become exotics.

The perfect house is a work of imagination, in which each one must be his own ideal architect. Neither Mr. Ruskin nor Dr. Richardson can pretend to do more than lay down general principles, æsthetical or sanitary, and when they have done their best everybody will go on dreaming in his own fashion, as if nothing had happened. The perfect house, however, no matter who may dream about it, must be a fortress against the elements: rain, wind, cold, and heat. It must be well lighted, naturally and artificially; dry in the interior, well drained and watered; provided with plenty of pure air; the chimneys must not smoke; the kitchen effluvia must be effectively diverted from the rest of the house; the bedrooms must be lofty, and so on. Dr. Richardson has put all this much better than we can. But his perfect sanitary abode might be a long way from those romantic notions which fill the heads of so many people. It is a good sign that the perfect house is still a varied and unsettled ideal. If houses themselves do not disclose the ideal, except in a future sort of fashion, the time must come when we shall expend as much high intellectual energy in building a good dwelling-house as in bridging a stream, designing a minster, or painting a picture. The perfect house, instead of being five hundred years behind us, is about five hundred years ahead. Nobody has ever seen one, but everybody has one—as an idea.

EDWIN GOADBY.

ART EXHIBITION AT THE GERMAN ATHENÆUM, MORTIMER STREET.

THIS is the third annual Art Exhibition which the German Athenæum has held in the well-lit gallery of its club-house in Mortimer Street. The pictures, sixty-nine in number, are in oil and in water colours, and have been kindly lent by the artists, most of whom are members of the institution.

This club, which was started a few years ago in a very humble way in the neighbourhood of Hanway Street, is now one of the most prosperous in London. The members give, from time to time, delightful concerts, and make the cultivation of Art and Science one of their main objects. They call themselves indeed "Deutscher Verein für Kunst und Wissenschaft." One of the largest contributors on the present occasion is Hubert Herkomer, who has sent fourteen works, not the least meritorious of which are his two 'Stained wood panels for decorative purposes.' They are powerful and correct in drawing and remarkable as compositions. Some of his pictures, such as 'Twilight Dreams' (47), and a 'Chat by the Way' (60), between a young lady and two old people, show how largely M. Herkomer was influenced at one time by the Frederick Walker school. His later and more independent manner will be seen in 'The Poacher's Fate' (48), and in his 'Felling Timber' in a German forest (55).

William Kumpel, who at one time made some mark as a figure painter, has devoted himself of late years with great success to forest scenery. 'Afternoon in the New Forest' (9), and 'A Windy Day' (67) and 'A Lonely Group' (69), also in

the New Forest, are good examples of his landscape powers. Alma Tadema has sent some half dozen pictures of great interest. 'The Egyptian Doorway' (20), 'Tarquinius Superbus' (31), lent by Sir Henry Thompson, and 'Sunday Morning' (36), a Flemish interior, lent by Mr. R. Prance, are the three works of the artist which we like best. Alma Tadema himself has lent a very characteristic 'Sea piece,' by H. W. Mesdag; and to Mr. F. J. Pilgeram the Society is indebted for a fine picture by Otto Weber, representing a meeting of horses at the barrier which divides their two fields.

E. Allan Schmidt follows with pronounced success the school of Meissonier, and his 'Smoker' (14) has all the largeness and breadth peculiar to the illustrious Frenchman. Tom Lloyd, one of our coming landscape painters, has sent one of his own 'Sun-lit Cornfields' (10), and a rapid sketch of 'Floods on Dartmoor' (17). There are also pictures by Guido Bach, F. Skill, Carl Werner, Adolf Schreyer, W. Bell Scott, Guido Schmidt, John Linnell, and Professor L. Guslitt. It is true the collection is limited; but then it is very choice, as the reader may judge from the names of those of the artists we have mentioned; nor do these by any means exhaust the list. There are, for example, works by J. W. Bottomley, David Roberts, R.A., F. Goodall, R.A., R. Thorne Waite, Sir A. Callcott, R.A., and H. Faber Bluhm, to be seen to more or less advantage in the gallery of the German Athenæum.

NORWAY.*

By R. T. PRITCHETT, F.S.A.

CHAPTER VI.



ISTERDAL is full of interest and character, with a wild river, precipitous mountains on either side, snow on the high peaks above, a rushing of waters below, hardly any track, shut in by a façade of rock at the end of the valley; and yet it is the way from Romsdal to Valdøl. Let us therefore explore it, and do so in two fyttes,—a short carriage ride to the Sæter with ladies, and beyond, high, high up, for real research, without the ladies. First, place aux dames. We tried the short journey with two carriages; for an

English mile or two we did pretty well, as carriages will go anywhere and over anything; but as we get into the scrubwood and underwood the road grows worse, and the wheels going sometimes over a boulder of one or two feet in height, the axle assumes an alarming angle, and the bonder skyd-gut hangs on the high side to keep the vehicle from turning over—first one side and then the other—till the fair occupant of the machine is shaken to a jelly, and would fain try to walk. Still, we all persevere and

soon arrive at the meal-mill, given in our woodcut. What a retired spot for business! Who would ever think of it as a centre to draw customers and found a business,—as a likely spot for a man to become the architect of his own fortune, and beginning with the conventional half-crown?

The water seen here is the Ister—ever thick and muddy and ever in violent motion. What a contrast to the calm dignity of the mountains above, in all their graduated phases! A little above this is a shoot, bringing down water to turn the mill. On our arrival the miller comes out with a quiet kind of welcome, and very kindly shows us the stones doing their share of work to bring about flad-brod for the people of the valley during their summer visit; it is for the Sæter people they work principally. Leaving the mill we pass on to the denser scrub and brushwood. We had with us an old Skye terrier, full of noble traits of character—courage and endurance—but being as blind as Belisarius, running against some of the rocks in the track not only threw him on his haunches but shook his nerve—that Highland nerve which is of such rare stuff. Let us immortalise our blind Norwegian canine traveller by a description. If lost, an advertisement should run thus: "Lost, a brindled Skye terrier, answering to the name of 'Kyle.' Rough broken hair, broad chest, short legged, bow-legged, middle aged and strong, and carries his tail high. True to the core, with a head as large as a deerhound's. Teeth to match."



Spinning in the Sæter, Isterdøl.

The Norwegians at first thought it would be well to shoot him, but he soon enlisted them all amongst his many ardent admirers when they came to know him better.

Perhaps the thought may flit across the mind of some, Why bring a blind Scotch terrier into an article on Norway? This is why: old Kyle was taken that day for a young bear by a simple-minded Norwegian cow. Never were fear and fright more vividly portrayed than by the action of that animal, of her tail especially, on the first glimpse of the brown brindled terrier. Hearing his name mentioned he has just wagged his tail, which

is quite flat, like an otter's, and when very pleased he wags it with the flat side on to the floor to produce more sound. By this time we are at the Sæter, where the piges have come to look after cows until September. Having driven on the only flat piece of grass we unpack for lunch, and soon the good produce of the aforesaid cow comes to our comfort in an unadulterated form, and thoroughly is the simple fare enjoyed. After lunch we visit the interior of the Sæter, and find spinning going on steadily, with a little national tune hummed to the whirling wheel accompaniment. The weaving is done during the winter months. In the summer a little spinning is done, but only by the most industrious.

* Continued from page 172.

To see Isterdal the only way is to walk. Let us therefore continue on from the Sæter in the direction of Valdai. This was done with Ole Fiva. Soon we began to ascend, for the end of the valley is precipitous, with a fine fall, the top of which must be reached before arriving at the plateau—"botten" or "balloch." As we began to ascend Ole pointed out in the river below a spot where a bear had been killed; and higher up again where a bear lived; he had seen it there. Some idea of the situation is given by the large woodcut, with the Aiguilles on the right. This is

looking down Isterdal, and the path was effaced the day before we passed by a quantity of rough stuff coming down, more than sufficient to have carried us with it into the valley beneath. The Aiguilles are of a similar formation to the Troltinderne in Romsdal, and seem to be a nursery of "trois" for future ages.

The evening glows on these pinnacles are marvellously and beautifully grand, and the transitions of hue from one to the other beyond imagination and conception. Still we work up. Ole, ignoring the slightly defined regular track, goes up really



The Meal-mill, Isterdal.

awful places, hauling himself up, and astonishing his follower and companion by displaying the most unnecessary and enviable agility. All honour to such strength and energy! By this time we had reached the plateau from which the murky Ister takes a header into the valley, which lay at our feet. Once on the plateau, we could get along better over the stunted flora and bare rocks, with snow here and there, especially on the south-west side. The track is indicated by a few pieces of rock, put here and there in a pile, which being of the same formation as the rock we are walking on, similarity of colour makes them

very indistinct at times: the best way is to look out for one on the sky line if possible. After a long tramp we crossed the Ister again, still more turbid; and this was puzzling, as it seemed to come from a glacier above; but of this more anon. We worked on until we could look down Valdai, and having "drunk in nature" in that direction, took a little food from our wallets, and lay down for an al fresco siesta on a handsome natural carpet of "fjelde reis" and other vegetation.

After that, Ole began telling of expeditions, traditions, and excursions to the Jager's Steen, and formally wound up with

the report of a frozen lake which a hunter had seen, but which had not been visited since. "Could we find it?" "Was the Herr inclined to go?" "Most certainly!" So we started. There is a wonderful sense of freedom, and yet of a closer commune with one's Creator, in wandering over almost untrodden ground to admire some portion of God's works that have been rarely visited by man. It is suggestive of drawing aside the veil of the Tabernacle of Nature; and happy is the man who derives comfort and soul-strength in so doing!

Ole led straight up over rocks bare and be-tumbled; not a symptom of vegetation; above us a glacier coming to the edge of a precipice, the melting ice forming a fringed fall. We lay down, looking over the side on a bed of scarlet and crimson fjelde reiss, a kind of cotoneaster; beyond this ledge we saw the glacier, imperceptibly coming on, backed, in a long perspective of glacial blocks, by a huge bare block of rock, and the Bischof and the Dronningen. This was the source of the Ister. The water, some distance from the foot of the fall,



The Head of the Valley, Isterdal.

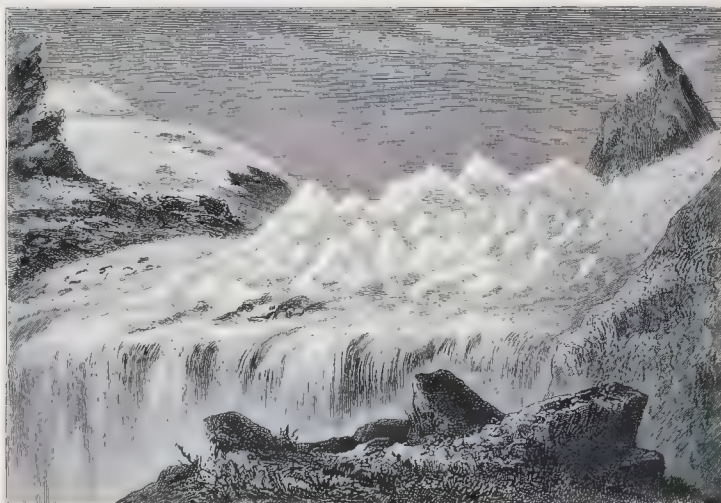
passed over a soft deposit, which sullied its pristine purity right down to the sea; the "murky Ister" thus acquiring near its origin its characteristic turbidity.

Now for a try for the unknown lake. Ole keeps on; he thinks he has his bearings all right. At last (having climbed up by the side of a fall dashing down through bare rocks) came the summit, and creeping round a boulder, before us is a lake, intensely deep in colour, full of icebergs and floes of old ice. Where we stood was snow, with tracks of reindeer; in places the snow had melted, the lemmings had been there, and the reindeer

flowers were coming up. These we eat with flad-brod, og smør, after a time, for we could not at once settle down to a snack without paying a tribute of respect to the majesty of nature then before us. The drawing of this scene is being rendered in line engraving, and will be subsequently published in this work. We began our meal in earnest, and in the midst of it we heard a noise like a roll of thunder. Soon we knew the direction. On the left side of the lake the vast snow extent was riven by a gigantic avalanche, which ploughed its way down, and coming to the edge of the rocks plunged headlong into the

lake, agitating all the ice, and causing the icebergs to jostle each other; but water and ice soon regained their equilibrium, and nature lay before us in solemn silence and undisturbed majesty. It can well be imagined that having once attained such a spot—some 5,000 feet above the sea—there was a

desire to linger, though the day was fading, and we had five and a half hours' walk home. However, "En route!" was the word, so we routed. Straight down from bare rock to rock simply ends in "no knees" after a time, and one's legs become something between strips of asparagus and sea kale;



Melting Glacier over Valdø.

there was, however, one thing in store: once on a fair road we could make some running. It was a lovely evening: we were late, it was true, but as horses go freely with their noses towards home we both took to the road very kindly, and went along with

a will. Ole did not talk much. It is the pace that kills, and after sixteen hours' trudge with our provisions, he no doubt felt that he had done enough. With health and strength, such a day amidst grand scenery is a joy for ever!

THE GAME AT CARDS.

J. L. MEISSONIER, Painter.

L. J. RAJAN, Engraver.

IT is said of nature, remarks a French writer, "Maxime miranda in minimis," and it is a truism which may especially be applied to the works of M. Meissonier; for whatever space he covers in any picture gallery the place so occupied is large with respect to the Art that fills it. It is impossible to examine any one of his microscopic compositions without acknowledging the truth of what the painter's countryman says of him. For more than forty years (his earliest pictures in the style which has given him the very high reputation which he now has were exhibited so far back as 1836, when he was about twenty-five years old,) almost every year has added to the store of pictorial wealth from his pencil which has been scattered through the chief picture galleries of Europe and America; for our brethren on the other side of the Atlantic understand and appreciate the great French artist as well as we do ourselves.

On some previous occasions we have introduced into our pages engravings from Meissonier's single figures; so far back as 1868 we gave a place to his 'Waiting an Audience,' and this year two highly-finished etched plates of 'An Artist' and 'The Smoker' have appeared. A more important subject than either of these, inasmuch as it contains a number of figures, is now introduced. The dramatis personæ are a group of soldiers, who, by their picturesque costume, might serve to represent the civic guard of the seventeenth century; they are evidently not

the ordinary troops of any government, neither is it a common guardhouse in which they have assembled to play; there is too much richness of architecture and too much suggestive of wealth in the furniture, &c. (though it is not quite clear what one is to understand by the rather indefinite background on the left) to allow us to suppose that these military gamblers are in their usual quarters; they seem rather to have taken possession of some old château and are making themselves perfectly at home in it; one of the men has flung himself on a bench, in the back-ground to the right, and is apparently sleeping soundly.

Of the two card-players, one is certainly at fault as to the next move of his hand, and his adversary watches him intently, though we would wager that he is already master of the game. Their comrades are interested in the position of affairs, and look earnestly for the result. The group is most effectively composed, with a capital arrangement of light and shade; the faces of the men, minute as they are, are full of expression.

How favourably in such a subject as this does the French artist appear when contrasted with some of the old Dutch painters, as Teniers, Ostade, and others, who have treated similar scenes! What a refinement is there in the former; what coarseness, if not vulgarity, in the works of the latter! We do not say it is always so, but where it is otherwise it must be noted as an exception, and not the rule.







THE SCHOOL OF ART-NEEDLEWORK.

By MRS. BURY PALLISER.

THE Royal School of Art-Needlework opened recently an exhibition of works specially executed at their school for the late Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, comprising that portion which did not find purchasers in America, together with various other embroideries executed at the same school and now offered for sale. The School of Art-Needlework was founded in 1872, under the patronage of the Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, its acting and active president. It has the two-fold object of giving suitable employment to gentlemen who need it, and of restoring ornamental needlework to the high place it once held among the decorative arts. Its first object is highly praiseworthy in providing work befitting their position to ladies in reduced circumstances—so different from the degrading suggestion of “lady helps.” Here a lady has merely to pay a small sum at entrance, is immediately placed under the guidance of a well-trained staff of lady workers, is furnished with the requisite materials, and receives a regular salary.

The designs are by the most practised artists—by their R.H. the Princess Christian and the Princess Louise, Lady Marian Alford, Mrs. Percy Wyndham, Miss M. Gemmell, Mr. Burne Jones, Mr. Crane, Mr. Hungerford Pollen, and others.

The present exhibition is a good proof of the success of this praiseworthy society. The specimens consist of curtains, screens, quilts, chair and sofa backs, ottomans, &c. Among the curtains stand prominent those worked for the Manchester Town Hall, of crimson-brown cloth, the border embroidered with olives and pomegranates on peacock-green ground, and the base decorated with a portly row of gorgeous conventional sunflowers, *appliqué*. This pair, twenty-five feet high, is one of eleven pairs ordered, from the designs of Mr. Waterhouse, the architect of the Town Hall, to be placed in the dining and reception rooms. Another pair of curtains of velveteen are also of sunflower pattern, a border of the flowers, the petals and seeds most strikingly natural, first designed for the Queen, by Mrs. Percy Wyndham, and now in Windsor Castle. The harmonious colouring of some cinnamon-coloured curtains, with border copied from an old tile given by Lady Fitzhardinge, is excellent; nor should we omit the red velvet curtains, with a graceful border of white lilies, designed by the Princess Louise.

The screens exhibit some of the most delicate specimens of embroidery; those especially designed by Miss Mary Gemmell, all of floral pattern—the myrtle, jessamine, and wild rose on one, the poppy, iris, foxglove, and Canterbury bells on another—show an elegance of composition and skilfulness of execution unsurpassed. A screen, with birds and leaves on green satin, designed by the Princess Christian, another with foxgloves, and chair seats, of olive satin, with honeysuckle, rose, nemophila, and begonia, are among the many things deserving of mention.

A wall decoration on panel, designed by Mr. Burne Jones, is much admired. The subject, Music, enthroned and surrounded by fifteen graceful figures, each with a representative instrument. It is worked in broad outlines upon a white linen ground, executed in crewels, with great boldness and admirable simplicity, much expression being given by the different degrees of thickness of the crewels which form the outline.

One of the specialties of this school is the copying, repairing, and restoring ancient needlework, of which there is an admirable example in some cream-coloured silk curtains belonging to Lady Ashburton, with splendid scroll pattern in coloured silks, evidently of Italian origin, and another in a white satin quilt embroidered in gold, a copy of old work belonging to Lady Brownlow.

This exhibition goes far to show most satisfactorily that women of the present period can compete successfully with their predecessors of bygone days. The Loan Exhibition of Art Needlework, held at South Kensington in 1873, which first gave the impulse to a revival of the art, showed how assiduously, as

well as skilfully, women plied the needle in former times, not only in the seclusion of the convent, but in palaces and castled halls, where the lady *châtelaine* would work, surrounded by her attendant maidens, and listen to some tale of chivalry, afterwards to be transferred to the canvas. Scotland's ill-fated Mary stands pre-eminent in the noble band of needlewomen,—and need she had of the solace of the needle to contribute to while away her long days of captivity. Of the handiwork of her ruthless rival, examples were also exhibited.

Part of the bed-hangings of Queen Mary in her last prison of Fotheringhay Castle were exhibited at Kensington, embroidered with animals in relief, after the fashion of the time, and which are minutely described in the inventories preserved of the *per-sonnelle* of the queen. In that grand old “English home,” Haddon Hall, in Derbyshire, a bed is hung with white satin, embroidered in coloured floss silks and gold thread; and many others might be mentioned: others were executed in worsted embroidery, the “crewel work,” on twilled calico, of the Elizabethan era. On the valance were often worked some scriptural or historical subjects. Satin, velvet, no material was thought too costly for the decoration of the needle; we have seen the whole furniture of a bed wrought in Venetian point-lace. At the head of the bed would hang the *semainier*, or *vide poche*—a large pocket divided into seven, for each day in the week, to hold the watch, money, &c., safely during the night.

The coverlet surpassed in richness the rest of the bed furniture, either embroidered with birds and flowers executed in *passé* or *appliqué* work, a favourite style of decoration, or else quilted. The minute *piqué* of some specimens is marvellous; one can hardly conceive a person having the courage to attempt, or eyes to execute, such microscopic stitching.

We go no further than the bed, but there were no upholsterers in those days, and chairs, window curtains, sofas,—everything was decorated by women's hands; and the calls on their needle were incessant, to say nothing of pictures representing historical or domestic subjects, all of which found their interpreters in the patient needle.

The old work we cannot restore, nor in these restless, stirring times can we perform the conscientious tasks of those of old. Time and patience are wanting; but we can elevate the art above a “cosy” or a banner screen, and by the unwearied exertions of those who have entered on the work, hope to restore it to the high estate from which it has fallen.

There is now a general movement in this direction. The Ladies' Work Society is flourishing under the guidance of the Princess Louise, herself an accomplished needlewoman and artist. In one essential feature it differs from the South Kensington School of Art, that the ladies can do their work at home, and send it to Sloane Street for sale, their names being known only to the ladies who form the committee.

The Royal Irish School of Art-needlework has determined to hold this year a loan exhibition of ancient and modern needlework, which is sure to prove a success in a country where the art of needlework has long been held in high estimation.

It were much to be desired that schools of needlework should be established in all our manufacturing towns. Manchester has set a good example by the munificent order they have given for curtains to decorate their Town Hall; let her also take the initiative in opening a school for Art-needlework.

Apropos of the subject of needlework, we read that on the anniversary of the Emperor of Germany's birthday the German Princesses presented him with an arm-chair, upon which they had embroidered with their own hands eighty full-blown *kornblume*, or cornflowers, his favourite flower—as many blossoms as he counts years—with a number of buds, symbolical of the years to come which they wish may be added to his life.

TERRA-COTTA.

THERE is no term in Art more frequently used than this; yet few people know more on the subject than that it means burnt clay. There are consequently many who will thank us for conveying to them information communicated by William Gillow, Esq., M.R.C.S., extracted from a lecture delivered by him at a meeting of the Teign Naturalists' Society, at Torquay:—

"Terra-cotta is a compound Italian word, meaning literally 'earth, burnt or baked.' In its generic sense it might be translated into the English term 'earthenware.' Clay is the one condition of earth able to bear hard firing. Clay is one of the results of the disintegration and attrition of the various primary rocks; chemically, it is a hydrated silicate of alumina, containing in its purest form nearly 50 per cent. of silica, 40 of alumina, and the rest water. Natural clay is plastic from the combined water—that is, water in chemical combination with its elementary parts. Pure clay will bear a very high temperature, which only expels the combined water, but produces no change chemically. This brings us to the true definition and explanation of our subject. Terra-cotta comprises all clay productions, whether for useful, artistic, or decorative purposes, where the original nature of the clay is preserved; consolidated, but not intrinsically altered by fire, save in the loss of its combined water. Here rests its special characteristic, its correct definition, its essential difference from the many forms of stoneware and from porcelain, all of which have clay for their basis, but in which, from various chemical combinations, the natural condition is lost at a high temperature, and the result is a vitrified body; the clay becomes more or less converted into glass. These introductory remarks will remove several popular errors; two points, however, require special comment. Many people ask, In what does terra-cotta differ from common flower-pots, bricks, or tiles? The difference is rather imaginary than real—one of degree only. The finest clay, where the silica is in perfect combination with the alumina, and where the combined water secures a complete plastic mass, is most suited for terra-cotta productions; whereas coarser clay, with free silica in the form of sand, does better for brick works. The purest clay is absolutely necessary for the former, whereas the impurity of lime, &c., does not injure the latter productions. Many people suppose that terra-cotta must be more or less red in colour; they call a vase, a jug, &c., terra-cotta because it is red, and any work of Art not of this tint they would hesitate to designate. This is a fallacy. The colour is an accident, and not a condition, of terra-cotta clay. It depends only on a stain caused by the presence of oxide of iron, which in some localities, as in Devonshire, gives a character and a charm, not only to the clay, but to the earth generally. The largest terra-cotta and brick works are found in the coal districts, where extensive clay deposits exist between the coal measures. Here the colour varies from every shade of grey, buff, green, blue, to brown and black. The purest clay known is the white china clay of Cornwall and some parts of Devonshire. In most countries of Europe the clay used for terra-cotta manufactures is buff-coloured; but this is often stained by artificial means to some tinge of red to meet popular prejudice. In no part of the world is natural clay found with the delicate red shade of our Devonshire deposits.

"The history of terra-cotta is lost in remote antiquity. In Egypt we find an old legend, that Nun, the great spirit, formed the heavens and the earth, and then with his potter's wheel brought into shape a man. Numerous legends and antiquarian discoveries prove that the origin of the art is pre-historic. Mr. Leonard Horner discovered fragments of terra-cotta in good preservation in his excavations at Memphis, so deep below the deposits of the Nile, that he gives them an age of 13,000 years. Such dates, of course, are open to objection, but we have in the British Museum various relics of Egyptian Art of the third or

fourth dynasties (2,000 and 3,000 years before Christ), vases and tablets, inscribed with records of the age. These were introduced into the graves as historic links between the dead and future generations. The earlier Egyptian potters were slaves, and their skill was rude; but the clay was very good, dark red or yellow in colour, and must have been well prepared and fired, as its nature remains unchanged to the present day.

"The most interesting remnants of these remote periods come from Assyria, where terra-cotta tablets were used for all the purposes for which we should use paper, cards, and books. Some 20,000 of these tablets exist in the museums of Europe, inscribed with the annals of passing events, title deeds, almanacs, letters, medical recipes, and tickets of admission to the play, and other public exhibitions. These are made of the finest clay, and mark the Assyrian pottery as superior to the Egyptian. The dates are often indistinct, but probably they belong to periods anterior to the fall of Nineveh. We have also many fine samples of early Babylonish terra-cotta, principally coffins and sarcophagi, with figures in bas-relief, always of a pale straw colour. Biblical history and mythology furnish repeated records of the antiquity of this art, and prove that the mode of production at its origin has been handed down and is still preserved in our own days. The pottery of China is a striking evidence of this. There, factories are now at work which date back 2,000 years; and where the present appliances are but little altered from those illustrated in their early rude sketches. The art and its simple appliances have been taught by the never-dying voice of tradition. Time will not permit us to dwell on the varied developments of the ceramic art made by the Greeks, the Romans, and the Etruscans, all of whom have left vast and valued samples for our instruction and admiration, showing a great improvement in artistic skill over the earlier nations, but maintaining the previous modes of working. One important step is claimed by the Corinthians, viz., the art of modelling figures. Greeks and Romans lay claim to the invention, but the evidence is not clear. Figures have mostly been destroyed by the barbaric races, and so we cannot trace their origin as we can with vases and tablets. The life-sized figure of Mercury in the Vatican Museum, and some large statues in the Museum at Naples, are of terra-cotta, and are probably Grecian; also the famous torso in the British Museum is a fine sample of early modelling in terra-cotta. The Greeks had no red clay, as most of their works are coloured. The ancient statues used by the Romans to adorn their temples were made of terra-cotta, but it is said that many of these were purchased from the Greeks and Etruscans; possibly this was true in the days of the Republic, as Art then fell to a low ebb. The Romans kept up, however, a very large manufactory of terra-cotta at Samos until the fall of the Republic. We may conclude this part of our subject by giving to Egypt and Assyria the credit of ceramic birthright, and to Greece, Etruria, and Rome the credit of educating and cultivating the Art. Greece seems to have made the greatest developments in modelling, in statues, and in bas-reliefs. The Etruscans stand the highest in beauty of shape and form. With the fall of these nations terra-cotta degenerated rapidly, and during the Middle Ages was everywhere at its lowest ebb. From the fourteenth century various new industries sprang up and came into fashion, taking the place of the older productions. The della-robba ware of Italy, the fayence of Palissy, and the subsequent porcelain works of Naples, Nuremberg, Dresden, Sèvres, Chelsea, and Worcester, present to us clay in its new combinations, having lost all its natural characteristics and its original type. These are very beautiful, very useful—all have their page in history, their place in Art—their own especial value and merit—only let us understand they are no longer 'burnt earth.' They are not *terra-cotta*, and should not therefore be classed with samples of our manufactory. The two should not be compared to the detriment

or advantage of either. Each has had, and has still, its use and its beauties.

"Terra-cotta has played an important part in the world's history; by its help we learn much of ages that are gone, and of dynasties that have been swept away. On tablets of clay we find inscribed details that happened thousands of years ago, and these tablets have withstood without change the wear and tear of ages, and being of small intrinsic value, have escaped the destructive hands of war. The more we know of this simple substance, the more we dwell on its hidden merits and its unfolding secrets of the past, the more we must admit its claims on our admiration.

"Marble is one of the choicest efforts of nature's productive power; but marble is scarce, is only suited for few purposes, is beyond the reach of the many, and can only be worked by the exceptional artist; durable as marble is, still it crumbles and decays with the lapse of ages, and the fragments that remain to us of the past are mute, or at best indistinct, as to the history of their origin. Whereas 'burnt clay' not only has supplied, and can still supply, all mankind with what is useful and also beautiful, but the vase, the urn, or the tablet, once called into life by the magic potter's wheel and stamped with its own parentage, can live to tell its own story until the end of time. Since the days of our great Wedgwood there has been a revival in this country, and through all Europe, of terra-cotta art, still the results have not been thoroughly satisfactory. The reason probably is that, clay being found everywhere, inferior clays are used, and so the productions are inferior. Only very pure, fine,

and perfectly plastic clay is suited for this art, and such is still, and ever will be, rare, and only found in local deposits. These deposits are very partial, and vary in quality within the area of one field."

Dr. Gillow is the Chairman and Director of the Torquay Terra-Cotta Company, Limited. His object in this lecture was, no doubt, to advocate the interests of the company by manifesting the superior value of Devonshire clay. We have on several occasions shown this advantage, not only with reference to the clay, but to the good and pure Art that had been resorted to with a view to increase its worth and render it practically useful. The establishment at Watcombe has done much to make its utilities known. The company at Torquay, under the guidance of Dr. Gillow, has sent out some very meritorious and beautiful productions of various classes and orders—statuettes, plaques, vases, flower-pots, and so forth. They are, for the most part, painted on—by accomplished artists, and may be accepted as very excellent examples of Art. The ground—i.e. the natural ground—is singularly effective for the purpose: a delicate red, inclining to pink. It is not too much to say that from no part of the world has there been a material so serviceable to the artist. The productions of the Torquay Terra-Cotta Company may be seen at the establishments of Messrs. Phillips Brothers, in Oxford and in New Bond Street. They have already obtained much popularity and large sales, and may be safely classed among the most successful issues of Art-manufacture in later times which have come under our notice.

M. BASSANO'S GALLERIES, NEW BOND STREET.

THERE are exhibited in these galleries, which have been fitted up with great taste, about a hundred and thirty oil colours, and some thirty drawings in water colours. Among the former will be found the following, which the exigencies of space prevent our doing more than to name. Madame de Cazin sends several interesting landscapes, the best of which in our judgment is the 'Village on the Coast of France' (13). F. G. Cotman's 'Anxious Heart' (17) represents a young fisher mother, with child at breast, looking wistfully across a troubled sea. The life-sized 'Lady in White' (33), who looks up from her book as we pass and fascinates us with her eye, is by Madrazo, and a very delightful example it is of the school to which he stands almost in the relation of founder.

P. R. Morris is represented by a picture which he has named 'An Episode of Waterloo' (42)—a trooper and his dead horse lying upon the deserted battle-field. Frank E. Cox has a couple of very good pictures, the one called 'Men were deceivers ever' (61), a girl standing by a pollard and watching with sadness in her face her lover walking with another; and the second he calls 'Treachery' (76), which he expresses by a girl offering an apple to two calves, who approach her rather shyly. J. W. B. Knight illustrates 'Winter' (105), "When blood is nipped and ways be foul," by an old man and donkey trudging through the snow; and C. Napier Hemy sends a view 'Near Teignmouth, Devon' (89), in the foreground of which lies a felled oak stripped of its bark. One of the largest landscapes in the exhibition, and one of the most important, is Leon l'Henriette's 'Vintage' (68), being busily gathered by a group of men and women. Immediately beneath it hangs F. W. Topham's 'Morning of a Festival' (69), in which are seen two girls, who have brought a great basketful of box for church decoration, chatting with the verger, who leans on his rake at the church door. The interest of the picture is further heightened by the two little chorister boys in red who fire off their little jokes at the two good-natured girls.

Here are two pictures by the late Valentine Bromley, of which the more amusing is one called 'Temptation' (108); it represents

a Cromwellian trooper, whose rations have evidently got low, and who, seeing some geese on the roadside, has dismounted from his steed in order that he may have the honour of making their better acquaintance. This he does by throwing them some crumbs of bread, and the onlooker has little difficulty in seeing that one of the birds at least—if not a pair of them—will hang at the Roundhead's saddle-bow when he remounts and rides away. Glindoni gives way to a similar vein of humour in his 'Rival Tinkers' (56). We are pleased also with 'Water Mill in Brittany' (103), by Adrian Stokes, and with G. F. Munn's 'Sunny Day, Pont Aven, Brittany' (79). Besides these there are in the galleries very satisfactory examples of De Nittis, Mrs. Jopling, Tom Lloyd, Detaille, J. Macbeth, Walter Wilson, Miss Thornycroft, W. Gale, J. T. Nettleship, Mrs. Gorse, and H. Fautin. Among the water-colour drawings will be found 'Going for a Walk' (159), by Charles Green; 'Sacred Music' (153), a lady in white at the organ, and 'Secular Music' (142), a girl in rich, blue-figured Japanese dress clashing a pair of cymbals, both from the pencil of H. M. Jopling. Then there are 'Silenus' (144), by E. McCulloch; girl 'Tending the Flock' (147), by E. G. Dalziel; and several drawings by T. Walter Wilson.

The grand feature in these galleries, however, will be found in the handsome suite of rooms devoted to photographic art. M. Bassano's life-sized portraits are perhaps the most remarkable examples of what can be done by dexterous manipulation when guided by Art-sympathy, ever seen in this country. Among the many startling likenesses exhibited we would note with special commendation the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Arthur, Princess Louise, and the Duke of Cambridge; the Duchess of Marino, the Duchess of Sutherland, the Earl of Pembroke, Mrs. Sassoon, Lord Carlingford, the two children of Lord and Lady Faversham, Madame de Murietta, and especially that of the Duchess of Westminster. The exquisite modelling in the last named, and the sweetness and clearness of the half-tints, will induce many a visitor to linger lovingly over this fascinating portrait.

THE GOUPIL GALLERY, BEDFORD STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

MESSRS. GOUPIL & Co. have opened, at their galleries in Bedford Street, their annual exhibition of high-class continental pictures by modern artists. The works sold during the season will be replaced by others, and the Messrs. Goupil have thought this circumstance sufficient reason for their not issuing a catalogue as usual. This decision is, in our opinion, a mistake for many reasons, and the sooner it is corrected the better. At a rough guess we should think about a hundred and fifty works, including the water-colours, adorn the walls of the gallery, and among the exhibitors will be found some of the most distinguished names in contemporaneous Italian, Spanish, French, and Belgian Art. A deservedly prominent place is given to Jules le Febvre's 'Morning Dew,'—a theme which the artist has illustrated with great purity, beauty, and originality. A fair young nymph, reclining on a diaphanous cloud, ascends like an exhalation from a lily-covered lake. She is, indeed, the morning dew. The picture is full of harmonious line and colour, and possesses all the luminosity of morning. Jules Goupil—no relation to the publishers, we believe—sends a very strikingly individualised lady in a green pelisse, sitting on a chair; and Fortuny is represented by a very brightly-painted courtyard in the Alhambra, enclosing a fountain. Van Marcke, the famous animal painter, proves himself worthy of his reputation by a splendid group of cattle on a lofty cliff overlooking the sea; and Gérôme, the illustrious French figure painter, gives us the portrait of Santon, the well-known beggar of Constantinople, whom he reveals standing

among the slippers at the door of a mosque begging. Then we have from Sadée a group of female field-labourers, old and young, going home after their day's work—a picture conceived much in the spirit of Millet. De Nittis shows the restorations going on at the Place des Pyramides, and Dupray a group of soldiers lounging in front of a guard-house at St. Denis, near Paris. De Neuville, one of the most realistic and effective of all living battle painters, permits us to watch how gallantly some Frenchmen hold the roof of an old house against some Germans who occupy the opposite tenement. Ziem gives a glimpse of moonlight on a Venetian canal; and Sorbi, the Italian, permits us to "assist" at a little merrymaking where children dance in a ring to tambourines and fiddles played by girls. Cortazzo, the Spaniard, offers a new version of the Judgment of Paris, and makes the giver of the apple a fashionable lady flirt in a richly appointed saloon, and the happy recipient a handsome young Lothario, who turns the laugh against his older and wealthier rivals. Equally touched with humour are Toeschi's picture representing an old gentleman looking over a garden wall, watching intently how the young gentleman behaves towards his two daughters seated on either side of him; and Delort's old huntsman, chucking gallantly under the chin the young girl who has driven her geese into the wood. Besides these are high-class pictures by Mesdag, Maris, Decamps, Butin, Troyon, Le Roux, Corot, Vallis, Chelmouski, and Israels, not to mention a very choice and valuable collection of water-colour paintings.

MACBETH.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE PUBLISHERS.

A. JOHNSTON, Painter.

C. W. SHARPE, Engraver.

WRITING twenty years ago of the works of this Scottish artist, it was incidentally remarked, that "till the pen of the novelist had made the public somewhat familiar with Scottish history, the latter had rarely evoked the genius of the painter. The pages of Sir Walter Scott have been, and are, the great textbooks which the artist has consulted; and are, the picture drawn from recorded incidents is exhibited with a quotation from his writings, just as Shakespeare appears to be the authority of the painter of English history rather than Rabin or Hume, or even later historians. The dramatist or the novelist suggests the subject, sketches it out, gives it character, expression, and colour, and then the artist transfers it to his canvas." But for the picture engraved here the painter must, almost of necessity, have found his theme in tradition; the early period—about the tenth century—in which Macbeth lived, and the half-civilised condition of the country at that time, have left little beyond the bare facts of the rebellion and the murder, which may be accepted as authentic.

Mr. Johnston has had recourse to Shakespeare's version of the murder of Duncan, and he introduces Macbeth, who has just accomplished "the bloody business," standing before his wife, still holding the daggers as he communicates to her the welcome intelligence, "I have done the deed," looking all the while like a maniac, as he calls to mind what he has done and the fearful circumstances which accompanied the murder, either actually or in his fancy. Lady Macbeth, the woman of "undaunted metal," reproaches him for his cowardice, in words

which fell unheeded on the ears of one unconscious of them in the intensity of his mental agony:—

"Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go, carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood."

The scene is one which, as set forth by the poet, would tax the power of the greatest master of expression in the art of painting. That Mr. Johnston has failed fully to realise it is mainly due to the almost insuperable difficulties of the situation. However, he has imparted to the subject considerable dramatic effect; but Mr. Johnston's strength lies more in quiet domestic scenes, and in history of a like character, than in those which speak of "battle, and murder, and sudden death."

Especially noticeable are his pictures associated with the life of his native country; such, for example, as 'The Covenanters' Marriage,' 'The Covenanter's Burial,' a scene from Allan Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd," 'The Highland Repast,' 'Family Worship,' 'The Highland Home.' Of his works purely historical, or semi-historical, may be mentioned 'The Arrest of John Brown, of Ashford, a Lollard,' 'The First Interview of Edward IV. with Elizabeth Grey,' 'Tyndale Translating the Bible into English,' 'The Abdication of Mary Queen of Scots,' 'Lord William Russell and his Lady receiving the Sacrament prior to his Execution,' &c., some of which have been engraved in the *Art Journal* at various times.







ALCEA

SCENERY OF THE PACIFIC RAILWAY.

VI.

WE cannot leave Salt Lake City without saying a word in praise of its gardens, which are one of the distinctive and most charming features of the place. Every householder cultivates the land environing his dwelling, and this fact has been expatiated on by Fitzhugh Ludlow in the following felicitous paragraph:

which its ancestors blossomed in the short northern summer of the Baltic; here a haw or a holly, which speaks to the English wife of Yule and spring-time, when she got kissed under one, or followed her father clipping hedgerows of the other; shamrock and daisies for the Irish wife; fennel—the real old ‘meetin’ seed’ fennel—for the American wife; and in some places, where tact, ingenuity, originality, and love of science have blessed a house,

curious little Alpine flowers of flaming scarlet or royal purple, brought down from the green dells and lofty terraces of the snow-range, to be adopted and improved by culture. Of all, I liked best a third class of front-courts, given up to moist, home-looking turf-grass, of that deep green which rests the soul as it cools the eyes—grass, that febrifuge of the imagination, which, coming after the woolly gramma and the measureless stretches of ashen-grey sage-bush, makes the traveller go to sleep singing.”

In summer the atmosphere would be sickly with the combined aromas, were it not for the stirring winds that are constantly blowing from the mountains; and many of the houses in the business quarter of the city are covered by sweet-briars and vines, which give them a countrified air, in forcible contrast to the iron-and-brick realities of the mercantile stores adjacent to them.

The march of improvement has effaced most of the shabbier buildings, but the seeker for the picturesque will find many such

attractive relics of early days in the Territory, as the old mill with the Tabernacle in the background, which our artist shows in one of his drawings. The oval dome of the Tabernacle is visible from nearly all parts of the town, and this edifice is one of the first objects for which the traveller usually inquires.

The Utah Western (narrow-gauge) Railway, which was built in 1874, connects the city with the lake, traversing a dull belt of country, the first station being Millstone Point, eleven and a half miles from the city. The second station is Black Rock, so called from a weathered boulder of peculiar shape, projecting boldly into the lake at the extremity of a low reach of shingle, which was illustrated in the May number. Black Rock is the farthest northern extremity of the Oquirrh Mountains, a high ridge to the westward of the city, which, with the loftier snow-range of the Wahsatch running parallel on the east, forms the cradle of the Mormon capital and the fertile valley of the River Jordan. Church and Fremont Islands take up the broken line of the range, and carry it nearly across to the great promontory which projects many miles into the lake from the northern shore and forms Bear River Bay. The islands are mountainous and barren, and they so divide the lake that its full extent cannot be realised by the observer on the shore.

The first glimpse of this famous water is invariably pleasing. The waves are short and crisp; the air refreshes with the scent



Utah Mill.

“In some instances, the utilitarian element, being in the ascendant, has boldly brought the vegetable-garden forward into public notice. I like the sturdy self-assertion of those potatoes, cabbages, and string-beans. Why should they, the preservers and sustainers of mankind, slink away into back lots, behind a high

board fence, and leave the landowner to be represented by a set of lazy Bouncing Bets and stiff-mannered Hollyhocks, who do nothing but prink and dawdle for a living—the department Turveydrops of a vegetable kingdom? Other front-yards are variegated in pretty patterns with naturalised flowers—children of seed brought from many countries: here a Riga pink, which reminds the Scandinavian wife of that far-off doorway, around

of brine. The visitor usually expects to see a sullen waste of brine stagnating along low reedy shores, "black as Acheron, gloomy as the sepulchre of Sodom;" but should he leave the city by the early train and arrive on the borders of the lake in the fulness of a fair summer's morning, he will be very pleasantly surprised. I have said the islands are mountainous and barren; so they are, but the atmosphere distils rainbow-hues upon them and beautifies them by magic. "Nothing on the palette of Nature," says Ludlow, "is lovelier, more incapable of rendition

by mere words, than the rose-pink hue of the mountains, unmodified by any such filtering of the reflected light through lenses of forest verdure as tones down and cools to a neutral tint the colour of all our eastern mountains, even though their local tint be the reddest sandstone. The Oquirrh has hues which in full daylight are as positively ruby, coral, garnet, and carnelian, as the stones which go by those names themselves. No amount of positive colour which an artist may put into his brush can ever do justice to the reality of these mountains."



Bear River, Utah.

There is very little verdure on the shore; the beach and the flats behind it are crusted with white alkali, and the charm of the scene comes from the impalpable tints lent by the atmosphere to sterile soil and rocks.

The circumference of the lake is 291 miles; its greatest length is 75 miles, and its maximum width is 35 miles. It contains six islands, the sum of whose circumference is 96 miles. Church Island is the largest, having a maximum length of about 16 miles, a maximum breadth of five, and an altitude in its loftiest

peak of about 3,000 feet above the lake-level. A shoal of compact sand connects it with the main-land. Some ten miles to the north of Church Island is Fremont Island, 1,000 feet high and 14 miles in circumference; and 15 miles from this is Stansbury's Island, the second in size of the group—12 miles long, 30 miles round, and 3,000 feet above the level of the lake. The three other islands are named Carrington, Hat, and Dolphin.

The water of Salt Lake is only exceeded in density by that of the Dead Sea, the latter containing 24.580 of solid contents in

100 parts by weight, and the former 22.422, as follows: chloride of sodium 20.196, sulphate of soda 1.834, chloride of magnesium 3.252, and chloride of calcium 0.140: total, 22.422. Bathing

facilities exist at several points, and immersion is said to produce highly tonic sensations and effects.

Let us now continue our journey. The westward-bound train



Great Salt Lake, from Promontory Ridge.

leaves Ogden soon after six o'clock, and we have already noticed the beauties of the landscape at that mellow evening hour.

The next station beyond Ogden is Bonneville, 871 miles from

San Francisco; and the second is Brigham, nine miles farther westward and 4,220 feet above the level of the sea, neither of which are notable except for the studies they present of Mormon



Indian Camp in the Great American Desert.

life. But the third station, Corinne, engages the attention as the largest Gentile town in the Territory, and it may be regarded as foreshadowing the suppression awaiting polygamy. The early

settlements of the Gentiles in Utah were opposed, not by fair means alone, but by lawless violence, and the penalty for outspoken condemnation of Mormon institutions was assassination.



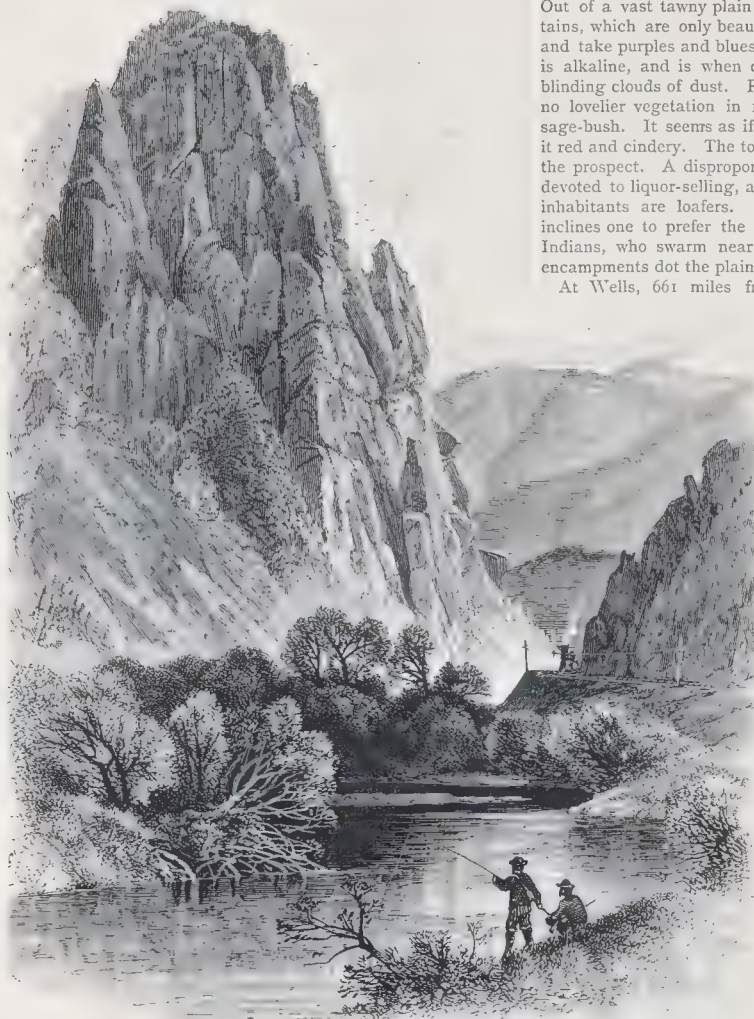
Humboldt Wells and Ruby Mountains.

Even in the present time a Gentile tradesman in a Mormon town is made as uncomfortable as possible by his neighbours; and every law or ordinance by which he can be annoyed or injured is promptly enforced against him. But the Saints no longer dare

use the means of repelling and terrifying the Gentiles from their borders that Porter Rockwell, "the Avenging Angel," employed. Order reigns in Utah. Corinne, to all appearances, is a well-ordered, prosperous town, flourishing on monogamy, in the midst

of a population preferring and practising polygamy. The town has three churches, a good school, a flouring mill, and a large number of stores.

The next station is Blue Creek, so called after a flashing stream of water, and thence the train winds among the Promontory Mountains, bringing the Wahsatch range, the silvery expanse of the lake, and the towns of Ogden and Corinne, into the prospect.



Devil's Peak, Humboldt Palisades.

Near here the Union Pacific Railway, coming from the east, met the Central Pacific coming from the west on May 10, 1869, and the great transcontinental route was opened with much rejoicing. The last tie was made of Californian laurel trimmed with silver, and the last four spikes were of solid silver and gold.

Rond Lake and Monument, small stations of no particular interest, are successively passed; then Kelton, which is the point of departure for tourists who wish to visit the Shoshone Falls; then Ombery, Matlin Terrace, Bovine, Lucin, Tecoma, Montello, Lora, Toano, Otego, Independence, and Moore's;

which are all very much alike—small, dismal, and wholly unprepossessing.

We cross the Utah boundary-line and enter the "Desert State." The dreariest day of the seven occupied in the overland journey is spent in crossing Nevada. Geologists tell us that the Great Salt Lake is probably the mere residue of a greater sea which spread from the Wahsatch Mountains in the east to the Sierra Nevada on the west. The recession of that sea has left a wilderness than which Sahara is not more desolate. Out of a vast tawny plain rise a few broken ranges of mountains, which are only beautiful as they recede in the distance and take purples and blues from the atmosphere. The surface is alkaline, and is when dry whirled up by the least wind in blinding clouds of dust. Rivers disappear in it; and it yields no lovelier vegetation in return than the pallid artemisia or sage-bush. It seems as if fire had passed over its face, leaving it red and cindery. The towns along the railway do not enliven the prospect. A disproportionate number of the buildings are devoted to liquor-selling, and a disproportionate number of the inhabitants are loafers. The phase of civilisation presented inclines one to prefer the barbarism of the Piute and Shoshone Indians, who swarm near the stations, and whose numerous encampments dot the plain.

At Wells, 661 miles from San Francisco, there are some thirty springs in a low basin about half a mile west of the station. Some of the springs have been sounded to a depth of 1,700 feet without revealing a bottom; it is supposed that the whole series are the outlets of a subterranean lake. This oasis in the desert, it need not be said, was a welcome sight to the emigrants in the old days of overland travel, who here found plenty of excellent grass and pure water for themselves and their worn animals.

Six hundred and six miles from San Francisco we reach Elko, which has a population of about 1,200, and is the seat of the State University, an institution whose buildings have cost over \$30,000. Elko is not outwardly of a more scholastic character than any of the other busy little towns in Nevada; it is chiefly memorable to the traveller on account of its eating-house, which is one of the best on the road; but with all externals against it—in the midst of a desert and far removed from any great centre of learning—it actually possesses a University, in which the coming generation of miners and stockmen are undergoing a classical training! The cool springs gushing out of the burning alkali of the Great

Desert of the Far West, are less wonderful than this perennial fount of learning, liberally diffusing supplies of Greek and mathematics over the rough and hard, though by no means barren, intellect of Nevada.

We need not enumerate all the stations passed. From early morning at Elko until dark we are crossing the desert; towards midday we rush past the high precipices of the Humboldt Palisades, and on the following morning we are among the Sierras of California.

WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

MINOR TOPICS.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY has, we hear, since our last month's report, purchased another picture out of the Chantry bequest fund: it is Mr. Yeames's 'Death of Amy Robsart.'

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—The collection of manuscripts, books, paintings, and sketches formed by the late Mr. John Forster, the well-known writer, has been arranged in the picture gallery of the South Kensington Museum, by Mr. Sketchley. The volumes number nearly 19,000. The sketches and paintings are very numerous, and include specimens by Gainsborough, Janssens, Maclise, Stanfield, Watts, Reynolds, Frith, Boxall, Landseer, Cattermole, F. D. Hardy, Thackeray, &c. The collection was thrown open to the public in the month of May.—Mons. J. Dalou, whose sculptured works, and especially his models in terra-cotta, have been seen for several years past in the annual exhibitions of the Royal Academy, has been appointed master of the modelling classes in the training school at South Kensington.

THE SECOND BYRON MEMORIAL COMPETITION.—At the exhibition held last year in the South Kensington Museum of the various designs sent in for a Byron memorial, the committee did not feel warranted in making any award. They recommended the holding of a second competition; but, looking without bias at the various models now in the Albert Hall, we can scarcely say the result is at all satisfactory. Under an impression, we presume, that nothing better could be made of it, the committee have at last made their award, and selected the sketch model by Richard Belt, who was, we believe, some time in the studio of the late Mr. Foley. It is at best but a poor affair, and as a national monument will add one more to our national degradations. The poet is seated on a rock, and with elbow on knee he leans on his hand and looks forth musingly, as described in the second canto of "Childe Harold." His dog lies at his feet, and the group is placed on a square pedestal of the most conventional kind. Byron's face is weak, and the character of the hair is misunderstood. In these respects No. 13, which was placed second in competition, and No. 5, which, we understand, was placed third, are better. So far, indeed, as dexterous modelling and masterly rendering of the figure go, we prefer No. 13 to Mr. Belt's work. No. 13 gives us the idea of Byron as to strength and impetuosity of character, combined with the outward expression of such qualities as we associate with culture and refinement. Mr. Belt's Byron, on the other hand, though very prettily modelled, is weak; such a man could never have done any of the great things achieved by the original. We would seriously recommend Mr. Belt to give more life and compactness to Byron's hair, to let the dimple in his chin be seen, and to give, if he possibly can, more strength to the countenance. As to the pedestal, we would away with it altogether and—try again. Many of the models here are very queer, and some of them even terrible to behold. If this exhibition is really a faithful record of the present state of British sculpture, the art in this country must be rapidly on the decline. One finds momentary relief from the depressing effect of this idea by strolling into the adjoining room, which is devoted to the display of many relics and personal belongings of Byron. Original portraits, articles of jewellery and dress, autographs and the like, are all tastefully set forth, and will greatly interest the antiquary and all admirers of the poet.

EXHIBITION OF THE ETCHED WORK OF REMBRANDT AT THE BURLINGTON FINE ARTS CLUB.—This magnificent collection consists of two hundred and fourteen etchings, all ranged according to the dates of their production. There was a similar exhibition in the old club house of the society in 1867, when the various etched works of Rembrandt were arranged according to subject. This arbitrary method the committee felt afterwards

was inconsistent with the educational idea they wished to associate with such an exhibition, and hence the present exhaustive gathering, beginning in 1628 and ending in 1661. "We have now for the first time," says Mr. Seymour Haden, in his "Introductory Remarks" to the Catalogue, which form of themselves an admirable exposition of the genius of the great artist, "what may be called the natural history of Rembrandt before our eyes, and may read, *pari passu* with the events of his life, the motives of that Art of which those events were, after all, but the proximate cause. Admitted thus to the intimacy at once of the artist and of the man, we may see him dealing with those magic fragments of copper, to be measured by inches, on which his earliest essays were made, and following him through the changes of style and execution of his middle period, may still attend him till his powers, constantly augmenting, culminate in the impressive conception of his latest day, 'Christ before Pilate' and the great 'Crucifixion.'" Among those, not members of the club, who have kindly lent rare impressions to the committee, are H. Danby Seymour, Robert P. Roupell, John Webster, of Aberdeen, William Bell Scott, Dr. Griffiths, the Earl of Portarlington, Lady Eastlake, and Dr. W. H. Willshire, whose "Introduction to the Study and Collection of Ancient Prints," published the other day by Ellis and White, of Bond Street, has become quite a text-book to the enthusiastic soul of the true collector.

SIR NOEL PATON'S 'CHRIST THE GREAT SHEPHERD.'—This noble allegory of Christ the Great Shepherd, bearing the lamb tenderly in his arms, we noticed when exhibited in Edinburgh. It is now on view at Mr. Richardson's gallery, 160, New Bond Street. The first thing in the picture which strikes the spectator is its simplicity; the second its tenderness; and after submitting himself to the full influence of the work, he becomes aware of a third and all-embracing quality—that of thought. We offer our heartiest congratulations to Sir Noel on the production of so touching a pendant to his 'Man of Sorrows,' to which we referred last year with such emphasis of praise as we had at command. Sir Noel has, among other works of classic note, illustrated with a rare fertility of invention several of the plays of Shakespeare, and proved himself thereby a designer of the very highest order. So far back indeed as 1845 and 1847, he was a successful competitor at the Westminster Hall cartoon and fresco exhibitions, and many of our readers will remember his 'Reconciliation of Oberon and Titania' and 'Christ bearing his Cross.' Since then he has won by his pictures golden opinions on every side. He is one of the vice-presidents of the Scottish Antiquarian Society, and her Majesty's "limner" for Scotland. He is, in short, a man of wide culture, and a successful poet as well as artist. The Art of the country receives honour from the achievements of so great a painter. The picture is of course to be engraved: it is safe to foretell that the engraving will be the most popular of modern prints. The sentiment is happy, the expression is holy; we are justified in using the term "divine" in so far as Art can convey an idea of the Saviour. We know of no work of its class and order that reaches so near the conception of what the God-man must have been, and we do not except the most famous productions of the greatest of the old masters.

TURNER'S ENGRAVINGS.—An important action, arising out of the large stock of valuable engravings belonging to Turner, occupied the attention of the Court of Chancery during several days somewhat recently, and has at length been decided by the judge, Sir R. Malins, before whom the case, *Turner v. Tepper*, was heard. It was an action instituted by some of the representatives of the great painter against their solicitor, Mr. Jabez Tepper, for the purpose of setting aside a sale by them, in January, 1858, to the defendant of certain prints and engravings

for the sum of £2,500, which were subsequently sold by him at Messrs. Christie and Manson's for £42,000. It should be stated that both the plaintiff, Mr. T. P. Turner, and the defendant are dead, and the suit was carried on by their representatives. It appeared in evidence that Tepper had obtained the opinion of several well-known printsellers and dealers, among them Mr. Gambart, who had valued them for probate at £5,000, and who had himself offered £10,000 for them. The bill charged the defendant that, though fully cognizant of the estimated value of the engravings, yet, as it subsequently turned out, not of their marketable value, he had taken advantage of the ignorance of his clients, one of whom, Mary Tepper, was his own mother, and had induced them to part with the stock to him for a sum far below its value. The Vice-Chancellor, in pronouncing judgment, remarked that a solicitor was bound to protect the interests of his clients, yet Mr. Tepper, knowing all the facts and concealing them, made no inquiries, but meanly took advantage of the confidence reposed in him, and made an offer of £2,500 for the engravings, which was accepted. The next of kin knew nothing of the matter until Jabez Tepper died, when they were sold, in 1873, as his property, for the sum stated above. Upon the merits of the case it was clearly one for setting aside the transaction between the solicitor and his clients. The extraordinary part of this suit is, that none of the next of kin, of whom there were four, interested in the disposition of the property, should not, in some way or other, between the years 1858 and 1873, have heard of its probable value, and instituted proceedings against their lawyer years ago. The delay was used by the defendants as a point in their favour; their counsel argued that their opponents were barred by the Statute of Limitations, but his lordship ruled that for time to be a bar to the suit there must have been knowledge of the transaction.

MR. VAN DE VELDE'S WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS.—At No. 90, Jermyn Street, there is now on view a series of most interesting studies and drawings by Mr. Van de Velde, a native of Holland, who has done the world some service in other fields than those of Art. In 1851 and 1852 he surveyed trigonometrically the whole of Palestine, with the assistance of only a few Arabs, and afterwards brought out a large illustrated work entitled "*Le Pays d'Israel*." During the Franco-Prussian war he had command of the Dutch ambulance, a post for which his long medical studies and his own gentle nature had well fitted him. Mr. Van de Velde is, moreover, a lineal descendant of the famous marine painter who came over to England with William III., and who in war time used to take his seat in a boat and sketch a sea fight during its actual progress. The love of Art and of the sea comes out strongly in the present bearer of the name, for he served as a lieutenant in the Dutch navy for many years. The drawings in question comprise views in the neighbourhood of Cannes and Nice, in Northern Italy, and especially in Corsica. It is scarcely necessary to remind our readers that Corsica contains some of the most Alpine scenery in Europe. This island, to whose wildly picturesque character the writer of this notice can bear ample testimony, Mr. Van de Velde has crossed from Bastia to Ajaccio, and traversed in almost every direction. The result is a series of the most romantic scenes, with such combinations of ravine and peak, forest-clad mountain and silver-streaked glen, as are rarely to be met with out of Corsica, whose main range, it must be remembered, reaches an altitude of ten thousand feet. His Jerusalem at sunset, with the form of the Mount of Olives projected in shadow on the eastern slope outside the walls, is realistic, without any sacrifice of the sentiment associated with the sacred locality. Indeed, this conservation of the poetry of a place characterizes all Mr. Van de Velde's drawings.

FRANK DILLON'S JAPANESE SCENERY AND CUSTOMS.—When Mr. Dillon went to Japan on a visit to his son, who holds a high office in the Mint there, he remained in the country fourteen months, and from the hundred drawings he has brought back, and which are now on view at No. 5, Waterloo Place, we can easily see that he has more than redeemed the time. Gardens, interiors, fishing and pleasure boats, foliage,

blossoms, shrubs and trees, cottages, villages, temples, and various of the country's customs, are among the themes of his pencil. In one interior, for example, we see a girl arranging flowers, which is considered an indispensable female accomplishment. In another interior, that of a priest's house—and Buddhist priests in Japan, Mr. Dillon tells us, are frequently cultivated men—we have an example of decoration which, for its simplicity and effect, will delight the eye of every person of taste. The sleeping-room of the mikado is in this respect perfect of its kind. Then we have a drawing showing how cremation is practised in Japan, and in another we see how the natives play at draughts. The flower of the chrysanthemum forms the crest of the mikado, and the plants, it would appear, are largely cultivated by the Japanese. One of the drawings represents a 'Lotus Pool in August' (75), of the rose-coloured variety. The lotus, whose bud, flower, and seed-vessels are copied conventionally in Egyptian architecture, enters largely into the architectural decoration of the Buddhist temples of China and Japan; only the forms, Mr. Dillon says, are accurately rendered. Stone edifices do exist in Japan, but the majority are of wood. 'The Pagoda at Teu-O-Ji' (23), said to be the oldest in Japan, is all wood, with the exception of the grey tiles with which it is roofed. From the circumstance of Mr. Dillon having sojourned in the land more than a twelvemonth, he has been able to represent the vegetation of the country at various seasons of the year, and to reproduce for us the general aspect of nature in Japan with deliberate truthfulness. There is no superabundance of detail, no unnecessary manipulation, and yet the effect is always there. Half an hour's examination of Mr. Dillon's drawings will give the spectator a better idea of Japanese scenery and Japanese customs than any amount of mere reading; and in this respect, apart altogether from the Art-merits of the various sketches, the artist has done the British public a rare service.

MR. T. JONES BARKER'S latest picture may now be seen at the Danish Gallery, 142, New Bond Street. It has nothing whatever in common with the interesting works that form temporarily its companions—the marine paintings of Ratmussen, Sørensen, Melby, and other famous artists of northern Europe. Mr. Barker's picture represents the 'Capture of the Russian Guns at Balaklava,' the foreground being occupied by Earl Cardigan leading the brigade into the enemy's battery. The incident is depicted with great spirit, and the picture will form a suitable and worthy pendant to the artist's 'Return through the Valley of Death,' exhibited last year at the Royal Academy.

THE COLLECTION OF DRAWINGS BY TURNER, long known as the "Novar Collection," from being the property of the late Mr. H. A. J. Munro, of Novar—whose name is so closely associated with the earlier life of the great painter—was sold by Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods, on the 2nd of June. They amounted in number to fifty-five only, but realised the large sum of £20,753; many of them were originally made for engraving, and are mere vignettes, scarcely larger than the palm of a man's hand; yet for one of these, 'Johnny Armstrong's Tower,' the sum of £399 was given; and for another, 'Norham Castle,' £406: both drawings are engraved in "*Scott's Poetical Works*."

THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY has in its possession, as publicly stated, a picture by the French artist, E. Pichio, entitled 'The Triumph of Order,' which the authorities of France prohibited from being hung in the present Salon, on the plea that it is of a nature to stir political passions. It represents the execution of Communists by the soldiers of the Government in the cemetery of Père la Chaise. "If this ghastly picture," says the *Builder*, "tells a true story, the 'Party of Order' would seem to have little to distinguish them from the Communists."

PRIZE DESIGNS FOR PLATE.—The awards made by the Department of Science and Art for the prizes offered by Messrs. Watherston, of which a notice was given in our number for March, are as follows: the second prize, of £50, to Owen Gibbons, formerly student at the Cirencester School of Art; the third prize, of £30, to W. H. Singer, student at the Frome School of Art; and the fourth prize, of £20, to Robert Elson,

student at the Lambeth School of Art. The first prize, of £100, was not awarded, the Department alleging as the reason for this that, "owing to the late period of the school year at which this competition was announced, most of the students being already fully occupied with work for the National Competition at South Kensington, the number of designs for Messrs. Watherston's prizes has been small, and none are considered to be of sufficient merit to justify the award of the first prize of £100."

THE BELGIAN GALLERY, OLD BOND STREET.—Among the fresh pictures added to this gallery we would notice, for its Dutch-like realism, 'Substantial Refreshments' (7), by Henri Dauriac; for strength of modelling, 'A Sheep Stable' (3), by C. Van Leemputten; and for its effective chiaroscuro, W. Holyoake's 'Men were Deceivers ever' (14). There are also good examples of F. Visconti, R. Beavis, Hermann Ten Kate, Charles Jacques, A. Defaux, and Professor F. Bossuet. The 'View on the Darro, Granada' (29), by the last-named, is a landscape full of interest to the Art-lover. A picture more important still is the 'Battle of Trafalgar' (93), from the pencil of Professor H. Schaeffels. The moment chosen is when the *Téméraire* is in the act of cutting in two the French line of battle, engaging as she goes the *Bucentaur* on one side and the *Santissima Trinidad* on the other, while the *Victory*, with Nelson, follows close behind. The picture is full of spirit, and the artist has wisely added incident to his picture by placing in the foreground a portion of the crew of a French vessel sunk by Admiral Collingwood at the commencement of the attack. The picture is worthy of the country that produced Van de Velde. Besides the collection of oil colours, the walls of the Belgian Gallery are adorned with some remarkably fine water-colour drawings and pen-and-ink sketches.

TAXES ON SILVER WORK.—A generation has passed since glass was relieved of an oppressive and most injurious tax. The beneficial result was almost instantaneous: we had been beaten out of all the markets of the world; the articles produced by our manufacturers were, with few exceptions, commonplace or odious. The crystal metal soon became of use in a hundred ways unthought of until the burthen was removed; out of it were constructed thousands of beautiful and graceful forms not dreamt of until then; and now British crystal glass is not surpassed, is not indeed equalled, by that of any other nation of the world. Such is the fact with reference to the lowest as well as the highest productions in glass; we have a saltcellar for twopence, and may frame a print or drawing for a shilling. Surely we may anticipate similar results if the tax be removed from silver; not, perhaps, to the same extent, for our silversmiths have produced beautiful things in spite of a very heavy tax to which they are subjected, and which operates severely against the buyer. To remove this tax an association has been formed, the honorary secretary of which is Mr. E. J. Watherston, a silversmith who has long been foremost as an artist-worker, of knowledge, judgment, and taste. Its argument is sound, that although the revenue derives but a comparatively small sum from the embarrassing and depressing impost, it acts prejudicially in many ways against the best interests of the country; that, in reality, we lose by it more than we gain. That it is so is certain; to such conclusion any thinking person will arrive who gives the matter consideration. But in this "advanced" age, when politicians of all orders, and political economists of all classes, contend that free trade is a boon and a blessing, it seems idle to argue that a tax by which trade is hampered, manufacture embarrassed, and Art-progress seriously impeded, ought to be removed in the interests of the whole community. That it will be, that it must be, is sure. We believe the great public has been hitherto ignorant of the much evil and little good effected by the operation of this tax; indeed, they are not a few who are even now unaware of its existence. Mr.

Watherston is giving such publicity to the grievance—unwise, irrational, and so utterly out of keeping with the spirit of the age—that its entire removal cannot long be postponed.

A NOVEL TESTIMONIAL.—Probably in nineteen cases out of twenty, "testimonials" are pieces of plate. Not very long ago their value was estimated by the number of ounces of silver consumed in making them, and the honour conferred was judged accordingly; more recently the Art has been more and the metal less, and very beautiful works, destined to be heirlooms, have been produced and presented to recognise services rendered. "That, and nothing else," seems, however, to have been the plan adopted in nearly all cases where desert and worth were to be acknowledged and rewarded. We know one estimable person who is the owner of six centrepieces; we can fancy his look of indignant alarm if there were a proposition to bestow on him a seventh. It was a wise and good, as well as original idea, that which occurred to certain citizens of London; they arranged to present a testimonial to the late excellent and estimable Lord Mayor Cotton, "to testify their appreciation of the efficient manner in which he had discharged his duties," not only as chief magistrate of the city of London, but as alderman of the Lime Street Ward since 1866. In this case, the Testimonial is made to assume the character of a FURNISHED DINING-ROOM,—a novelty of which we entirely approve; we trust it is an example that will have many imitators, not only as regards dining-rooms, but as to drawing-rooms, libraries, and boudoirs. For one who would see a "piece of plate," and appreciate the compliment and honour conveyed and conferred, a hundred, probably, would have evidence of the pleasant fact by entering a room thus decorated by the contributions of admiring friends, as a recognition and reward for well-doing. Such a boon may, moreover, advance—as it does in the instance to which we refer—the cause of Art, by improving taste in places where grace, elegance, and purity may be teachers. The citizens who conferred this compliment on Alderman Cotton selected Messrs. Shoolbred to do the work; or rather they were the fortunate competitors for the commission, selected from a list containing the names of some of the leading firms in the trade. The furnishing consists of a set of dining-tables for thirty persons, thirty-two chairs, a sideboard, a dinner waggon, two service tables, and firescreen. They are of light oak, unpolished, and are designed by Mr. Owen Davies, the artist who directs the works of Messrs. Shoolbred. The designs are simple, in very pure taste, and carved with admirable skill. They may be accepted as additional proof that this extensive firm is making, if it has not made, its way to the foremost rank in the manufacture which, of all manufactures, should be thoroughly good, for it is ever a teacher, good or bad, in every dwelling.

A MEMORIAL WINDOW is to be placed in the church at East Bergholt, the birthplace of the artist, John Constable, R.A. It was there, amid so much that is lovely in the pleasant vicinity and along the banks of the "gently flowing Stour," he did most of his work. The window is the result of a subscription among admirers of the great British landscape painter, but a sufficient sum has not yet been raised. Surely among the purchasers of his works who are willing to give, not hundreds, but thousands, for one of them, there must be many who only want to know what is needed, to supply it, especially when they are made aware that the window is a production of his namesake, probably a relative, Constable, of Cambridge, who holds the highest reputation among painters of glass in Great Britain. We should be ashamed to think there could be lack of funds to carry out so high and holy a purpose.

THE PICTURE GALLERY in New Coventry Street, formed by Mr. P. L. Everard, should, we have been asked to state, be designated the "Flemish Gallery," not the "Belgian Gallery," as it is called in our notice of the collection last month.

ART-PUBLICATIONS.

IT will not be the fault of publishers if we fail to know all we desire to know concerning Japan; we have before us a small but very comprehensive volume,* lavishly and well illustrated by engravings, that gives us a complete picture of the country, the dresses, habits, customs, and characteristics of its people; the nature of their religion, their buildings, and interior decorations; their manufactures and modes of manufacture; their occupations and amusements; in short, something is said of everything that may aid in bringing a singular and greatly refined nation palpably before us. There have been few books at once so valuable and so accessible. Messrs. Ward have added another right good work to the many rare issues of the Belfast Press.

M. A. BALLIN has issued three admirable etchings; they are of ships in various positions. Perhaps there is no living painter who can so well picture "wooden walls" in fight, before the engineer took the place of the "jolly Jack Tar" who is now little more than a memory. A large painting—the original of one of these etchings—is now in the Royal Academy exhibition. They manifest great spirit and vigour, with singular minuteness of detail, and are valuable productions of a true artist. We may certainly class them among the very best productions of the kind—a kind that is rapidly attaining popularity, and will go far to advance Art-taste and Art-knowledge.

An accomplished and popular artist, Mr. M. Angelo Hayes, R.H.A., has published a book of great value, not only to artists, but to readers of all orders.† It is enlarged from a paper read before the Royal Dublin Society, and exhibits thorough familiarity with the subject. He is better acquainted with his theme than we can be—a theme he has often dealt with in pictures; of these we can judge; they have had frequent praise in our pages. Those whose business it is to paint the horse, will do well to consult this unpretending *brochure*: it is an interesting production both to artist and author.

MESSRS. LUCAS AND DEANES have published a very beautiful chromolithograph of Mr. H. A. Harper's admirable and most attractive picture of Mount Sinai. As a copy it is of great excellence; so like the original, indeed, as to be almost as refreshing to the eye and suggestive to the mind as that original itself. The outline in nature changes but little with the lapse of ages; the Sinai of to-day is much what it was hundreds of centuries ago. It is, and for ever will be, a landmark in sacred history. The print is, therefore, deeply interesting in several ways, while as a work of Art it will more than satisfy the critic.

PRECIOUS stones and gems have occupied many learned writers; the theme is seductive and largely interesting, as well as exciting. Mr. Streeter is an expert in such matters, and will be accepted as an authority concerning them. He has here brought together an immense number of curious facts,‡ most of which are probably well known, though certainly some are original; and he has contrived to arrange them in a very tempting book, "got up" with much elegance, containing several photographs, and a dozen prints in colours; these latter are of great beauty, accurate as "likenesses" and striking as prints. One may read the book for pleasure, and certainly for knowledge. Information is conveyed at once simply and graphically, and when the graceful volume is gone through, the reader will have known "all about it"—concerning *all* the precious stones and gems of which the whole civilised world has heard something.

OF the renowned city of Bath we have lately written as a place very tempting to invalids in search of health; its waters

have been famous for ages; they were so long ere the Romans trod the soil of Britain, and they are as "capable" to-day as they were then, their power having in no whit diminished. We receive, therefore, with much satisfaction a comprehensive book on the subject,* well written and well printed, including much, and apparently omitting nothing it is essential for those who are interested in the important theme to know. The book shows how much the waters may do, and have done, to restore health in cases of many painful, and some deplorable, diseases. It proves also how grand a co-operative aid is the climate that surrounds the venerable city; and to these attractions may be added the cheerfulness that in so many ways assists the influence of the air and the water. There is perhaps no place in the world—certainly none in Great Britain—so desirable as a residence, especially to those who are aged and require "tone" after the wear and tear of a life. The Doctor has exhausted the subject: his book is an acquisition, no doubt, to the profession; clearly it is so to all who are in search of health. We echo the sentiment of one of the mayors, who in 1664 "put up an inscription near the Queen's Bath, declaring artificial baths to be of little worth as being the works of man, while there were natural baths at Bath prepared by Almighty God." Dr. Spender has furnished a valuable contribution to the cause of humanity, and Mr. Lewis has shown himself to be a true friend to his native city by giving publicity to so thoroughly good a work.

MR. TEGG is the author, compiler, and publisher of a graceful and interesting volume, "The Marriage Ceremonies of all Nations."† The title sufficiently indicates the nature of the book. The compilation exhibits considerable skill and judgment: compressed into comparatively small space, something is said of the usages of all peoples of all ages, often illustrated by anecdotes, and frequently accompanied by detailed descriptions. The general reader may thus obtain all he desires to know in a small book—important to many, and of interest to all. It concerns not only the ceremonies; incidental topics are ably dealt with; for example, superstitions, impediments, divinations, love spells, and so forth. The book contains an effective frontispiece and a title page, and is got up with much elegance. It cannot fail to be a popular work, for there are few to whom the theme is indifferent, with reference to either a future or a past. Mr. Tegg is evidently an extensive reader; it is shown here that he is so; and also in another useful volume, "One Hour's Reading," and in other works of a like class.

STIMULATED, probably, by the success of Mr. H. Blackburn's "Illustrated Notes of the Royal Academy," another work, professing to treat in a similar manner the chief of the other picture galleries now open in London, has made its appearance.‡ The collections forming the staple of this handbook are those of the two Water Colour Societies, the British Artists' Society, the Grosvenor, Dudley, French, Danish, British Galleries, &c. The editor, Mr. Pascal, prefaces his notices with a fairly-written and comprehensive account of the rise and progress of our school of painting, to about the commencement of the present century. He makes little attempt to criticize the pictures now open to the public, but is content to give a brief description of the principal examples, with here and there engraved outlines of some of the more important, sufficiently accurate to recall the originals to the memory of those who have visited the Galleries.

* "Japan: Historical and Descriptive." By Charles H. Eden. Numerous Illustrations and a Map. Published by Marcus Ward & Co.

† "The Delineation of Animals in Rapid Motion." By M. Angelo Hayes, R.H.A. With Illustrations. Published by Hodges & Co., Dublin, publishers to the University.

‡ "Precious Stones and Gems: their History and Distinguishing Characteristics." By Edwin W. Streeter. Illustrated by Coloured Plates, Photographs, &c. Published by Chapman and Hall.

* "The Bath Thermal Waters, Historical, Social, and Medical." By John Kent Spender, M.D. With an Appendix on the Climate of Bath by the Rev. J. Blomefield, M.A. Published by Churchill, London; William Lewis, at the *Herald Office*, Bath.

† "The Knot Tied: Marriage Ceremonies of all Nations." Collected and Arranged by William Tegg. Published by William Tegg.

‡ "The Illustrated Handbook to the Supplementary Art Galleries of London. Spring Exhibitions, 1877." Edited by Charles Eyre Pascal. Published by Hardwicke and Boyne.



NORWAY.*

By R. T. PRITCHETT, F.S.A.

CHAPTER VII.



O those going northward Molde has especial interest, for many reasons: its situation is beautiful, its climate delightful, its beauty of vegetation luxuriant, its flora abundant, and, as a centre to radiate from it is most convenient. To arrive there one becomes associated *pro tem.* with the good ship *Tasso*. "Good ship" is used, in this instance, as a term of affection among old Norwegians; in old days rarely was it

that any save real sportsmen or regular fishers were to be found on board. Every one was known when he went on board. The steward knew every one by name; the captain looked forward to seeing his "regulars," and knew exactly how much he would probably see of each individual passenger. Judging from the weather, he could guess the number for each festive meal in the saloon, and knew without a doubt who would propose or smoke a cigar on deck, or one more pipe before turning in, and who would be ready to spin a good yarn if there were any chance

of conversation flagging. From Hull to Trondheim a fraternity existed, on condition that no one betrayed undue curiosity about his fellow-traveller's river. That condition carried out, any one might kill his fish over and over again, and even add a pound or two, rather than the relater should not be happy. The captain of the *Tasso* was a favourite decidedly, and could the weather at all times have proved as fair as the captain himself, the *Tasso* would have been always crowded with passengers; for even in spite of the stormy winds of the North Sea, still there has been such a thing as a telegram for the captain, hoping he will wait for the next train, as — wants to go by *Tasso*. There is much sentiment about the dear old *Tasso*. Light as a cork, in a breeze she can throw you up off your legs and catch you somehow when you come down. She is lively, but that is better than being driven through everything—tunnelling the long seas; besides, if the Saturday be very bad, and Saturday night too, Sunday afternoon generally improves, and by the evening some ladies are venturing up in the captain-cabin on deck, for a little fresh air, and are well looked after; for the captain himself, in spite of having been up all night, comes out with his personal appearance unimpaired, and his gloves, worn only on Sundays, just being buttoned. He had a very impressive way of buttoning the right glove, as if a great work had just been completed, and the fact



Molde, from above the Town.

of doing so would revive the passengers. Still he was a thorough sailor, a great favourite, and everybody regrets that he is no longer sailing the *Tasso*.

The *Tasso*, leaving Hull on Friday night, with her course north-east, ploughs, or rather bruises, the North Sea until Monday morning, when the first land is made; that point is generally Statland—bluff, wild, and precipitous, uninhabited almost—at all events most sparsely populated.

* Continued from page 212.

Altering her course, having made the land, the *Tasso* runs up the coast for Aalesund, before reaching which the number of passengers increases on deck. Passengers are always divided into two classes—the well, and the unwell or "marines." It is surprising at this point how the "marines" muster in force, and discover that they would have come up before but they really did not know there was anything to get up for. They do not say how they envied those humble people who were always asking for more roast beef and who relished bottled stout.

Neptune's habit of rocking his visitors stops many a hearty meal, keeps many visitors from Norway, and levels even the great and mighty; as even the president of a learned society has been seen lying on the deck, pale and mute, rolled up in a blanket, with the large red letters "Scandinavia" across his



The Flower-market, Molde.

vertebra, stretched helplessly, and, we may say, mute, though his object in coming was to talk Norske; but the sea god denied him the luxury until he arrived at the land of Thor and Olin. Aalesund, will be described afterwards.

The *Tasso* arrives at Molde on Monday evening or afternoon, according to the run. If a fine evening, what a lovely sight, after the permanent unbroken horizon of the last three days! On the left Molde, on the right mountains, snow ranges, islands, fjord entrances running up to Væblungnæss and Alfernæss and Eikesdal. Some have described Molde as a Naples; the two places are as different as Stockholm—sometimes called the Venice of the North—from Venice itself. Let each have praise for its individual beauty and grandeur, but no comparison can well be made.

The *Tasso* does not come alongside, the small coasting steamers do. Boats, therefore, come out, and one soon sees what seamen these Norsemen are; and the women are as good as the men. The principal figure and the voice most distinctly heard is that of "Jacob," the polyglot and ubiquitous porter from the hotel. Molde was once famous for an hotel, kept by Herr Buck and family; their kindly reception was a pleasure to any arriving, and their attention unceasing. In front of the house were honeysuckles, clustering roses, geraniums—not yet called pelargoniums at Molde—wallflowers, fuchsias, and every kind of flower. With such good quarters, such attention, such beauty of nature, how could any one be disappointed in Molde? Yet it was so; one's fancy was blighted by the footmark of civilisation—modern dress had supplanted costume. The *taille de Paris* was attempted, although it has not, up to this time, much reduced the general solidity of the Scandinavian waist. The heads of the people are much more trans-

formed, and soon become smiling victims to the first phases of the vile taste for artificial flowers and feathers and tawdry finery. If they only knew the dignity of simplicity and the charm of good silver ornaments, handed down for generations, they would never so debase themselves.

Molde is nearly entirely built of wooden houses, painted white; the lower basement shows the wooden storehouses run out over the water for some distance, built on most picturesque piles of timber, with solid galleries, affording delightful peeps seaward. This warm spot, nestling under the mountains, faces the south, and naturally is celebrated for the vigorous growth of its vegetation, and the luxuriance of every variety of flower growth, which is centred in the churchyard, where every Moldcan tries to rival his neighbour in the culture of fair flowers on the graves of those dear ones who have been called home. What a beautiful thought is this to keep before one through life—to be "called home," and to look upon death as a friend, and as a schoolboy does upon his *exeat*! Happy indeed are those who can do so! It has a soothing influence, which conduces to cheerfulness in old age; and what is cheerfulness in old age but a looming of the immortality of the soul, as the outer case begins to fade away? This lovely spot has been selected as the best locality for an establishment to solace the poor victims of that terrible scourge of the North—leprosy. White as a leper, and shining as Gehazi, Elijah's servant, that is the feature of Eastern leprosy. Not so in the North. The features of the face of the Northern leper become purple and hard, and the feet swollen and fearfully disfigured. It is brought on by the absence of vegetable diet, and constant use of salt fish. The hospital is situated outside the town on the south-west side; coloured yellow.

Many routes start from Molde, and much character may be noticed on board the steamers—small practical craft, with very efficient captains—good seamen and most obliging—a quality



Sea Warehouse, Molde.

most acceptable to the traveller. But this attention is only accorded to those who adopt the axiom of the late Dr. Norman Macleod, who said the best language to travel with was, "Yes, if you please," and "No, I thank you," whether in domestic life or *en voyage*. It would conduce greatly to home harmony

if this were more generally adopted. It is a wholesome contrast to a woodcut in *Punch* by that keen observer of human nature, John Leech, who portrayed a Transatlantic brother holding a revolver at the head of the person sitting next to him, adding only the simple words, "Pass the mustard." To return, however, to the deck of the steamer. The lower class in Norway chew and expectorate; the upper class smoke, and some carry pipes—carry is the correct term, for the pipe belongs to the class

impedimenta. As the map of France is divided into departments so may be the travelling pipe of Norway. First department, the mouthpiece; next, the elastic, to ease off roll of steamer or jostle of stranger; then a huge silver tassel, generally two; then a stem, a joint, and then the bowl of meerschaum. What an *écume de mer*! What a responsibility, to travel with such an instrument! It is quite an apparatus—worse than a *narghile* or *chibouque*; less coil, but more tassel.



The Churchyard, Molde.

The bowl of the pipe is generally surmounted by a huge silver cover, generally a crown. The instance given in our woodcut was an officer on a tour of inspection, going down the coast, or fjord. As he is represented with his back to the land, it is only just to mention that there was some object of interest in front of him. One more word for the *Tasso*. Returning from Trondheim, she generally calls at Molde. Should bad weather come

on, the waiting for twenty-four or forty-eight hours, in constant expectation, is wearying to a degree. One dare hardly go and bathe at the good baths of Molde, admirable in arrangement as they are, the jelly-fish sting so unmercifully, but the advantages of the sea-bathing are irresistible, in spite of being stung; so we bathed while waiting for the steamer, and in the midst of a delightful swim comes the alarming whistle of the *Tasso*.



The Landing-place, Molde.

Rapid exit and hurry scurry, in which, tradition says, the Tentmaster-General, anxious to be first, was last, from having tried to put on his flannel shirt without towelling sufficiently beforehand. Hurried as we were, still there was a ceremony to go through, which could not be omitted without giving offence. The bath attendant is most careful in his attention to visitors, who generally give him twopence. On receiving this honorarium he maintains an old custom in Norway, that of shaking hands and thanking the donor, so we all kept up the good old charter

and received his kind wishes for our safe return to England and our homes. And certainly, on returning, we carried with us delightful recollections of the kindness of the people—especially the bonder folk, or farmers—many souvenirs to remind us of localities visited, and very deep impressions of the charm of their simple life, undisturbed, as it seems, by those little envies, strivings, emulations, and jealousies, which, like mosquitoes, sting and irritate, to the misery and vexation of their unhappy victims.

THE BLACK-AND-WHITE EXHIBITION AT THE DUDLEY GALLERY.

THE number of drawings in charcoal, chalks, pencil, and pen-and-ink, together with engravings and etchings, amounts this year to five hundred and ninety-nine, and it may be said with truth that this is the finest exhibition of works of Art in black and white which has yet been held.

Walking up to the middle of the left wall, we find the place of honour occupied by J. Wolf's 'Midnight Meeting' (107), in a pinewood—two wild boars—a very powerful drawing. Above it hangs an equally well-studied piece of natural history (108), by E. Rischgitz, a 'Flight of Plovers' in the act of rising from a marshy foreground. On each side of this hang two bright crayon drawings of stately poplars and other trees (94 and 112), by Allongé; while on each side of Mr. Wolf's 'Midnight Meeting' hang a couple of Joseph Knight's sepia drawings, to which, in spite of the simple materials composing them, he manages to impart power and impressiveness. The first shows a wide spread of low-lying flats 'On the Welsh Coast' (95); and the second, two peasant-girls and some sheep, scattered on a furzy slope, over which we see some crows in the distance flying homewards, for it is 'After Sundown' (113). Another good evening effect is that on 'The Upper Thames' (109), by Robert Collinson. We must also, while in this part of the Gallery, notice with pronounced approval two 'Drawings for a New Child's Play' (116 and 117), by the poetically inventive E. V. B.; Frederick Tayler's sepia design for a picture of troopers 'On the March' (131); E. J. Gregory's two drawings for the *Graphic* of 'The War in the East' (132 and 153); the various inimitable drawings of Du Maurier, and the peculiarly clever designs of Linley Lambourne, both for *Punch*. Then we have a dark and suggestive drawing by C. E. Holloway, representing a punt full of figures out on 'The Floods' (141); J. W. Waterhouse's sepia drawing of a girl sitting on steps, with a broken harp, treated in a semi-classic spirit, and forming a pendant to F. R. Stock's forcibly represented interior, showing 'Cinderella' (134) brooding before the fire. This drawing is very rich in tone and charmingly suggestive of colour. We like also George Wilson's drawing of a Bacchante's head (160), and S. E. Waller's truthful allegory of 'The European Happy Family' (161) designed for the *Graphic*. We have nothing but commendation also for F. E. Cotman's beautifully-modelled head of a lady, on grey paper (175); for Paul Rajon's etching of a 'Portrait of H. D. Pochin, Esq.' (184); and for the four hounds and a terrier 'Waiting for Master' (190), by E. W. Andrews.

Coming to the far end of the Gallery we find the centre thereof forcibly filled by Briton Rivière's very able drawing of 'Actæon' (233) being devoured by his own hounds. On each side of these hang two fine marine drawings by Francis Powell, the one show-

ing an open boat in rough water, with 'Staffa' (243) in the middle distance; and the other the 'Sea Belle' (221), a fore-and-aft rigged yacht lying in a perfect calm. Norman Taylor, with his sepia drawing of 'Charity' (219), and M. E. Staples, with her clever pen-and-ink picture of the mother by the tiled fireplace telling the two children in her lap 'The Sweet Story of Old' (220), have our hearty approval. The composition here strikes us as being successfully studied. The same artist has a still bolder pen-and-ink drawing, representing a lover putting 'The Finishing Touch' (253) to his lady's attire by putting on daintily her necklace. With like approval we would mention Lexden L. Pocock's 'Les petits Soins' (251), in charcoal; Hubert Herkomer's 'Peasants rocking the Cradle' (265), in lamp black; Heywood Hardy's study of a lion (278) in chalk; and Frederick W. Burton's chalk 'Study from Life' (260) of a young girl's head. This part of the Gallery is notable for a very interesting Meissonier; 'Le Fumeur' (254) is shown first as a drawing, and secondly as an etching, both in one frame; they will attract the close attention alike of artists and Art lovers. Among those also whom we can but name are H. W. Brewer, with his 'Ancient City' (279); J. E. Hodgson, with his 'Deer-Stalking in the Highlands' (288); Sir John Gilbert, with his 'Installation of Bolingbroke' (311); F. Wilfrid Lawson, with his little forlorn girl sitting by a roadside post, 'Unmissed' (312); W. Kümple, with his sea-pieces of 'The Battle' and 'After the Battle' (313); Mary L. Gow's little girl reading to the other, who is 'Convalescent' (319); and R. W. Macbeth, with his 'Lullaby' (320) and his 'Potato Harvest in the Fens' (332). Then comes a quiet pencil study for a picture by the famous Gerôme, representing a 'Montenegrin with a Couple of Hounds' (338); and close by hangs the 'Childhood of Hiawatha' (340), from the fairy pencil of F. A. Hopkins. Farther on we come upon Cecil G. Lawson's 'Study in a Sculptor's Garden in Chelsea' (348), in memoriam, 1875; J. Aumonier's view 'Near Overton, Hants' (367), a few sheep and cottages in a sloping field; and Rosa Bonheur's drawing on blue paper of some sheep. We would draw attention also to Kate Greenaway's 'Spring is come' (408); and the various drawings of Léon Lhermitte; J. C. Dollman's 'Innocents Abroad' (467); Horace H. Cauty's 'Tramps' (483); and Rudolph Lehmann's 'La Rota' (501). We had forgotten to call attention to the figures bearing aloft on their shoulders a dead man, in illustration of the 'Feud 'twixt Guelph and Ghibeline' (52), which W. Cave Thomas has portrayed in red chalk with such classic severity and with such characteristic setting forth of the incident. On the screens will be found a series of thirty-six drawings by Paul Meyerheim, setting forth the adventures of Goethe's 'Reynard the Fox,' with many other clever drawings by well-known artists.

THE YOUNG MOTHER.

C. W. COPE, R.A., Painter.

J. W. ROBINSON, Engraver.

THE second picture ever exhibited by Mr. Cope was at the British Institution, in 1836; it was called 'Mother and Child,' three years previously he sent to the Royal Academy his first essay, 'The Golden Age,' a somewhat kindred subject, we believe. The former work he contributed, rather against his will, but was persuaded to do so by his friends, who were desirous to ascertain what opinion would be formed of the young artist's work after his study for two or three years in the chief cities of Italy. Much to his surprise the British Institution picture was purchased on the "private view" day by one of the most eminent amateurs of the time, the late Mr. Beckford, of

Fonthill Abbey. The success of the little work has always made the subject a favourite with Mr. Cope; and in the intervals of more important labours he has produced at various times many compositions of a similar kind—of which that engraved here is one—taking, as a rule, members of his own family as models.

The monogram of the artist on the canvas, with the date, 1858, shows the picture to have been painted that year, but there is no evidence forthcoming to prove it was ever exhibited. Like all the works of this class from his pencil, it is characterized by elegance of composition, truthful feeling, and great liveliness of colour.







THE ART OF DRESSING AND OF BEING DRESSED.

By PERCY FITZGERALD, M.A., F.S.A.



S the French declare that an Englishman eats but does not dine, so there will be found to be a vast distinction between merely putting on clothes and dressing. Every one does the former, at least in civilised countries; but very few know how to do the latter. Yet it must be owned that there is little opportunity for exhibiting taste in dress: for the style or mode required by Fashion is always of the most whimsical and unregulated kind. During the last twenty years, dress, directed fantastically by sudden thoughts and caprices on the part of milliners, mantua-makers, and tailors, seems to have reached the distinction of marking the ugliest and most tasteless era known; and the dandy friend of Mr. Raikes, who killed himself "because he was tired of dressing and undressing," had he lived into our time might have found some justification for his rash act in his disgust at the garments that he was obliged to put on and off. Every article of dress seems in its details to be without meaning and without beauty: where there is an attempt at decoration there is invariably a want of purpose. Material seems to be displayed abundantly where there is no use for it, and to be curtailed to an almost mean degree where it is required. These are indications of levity and frivolity, and there appears to be a sort of perpetual protest against common sense. The head is loaded with masses of hair, the figure weighted with bundles of material known as "paniers," fixed on behind. There are huge trains, curious tightenings, swathings, "puffings,"—excrescences without object, or meaning, or dependence on the practical ends of dress, which are, to cover and set off the figure. On the other hand, a man's dress, which it is assumed offers no opening for adornment, is as meagre and poverty-stricken in the way of cut and material as can be contrived. Indeed these two extremes—undue redundancy and utter "skimpiness"—are the characteristics of the mode.

The first point is to recognise the principle or the purpose of all dress, viz., to exhibit the grace and beauty of the human figure, subject to the laws of comfort and propriety. A marble statue reveals beautiful lines and curves, muscles in repose, and the admirable disposition of the limbs to the trunk. The experience of every one tells him that each motion of the limbs is a new attitude of grace. Dress, to be beautiful, therefore, should aim at this one end—the *setting off of both face and figure*. This seems only common sense. Yet the real object of dress nowadays shows how this idea is completely lost sight of. For what is sought is, the display of the *adornment* itself, not the decoration of the human figure, which is hidden away contemptuously, and serves as the wooden and padded frames in a milliner's showroom. All the picturesque and effective dresses seen at fancy balls, on the stage, or in old pictures, owe their attraction to the opposite principle—to consideration of the interests of the figure they adorn. This distinction will be understood from an illustration. An elaborately painted plate often displays a pretty landscape in the centre, drawn with extraordinary pains and finish: and many a wealthy entertainer may boast of a service composed of such articles. Yet these plates are specimens of false art, and are, as it were, as badly "dressed" as the lady of the present day decorated with the "paniers" and "tabliers" enjoined by Worth or Elise. The plate is not decorated, but rather degraded from its proper function. Instead of being itself "set off" by the painting, it is used merely to set off the painting, and becomes a canvas for a picture. Accordingly the more tasteful collector will fit it with a velvet frame and hang it up. So the human figure of our day helps to set off a dress, instead of the dress helping to set off the figure.

Any one, then, who keeps this important principle in view is

certain to be well dressed. It is even quite possible to be "in the fashion," as it is called, while accepting its extravagant conditions, but they must be subjected to control. At the same time the professors of the present mode are logical enough in their aim, which is simply to display dazzling garments and unmeaning decorations. As wealth is worshipped, so a rich show is all that is sought. The poor or the vulgar may present beautiful faces or figures, but their purses cannot furnish what may extort superior admiration—splendid and costly dress. Such clothes, therefore, as are sufficient to cover the figure can offer but a meagre show, and a dress made after rational principles forbids all opportunities for show or outlay. Indeed, as fashion has prescribed for the upper part of the figure what Mr. Carlyle might call the "great no-dress of dress," a little scrap hung in front acting as a "body," no sleeves, two tapes or ribbons passing over the shoulder instead, the opportunities of sumptuous exhibition are still further reduced. In sheer desperation, then, the only course open is to make the most of the restricted space left, and pile up the decorations. So a citizen of the old type will crowd into his small front garden plaster statues, fountains, terraces, balustrades.

It is possible, as we have said, to combine the rigorous rules of fashion with a certain tasteful spirit, just as harsh penal laws may be administered in a mild way. Even in our day can be seen that "rare bird," a well-dressed lady, who, at the same time, is pronounced not to be out of the fashion. The consideration of a few sensible principles may be of service, and may explain to some of our belles why it is that a costume ordered from a goddess of millinery makes "a perfect fright" of them, and why some inferior friend looks well dressed at a fourth of the outlay. That mysterious thing called "taste" is not to be imitated, begged, borrowed, or stolen; but, as for a valetudinarian the next best thing to knowing what to eat is to know what not to eat, so we hope at least to point out some guiding principles by which absurdity and vulgarity may be known and the dictates of good taste understood. We shall commence, as one of the lovely beings we venture to advise would herself commence, when she takes her seat in front of the toilet-glass, with considering the important art of dressing.

THE HAIR.

The key to the suitable treatment of the hair will be found by considering what the function of the hair is. This is at once useful and ornamental; it is to be a covering for the head as well as a set-off for the face. The face is the important part to which the whole figure should be subordinate; but even more subordinate should be the hair. This is the principle of the Classical style, as can be seen in the old Greek statues, where the hair is treated as a sort of natural protection for the head. It will be said that the length to which a woman's hair grows, or should be allowed to grow, suggests superfluity, and thus proves that it is intended for more than a mere covering. But here we can find a limit for this length that shall be in harmony with principle. It was usually gathered up into the simple and graceful cluster behind, and the proportion of this cluster to the size of the head (which the eye finds for itself, as being suited to the carrying power of the head) showed what should be the length to which the hair might be allowed to grow. As with all other coverings, the purpose should be honestly asserted, and the beauty of the material then be left to display itself. Architects have long since discovered that the more the roof of a building is emphasized and brought forward as a roof, the more effective the building will be. A roof that is disguised and overlaid with, say, statues, carvings, &c., in short, made to serve as a mere support for ornaments, has but a poor effect. Yet this is the favourite treatment of the average lady's hair,

which is used as a convenient bed for masses of flowers, ornaments, birds, feathers, laces, or for other loads of hair, real or artificial. Instead of being the apex or crown of all, the boundary, as it were, on reaching the frontier where decoration ends, it becomes a starting-place for fresh exertion. Nothing is more pleasing, when properly treated, than the hair, especially in that "softening off" towards the edges which lends such an effect. We often hear the phrase—so dear to novelists—of "her rich massive tresses," yet it might not occur to us at once in what this "richness" consists. It is caused by detail and by detail in relief. An Indian shawl is rich because each thread is coloured separately, and each thread, therefore, has projecting sides, which catch the light or cast shadows. But a shawl painted or printed to imitate an Indian one has no relief of this kind, offers a poverty-stricken air, and thus wants "richness" from the absence of such tiny inequalities and shadows. So each hair of the head offers light and shade, and has a variety of surface and colour. The boundary, too, is softened away by the hair being thinner at the edge—a point where wigs all fail, betraying themselves by a coarse and abrupt line, causing a harsh contrast, and being too strong in tone for the delicacy of the face. This beautiful material, then, the natural covering and adornment of the human head, is worthy of being employed to a higher purpose than that of setting off ribbons, jewels, masses of flowers, and such like, and should itself, for its own sake, be displayed and set off to the best advantage, by means of appropriate and altogether subsidiary ornamentation. It should be decorated on the principle before alluded to of the painted plate, and true taste, we repeat, will be shown in the sparing, and therefore more effective, use of jewels, laces, flowers, and other ornaments. This being understood and admitted, we at once see how absurd and useless are those masses of foreign hair, which, whatever their shape, prove that they do not belong to the wearer, and whose position (hung bag-like behind) excludes all idea of being a covering.

Such, then, is the first simple but important principle. The votaries of fashion, in their blindness, do not see that it would further even the ends of their own vanity far better than the system they follow. But on the other hand, the fetish of stage effect and limelight effect, and the feeling that "I can prove what wealth we have by the costly things I put on," would have to be sacrificed.

The next guiding principle to be recollected is this. The hair lends effect to the face by the contrast of darkness with light, and actually *traces a part of the outline of the face*. But for the hair there would be no face proper, but merely eyes, nose, mouth, and ears, set in one boundless convexity; as may be seen in the instance of bald people, where it is impossible to fix, with nice accuracy, where forehead ends or poll begins. Hence, too, in the same afflicted class, that unpleasant sense of lightness of "all-face," as it were—complimentarily known as "a very open countenance," but which no one would call beautiful. Even where the hair begins to grow thin and the forehead to enlarge a little, we are conscious of a certain loss of beauty, or at least symmetry. The elegant oval line of the face fails, and begins to straggle off upwards; we feel that there is a little too much face and too much light. Hence we see how valuable the hair becomes in supplying contrast. But if the hair be loaded with objects of a gaudy kind and overlaid with colours this effect will be lost, and the brilliance which should belong to the face will be at once transferred to the region above. For these two principles, which commend themselves, our established belles should be grateful to us; and though the Moloch they serve will still require his load of flowers and other trumpery, to be exhibited in the accustomed places, still, by a little artifice, this can be treated with moderation and in a secondary way, and there will, so far, be a gain.

In a well-shaped head how effective is the line of the hair as it is drawn away from the centre of the forehead over the ears to the back! This line is traced by the hair itself, by that little ingrowth of short hairs which forms the edge, and which is exposed if the hair be drawn away too tightly or too high. The point where the cluster behind should be gathered up is

found by the simplest rule. The back of the neck, and the part of the hair above it, should not be concealed, as it often offers some graceful lines and curves, and, more important still, suggests the idea of lightness and airiness in the support of the head. It should not, therefore, be hidden by masses of hair, either natural or false. The true place of the cluster is on the upper portion of the back of the head—according to the old Grecian practice. It should be *carried* by the head, not laid on the side, where it usually has to be hung, as it were, by hairpins; and though modifications may be allowed to suit particular fashions of dress, this is the true principle. The detestable chignon, hung on the back of the head, or crawling over it like a huge caterpillar or a beetle's body, is simply monstrous, and not to be justified by any law of art, taste, or utility. Nor can we discover any ostensible object in this hideous mode, as it betrays its fictitious character, and conveys the very opposite of what it is assumed to convey; for the aim is, of course, to show that the wearer enjoys this wealth of hair, and can claim admiration for such "massive tresses;" but so clumsily and coarsely are these clumps attached, that we can only conclude there was an intention of exhibiting the power of money and the pride of purchase. This is a special abuse in the fashion of female attire at present. Formerly the aim was to deceive the spectator, to artfully combine the false with the genuine. Now, owing to the reign of prodigality, and the coarse flaunting manners we have inherited from the late Empire, hair has become a costly ornament, or article of finery, and worn as a part of the complete dress. Perhaps, the false material being displayed in a vast profusion which the natural material could not hope to emulate, the only course was to abandon all deception, take "the bull," as it were, "by the horns," and glory in the deceit. There is nothing more revolting to the refined eye—to say nothing of the associations suggested—than the display of these huge coarse plaits, each strand thick as a rope, the whole "skewered" on by hairpins, projecting or getting loose, and well saturated with unguents.

A more æsthetic objection to the practice remains. As there is a fitting proportion in the relation of the hair and its decorations to the face and head, so is there a corresponding proportion in the head to the figure. This is destroyed by such overloading. A short person becomes shorter, a tall person more ungainly. But a more curious effect is presented by the direction of this burden, which, instead of being borne on the centre of the head, as was the case in the days of powder and puff, projects upwards and backwards at the same time, making the outline of the head and hair like a hussar's shako. The effect is as of a want of balance, the weight appearing to draw the head backwards, suggesting that the overburdened portion behind may snap the neck in twain, like the stalk of a flower. Of course when there is a deficiency of natural hair, it is to be supplied, but not after a manner that "makes the judicious grieve."

It is certain that the fashion of drawing away the hair to the right and left, like curtains, is quite æsthetic, as well as the most convenient mode of arranging it. So does the rich and heavy cornice of an Italian palace overhang the façade. It conveys, too, the idea of a reserve of strength, or a possibility of those new forms, curves, and devices, which we know this opulent material can furnish if required. On the other hand, where the hair is thin and flat no one thinks of preserving any proportion between it and the amount carried at the back. Nothing seems more inconsistent than the vast "lumps" of the foreign material fastened on, as the eye can tell at once that were it so thick behind it should be equally thick in front.

In the novels and fashion-books of twenty years ago we read of what was called "wearing the hair in bands," then considered an elegance which nothing could approach, and which consisted in spreading it out flat in the plane of the face and turning it up at the ear like ram's horns, leaving a sort of hollow shell at each side. This was altogether meaningless, being a device for making a show of hair, but a transparent one, as it really gave the idea of poverty. The outlines of this

arrangement are opposed to the oval of the face, which thus became set between two triangles. It might almost seem an attempt to borrow something of the effect of the whisker in men. In the *Annals and Books of Beauty* brought out by Heath and Finden, and directed by Lady Blessington or "L. E. L.," we see this stiff and artificial mode in full force, contrasting with the somewhat faded air of the high-born dames who adopted it. It was generally crowned by a sort of turret of plaited hair; while a row of pearls or diamonds, with a locket or jewel reposing on the forehead, completed the effect. Another style then in fashion was the flattening of the hair quite close to the side of the head, bringing it down in a meagre curve on the cheek, and turning it up over the ear. In that day all the resources of the coiffeur's art were exhausted in plaitings, and the turrets just alluded to were reared behind, to command the smooth surface of the knoll; or else a stiff fence of plaited hair, an inch or two in height, ran across the curve. Plaiting, however, is a false principle; as, indeed, everything is that is done in imitation of what has been made mechanically—a plait being no more than the reproduction of the strands of a rope. Such treatment is opposed to the soft flowing nature of hair. It makes it hard, compressed, and wooden, instead of being soft, free, and careless; and, finally, it gives an undue weight and solidity to the head. The custom of "training" a cable of hair across the head may have, however, the effect, in the case of a large head, of giving detail and breaking up the surface.

As curls are a natural shape or disposition, they are to be accepted; indeed, there is something analogous in the motion of curls to the rustling and shaking of leaves and branches. It must be doubted, however, if the old-fashioned system of flanking the face with two "clusters of curls" be artistic, especially when secured by what were known as "side combs." There is too much of the mechanical apparatus in such a method, and one of the canons of art is violated, as the curls are thus exhibited on their own merits, and not as a decoration of the head. The curls too, instead of gradually taking shape out of the wavy lines of the hair, start abruptly from the side of the head to which they are affixed. All geometrical division into compartments or batches of hair—one on each side, so much behind—is artificial. It is curious that curls should make a long face longer and a short face shorter; and every one will notice the air of sickly sentiment which they impart to certain faces, which is really owing to this idea of length and weakness, thus multiplied. Again, the parallel lines into which curls fall are opposed to the ovals of the face. In truth, the "corkscrew" curl is rather an artificial product, hair not taking such a shape naturally. Finally, they disguise the cheeks, and, the great objection, hide the lines of the face and make it too broad. The truth is, they are a redundancy.

The more correct treatment would appear to be that this caprice of nature should merely indicate, as it were, its own existence, and the hair be gathered up in a cluster at the back, a ringlet or two falling behind. Here its use as an elegant finish is evident, for the straightened "tail" would hang in a lanky fashion; though, from the very act of hanging, it would have of itself a tendency to curl. This is the true meaning of a curl—the removing the "platitude" and baldness of a lank straight extremity, and making an appropriate finish for the extremity of the hair. The mode called *à la Chinoise* is not artistic and is opposed to the development of the natural beauties of the hair, which is strained and "dragged" to the back. The hair itself is thus forced into a flat surface, and the skin tightened. As for what are called "partings," they indeed cause much "sweet sorrow" to the artistic mind. They impart the notion of a cit-like trimness, of a "spick and span" walk up from the forehead, while another crosses the little property at right angles. It will be said that considerations of convenience call for these accurate lines of division; but there is something too mathematical in such formal tracks and avenues, to say nothing of the revelation of the bare strips of skin. If one central parting be sufficient it

need not be made by rule and square; a rougher division would be less harsh and offer more detail.

A still greater offence against good taste is the melancholy abuse of dyeing or staining the hair: surely one of the most barbarous practices indulged in by civilised people. Look deliberately at a woman's head, the hair of which has been turned to an artificial gold colour by the *aqua aurea* or some such drug: the eye is offended by a something flaunting and meretricious. No one has ever seen a face whom this violent treatment or this hot and raw tone suited. There is a relation between the colouring of the face and the colouring of the hair which is no arbitrary one. Nature, which harmonizes colour everywhere, does not fail to do so in the relation of hair and skin; and even if it could be conceded that the change to a new colour would make no difference in the general harmony, still the introduction of an artificial one would certainly mar the effect. Besides, there remain the eyebrows and eyelids, which it is impossible to deal with satisfactorily. That the idea of this connection between the colour of the face and of the hair is not fanciful, is proved by the fact that these tones change together as years advance, which accounts for the discordance between the face of an old person and the dyed wig he wears, even though its hue be strictly that of the locks that formerly adorned his head.

The artful coiffeur sees that the arrangement of the hair has such an effect on the expression, that it may be brought in aid to cure certain defects, or even turn blemishes into beauties. Thus, a slight and delicate figure should have the hair dressed lightly and airily; for few think, when they pile on the masses of purchased hair fashion now requires, that they are robbing their figure of some natural charm, spoiling the effect of a pretty head, or lessening their height instead of adding to it. Few of our hairdressers think of these things, and it rarely enters into their practice or philosophy that harshness of feature and boldness of eye may be softened down by a yet bolder treatment of the hair, which shall draw off attention by the contrast. The decoration of the head should be entirely directed by its relation to the figure; and according as the face is defective—too square, too short, too long, or wanting the true oval—such blemishes can be set right by the different modes of arranging the hair. If the face be long, it can be shortened by bringing the hair low down on the forehead, or by drawing it away over the ear, to give the idea of a line of division drawn across the face. Again, where the eyes are rather sunk, the hair should not be allowed to project or to overshadow them, as such a face requires all the light that can be given. The nose, too, has an important claim on the hairdresser. A piquant or retroussé nose but ill accords with the pure classical *coiffure*; such requires a capricious and fantastic treatment. A Roman nose of the Wellington order, desperate though the case may appear, is not wholly intractable. The cunning artist will, as it were, dwarf the feature by erecting a great capillary structure aloft. In the well-known portraits of the Hampton Court beauties we notice the little row of flattened *accroche-cœurs* that border the foreheads. The effect is curious—a kind of feebleness and effeminacy. The contrast between the hair and the forehead becomes thus less marked, and the two glide, as it were, into each other.

We next approach a less critical subject, that of the mode of dressing men's hair. This, it will be found, is generally regulated by their way of life. Rough work, quick motion, and business, reduce the treatment of the hair to a purely practical question; the aim being, first, to keep the head covered; secondly, to have the hair out of the way. Hence it is cut short.

M. Blanc, a great philosophical authority on such matters, shows, with some ingenuity, that men are generally their own hairdressers—setting apart, of course, the mere mechanical function of scissors and curling-tongs—and make it an index of their character; either impetuously tossing it back or dressing and arranging it with laborious pains that are generally proportioned to its rarity.

THE USE OF ANIMAL FORMS IN ORNAMENTAL ART.

By F. EDWARD HULME, F.L.S., F.S.A.

CHAPTER IV.



THOUGH the beasts we have previously referred to, the lion, the horse, the dog, and the bull, are those perhaps of most frequent occurrence in ornamental Art, there are many others that are from time to time met with, and which can, therefore, hardly be altogether passed over unregarded. The stag, the goat, the wolf, may be considered as fairly typical examples of what we may call the animals of secondary importance, and to these, and some few others, we now direct our attention.

The stag, from the grace of its movements and the beauty of its form, has from a very early date been largely introduced in decorative Art, and to this admiration of its natural beauty two other powerful reasons for its introduction must be added. It is in classic mythology frequently referred to, as we shall presently see; and, secondly, it is in mediæval times one of the favourite devices of the herald. The subjects in classic Art in which it is a conspicuous feature are the changing of Actæon into a stag by Artemis, the deity who occupies a similar position in Greek belief to that of Diana in the mythology of the Romans; and the capture of the Arcadian stag by Hercules—a task sufficiently onerous to rank as one of his twelve great labours. This animal



Fig. 34.



Fig. 36.



Fig. 37.



Fig. 35.



Fig. 38.

had golden antlers and brazen feet. The stag occurs in several other subjects, but the two myths we have referred to are perhaps those of most frequent occurrence throughout the range of classic Art. In the sculptures and vase paintings the goddess Diana is generally accompanied by a young fawn. In Christian

Art the stag is the emblem of solitude and purity of life. It is the attribute of St. Hubert, Julian, and Eustace. When associated with the former of these it bears a cross between its horns, in allusion to a legend that is generally well known, and that is somewhat too foreign to our present purpose to be fully



Fig. 39.



Fig. 40.

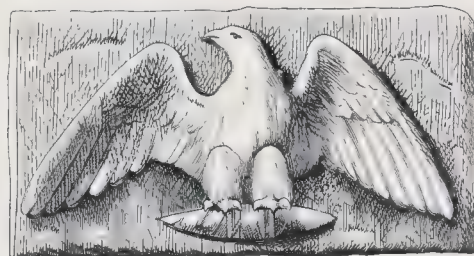


Fig. 41.

given here. It was also taken as a type of purity and religious aspiration, from the passage in the Psalms beginning "Like as the hart panteth after the water brooks." Perhaps the most familiar example of the use of the stag in heraldic work may be seen in one of the illustrations given in our last paper. It is

the white hart, the favourite badge of Richard II. It occurs more than eighty times in Westminster Hall, though no two are exactly alike in treatment—a rather marked peculiarity, as the heraldic requirements necessitate a position of rest; and if our readers will attempt to draw eighty quiescent stags, each with

an individuality of treatment of its own either in principal or accessories, the difficulty of so doing will no doubt soon grow sufficiently patent after the first few have been accomplished.

The goat is in classic Art often associated with Bacchus and Pan, and several examples of this association may readily be found in the fine collection in our national museum. We have

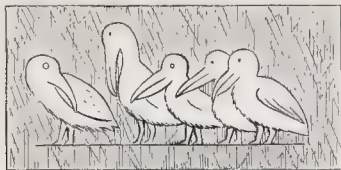


Fig. 42.

in our last paper represented a goat found at Pompeii; it appears to have been a shop sign. The animal is found too on the coinage of Ainos and Paros. In Christian Art it is generally associated with St. Anthony, from a legend that the arch-tempter once appeared to him in the form of a goat. The boar is often represented in ancient Art. The destruction of the Erymanthian boar was one of the tasks assigned to Hercules, and consequently figures in the numerous representations of these labours. Theseus, too, another mighty monster-slayer, destroyed a wild boar that had been the terror of Krommyon, a town in Megaris on the Saronic Gulf; and Circe, the enchantress, it will be remembered, on the other hand, changed several of the companions of Ulysses into pigs by her arts. Without undue depreciation of her powers, we can only say that some people do not require much changing. Circe's draught is still potent to transform the man made in the image of God into what it is an insult to the so-called lower creatures to call a "bestial" state. In the Assyrian remains in British Museum are some excellent representations of boar-hunts. In the Middle Ages the boar's head inspired both the



Fig. 44.

poet and the cook to do it justice, and it also figures largely in the heraldic devices of the Middle Ages and of more modern times. On the ancient coins of Gaul the principal type is the wild boar.

The wolf is at times met with in Roman Art, obviously from its traditional character of foster-mother to Romulus and Remus. In Christian Art, like the ape, fox, and several other animals,

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it is sometimes introduced, but always with a certain symbolism of meaning that implies no compliment to the manners or morals of the animal, or rather of those who are attacked through the symbol.

The Arcadian nymph Callisto was changed, we are told, by



Fig. 45.

Zeus into a she-bear, but we do not remember to have ever seen the subject treated in a pictorial or decorative way on any of the remains of antiquity. The bear is occasionally met with as a device in heraldry, but it is perhaps most intimately associated with the city of Berne.

Our readers who have visited the place will, we are sure, recall numerous examples. It is the badge of the city, and figures everywhere. Four fine shaggy fellows, life-size, are placed at the base of a monument near the Cathedral, and are as noble in their way as the Landseer lions in our own metropolis, and we can only hope that at some future day not too far distant casts of them may be added to the rich treasury of Art-objects at South Kensington.

The elephant, so common an emblem in Buddhist Art, met with everywhere in Indian work, the Siamese national emblem, and one of the few quadrupeds introduced in their designs by the Japanese, must only be thus cursorily referred

to, and the other less common beasts must be omitted altogether, as the exigencies of our space warn us that whatever may be the amount of our own interest in the subject, we must not



Fig. 46.

allow it to run away with us, and that much yet remains to be said in the limited and superficial way that is alone possible under the necessary limitations imposed on us.

Passing then to birds, we give the pre-eminence so justly its due to the eagle, the bird of Jove, the device of imperial Rome, in mediæval times the chosen bird of honour in heraldry, in

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ecclesiastical Art the symbol of the great evangelist St. John. Examples of its heraldic employment will be seen in Figs. 41 and 46, the first of these being fairly naturalistic in treatment, the second decidedly conventional. Instances of its use in ornament are so abundant that it seems almost needless to particularise. Wherever classic influence is felt, wherever the brilliant blazon of the herald is found, wherever the symbols so prominent a feature in religious Art are met with, there the eagle will conspicuously occur. On Roman coins the emperor is sometimes represented as standing on an eagle. In the apotheosis, a ceremony by which the man to be honoured was to be raised to the rank of a god, an effigy of the deceased was burnt upon a funeral pile. As the fire ascended an eagle was liberated, to typify to the multitude the flight of the deified soul to heaven; hence on medals struck to commemorate an apotheosis there is ordinarily represented the sacrificial altar and funeral pyre, and above it an eagle soaring upward.

An old writer tells us that the eagle "was by the Ancients dedicated to Jove, on account of its Generosity, Strength, and Courage above all other Fowls, whom it subdues, and is by them respected and feared, having several other notable Qualities beyond them; as building its Nest higher than any other, which is a Token of Sovereignty, as Kings build more stately and lofty Palaces than their Subjects; as also for soaring in Flight above them all, and gazing steadfastly on the Sun, without winking or being dazzled with his Brightness, besides which it endures the most sharp Cold and Frost beyond any other Bird; for which reasons both the Ancients and the Moderns have made the Eagle to be the Emblem of Majesty."

The vulture is largely represented in the mural slabs from the Assyrian palaces. In the midst of the numerous battles and sieges there recorded, the vulture is ever ready for its prey. Fig. 39 is from the Assyrian remains in the British Museum; it is bearing off the head of a decapitated prisoner of war. Fig. 40, also from the national collection, is a very quaint representation of a bird sitting on its nest amidst the reeds; it occurs in an Egyptian wall-painting depicting fowling catching wild ducks.

The pelican is in religious Art a symbol of the Redeemer. It has at the tip of its long bill a crimson spot; the older naturalists had a belief that it nourished its young ones on its own blood. In all representations of the bird it is therefore represented in the attitude shown in Fig. 43. The natural action that gives rise to the idea is very well shown in one of the group of pelicans represented in Fig. 42, and taken from a wall-painting from an Egyptian tomb. The form is always referred to in books on symbolism as that of "the pelican in her piety."

The grotesque bird forms, Figs. 36 and 44, are both from Pompeian wall-decorations. The swan, owl, cock, and some few other bird-forms, must be left for consideration in our next paper; we may just *en passant* say that the fine form shown in Fig. 45 is from a Roman mosaic. Fig. 38 is a curious device on an Anglo-Saxon coin; it recalls very painfully to our own minds the way our raspberries and other fruits are yearly appropriated. The owl shown in Fig. 34 is from an Athenian coin, while Figs. 35 and 37 are examples from the coinage of Siphnus and Carystus respectively.

OBITUARY.

HENRY WEEKES, R.A.

THE department of sculpture, as represented in the Royal Academy, loses one of its oldest members by the death, on the 28th of May, of Mr. Weekes, who had reached the seventy-first year of his age: he had long been a great bodily sufferer, and, we hear, was compelled to keep his bed for some time prior to his decease.

Mr. Weekes was born at Canterbury, in 1807, and early in life entered the studio of the late Mr. W. Behnes, and subsequently that of Sir F. Chantrey. He first gained public notice by a bust of the Queen, executed soon after her Majesty's accession to the throne: it was exhibited at the Academy in the same year, 1837. Among his principal portrait statues are those of Crammer, Ridley, and Latimer, executed for the "Martyrs' Memorial," Oxford; of Dr. Goodall, at Eton College; the Marquis Wellesley, for the India House; Lord Bacon, for Trinity College, Cambridge; Lord Auckland, for Calcutta; John Hunter, for the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons; William Harvey, for the New Museum, Oxford; her Majesty the Queen presenting the Order of the Star of India, for the East India Board at Calcutta. Of monumental works by the deceased sculptor are the recumbent figure of Dr. Sumner, Archbishop of Canterbury, for the cathedral of that city, the fine group in memory of Percy Bysshe Shelley, in the old Priory Church, Christchurch, Hampshire (this, which we consider Mr. Weekes's *chef-d'œuvre*, was engraved in the *Art Journal* for 1863), and figures of the late Mr. Samuel Whitbread, M.P., and Lady Elizabeth Whitbread, for Cardington Church, Bedfordshire. His figures purely ideal are but few; they include 'The Suppliant,' engraved in the *Art Journal* for 1853; 'A Shepherd,' 'The Young Naturalist,' 'Luna,' 'The Mother's Kiss,' and 'Sardanapalus,' for the Mansion House. He also exhibited at the Academy, in 1854, a 'Design for an Equestrian Statue of the Duke of Wellington,' and in 1862 a 'Design for the Guards' Memorial, submitted to competition.' The number of busts from the hand of this sculptor is very large; among them

are those of many distinguished individuals. In the exhibition of this year are two of his busts, those of the Archbishop of Canterbury and of Sir Moses Montefiore, both of them, if we mistake not, intended for the St. Peter's Orphanage and Convalescent Home. He was elected an Associate of the Academy in 1850, Member in 1863, and Professor of Sculpture in 1869: this office he resigned at the beginning of the present year, on account of the state of his health. We must not omit to state that Mr. Weekes obtained, in 1852, the gold medal offered by the Society of Arts for the best essay on the Fine Art section of the International Exhibition of the preceding year. There are two other works by him of too much importance to be passed over; these are, the statue of Charles II. in the Houses of Parliament, and the group representing 'Manufactures' for the Albert Memorial.

WILLIAM EDWARD FROST, R.A.

At the moment we were preparing this sheet for press, intelligence reached us of the death, on the 4th of June, of this well-known painter: we have neither time nor space now to refer to his career; this must be postponed till the following month. It may, however, be stated that the decease of Mr. Frost, who had reached the age of sixty-seven, creates no vacancy on the roll of the Royal Academicians; he had placed himself about a year ago on the list of "honorary retired members."

SIR MATTHEW DIGBY WYATT.

It would be difficult to find a name more popularly associated with a varied and comprehensive performance of Art-work than that of Sir M. D. Wyatt, whose death took place at his residence, Dimlands Castle, Cowbridge, Glamorganshire, on the 21st of May, and at an age (fifty-seven) when, numbered by years, he was in the ripe fulness of manhood. He was born in 1820, his father being Mr. Matthew Wyatt, a metropolitan police magistrate. At the age of sixteen Digby entered the office of his elder

brother, Thomas, an architect in good practice. In 1844 he went to the Continent, visited France, Germany, and Italy, and, after an absence of nearly two years or longer, returned to England; and, as one result of his travels, published, in 1848, a volume, "The Geometrical Mosaics of the Middle Ages." It would be impossible within our limited assigned space to give even a list of the books on various subjects which bear his name as their author; in the "Universal Catalogue of Books on Art," published by the "Science and Art Department," South Kensington, no fewer than thirty-six works are given; in a few the name of the late J. B. Waring appears in conjunction with that of Sir Digby as the author.

But it was in connection with the great International Exhibition of 1851 that Mr. Digby Wyatt (he was not knighted till 1869, and then, it is said, most unwillingly accepted the honour conferred on him) became known prominently in the movement. In conjunction with his friend Mr. Owen Jones, Sir W. Cubitt, Sir J. Paxton, and Sir Charles Fox, he greatly assisted in the settlement of the general plan and details of the building in Hyde Park; and the management of it while being erected devolved upon him. When the Crystal Palace was transferred to Sydenham, his zeal, energy, and professional acquirements were again called into active requisition; and especially were these qualities manifested in the construction, arrangement, decoration, &c., of those gems of architectural beauty, the Courts, in which, however, he had the able assistance of Owen Jones. One of Sir Digby's most important buildings was the station of the Great Western Railway at Paddington: this he erected in conjunction with Mr. Brunel.

His writings on the Art of manufactures, no less than on the formative and decorative Arts, have done very much to give a character to the architectural and industrial aspect of the age: he was a man of wide sympathies and culture in Art—a fact fully borne out by his lectures at Cambridge during the short period he occupied the chair of the Slade Professorship at the university. Looking at the range of subjects grasped by Sir Digby Wyatt's well-stored mind, he might truly be called "a master of all the arts."

EDMUND SHARPE, M.A.

The organs of the profession, that of an architect, to which this gentleman belonged have given lengthened notices of Mr. Sharpe's labours; still a brief notice in our own columns of one who did so much both with pen and pencil for his special department of Art is only due to him. Mr. Sharpe, who died rather suddenly, on the 8th of May, at Milan—whither he had gone for the purpose of sketching and illustrating some of the ancient buildings in that city—was born at Knutsford, Cheshire, in 1809. He entered St. John's College, Cambridge, in due course took his M.A. degree there, and obtained the "Travelling Bachelorship" of the university, and, by the advice of Dr. Whewell, took, as the *Builder* remarks, "architecture for his thesis, while travelling for three years in France and Germany, and thus laid the foundation of that extensive know-

ledge of the remains of European mediæval architecture which afterwards became so valuable to him in affording materials for comparative criticism of the characteristics of the styles of various dates and localities." On his return to England he made Lancaster his residence, where, in partnership with Mr. Paley, he practised as an architect, and erected several churches and other edifices. A few years, however, terminated this kind of labour; Mr. Sharpe was independent of professional practice; he retired from it, and henceforth employed himself upon what may be designated architectural book-work: it is upon this that his reputation principally rests. One of the most important of his works is the "Architectural Parallels, or the Progress of Ecclesiastical Architecture in England during the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries," as exhibited in the following abbey churches: Fountains, Kirkstall, Byland, Whitby, Rievaulx, Tervaulx, Netley, Tintern, St. Mary's (in York), Guisborough, Selby, and Howden. This work was published in 1846, and a later edition in 1849: it consists of two volumes, large folio, and is finely and profusely illustrated. It was followed, in 1849, by another richly illustrated volume, "A Treatise on the Rise and Progress of Decorated Window Tracery in England;" and, in 1851, by the "Seven Periods of English Architecture," a comprehensive sketch of its progress from the Heptarchy to the Reformation: the book contains nineteen engraved plates. These, and several other works of similar character, but of comparatively minor consideration, gained for their author in 1875 the Annual Gold Medal of the Royal Institute of British Architects; on which occasion the President, Sir G. Gilbert Scott, R.A., referred "not only to the work Mr. Sharpe had done in the way of architectural illustration, but to the influence he had exercised in bringing about a greater interest in, and a more reverent care for, the remains of the great ecclesiastical structures of England."

JOHN RICHARDSON JACKSON.

This gentleman, the engraver of numerous works, died at Southsea, on the 10th of May. He was born, on Dec. 14, 1819, at Portsmouth. At about the age of seventeen he became the pupil of the late Mr. Robert Graves, A.R.A., the eminent line engraver, but soon abandoned that branch for mezzotint, in which the best and largest number of his subjects are executed. Foremost among these is the fine plate from Landseer's famous picture of 'The Otter and Salmon'; it was published in 1847. The small plates of 'Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time,' and 'Windsor Castle,' also from paintings by Landseer, are from his hand: so also is the engraving from F. D. Hardy's well-known amusing picture of 'The Sweep.' But Mr. Jackson's most extensive series of plates are portraits; among them are those of her Majesty, the Princess Royal and her sisters, after Winterhalter, the Duke of Edinburgh, Archbishops Horsley and Sumner, the Archbishop of Armagh, the late Marquis of Lansdowne, the Archbishop of Dublin, the Duke of Buccleugh and Queensbury, the Marquis of Hertford, and a host of other eminent public individuals, titled and untitled.

ART-NOTES FROM THE PROVINCES.

ABERDEEN.—It is stated that a bronze statue of Sir William Wallace will be erected in this city, pursuant to a bequest of the late Mr. John Steell, of Edinburgh, who left a sum of about £4,000 for the purpose.

BRIGHTON.—A statue of the late Sir Cordy Burrows, a physician in extensive practice in Brighton, and a gentleman held in great esteem by his fellow-townsmen, is being executed by Mr. E. B. Stephens, A.R.A. It is to be placed in the grounds of the Pavilion.

DUNDEE.—At a meeting of the "Burns Statue" committee

it was resolved that Sir John Steell, R.S.A., be instructed to execute a replica of the statue of the poet made by him about three years since for America, and which, if we are not mistaken now stands in the Central Park, New York, as a companion to that of Sir Walter Scott. And while speaking of the distinguished sculptor, Sir John Steell, it may be remarked that it is in contemplation to present him with a national testimonial of some kind; subscriptions to the amount of nearly £2,000 having already been collected in Scotland for the object.

LIVERPOOL.—The Spring Exhibition of the Society of Water

Colour Painters—the sixth held—was recently opened in the Rooms of the Royal Institution, Colquett Street. The Society is not limited to local artists; but the contributors are restricted to those who have been elected Honorary Members, Members, or Associates. In the present exhibition two hundred and forty-four drawings find a place, and they are contributed by nine Honorary Members, thirty-eight ordinary Members, and twenty-eight Associates—seven hundred and fifty contributing artists in all; and out of these twenty-five are local artists. The exhibition is not an imposing one, nor does it contain any special picture of particular or peculiar significance. It is, however, noticeable for the excellence of several of the works contributed by local artists, most of which show a considerable advance on their previous efforts.

In particularising a few of the principal drawings sent by Honorary Members, that of Sir John Gilbert, R.A., 'The Violin Player,' lent by her Majesty, deserves first mention, not only because of the circumstances attending it, but for the boldness and breadth with which it is executed. F. Smallfield contributes a charming work, entitled 'The Weeding Woman's House,' full of the glow of sunset light, beautiful effects of colour, and very careful drawing. Clark Stanton shows three characteristic works, and Waller H. Paton three fine landscapes. Among the contributions of the ordinary Members that deserve special mention are: W. R. Beverley's 'The Sands near Worthing' (108), charming for its daylight, its animation, and atmosphere; E. F. Brewtnall's 'Beaching the Boat,' fine in colour, bold in outline, and full of *motif*; J. Charlton's 'The Inn Door' and 'Going to the Meet,' two excellent drawings; and Mark Fisher's 'Pasturage' (147), very French in style, pure in treatment, and powerful in its suggestiveness. C. H. Cox has several pretty little drawings, being bright and crisp in execution and style. Robert Dobson's large landscape displays many good qualities, but just falls short of being an important work. The drawings by W. Eden are always true to Nature and to Art, carefully and laboriously followed, and his three drawings (115, 133, and 202) are no exception. F. W. Hayes exhibits several works; but the interest centres in No. 188, 'Over the Fells,' the most important picture he has painted, and one that shows the style he now affects inspires his art much more potentially than his former manner. Thomas Hason's drawings—especially No. 100, 'A grey Afternoon at the end of March'—are very clever, and display considerable originality of style and a poetic feeling. A charming picture of sand, hill, and shore, by T. Hampson Jones, 'At Barmouth—a misty Day,' will enhance his rising reputation, and the five drawings by W. L. Kerry show that a very clever artist has yet to become known: two of them are worthy of De Wint. Miss Macgregor's 'Edge of the Pond' and 'Way through the Churchyard' are good and clever; W. J. Mückley's 'Dorothy Vernon's Doorway, Haddon Hall'

(5) and 'Industry' (18) are characteristic; Mrs. Pauline Walker's flowers and birds and still life are unapproachable in tone and colour, and charming in every respect. Wilmot Pilsbury has some good work on the walls, the largest (23), 'On the Dove, Dovedale,' being the least acceptable and much lacking in colour. His smaller works are charming in tone. For strength of colour and treatment, John Sedden should be mentioned; all his drawings will bear careful inspection for their artistic merits, No. 142, 'A Farmyard Study,' being very clever.

The new Associate of the "Water Colour Society," in London, Cuthbert Rigby, exhibits three drawings: No. 53, 'A Cumberland Valley after Rain,' being the principal; there is a little hardness and a coldness about his work that need to be overcome. Perhaps the most important work exhibited, if we except the very clever sketch (185), 'Ironing,' by J. D. Watson, is that of W. H. Sullivan, 'The Fugitives,' in which the fugitives are at bay—or at least one of them, waiting with intense suspense the attacking party; the scene being in the oaken panelled saloon of an old baronial hall. G. S. Walter's 'Sunset—Holland' is a good work; and the same may be said of several of J. W. Walter's contributions, though they are so like Mr. Pilsbury's in style that it is difficult to decide which is which. Among the Associates of the Liverpool Society exhibiting the six sketches by G. Aikman deserve notice; also two fine drawings by E. H. Bearne, especially No. 30, 'Waiting,' a flock of sheep in a shady lane. S. J. Hodson has four drawings on the walls, and they are all clever architectural subjects. Two drawings by J. McDougal show a marked improvement in style. W. H. Pigott has some good cattle subjects, and J. Towers a pretty figure drawing (94), 'Music.' Space forbids the particularising of several other works deserving of mention.

MANCHESTER.—The "Literary Club" of this city is arranging to have towards the end of the autumn a loan exhibition of paintings, drawings, engravings, antiquities, and miscellaneous objects, illustrative of Old Manchester and its vicinity. It is intended to include portraits, views of old buildings, maps and plans, illustrations of historical events, autographs, rare books, and "every variety of archæological objects of the pre-historic, classical, mediæval, and later periods." The idea is worthy of the enterprise of the great inland metropolis of manufactures, and cannot fail, if properly carried out—as assuredly it will be there—to have a most interesting result.

WARMINSTER.—The distribution of prizes to the successful students of the School of Art in this town has been made by the hand of the Marchioness of Bath. After the presentation the Marquis of Bath addressed the pupils, in which he briefly sketched the historical progress of the three great Arts—architecture, painting, and sculpture; urging the students to follow nature carefully, and to aim at accuracy in all they attempted.

UNDER THE OLD FIR-TREE.

FROM A DRAWING IN THE POSSESSION OF MR. A. MYERS.

Sir E. LANDSEER, R.A., Del.

C. G. Lewis, Engraver.

AMONG the series of sketches by Landseer that have appeared in our pages of late, are two which, though they do not altogether resemble this, may be placed in the same category or class. One, called 'Rest by the Way,' will be found in the number for April, 1875; it shows the lofty trunk and branches of a fir-tree under what seamen would designate "bare poles;" not a vestige of foliage is on them, but seated at its base on the ground is a group of deer-stalkers with dogs, resting from their labours, after throwing a dead stag, which has fallen to the gun of the sportsman, over a forked stem of the tree. The other, a 'Study of Fir-trees,' appeared in the June number of last year; it is simply a landscape in which the trees

in question are the prominent objects. The drawing we now engrave is a masterly sketch of a venerable fir that has braved for many long years the rude assaults of the mountain gales which have laid bare some of its branches, yet has left others still green and vigorous, throwing out their numerous arms in a variety of fantastic shapes. Here too, as in the first-named sketch, are a couple of deer-stalkers, also "resting by the way," with their hounds, and a wee Skye terrier surveying the poor dead stag with an air of curiosity, as if he were holding a kind of coroner's inquest on the body. This group gives much interest to what otherwise would be a somewhat unattractive yet clever drawing.





C. C. LEWIS. SCULPT.

FROM A DRAWING IN THE POSSESSION OF M^r A. MYERS.

SYMBOLS OF THE SEASONS AND MONTHS REPRESENTED IN EARLY ART.*

BY THE REV. CHARLES BOUTELL, M.A.



SYMBOLS OF JULY (Leo).—*Harvest*: MSS. (3, 4, 5, 6, 7), Venice capital, Aosta, Modena, Sens, St. Ursin, Verona.

Mowing grass: St. Mark's, Rheims, Burnham, Bede (two men are mowing, while a third is making a haycock), MS. (2), and Cott. MS. Julius A. vi.

Weeding: St. Margaret's, York.

Thrashing wheat: Padua (also winnowing with a shovel), Lucca. Luca della Robbia, whose thrasher is nude except that he wears a loose tunic, standing between two trees laden with fruit.

Felling trees: MS. (1), three men are felling trees with axes, another lifts some of the timber into a cart, by which two yoked oxen are standing.

Raking: Brookland (man in short tunic).

Gathering grapes: Parma.

Driving horses: Cremona.

Sitting under trees and walking in a wood: Padua (the men, seated, are watching a hawk on the wing).

"In somer, when the shawes be sheyne,
And leves be large and longe,
It is full merrie in feyre foreste
To here the foulis song."

Percy Ballads, I. 82.

Spenser, as we have seen, makes "hot July" both a mower and a reaper. In his former capacity, July is represented in

another Worcester miserere-carving by a companion group to June's three "weeder," in which the same three farming men, or three of their fellow-workmen, who are as like them as they are like one another, are engaged in the act of mowing, their figures not being accompanied with any indication of what it might be that was being mown by them. The scythes resemble those now in use, and they are held by side-handles as scythes are held at the present day. Each figure, it will be observed, is placed on a low bracket (Fig. 8). Again, Great Malvern Priory Church has a contemporary example of a July "mower," almost identical with his brethren of Worcester; and here, as in the instance of the June "weeder," a single figure only is introduced, and, as at Worcester, he is mowing hard at nothing; but grass is doubtless to be supplied, and without any severe trial of the imaginative powers. In one of the St. Alban's carvings a single mower is cutting with his scythe thick-standing corn: it is the hay-harvest, however, which in the north is the true symbol of July, the Saxon "hey monat." We have seen how in the south, where the season would be more advanced, the hay-harvest gives its symbol rather to June than to July.

At Amiens a harvestman, attired precisely in the fashion of the mower of the preceding month, is cutting wheat with a sickle, sheaves of the already reaped corn standing behind him. The Salisbury painting of July also displays a harvest-field, in which one man is cutting wheat with a sickle, and another, who follows the reaper, binds into sheaves the corn as it is cut. Weeding,



Fig. 15.—*Winter: Miserere-carving, Worcester Cathedral, c. A.D. 1395.*

the weeder with both the "wedehoke" and the "crotch" of worthy Tusser, in the Lambeth MS. is assigned to July. The workman, a cap on his head and his legs bare, leans forward as he thrusts down one implement and cuts up with the other amidst standing corn. The concise saying of this month is—"Spicas declino."

To quote again from Tusser:—

"At midsommer downe with thy brimble and brakes,
and after abrode, with thy forkes and thy rakes;
Set mowers a worke, while the meddowes be growne,
the longer they staude, so much worse to be mowne."

SYMBOLS OF AUGUST (Virgo).—*Harvest*: Worcester, Great Malvern, St. Albans, Brookland, St. Margaret's, York, Rheims, MSS. (2, 5, 6, and 7); also the Cotton MS. Julius A. VI.; Bede (two men are cutting the corn, and a woman holds up a sheaf);

Burnham (binding up sheaves); Modena (raking). Also introduced into Homer's shield of Achilles. The illustration in MS. (1), there assigned to June, would seem to have more correctly designed to have represented August.

Mowing grass: MS. (1); four men are at work with their scythes, a fifth is sharpening his scythe, and a sixth stands by them with a fork. This illustration apparently is misplaced, in having been assigned to August instead of July.

Thrashing wheat: MS. (3), Aosta, Sens, St. Ursin, Amiens, Salisbury.

Gathering grapes: MS. (4), Lucca, Padua.

Making wine-barrel: Cremona, Venice capital.

Seated figures: St. Mark's (a man sitting on a chair, his head on his hand, as if asleep); Parma (a crowned personage holding a cup).

Ploughing, with a yoke of oxen; trees in full foliage in the background; Luca della Robbia.

Harvesting, as affording one of the summer symbols, I have

* Concluded from page 180.

reserved to form in an especial degree the symbol of August, with which month this crowning occupation of the rural round of labour in our own country is most consistently associated. In the third of the series of summer miserere-carvings in Worcester Cathedral we again have a group of three rustic workers—harvestmen this time—with their broad-bladed sickles, cutting wheat. Habited like the mowers and weeders, except that they are bareheaded, these three reapers stand on separate brackets, from which they incline uniformly to the right over their work; and that work they are executing after a fashion equally curious and suggestive (Fig. 10). On either side of these harvestmen, and forming the side-supporters of the carving, is a shock consisting of three sheaves of wheat, all of them well bound up. Reaping wheat is also assigned to this month, at Dewsbury, in Yorkshire, at St. Albans, and in the Lambeth Psalter. The appropriate words of August are—"Messes meto."

In the "Lambeth Apocalypse" a beautiful little folio MS. of about A.D. 1310, in one of the pictures, a *ripe harvest* is represented, and the angel reapers appear provided with sickles.

SYMBOLS OF AUTUMN.

Foremost among the symbols of autumn that are prevalent in the south is the vintage, in its varied scenes and occupations. Gathering and carrying fruit in baskets, beating down acorns for swine, thrashing wheat, carrying wood for winter fuel, killing pigs for winter provision, sowing, and occasionally ploughing, with hunting scenes of every kind, are included among the generally accepted symbols of this season.

SYMBOLS OF SEPTEMBER (Libra).—"Almost always sowing, in northern work," so says the author of the "Stones of Venice;" but his statement does not appear to be borne out by the general character of this month's symbols in northern examples.

Sowing: MSS. (3, 4, and 7). This symbol has been already considered in connection with spring-sowing in March.

Gathering fruit: MS. (2), St. Margaret's, York (apparently grapes), Bede, Amiens, Salisbury, Gloucester miserere-carving; at Malvern a man is represented carrying a basket of fruit.

Thrashing wheat: Burnham, Brookland, Dewsbury, Leicester, Rheims, MS. (5).

Vintage scenes: the Venice capital, Verona, Sens, Cremona, St. Mark's, Lucca, Modena, Aosta, St. Ursin. In England incidents connected with the vintage are represented in miserere-carvings at Ripon, Gloucester, Henry VII.'s Chapel, and St. George's Chapel, at St. Albans, and elsewhere; these examples, however, appear to appertain to October more appropriately than to September. I may here mention the fact of the vintage having been expressly mentioned thirty-eight times in the Domesday Survey. The vintage is one of the three rural occupations represented by Homer on the shield of Achilles; and it is Luca della Robbia's symbol for September.

Drinking: MS. (5).

Boar-hunt: MS. (1), men with spears and dogs, and one man blowing horn.

Carrying snares for bird-catching: Padua.

Dividing into two halves suspended carcase of pig: Parma. The Lambeth MS. exhibits September in the person of a sower. The words spoken by September are "Vina propino."

SYMBOLS OF OCTOBER (Scorpio).—"When September is vintage, October is generally sowing," says Mr. Ruskin, evidently having his eyes looking southward; and he adds, "Spenser employs him in the harvest of both vine and olive."

Woodman beating down acorns from oaks for swine: MSS. (4 and 7), St. Margaret's, York, Verona. Other examples are noticed in connection with the description of the Worcester miserere-carving of this subject.

Vintage scenes and incidents: MS. (2), MS. (3), Bede, Burnham, Lucca, Modena, Rheims, Sens, St. Ursin, Cremona, Brookland, Amiens, Salisbury, Lambeth MS.

Thrashing wheat: Venice Capital.

Sowing corn: MSS. (5, 6), Aosta, Luca della Robbia.

Cutting wood: Parma.

Digging with long spade: St. Mark's. *Tilling ground with mattock:* Padua.

Hawking: MS. (1).

Hunting scenes: Gloucester, Worcester, Norwich, Bristol.

Man with cup of wine in each hand, and two men quarrelling over their wine: Padua.

The Worcester miserere-carvings give us one of the most popular of the symbols of October (Fig. 4) in the woodman, or perhaps the swineherd, beating down from the tree either acorns or mast for the swine, that feed on them as they fall before them. This worthy representative—for so I am disposed to assume him to be—of Gurth the true-hearted, "born thrall" as he was of Cedric the Saxon, has his head covered with the hood so characteristic of the time of Richard II., as well as it had been of the days of Richard the Lion-hearted; and he wears a massive hip-belt, adjusted inconveniently (as it would seem), though certainly at that period fashionably, low about his person over his doublet, which is fastened down the front with very large buttons. This subject is repeated at Great Malvern, Lincoln, York, Gloucester, Winchester, St. Albans, Beverley, and Ripon. So of swine of the Middle Ages, as in Classic times, the words of Virgil were true—

"Glande sues læti redeunt."

Allusion to Gurth necessarily revives the echoes of his horn, as it rang at sundown through the glades of Rotherwood; and thus I am led to refer to the figure introduced as a possible symbol of March, that with equal probability may have been designed to symbolize October, and to represent, not a huntsman cheering on his hounds, but a swineherd calling to him his charge from their feast in the forest beneath oaks and beech-trees. The long and very slightly curved horn also of Fig. 11, whether he be huntsman or swineherd, bears a close resemblance to the horn of the "swineherd of Stowe," well known to all who know and love—and who, knowing, can fail to love?—Lincoln Cathedral.

Like the hawking and the stag-hunting, the hunting-scenes characteristic of autumn, which are carved in the misereres at Gloucester, are spirited and effective in the highest degree, and, at the same time, they exemplify in the happiest manner the costume and the hunting appointments of their era. In one of these carvings the principal hunter is mounted on a goat; can this rider have been designed to represent a December sportsman, as symbolical of that month, and in keeping with Spenser's poetic image, having pressed into his service that month's zodiacal sign? The month, speaking in the "Book of the Hours," says, "Semen humi iacto."

SYMBOLS OF NOVEMBER (Sagittarius).—Of this month Mr. Ruskin says, and he says with much truth, that he is "nearly always killing pigs, sometimes beating the oaks for them, with Spenser, fattening them." He should have added that, besides taking thought in a practical fashion for laying in store of food, November is careful to provide for warmth, and to warm himself.

Beating down acorns for feeding swine: Brookland (this swineherd is warmly clad, and uses a hooked staff; the tree is not represented), Bede, Padua, MS. (3).

Killing swine: MSS. (4, 5, 6, and 7), St. Margaret's, York (with axe), St. Ursin (with axe), Burnham (with knife), Verona (with knife), Chartes glass (dividing carcase).

Cutting and carrying faggots: Sens (cutting), Rheims (carrying), Aosta (carrying).

Warming at fire: Parma, MS. (1, three men hold out their hands to warm them at a large fire, upon which a fourth man is putting a faggot).

Ploughing: Lucca (with two oxen). Ploughing appears on the Homeric shield of Achilles.

Sowing: Modena.

Measuring grain: Venice capital.

Catching birds in a net: St. Mark's.

Gathering fruit, by a man in a tree with a basket, a ladder leaning against the tree: Luca della Robbia.

Hunting-scenes, which may have been designed to represent as well the winter months as those of autumn, as would naturally be expected, are of frequent occurrence in early carvings and paintings. In addition to those already specified, some of them,

in all probability, intended to symbolize November; good examples, illustrative of the chase, where the game are foxes, hares, boars, and deer, are preserved in Gloucester and Hereford Cathedral, in St. Albans' Abbey Church, in Beverley Minster, and at St. Mary's, Beverley. As illustrative of the change of sentiment which has taken place in sporting matters since the Middle Ages have passed away, in the church last named, and in the noble church at Stratford-on-Avon, there are miserere-carvings which represent sportsmen equipped with bows and arrows for shooting foxes. I have selected as a probable symbol of November, from the Worcester miserere-carvings, one which exhibits an undoubted huntsman, while yet on foot, in the act of blowing a very large hunting-horn that encircles his person, its widely-expanded mouth appearing above his left shoulder (Fig. 3). Thrashing, also, must be included among the appropriate symbols of this month. Thus Tusser—

"Dirtie November, bid threshe at thine ease."

A sower sowing seed is the November symbol in the Amiens sculpture, but in the Salisbury painting the symbol is felling timber; one man is cutting down a tree, and another piles up the branches of the trees that already have fallen. The Lambeth November is beating down acorns, while a black pig eats them as they fall: this worthy swineherd, who is bareheaded, wears a loose lilac tunic, with black hose and shoes. The month says, "Mihi pasco sues."

SYMBOLS OF WINTER.

The three months of the winter season received from the artists of the Middle Ages symbolical impersonations and representations, that in characteristic significance were fully equal to those that had been assigned to the three other seasons of the year. It will be seen that in the symbols of winter the influences of climate did not fail to find consistent forms of expression. The symbols of this season may generally be stated to be persons either seated at table enjoying good cheer, or seeking warmth from a fire, felling trees, and cutting and carrying wood for fuel, killing swine or oxen, thrashing corn, digging, ploughing, sowing, spinning, baking.

SYMBOLS OF DECEMBER (Capricornus).—He appears "killing either swine or oxen, or putting loaves into an oven. Spenser makes him feasting."—"Stones of Venice."

Feasting.—Burnham, St. Margaret's, York, St. Ursin, St. Alban's.

Killing swine: Brookland (with axe, by man in long cloak and hood), Dewsbury (with axe, the pig tied by its leg to a tree), MSS. (2, 3, 7), Bede (with knife, a woman helping, and another pig being brought in by a second man), Rheims, Sens, Aosta, Lucca (cutting up dead pig), Padua (man dividing dead pig, woman holding dish near him), Bristol (two men with knife killing pig, which is tied on a bench), Venice capital (man seated, and holding the pig between his knees), San Savino, Piacenza (dividing dead pig): also Amiens, Salisbury, and Lambeth MS.

Killing oxen: Worcester, Great Malvern, MS. (5).

Cutting and carrying wood: Cremona, Modena, Padua.

Baking bread: MSS. (4, 6).

Thrashing corn: MS. (1).

Digging: Padua, Luca della Robbia.

Net for bird catching: Verona (man has a net fixed to the end of a pole, and he carries a basket). Vincent of Beauvais says a good deal about catching small birds on the approach of winter.

For December the Worcester series contains an illustration of the prevalent symbolization, which so far deviates from the ordinary usage as to substitute an ox for a pig under the butcher's hands. In this miserere-carving (Fig. 2) a man holds a ponderous axe above the head of a crouching ox, which has a singularly complacent expression. This personage wears a close-fitting tunic, fastened down the front with the customary large buttons, and adjusted by a hip-belt, over which, fastened about his waist by a strap, he has a long and loose apron. Loose above the elbow, on the lower arm the sleeves of his tunic are tight, and have a closely-set row of small buttons. On his

head he wears a cap. Two words spoken by the impersonation of this month in the "Hours" tell the whole story of December, and tell it as well as it could have been told by a thousand words—"Michi macto."

SYMBOLS OF JANUARY (Aquarius).—Of this month the chief symbols are feasting and seeking warmth from a fire.

Feasting: Bede (a crowned personage, with three companions, sitting at table, with a large fire on the hearth), Brookland (the seated figure has two faces, as Janus), St. Margaret's, York, and MSS. (2, 3, and 7), the same as at Brookland.

Warming hands and feet by a fire: Worcester, Beverley Minster (one man blows the fire with bellows, another chops wood, and a woman apparently plies her distaff; also in the same fine church, in a second miserere-carving, an old man warms both his hands and his feet at a fire, while another man is chaining up a dog); Leicester, St. Albans, Padua, Venice capital, MS. (6), Verona, Lucca, St. Ursin, MS. (5), Padua, Modena (a man by a fire in a thick cloak, by his side a woman spinning).

Old man sitting, as in meditation: Parma, Sens.

Cutting and carrying wood: St. Mark's, Luca della Robbia.

Ploughing: the picture in the MS. (1) must be considered to have been misplaced.

In the mediæval symbols of January it is specially remarkable to find how strongly the minds of the artists of those days were impressed with the associations connected with the reference made by the name of the first month in the year to the Janus of classic antiquity. To their Janus the men of the Middle Ages gave two heads, or two faces, to typify his position in the current of time, in which he would look back, as an old man whose course had been run, at the year just passed away, and who also, as a young man having his career still before him, at the same time would look forward towards the future of the new year. In a single line Chaucer thus has personified January as "Janus," and has indicated the effect of the cold of the season upon that impersonation—

"Janus, sit by fyre, with double berd."

The January symbol introduced into the series in mosaic at Aosta, carries still farther the reference to the classic imagery under the form of a man having two heads, who simultaneously closes one tower and opens another. This idea is beautifully expressed, in connection with the symbols of the seasons, in sculpture, upon the jambs of the great doorway-arch on the right of the façade of the Abbey Church of St. Denis, near Paris, in the manner following. Preceding an admirable series of both zodiacal signs and the symbols of the months, a medallion symbolizes the closing and the opening years, the immediate past and the future just become the present, under the image of a man with two heads standing upon the foliage which surrounds the medallion. On the side of the old and bearded head, this man's person is almost enveloped in a thick and heavy garment, while on the side of the youthful and beardless head his attire is of the slightest and lightest kind. The foot on the former side rests heavily on the border of the medallion, but on the latter side the foot is lifted lightly to a spray of the foliage. The hand on the former side is thrusting into a building a diminutive and decrepid old man, upon whom the door is ready to close, and with his other hand this personage draws forth towards himself, from the opening portal of another edifice, a bright child, full of life and animation, who advances swiftly with elastic steps. See Didron's "Annales Archæologiques," xix., 220.

In like manner Spenser speaks of the

"New Year, forth looking out of Janus' gate."

In the Worcester miserere-carvings the symbol of January treats of the simple means for resisting the cold of the season, in a manner at once happily original, and also strictly in keeping with a prevalent usage. In this example the impersonation of "old January," attired in the ordinary civilian costume of the close of the fourteenth century, and evidently suffering acutely from the severe cold, is seated in a chair placed close

to a good fire, upon which—after the examples of Padua and St. Ursin—a vessel, suspended from the chimney, is set to boil. Having taken off his stiffly-frozen boots, this man is seeking warmth for his feet by holding them close to the fire, while in the act of stirring up the contents of the boiling pot he finds warmth for his hands. The peculiar gloves worn by this expressive personification of mid-winter, the pose of his figure, too, and the expression of his countenance, will not fail to be duly noticed; and the chimney will be considered to denote the house to have been a building of some importance—perhaps one of the official residences that once stood not far from the noble cathedral that with placid dignity overlooks the deep channel and the silver stream of old Severn. This composition is completed (Fig. 1) by the presence on one side of an animal that possibly may have been designed for a very large cat, enjoying the fire; and, on the other side, by two well-grown flitches of bacon, or perhaps they may be

"Dried flitches of some smoked beeve."

At Padua, one of Giotto's paintings for January represents a man in rich attire, who in each hand holds a tree. Have those trees any reference to the old year and the new year?

Once more: at Amiens, January is a mediæval Janus, having one head old and with a flowing beard, and another head young and beardless, who, with two attendants, types possibly of the old and the new year, is seated and feasting. At Salisbury an aged man, well wrapped up, warms himself as he sits close to a blazing fire. In the Lambeth MS. January appears as a crowned personage, who is celebrating the opening year, seated at table feasting. In the old printed book, January says all he need to say in the single word "Poto."

SYMBOLS OF FEBRUARY (Pisces).—Speaking of a series of the symbols of the months in the Baptistry at Pisa, Mr. Ruskin says that there February, whose sign is Pisces, is represented to be engaged in fishing. In the capital at the Ducal Palace, Venice, February is frying fish already caught.

Warming hands and feet: MSS. (3, 4, 7), Brookland, Lambeth MS., St. Margaret's, York, Aosta, St. Mark's, Sens, St. Ursin, Rheims.

Felling trees: Bede (two men are at this work).

Pruning trees: MS. (1), Padua, Verona.

Grafting trees: Luca della Robbia.

Digging: Cremona, Worcester.

Spinning: Winchester, Worcester.

Carrying candles: MS. (6).

For my illustrated example of a February symbol from Worcester I have reserved the group of two figures (Fig. 15), in which a man is represented in the act of digging, while the woman, his companion, not less industrious than himself, is busy in spinning with her distaff. In England digging could scarcely be accepted as a winter symbol, except in connection with the last of the three months of the season, one of the out-of-doors occupations of which month it may consistently claim to be; and, as an indoors occupation of February, spinning, assigned by Thompson to the entire winter season ("Winter," 133), may consistently be placed side by side with digging, as in the Worcester carving the "spinster" is placed by the side of her digging companion. In this embodiment of the well-known couplet,

"When Adam delved and Eve span
Who was then the gentleman?"

an outgrowth of the era of Richard II., when the Worcester carvings were endowed with the special attractiveness of novelty, the costume, pose, and action of both the figures are thoroughly characteristic. I have referred to another "spinster" at Modena, where, with a male companion who idly sits seeking warmth from a fire instead of winning it from the healthful labour of the spade, she is associated with January.

The warmth and the comforting associations of the fireside give to the series sculptured at Amiens the symbol of February. An old man is there represented, thickly clothed, seated, warming himself by a fire, his boots standing by his side. His left hand is uplifted, the better to feel the heat, and with

his right hand he is roasting a fish on a two-pronged fork. In the flame a pot is suspended, as at Worcester, by a hook from the chimney. Behind this figure is a locker having on it a jar. The Salisbury painting symbolizes the last month of winter,—

"When icicles hang to the wall
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall
And milk comes frozen home in pail,"

by representing a man in a large mantle, or cloak, and with his hood drawn over his head, who is seated warming himself before a fire, over which a boiling pot is suspended. February says, "Ligna cremo."

Such is a descriptive sketch of the "Symbols of the Seasons, as they appear represented in Early Art." I say a "sketch," because, notwithstanding the presence of more than a little detail, I am conscious that, to have made it at all complete, any essay on this interesting subject must have received an abundant access of matter derived from sources at present either merely indicated or passed over altogether. I cannot now conclude without an expression of admiration for the French works to which I have repeatedly made reference, M. Viollet-le-Duc's "Dictionnaires," M. Didron's "Archæological Annals," and M. De Camnont's excellent volumes. During the progress of my own sketch my attention was directed to the learned and, so far as its range extended, exhaustive paper "On Mediæval Representations of Months and Seasons," by James Fowler, Esq., F.S.A., published in the *Archæologia*, vol. xlv., pp. 137—224, and accompanied by some valuable illustrations. To Mr. Fowler, a few years ago, I was indebted for much archaeological information and suggestion; and now I have found his recent paper in the *Archæologia* a truly important aid, which I acknowledge with the utmost pleasure.

In taking leave, at any rate for the present, of this subject, of which the interest cannot fail to grow upon all who enter earnestly into the consideration of it, with a view to show how the practical influence of the same train of thought, modified under diverse aspects in its actual expression, has lived on in never-failing power from ancient classic times through the Middle Ages to the present day, I briefly refer, on the one hand, to the series of paintings symbolical of the seasons of the year, well known and deservedly admired, in the South Kensington Museum, the works of a fellow-countryman of my own; and on the other hand, to the famous group of four sculptured medallions of the seasons which bear the honoured name of Thorwaldsen. True to the one ruling idea which ever has been manifested in all symbols of the seasons, with the beautiful figures that at his bidding have impersonated *Spring* and *Summer*, *Autumn* and *Winter*, the great Dane has associated flowers and ripe corn, and rich grapes and fireside warmth. Thorwaldsen has not added the signs of the zodiac, in groups of three, upon his marbles; and yet we may be sure that he was familiar with the representations of the zodiacal signs, accompanied by their names and the names of their proper months, written partly in Norse runes and in part in Latin, in Gothic letters, which are carved upon the two ancient Icelandic chairs of cornel-wood preserved in the museum at Copenhagen. Not less familiar certainly is Mr. Poynter, R.A., both with Spenser's noble stanzas and with many a fine example in ancient as well as in mediæval Art of illustrations of the symbols of the seasons. His accession, too, to full Academic rank and honours, I feel assured has not caused Sir John Gilbert, R.A., to cherish a less pleasant memory for the time, now several years ago, when, for the appropriate illustration of a popular annual issued in tens of thousands, in a hearty Spenserian spirit he drew a series of designs inspired by those stanzas that I have quoted from the "Faerie Queene," which alone would have given to Spenser a title to stand in the front rank among the poets of England. And, once more, in illustration of the sympathy felt by living artists of eminence with the SYMBOLS OF THE SEASONS, I refer with real pleasure to the group of four admirable pictures by Mr. Alma-Tadema, A.R.A., in this year's exhibition of the Royal Academy.

THE FRENCH SALON OF 1877.

THE concourse of our annual exhibitions, and their home claim to priority of notice, have compelled us to postpone our remarks on this year's display in the Paris Salon. The usual review has, however, taken place there, and presented the prodigious muster of 2,192 oil paintings. When it is considered that this is a residue out of something like three times that number of postulant productions, it must be admitted that Fine Art is extensively cultivated in France. A very close inspection will leave no doubt as to the general merit of the works thus voluminously displayed. In conjunction with a pervading respectability of mediocrity, it will admit a very copious presentment of creations, on which it would be deeply gratifying to linger, even until the overtired faculties compelled retreat. It is surely a singular fact, that the largest canvas on these walls and one of its smallest—an Alpha and Omega—present the most unequivocal characteristics of genius, by which the collective 2,192 are crowned. The former is an exquisitely small cabinet work devoted to an historic theme, 'Agrippa gives an Audience,' by Alma-Tadema; the picture exhibited last year at the Royal Academy. The contrasted Omega, in its vast dimensions, occupies the space in the chief western hall which was dedicated last year to Doré's 'Entry of Christ into Jerusalem.' The subject of this is one of the most remarkable ever illustrated in the French or any other school, and it has been worthily embodied by a young artist of genius named Weerts, of that school of Cabanel which has been so richly successful in its *élévés*. It gives substance to a legend of the Roman Catholic Church, as thus told: "Sixty-two years after the death of Saint Francis d'Assise, Pope Nicholas IV., being desirous of seeing the body of the saint, descended for that purpose into the crypt of the monastery. He was accompanied by a cardinal, a bishop, his secretary, and a few monks. One of these bore a torch. But behold! when the venerable snow-haired pontiff, in advance of his train, entered the sombre sanctuary, he sees before him, standing erect, beneath a ponderous archway, the figure of the saint, robed as when living, with his arms crossed upon his breast, his face turned upward, and with eyes glowing with living light and fixed in adoration. The aged pontiff falls prostrate in reverential awe, the torch throwing a deep shadow from the massive tissue of his robe. His attendants are paralyzed with responsive sensations." To a scene of which description can be but feeble the imagination of the young artist has done effective justice, and the whole is painted by him with the vigour of a master. Here we might well anticipate a successor to the lost Regnault.

Closely following such leaders we find Bourgeois's 'St. Sebastian,' Chartran's 'Martyr in the Roman Catacombs,' in which there is only too much living loveliness given to the recumbent female figure; Foubert's 'Hesiod and the Muse,' combining as it does classic treatment and artistic refinement; and the 'Marceau' of Laurens, in the eloquent pathos of which is forcibly and very touchingly depicted the tribute paid by the group of German veteran officers to the figure of the young hero, as it lies before them in the death calm of his soldier sleep.

Portraiture is redundant on this occasion. Certain prophets have freely foretold that photography would inflict mortal injury on the Titianic art. If the latter bent for awhile, it seems to have made a very vigorous recoil. Here the men in buckram, and in every other available costume, are legion. They are of every degree of merit, at a respectful distance from No. 1. The 'Thiers' of M. Bonnat is conspicuous; it is historic—a vivid presentment of the master statesman. His friends must regret that he cannot actually boast of the firm muscle and vigorous ripe animation here depicted. Durangle's 'Baron Taylor' is, sad to say, much more faithful to facts. The most artistically masterly and glowingly brilliant of pervading tint is a lady's

portrait by Cabanel: here the head of France's leading school vindicates his high repute. Duran presents a decided improvement on his accustomed style of painting—so broad, so voluminous and vast. Here we have a lady reclining on an ottoman, in brilliant costume, but in colours marked by most delicate gradation. Mr. Healy, an American artist, does himself great credit by his portrait of Gambetta. It happily unites animated expression with veracity of likeness. Hagemann, a Neapolitan artist, wins admiration for a most delicately drawn and tinted head of a young person very appropriately designated as 'Le Printemps.' Goupil sustains his high professional promise by simply a head painted in most admirable detail; and in Escalier's portrait of M. Regnier we have a very striking example of spirited handling and characteristic vigour of expression.

It may be here remarked, that a sudden and singular reformation seems to have overtaken the school of Paris in regard to their utter indifference to decency in presenting their nude models to the public eye; little of the said brutality is to be found in this year's collection. But, on the other hand, it must be remarked with what zeal the present *ne plus ultra* of ladies' raiment, in subtle indecency, has been exemplified. The glaring and flaring full-length canvases thus desecrated may be taken as the "head and front" of this year's offending.

Under the elastic term of *genre* it is scarce necessary to note that Art yields to this banquet a most copious variety of more or less deliciously delicate *hors-d'œuvres* and *entremets*. To the accomplished amateur here was indeed a feast. Of these we can note but a few, such as Vibert's 'Serenade,' most droll in purport and brilliant in tint; Gide's 'Louis XI. surprised at his Prayers by his Court Fool,' Gaudefroy's 'Pan practising on his Pipes,' and captivating an audience of magpies, daws, blackbirds, thrushes, *et hoc genus omne*; Bougereau's 'Youth and Love,' Duez's charming pearl-grey illustration of October; Collins's 'Daphnis and Chloe,' most piquantly grouped; Casanova's brilliant and in all respects most artistic *scena*, 'The Court Favourites,' Roberts's 'Zephyrs,' and Brünors admirable realisation of the Hylas *enlèvement*. These are a few, and, as it were, casually set apart.

In landscapes there were a fair quantity of contributions, but none with such special stamp as indicates great originality. The name of an American artist, C. E. Dubois, deserves note for two fine works, 'A View on the Hudson' and 'Evening,' in which a rich, mellow poetic glow strongly reminds us of our Danby. On the other hand, some of the fruit and still-life work produced on this occasion could scarcely be surpassed, and exemplify how Art, when applied to such themes, could be endowed with a thoroughly elevated character. This was conspicuous in two canvases of Berzeret: one presenting a magnificent array of noblest fruit, most brilliant and rich, without one error of glare; the other a pile of prawns and lobsters, glowing in a tint so scarlet as to tell that they had but just undergone the cruelty of being boiled to death. In worthy companionship was Rozier's luxury of Game and Claude's Patagonian Asparagus. To crown this class, there were armour and a copy of the Louvre wrought-iron gates, all framed in carved ebony.

The grand prizes of the Salon have been awarded to M. Henri Peinte for his statue of Sarpedon; to M. Jean Paul Laurens for his picture 'The Austrian Staff passing before the Dead Body of General Marceau;' to M. Chapu for his sculpture entitled 'La Pensée,' intended for the tomb of Madame d'Agoult, known by her pseudonym of "Daniel Stern," and for a statue of Berryer, destined for the Palais de Justice.

In reference to M. Weerts's 'Legend of St. Thomas d'Assise,' it should be remarked that, at the earliest moment, it was purchased by Government.

THE WORKS OF JOHN W. CASILEAR.



HERE are very few artists belonging to the American school of landscape painters who have achieved such wide-spread popularity as John W. Casilear, the subject of this article. Like Durand, the late Mr. Kensett, and one or two other leading artists, he began life as an engraver, and followed that profession until he had reached middle age, and secured a handsome competence to enable him to enter the new pursuit which had been his early ambition—that of painting. Mr. Casilear is a native of New York City, and when in his sixteenth year went into the atelier of old Peter Maverick to study the art of engraving. He continued in the employ of Maverick until the death of that engraver in 1831, when he made an engagement with Asher B. Durand, and worked assiduously at bank-note engraving until 1854, when he finally abandoned the burin for the more congenial employment of painting. A part of the latter period, while employed as an engraver, he belonged to the eminent firm of Messrs. Toppan, Carpenter, & Co. While working with the

burin his artistic taste found employment in composing bank-note designs, many of which were drawn with rare gracefulness, and are yet held in high esteem by the profession.

One of the largest works executed while he was an engraver was Huntington's 'Sibyl.' This was published by the American Art Union, and was much admired for the freedom of its execution. In 1840 Mr. Casilear, with an ardent desire to get an insight into the art of painting, went to Europe in company with Durand and the late Messrs. Kensett and Rossiter. He sketched and studied with great earnestness while abroad, and aided by his friends with their kindly advice, he made rapid progress. Indeed, some of his studies made during this trip, which are yet in his studio, are marvellous in their expression of force and individuality. On his return to New York in the following year he again went to work with his burin, and did not throw it down finally until many years after. During the summer seasons, however, he continued his studies in the country, among the mountains of Vermont and in the neighbouring States; and from that time became a frequent exhibitor in the National



The Riverside.

Academy of Design. He had already received recognition as an artist by that institution, having been elected an Associate in 1835. Mr. Casilear says the Academy "took in anybody at that time," but it is evident that the members were guided by wisdom when they cast their votes for him. His first picture exhibited at the Academy was a storm effect. It is a small unpretentious effort, and yet, as an illustration of the phenomena of a storm of wind and rain breaking over a midsummer landscape, possesses a power of delineation and a thorough grasp of one of nature's most impressive phases, which has but few equals among the works of contemporaneous painters. This picture attracted the favourable notice of critics at the time, and it is

yet held by the artist in his studio as one of his early master-works.

Mr. Casilear is no admirer of large canvases, and it is a rare event for him to execute a picture more than twenty-four by thirty-six inches in size. Most of his works are what are known as "cabinet" size, and it is those which are so greatly appreciated by the public. After retiring from the business of bank-note engraving he opened a studio in New York, and at once met with fair success as a landscape painter. In 1857, with a view to study his art more thoroughly, he again visited Europe and passed several months in Switzerland and other romantic regions on the Continent. On his return home, he at once settled down

in his studio, and from that period to the present day has assumed a leading position as an artist.

Mr. Casilear is a great lover of pastoral scenes, and some of his most notable pictures of this character have been drawn from the neighbourhood of Lake George and the Genesee Valley in Western New York. His work is marked by a peculiar silvery tone and by a delicacy of expression which is in pleasant accord with nature in repose and his own poetically inclined feelings. He finishes his canvases with great care, and in that respect shows the influence of his early training. Casilear sometimes

paints a mountain scene drawn from his Alpine studies. In these pictures he shows not only great precision in matters of form and substance, but also in the more subtle features of colour, light and shade, and tone. His pictures when sent from the easel are as harmonious as a poem, and it is this perfect serenity in their handling which is so attractive to connoisseurs. Mr. Casilear is an Academician of the National Academy of Design, and, since the organization of the Artists' Fund Society, has been one of its most efficient members. There is a marked individuality in Mr. Casilear's landscapes which asserts its force



Moonlight in the Glen.

wherever they may be placed, and any departure from his usual congenial style is detected at once, even by the casual observer. A few years ago he painted, in a style unusual with him, a view of Niagara Falls; but the absence of the familiar manner of the painter caused the picture to fail of appreciation by his admirers. It is still in his studio.

We engrave two characteristic pictures by Mr. Casilear, which give a good idea of his pure and elaborate style. The 'River-

side' represents a late afternoon study in the upper Connecticut. The calm sky is broken by luminous clouds, and the surface of the river is as quiet and serene as the heavenly vault. The delicate painting of the foreground herbage, the boat and figures, and floating lily-pads and water-lilies, shows the close study of the artist and the precision of his treatment. 'Moonlight in the Glen,' is as solemn in its solitude as the 'Riverside' is expressive in light and aerial effects.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

WE have on more than one occasion commented on the patriotic zeal by which Sir Coutts Lindsay has been moved to build this noble gallery—a fitting edifice in which to house the brightest gems of painting and sculpture: we need not again repeat our thanks for so grand an aid to uphold and extend the influence of the Fine Arts.

Our daily contemporaries have already set before the public every detail of a constructive and decorative character pertaining to the building. They know that Mr. W. T. Sams, the young architect to whom Sir Coutts Lindsay entrusted the erection of the gallery, has shown much adaptive and inventive genius in making "the Grosvenor" a model of its kind, thereby placing him in the front rank of his profession. The public has heard also that the scheme of the decoration belongs entirely to Sir Coutts Lindsay himself; and that, indeed, the naïve Cupids filling the twenty-five compartments forming the upper sides of the lantern are all after his own designs.

Our task now will be confined to indicating the general character of the works which adorn the rooms and form the exhibition. If the visitor thinks with us that the walls are not in every case "adorned," he will not thereby cast any reflection on the taste or judgment of Sir Coutts. The gallant baronet, as we understand, by no means vouches for the art-excellence of everything thereon. He simply says, "there are several thoughtful men in London whose ideas and method of embodying them are strange to us; but as I do not think strangeness, or even eccentricity of method, sufficient excuse for ignoring the works of men otherwise notable, I have built the Grosvenor Gallery that their pictures, and those of every other man I think worthy, may be fairly and honestly seen and judged."

Scattered over the various rooms, and arranged as they would be in the mansion of a nobleman of taste, are various pieces of sculpture, by men whose names are warranty of their worth. At the top of the spacious staircase, for example, we find seated a magnificent 'Cleopatra,' by Professor Massini, of Rome. Then in the sculpture-room to the left are several portrait busts, strikingly lifelike, from the plastic hand of J. C. Boehm; a 'Jeanne d'Arc à Domremy' (6), by G. Henri Chapu, of Paris; and a small model of Count Gleichen's colossal statue of 'Alfred the Great.' In the great West Gallery will be found 'Education maternelle,' by Eugène Delaplanche, and a terra-cotta 'Ione,' by J. N. Maclean, a young British artist who has been trained in Paris, and from whom, if we may judge by the sweet, beautiful creation just named, the Art-world has yet to expect much.

Turning to the right on ascending the staircase, we find ourselves in the east gallery, the salient features of which are mainly comprised in the works of F. Heilbuth and J. Tissot, each of whom is represented by some half score important pictures, which will enable the visitor for the first time to form something like an adequate idea of the respective merits of these two remarkable artists.

The far end of this gallery is worthily occupied with portraits by G. F. Watts, F. Leighton, and E. Poynter. The last named is seen to better advantage, perhaps, in the corresponding place of the great gallery. 'Lady Lindsay, of Balcarres,' which occupies the place of honour, is certainly a fine picture, but in that which gives character to the countenance Mr. Watts has here failed. Sir Coutts Lindsay's portrait of the same lady in the great room is much sweeter and truer. The 'Love and Death' (23), by Mr. Watts, is an impressive work, though the drawing of the lower part of Love's leg appears not quite correct. This artist, in a portrait otherwise imposing, might have so arranged the drapery of his sitter as to have made the Hon. Mrs. Percy Wyndham's height correspond somewhat with her stately head. A lady whose head and shoulders

are so deceiving as to her height ought to have been taken in a sitting attitude.

Of Alma Tadema's eight works, by far the most exquisite to our eye is the small cabinet picture representing some Roman girls bathing at a fountain; just as we think the portraits by J. E. Millais by far the best in the exhibition. We allude to the Marchioness of Ormonde, the Countess Grosvenor, Lady Beatrice Grosvenor, and that fine, intellectual, profile portrait of Lord Ronald Gower, the sculptor. The magnificent head of the gracious duchess herself has been faithfully reproduced by the pencil of Johnston Forbes-Robertson, and will be found in the east gallery, flanking the portraits by Leighton and Watts.

'Le Chaudronnier' (78), by Alphonse Legros, is a capital piece of realistic painting; but his portrait of Thomas Carlyle shows a tendency to caricature, and is decidedly crude in colour. As to J. Whistler's 'Nocturnes,' they are simply too subtle for us, and his portrait of Irving, as Philip II. of Spain, is like seeing the man through a glass darkly. The Art-instincts of Mr. Whistler are unquestionable; but his performances, to most people, are simply conundrums.

There is a splendid decorative character in W. B. Richmond's 'Electra at the Tomb of Agamemnon' (57) which will compare well, we think, with the works of the other great decoratists in the exhibition. We must likewise commend Spencer Stanhope's 'Eve Tempted' (53), and John M. Strudwick's 'Love's Music' (58), in several compartments.

E. Burne-Jones, who is one of the pillars of the Grosvenor Gallery, has greatly improved in drawing since he left the Society of Water Colours, but he is yet far from perfection. There is a quaint mediæval touch in his six panels representing the 'Days of Creation.' He begins with one female figure holding a glass globe, in which the formation of the universe is reflected, and goes on adding a figure for each day; but there is a remarkable sameness throughout, and when the number is increased to six a funereal sadness sits on every face, as if they had all been assisting at a great melancholy blunder. If there is questionable drawing in some of the girls looking into 'Venus's Mirror' (61), there is much of colour that is wonderfully suggestive of Venice. His 'Beguiling of Merlin' (59), by the white hawthorn, may not be our idea either of the enchanter or of the wily witch, Vivien, who outwitted him; but we are free to confess, for all that, the work is very original in conception, and as an effort after artistic composition the finest thing he has done.

Walter Crane's 'Renaissance of Venus' (170), whom we see standing her nude height by the lip of the sea, in full presence of a number of admiring nymphs, may not be strictly true in the movement of every line, but it is a remarkably beautiful figure notwithstanding. We need scarcely add how pleased we are also with Hölman Hunt's 'Afterglow in Egypt' (46), with Albert Moore's 'Sapphires' and 'Marigolds' (50 and 51), and with F. W. Burton's portrait of 'Mrs. George Smith' (57). Other works which have our hearty approval are Rudolph Lehmann's 'Out of the World' (5), Lady Lindsay's sweet profile portrait of 'Miss Violet Lindsay' (2), Mr. Hallé's portrait of 'Mrs. Orr Ewing' (38), Mr. Boughton's 'Ruffling Breeze' (43), and 'The Reaper and the Flowers' (27), by P. R. Morris.

In the water-colour gallery are a great many characteristic drawings by Richard Doyle, not to mention those by Sir Coutts and Lady Lindsay, Walter Severn, Walter Crane, J. M. Jopling, Lady Louisa Charteris, Mrs. Helen C. Angell, and Marie Spartali-Stillman.

Altogether the Grosvenor Gallery is full of interest to people making any pretensions to Art culture, and it is with unfeigned satisfaction we tender to Sir Coutts Lindsay our congratulations on his daring and his success.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.*



OMING to the end of this side of Gallery No. III., we find Sir HENRY THOMPSON'S 'Court of the Mosque in the Palace of the Alhambra' (224), with a fountain in the immediate foreground. There is an intelligent treatment of light and shade in this picture which enhances the value of the architectural details, and imparts an

Art character to the whole work. Close by will be found 'The Fern Gatherer' (228), by W. C. T. DOBSON, R.A., one of those sweet young brunettes, sitting full face to the spectator, reaping-hook in hand, which the artist knows so well how to depict.

In the angles of the various galleries are often found small pictures of great merit, which the visitor is apt to overlook from the very circumstance of their being in a corner. We would, therefore, call especial attention to the following: A. E. MULREADY'S pathetic little picture of a little girl who, 'Left to herself' (221), finds in the cold moonlight night a bed on the hard pavement; 'The Lions of the Capitol, Rome' (222), by J. FULLEYLOVE; 'A disused Harbour, Suffolk' (229), by WALTER LOGSDAIL; 'The Cares of a Family' (230), a white hen and her little chicks, by W. B. BAIRD; 'La Siesta' (231), a girl in a diaphanous robe lying her length on a tiger skin at the side of a bath, by FLORENCE BONNEAU; and 'Left behind' (232), a trooper lying on a bank, watching his comrades march away, by R. S. JAMES.

The door at this end of the gallery has on one side a magnificent landscape by VICAT COLE, A., called 'Summer Showers' (239), which induce the swallows to fly low over the sedgy river whose noble sweep embraces the whole of the foreground. Above this hangs A. STUART WORTLEY'S full-length portrait of 'The Countess of Wharnccliffe' (240). The lace on her ladyship's dress is very faithfully reproduced, but the flesh tints have a provoking tendency to blackness. Mr. Stuart Wortley has been much more successful with the three-quarter portrait of 'Miss Gertrude Bibby' (515).

On the other side of the door, as a pendant to Vicat Cole's 'Summer Showers,' is placed 'A cool Retreat' (244), by T. S. COOPER, R.A., a group of cows standing under an old bridge, on the crown of which, giving a very striking and picturesque aspect to the whole composition, is, in bold relief against the sky, a woman in a cart stopping to have a chat with a man: it is one of the best pictures the artist has painted for a long time. Close to it hangs 'A Bit of Blue' (246), an old connoisseur, with spectacles on brow, examining critically a jar of Nankin blue. H. STACY MARKS, A., has succeeded here, as he has succeeded in 'The Spider and the Fly' picture, and indeed as he does in everything to which he lays his hand, in giving appropriate individuality to his figure. The last-named picture (313) represents a gay young cavalier in canary satin dress, sitting with jaunty air on the side of the table in the room of a lawyer, who, if one may judge by the odds and ends in the shape of silver tankards, armour, &c., lying about his room, is also a money lender. The lawyer is perusing with shrewd aspect certain deeds which will probably be left in the strong box of the old spider, thus forming the first silken thread round the neck of the gay young fly, which will by-and-by, with the other silky and glutinous fibres, close round his neck with the inevitable force of a hempen noose. In colour, as well as in character, Mr. Marks, to our eye, has in this picture made a decided advance on anything he has yet done.

In proximity to 'A Bit of Blue' will be found a couple of very clever little pictures, viz. 'Hard Times' (247), by G. HARDY, an old lady breaking the ice to get at the water; and 'Zillah, the Flower Girl' (248), a very pretty negress, by W. GALE. A little farther on is 'Little Wisdom' (253), with folded hands, in

black dress prettily lace-trimmed, and round her waist a rose-coloured sash, by Miss M. BROOKS: for sweet naïveté both of face and action, this work will class with Mr. Archer's 'Florence Zelia,' and Frederick Leighton's 'Miss Mabel Mills.' Nor in passing along must we omit mentioning 'A Little Sailor Boy' (255), by BLANCHE JENKINS, 'The Mousetrap' (256), by T. EARL, nor 'Margheritina' (257), by ALFRED WARD.

The place of honour on the return side of the great gallery is occupied by Mr. MILLAIS'S fine landscape of 'The Sound of many Waters' (273), to which we have already made allusion. Above it hangs a splendidly-painted family group, by JAMES ARCHER, of 'Mrs. Matheson, of Ardross,' and two of her children (274), surrounded by appropriate Highland scenery. On one side is placed a 'Lady of the Seventeenth Century' (272), by Mr. PETTIE, R.A., and on the other a 'Portrait' (276), by H. T. WELLS, R.A. 'Miss Dorothy Tennant' (267), holding a squirrel in her hand, by G. F. WATTS, R.A., has almost a rough and sketchy look compared with the fair little girl at 'Study' (268), by F. LEIGHTON, R.A. The male portraits in this neighbourhood are 'Thomas Dixon, Esq., of Littleton' (269), by W. W. OULESS, A., and 'J. Shepherd Birley, Esq.' (279), which Sir DANIEL MACNEE, the Scottish President, has painted for the magistrates of Lancashire, with all that thorough appreciation of the character and soul of his sitter for which the Scottish school of portraiture has been so long distinguished. This faculty for characterization will be found displayed also in Sir Daniel's portraits of 'Henry Bicknell, Esq.' (308), of 'Lord Mure, of the Court of Session' (1347), and of 'Colonel Claud Alexander, of Ballochmyle' (1348).

Also in the vicinity of 'The Sound of many Waters' will be found a splendid landscape by J. AUMONIER, representing 'Easton Broad, Suffolk' (265), with herons standing among the sedgy water, which seems to gather in pools along the sandy levels of this part of the coast; a solidly painted lion-picture, 'Who shall rouse him up?' (275), by J. T. NETTLESHIP; 'A Stream by the Sea' (277), by J. J. BANNATYNE; 'A Rush Harvest' (286), with a most conscientious reference to nature and a thorough appreciation thereof, by H. R. ROBERTSON; and one of the best painted marine pictures which has come from the hand of E. W. COOKE, R.A., for years, 'Schevening Pink preparing for Sea' (288), not only in the colour and build of the grounded craft, but in the sands, the sea, and the sky, full of local, and, as one might say, of geographic truth.

The last picture we have to notice in the Great Saloon is by A. ELMORE, R.A., 'Mary Queen of Scots and Darnley at Jedburgh' (282). "Darnley, tired of hunting, and no longer able to withstand the entreaties of his friends, went to Jedburgh to see the queen." We see her here, seated, attired in cramosie, and with wistful look reaching her hand across the table that she may touch his; but he sulks and glooms as he stands there, dressed in appropriate black, and the Earl will not be won back to "his duty and to more seemly ways." The queen's loving overtures were in vain, and Darnley left on the morrow further to woo his fate. We can with unfeigned heartiness congratulate Mr. Elmore on this historic success. We suspect he is, like many more gentlemen, over whom the old-fashioned sentiment of chivalry still holds sway, a Mariolater; but then that is not one of the deadly sins.

On entering Gallery No. IV., and turning sharp to the left, several works of merit will be found hugging the corner. We say to ROSA KOBERWEIN and her sister—both of whom paint good pictures—what we have repeatedly said to others, Attach as much of a poetic quotation to your picture as you please, but if you wish critics not to pass your work over, give it a name as well. F. MORGAN'S 'Summer Holiday' (293)—a landscape as clever as it is quaint—represents a boy fishing in a piece of water belonging to an old country house, and approaching the boy

* Continued from page 200.

is a lady in white dress, blue spencer, and straw Gainsborough. WALTER S. STACEY, in a capital interior, represents Jack 'Back again' (298), and recounting at the table to his father and mother, who listen with eager sympathy, all the dangers of "the stormy main." We name also with approval ALLEN C. SEALY'S 'Black Pool, Odiham' (291), JOSEPH CLARK'S 'Early Promise' (292), 'Homeless' (300), by W. OLIVER, and 'The Little Musician' (299), by CLEMENTINA TOMPKINS.

Here also hangs a very sweet profile portrait in subtle symphonies of green, as Mr. Whistler would say, of Miss Charlotte McCarthy, daughter of the distinguished novelist, by J. FORBES-ROBERTSON, whose portrait of the Duchess of Westminster, in the Grosvenor Gallery, attracted considerable notice on the private view day. T. ARMSTRONG'S picture of a girl in a brick-red dress of classic design 'Feeding Pigeons' (301), is sound in drawing and quiet yet effective in colour. In another key JOHN A. HOUSTON reaches still more striking effects, and with a figure whose significance comes much more nearly home to us. His 'Banner-bearer of the Guild' (302)—a stalwart fellow in black velvet and cuirass, gaily besashed and befattered, looks quite capable of maintaining either in peace or war the dignity of his ancient guild.

H. CAFFIERI does his best, and by no means without success, to represent what 'A Water Party' in a pollard-bounded meadow 'on the Thames' (305), a hundred years ago, was like; and JOHN CHARLTON shows us what a 'Huntsman's Courtship' (304) is like to-day; and because it is to-day he is perhaps all the more trustworthy in his representation. The huntsman, in his pink bravery, with his horse and his hounds all quiet behind him, stands at the door and chats with a buxom girl who is evidently pleased with the compliment paid her. The picture is full of life and colour, and is sure to commend itself to the sporting world.

The place of honour at this end of Gallery No. IV. is occupied by an upright picture by J. SANT, R.A., representing a handsome young lady in a red petticoat entering the house with a little basketful of 'Gleanings' (310), consisting of peaches, flowers, and eggs. On one side of it hangs 'Hope Deferred' (309), by C. W. COPE, R.A., and on the other P. H. CALDERON'S (R.A.) 'Reduced Three Per Cents.' (311). LOWES DICKINSON has in this part of the Gallery a very successful portrait of 'Vice-Admiral Sir John Dalrymple Hay, Bart.' (312); and R. LEHMANN an equally conscientious and no less happy portrait of 'The Earl of Stair' (328). A little farther on in the same room Mr. Lehmann scores another success in his three-quarter length of the handsome 'Mrs. Graham Menzies' (345). Very beautifully has he treated also 'Her Grace the Duchess of Northumberland' (404), and brought soothing harmonies out of her silvery-grey dress and her silvery hair; and we should imagine the portrait of that bright boy in the sailor uniform, 'The Honble. Richard Meade' (624), will be regarded as one of the Art-treasures of the family of Lord Gilford.

And while among the portraits let us call attention to 'Miss Fraser' (330), by GEORGINA F. KOBERWEIN; 'Mrs. J. Hartopp Nash' (341), by ALICE E. DONKIN; and 'The Lady Romilly' (376), by FANNY SUTHERLAND. The place of honour in the fourth room, on that side of the wall opposite the door by which we enter, is occupied by Mr. Hook's landscape with the dead game in the foreground, in illustration of Shakespeare's 'He shot a fine shoot,' and to which reference has already been made. On one side of it we have the 'Hon. Constance Lawley' (333), by H. T. WELLS, R.A., and on the other G. RICHMOND'S (R.A.) 'Hon. Sir Anthony Cleasby, Baron of Exchequer' (338), in his scarlet robes; which the visitor will do well to compare with Lowes Dickinson's portrait, also in scarlet, of 'The late Hon. Sir George Essex Honyman, Bart., one of the Justices of Common Pleas' (381). Nor are 'Mrs. Vivian' (347), by C. VIVIAN, nor 'Oswald Sickert, Esq.' by O. SCHOLDERER (362), to be omitted from our list of honourable mention. At the same time the portrait which we most affect in this Gallery is that of 'F. Leighton, Esq., R.A.' in a brown velvet jacket; we are glad to see that the artist, J. HANSON WALKER, has really risen to the height of his subject.

KATE THOMPSON seems determined to go on advancing in her art: her resolution has our respect, her success our admiration, and we can without any hesitancy congratulate her on her hooded Moor standing at the 'Entrance to the Hall of Las Dos Hermanas from the Court of Lions' in the Palace of the Alhambra (323). CARL HOFF'S 'Tale of Two Conquests' (332), is cleverly painted but a little too palpably told. The old gentleman ponders over the map to which the wounded young officer points, but the daughter turns away her head and looks altogether too conscious. She betrays her weakness to the enemy, and as good as says, "I am prepared to surrender at discretion."

There is a touch of humour, if not a *souçon* of satire, in J. C. HORSLEY'S 'Critics on Costume' (343), who are represented by two ladies in Gainsborough hats regarding with critical eye an ancient portrait of Queen Elizabeth. 'Towing on the Nile' (344) has been repeatedly done before, but J. A. BRIDGMAN'S representation is not on that account the less faithful or the less skilfully painted. We are much pleased with G. POPE'S picture of 'Daily Bread' (355); nor should we like the following small contributions to escape notice: 'A Foundling' (349), by F. R. STOCK; 'A Village Well' (350), by EDGAR BARCLAY; 'Mother's Darling' (351), by J. R. ASHTON; and 'Field Mice' (353), by G. T. ROPE.

On one side of the exit door hangs a fresh green landscape by A. W. MAY, representing 'A Bend in the River' (359); and on the other an equally delightful one by MARK FISHER, representing 'Meadows' (364). JOHN O'CONNOR'S evening effect in 'Newcastle-on-Tyne and the High Level Bridge' (368) we regard as quite a success; yet do not understand very well the artist's standpoint, possibly from deficient recollection of the locality; but the salient features of the old castle, and the marvellously graceful spire, from which doubtless was copied that of St. Mary-at-Hill which we see from London Bridge springing so lightly into the air above the Custom House, are not only readily recognisable, but are grouped into a most imposing architectural landscape, to which the effect of evening lends suggestion and mystery.

JOHN SCOTT'S illustration of 'Pensive Thought' (385), a girl in black dress, working in orange-coloured wool, is a vigorously-painted work, showing a thoroughly Rembrandtish appreciation of the value of light and shade. We commend also T. J. WATSON'S 'Pastoral' (371); C. ROSSITER'S 'Rough Weather' (372); and F. G. COTMAN'S 'Family Group' (375), showing a fond father twanging a guitar while the mother holds baby on her knee.

The most important work, however, in this part of the gallery is 'The Heir of the Manor' (374), by PHIL. R. MORRIS. A little boy in white dress and blue sash gazes open-eyed at the dappled deer, who see and return the compliment, while the stately lady-mother, with her Japanese parasol, approaches. These are lively elements with which to people a domain, and Mr. Morris has brought them all into delightful harmony. This artist's other contribution, 'The Lost Heir' (622), represents the front of a Gipsy's tent, before which we see a fair-skinned small boy standing naked, to have himself rubbed dry after the process of washing. He holds up his little leg that the towel may have full play, and in order to steady himself he grasps the crisp curly head of the Gipsy girl who is attending to him. In the meantime the watchful eye of the Gipsy mother, whom we see lying beyond in the dim interior of the tent, with her own baby at her breast, is on the whole proceeding, and she is speculating with herself on the amount of tangible thanks she will receive from "the kind gentlemen" when they come to claim the lost heir, and discover how solicitous the good Gipsies had been as to his bodily cleanliness and health. Objects pertaining to the tinker's craft lie about, and to the left we get a glimpse of the field in which the tent has been struck. The episode, like all Mr. Morris's incidents, is quietly effective and pleasingly set forth.

J. F. COLE'S 'Norman Farm' (335) and 'Sheep-washing in Normandy' (340) show an appreciation of local costume, and have evidently, like R. GALLON'S pretty picture of 'The Fairy Glen, North Wales' (346), been studied, and that, too, conscientiously, on the spot. This remark applies with special

force to G. E. HERING'S impressive landscape of 'Tormore' (334). We gaze upon a lonely moorland peopled with those upstanding stones associated with the name of Druid. The gloaming is beginning to fall, and, like so many ghosts, they rise stark and gaunt between us and departing day. Like a true artist, Mr. Hering has entered heart and soul into the spirit of the scene. The most poetic materials in the world would become vulgar if treated by some people; while on the contrary, objects common and familiar grow ennobled under the rearranging, reconstituting hands of men of true insight. We are, therefore, particularly pleased with the manner in which G. E. Hering demonstrates how

"The old memorials mark forgotten faith
Upon the silence of the centuries."

In noting Miss HILDA MONTALBA'S carefully modelled heads of four 'Swedish Peasants in Church' (386), we naturally examine our Catalogue for the name of her sister, Clara; but the distinguished Associate of the Society of Painters in Water Colours is conspicuous by her absence. ALFRED W. HUNT'S beetling cliffs 'On the Coast of Yorkshire' (390), sets forth most forcibly the character of the locality, and at the same time fills the eye impressively. F. A. BRIDGMAN, a young American artist of mark, shows by his 'Pharisee and Publican' (391), whom we see in a dimly-lighted mosque, that he has an intelligent appreciation of chiaroscuro and can work effectively in a low key, just as his 'Towing on the Nile' (344), in the room we have left, proves how cleverly he can reproduce the impression of outdoor daylight.

JOHN DICKINSON'S 'Miss Mona Way' (392) looks to our eyes, so far as it comes within their ken, a forcible, clever work, and deserving a much better place. C. T. GARLAND'S dark young lady in a riding habit, buttoning her glove, and asking, as she stands full face towards us, 'Are you ready?' (398), is sober and yet soothing in tone; and F. PAULSON'S 'My Mother' (399), a hale, hearty lady of middle age, is notable for the care he has bestowed on the modelling of her face. But the most pleasing portrait perhaps in the whole room, arising partly from the graciousness of the sitter, and partly from the art of the limner, is that of the 'Duchess of Northumberland' (404), by R. LEHMANN. Nothing could be more artistic than the way in which Mr. Lehmann has made her grace's silvery hair the key note in his scheme of colour, and has harmonized therewith all the various greys of her dress. There is much vigorous handling and masterly modelling in CYRUS JOHNSON'S portrait of 'Mrs. Luttrell' (421), a lady in a black figured dress; we are much pleased also with C. E. HALLÉ'S portrait of 'The Master of Sinclair' (429), in the uniform of a lieutenant-colonel. The care he has bestowed upon his manipulation has by no means prevented him from seizing the character of his sitter. We have to speak also with approbation of SYDNEY HODGES' portrait of 'Major Rideout' (430), and of HUBERT HERKOMER'S 'Mrs. Mason' (417), whom we see in a white dress, standing on a terrace. The latter artist's only other contribution this year is in the Lecture Room; it represents a group of peasants, old and young, and of both sexes, coming down a hill towards a wayside cross to pray for a successful harvest (916). The reverential aspect of the peasants is very touching, and the picture maintains, we think, the reputation of the artist.

CECIL G. LAWSON'S 'View from Don Saltero's, Cheyne Walk, tempore 1770' (396), is a most successful attempt at what might be called historic landscape. The aspect of the Thames at Chelsea a century ago required for its realisation both fancy and research, as well as local familiarity with its riparian character to-day under various atmospheric influences. The picture throughout is carefully studied, under conditions true and yet original. F. W. LAWSON, brother of the last-named, has in the Lecture Room a figure subject equally novel in character. He calls it 'Imprisoned Spring: Children of the Great City' (998), to which we may attach a double meaning. Two little City Arabs, a boy and a girl, the symmetry of whose figures is finely suggested through their tatterdemalion attire, stand on the hither side of some iron railings, and reach forth their hands to pluck the almond blossom,

which, to the 'Children of the Great City' is the welcome harbinger of spring. This picture is boldly painted.

GOURLAY STEELL'S 'Challenge' (410)—two Highland bulls about to encounter each other on the edge of a stormy lake in presence of the whole herd—is characteristic both as regards the cattle and the landscape. ROBERT LESLIE'S 'Calm off the Foreland' (414), is clever enough, but there was no occasion for his adopting so closely the manner of Henry Moore; and LIONEL SMYTHE might in his 'Harvest of the Sea' (420) have gone a little further and said more distinctly whether he meant the harvest to consist of herring or mackerel, or both. In other respects the picture is admirable. KEELEY HALSWELLE'S 'Rome from the Sistina' (425), with a bearded Roman chatting with a girl, who stands on this side the wall, in the immediate foreground, gives an excellent idea of the Eternal City, without forgetting the sentiment of mystery with which in the imagination of most people it is clothed. To satisfy himself further as to the qualities of this artist the visitor must go to Gallery No. X., and there (1394) he will find how successfully he can devote himself to the delineation of the human figure. The scene is also laid in Rome, and represents a group of naked children at the foot of some pillars, in illustration of the famous story of Gregory the Great, who, when told that some British children he saw exposed in the market-place for sale were *Angli*, replied, "*Non Angli, sed Angeli*," so moved was he by their beauty.

H. WOODS has been very successful in his rendering of 'Sunshine' (422), on and through the vine-covered trellis-work of an Italian villa. The like also may be said of 'Harriette' (423), with her hand on the piano, by J. CHARLES; 'The Approach of Winter' (427), by JOHN R. REID, and 'His Last Vespers' (434), a venerable priest being helped down by a chorister boy from the stalls, by WALTER LOGSDAIL. The tone of the picture is in admirable keeping throughout. J. B. BEDFORD'S 'Curly Locks' (436), a pretty little girl in blue and white, busily engaged on her seam, is as simple and natural as may be, but is scarcely enough of a subject to represent fairly Mr. Bedford's quality as an artist. J. G. NAISH'S 'Lifeboat returning, with a sea to starboard' (438), is as buoyant in its downward plunge as if it had been painted by J. C. Hook. Next this laden lifeboat comes a remarkably clever picture, 'O'ershadowed by the passing clouds' (439), by ERNEST PARTON, one of the ablest of our American artists, who has 'Sunny September' (41), in Gallery No. I., 'Poets' Corner,' (548), and 'The High Hall Garden' (558), in Gallery No. VII.

Among other pictures deserving honourable mention as we pass along are 'An Etcher biting' (445), by Miss JANE ESCOMBE; and a large and spirited picture of a Stag at Bay in a rocky brook, which SAM. CARTER, its author, calls 'The Ancient Sport of Kings' (446). Then comes a splendid picture with yew-trees dappling with their shadows the 'Untrodden Snow: within three miles of Charing Cross,' by ANDREW MACCALLUM; 'Rosalind' (451), by W. S. HERRICK; and a very charming picture, by G. H. BOUGHTON, called 'Homeward' (452), representing a mounted old gentleman, with a lady on the pillion behind him, ascending the opposite bank of the moorland stream they have just forded. The suggestion here is of the happiest kind; and were one to consult the catalogue without reference to the picture itself, one would imagine that S. E. WALLER'S 'Home?' (453) in spite of its suspicious note of interrogation, implied also something "homely;" but in this old Jacobean mansion

"There is no sign of home,
From parapet to basement."

The speckled deer nibble familiarly at the vine which wanders at random over the front of the house, and a young fawn looks with innocent inquiry at the lord of the manor, who, having dismounted from his horse, pushes open the half-unhinged iron gate and stays his steps there, overcome for a moment by the sight of the desolation that has come to his ancestral home. Mr. Waller is, we believe, a young artist, and if he is always as happy at expressing the sentiment which suggests itself to him as he shows himself here, he will soon make his individuality felt.

(To be continued.)

ART-NOTES FROM THE CONTINENT.

PARIS.—Of the works of Art now preparing in France for the Great Exhibition of 1878, we have had the good fortune of seeing in the studio of M. Yvon a great historical page, that had not then left his easel. When we say a great page, we allude less to the dimensions of the picture than to the height and extent of the subject it represents. The painter has had the idea of offering to the spectator's eye the whole Christian legend, from the Judaical times to the present era. However vast the undertaking may appear, M. Yvon has realised it in a composition which, by its general arrangement, reminds one somewhat of Michael Angelo's 'Last Judgment.' He has, however, carefully avoided the confusion and crowding which often rendered it difficult to understand the subject of a picture containing so many figures. The composition is disposed in the shape of an amphitheatre, of which each characteristic period forms one of the aerial steps. At the summit Jacob and his twelve sons, representing the twelve tribes of Israel, the patriarchs and the Jewish prophets, are bathed in the light of a dazzling sky. Christ rises above that group, surrounded with an irradiation in the form of a cross. On the step below, the apostles, evangelists, and martyrs recall the period when the New Word went forth. Lower, Religion is personified; Faith, Hope, and Charity occupy the centre of a group formed on the left by the principal saints and on the right by the fathers of the Church, from St. John, Chrysostom, and St. Augustine, to Fénelon and Bossuet. On the lower step the scene is laid on earth. An angel—the "strong angel" of Scripture—holds the eternal Gospels on an altar bearing the inscription, *Diligite invicem*, "Love one another." Nations coming from the extremities of the world surround the altar. The coloured races are enfranchised, their chains fall, and the arts of peace and industry inaugurate an era of universal fraternity. If that thought is not wholly realisable, it is at least the ideal of all generous souls. This is but a brief analysis of M. Yvon's picture, but it will suffice to give a summary idea of its conception and execution. We may congratulate the artist in particular on having escaped a danger too often committed in works of this description, that of serving as a party tool. He has adhered to the broad and general idea of Christianity as the common basis of modern civilisation, and without any regard to sectarian differences. It requires, we must own, no small amount of courage to undertake a work of this sort at a time when the public mind is much more inclined towards light and amusing productions. M. Yvon has given thereby one sign of a reaction which might be extended with advantage. We are so surfeited with pretty, amiable, ingenious, and clever things, that a grave order of ideas would afford some rest. M. Yvon has, besides, a glorious past, which is a guarantee that he will accomplish to his honour his great undertaking. Who does not remember the popular episode

which he painted for the Versailles Museum? The 'Retreat from Russia,' the 'Storming of Malakoff,' the battles of 'Magenta' and 'Solferino,' have spread his fame all over Europe. We have also seen in London, in 1871, the immense Apotheosis executed by him for the United States. The great historical painter, however, has not confined himself to large canvases. In his moments of relaxation he has not disdained to execute *genre* pictures. We have engraved in the *Art Journal* several scenes of Russian life painted by his fertile brush specially for us. Many English amateurs possess some of his clever drawings and charming pictures; we may name among them Mr. Fox and Mr. Jardine, of Manchester, whose galleries are well known, and Mr. Weil, Mr. Geiger, and Mr. Harding, of London. His magnificent whole length portrait of Monsignor Capel created a great sensation at the Royal Academy two years ago.

MELBOURNE.—We have received from a correspondent in this city a catalogue of the seventh annual exhibition of the Victorian Academy of Arts, which opened in the month of March last: two or three of the Melbourne newspapers containing reports of the exhibition have also reached us. The catalogue gives a list of one hundred and thirty-eight oil paintings, and one hundred and eighteen water-colour drawings, besides two examples of sculpture. As might almost naturally be expected, landscape is in the ascendancy as regards quantity, though for quality, according to what the local critics say, there are but very few works which even reach mediocrity; the far greater number not even reaching this comparative excellence. It must, however, be borne in mind that Art is very young indeed in this far-off British colony, but there is every reason to hope that the efforts which are being made to give to painting a "local habitation" there will not be without favourable results. Our correspondent says, "Our community affords a good field for a painter of figure subjects; our landscapists are passable, but figure drawing is very much neglected. Of course I would not hold out any inducement to a man who is on the high road to success in England to abandon his prospects there for a problematical success here, but there must be many a struggling artist at home to whom fortune can come, if it come at all, only after years of exertion, and perhaps distress, and to whom an immediate competence is open here." Certainly we should think, among the numerous clever young artists—and there are many—who find much difficulty in "making both ends meet" in the old country, some would be found willing to try their fortunes in the midst of their fellow-countrymen in Australia. We should add that an Art-Union Society was established about four years ago at Melbourne, which now has a very considerable number of members. The drawing for prizes took place immediately preceding the opening of the Victorian Academy, from whose gallery the pictures are selected.

THE WIDOW'S CRUSE.

Engraved by E. ROFEE, from the Group by J. ADAMS-ACRON.

LOOKING at the kind of patronage given to sculptors in the present day, an artist must have great faith in the attractiveness of his subject, no less than in his own power to do it justice, when he undertakes such a group as that we have engraved here.

The story of 'The Widow's Cruse' is found in the fourth chapter of the Second Book of Kings, to which we must refer our readers.

The sculptor has not sought to do more than offer a literal

rendering of the incident described in the narrative; but he has given to it much poetic feeling and felicitous artistic grouping, impressive withal, and he shows a sound knowledge of anatomical structure in the modelling of the two boys. An idea of the size of the group may be formed when we state that the height of the principal figure is three feet. Both this work and its companion, the 'Orestes and Pylades,' were exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1869: they are in the possession of Isaac Holden, Esq., M.P., for whom they were especially executed.







THE WIDOWS CRUSE.

ENGRAVED BY E. ROFFE, FROM THE GROUP IN BRONZE BY J. ADAMS-ACTON.

SCENERY OF THE PACIFIC RAILWAY.

VII.

THE contrast could scarcely be sharper than it is between the country in which we go to sleep on the fifth night of the overland journey and that in which we awake on the sixth morning. The scorched, verdureless, uninspiring mountains, and the flat fallow plains of the Humboldt, are replaced in the view from the car-window by the pine-clad Sierras, the misty blue of deep cañons, the content of pasture-land, the cold, brilliant surface of Alpine lakes, and the rosy and white tips of pre-eminent peaks.

At sunset we were in a region unutterably silent and desolate,

upon which the intrusion of a railway seemed anomalous, so far-reaching and uncompromising was the barrenness. The sunset cast an evanescent warmth on the blighted soil, and a small patch of reluctant green marked the pool in which a wide river disappeared. We have travelled steadily on through the night, stopping at a few stations, which hold on to existence by a thread; and passengers, awaking while the train has been still, have been startled by the complete silence of these outposts. The drought and infertility have spread as far west as the eastern



Lake Tahoe.

slope of the Sierras: we have cut through the mountainous barrier by the cañon of the Truckee River, and have crossed the line which separates California from Nevada.

When the curtain of night is lifted, we are spinning around huddled foot-hills at an exhilarating altitude; the earth is densely green, the sky intensely blue, and the atmosphere electrical. We are in the very heart of the Sierras, upon which the snow falls to a depth of thirty feet, and in which the immigrants of old met the last obstacle before reaching the golden lowlands of California.

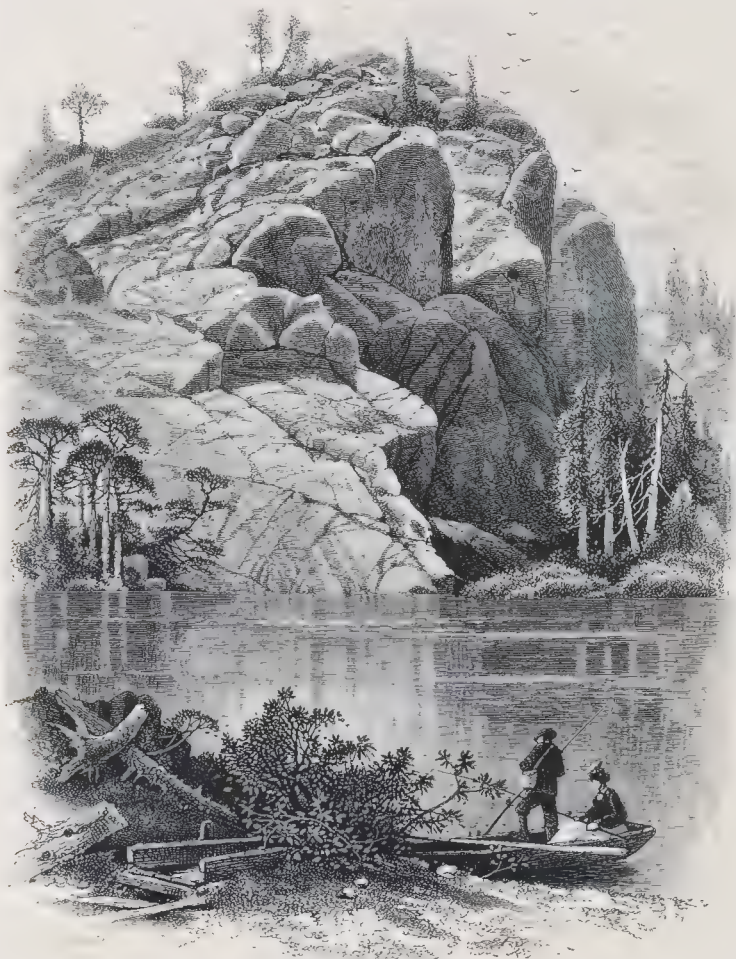
Comparisons are suggested between this range and the Rocky

Mountains, the latter being much superior in altitude and rougher in conformation, while the Sierras are more imposing in the view from the passing train; the railway threading them by passes more difficult than those near Sherman by which the eastern range is crossed. Another point of contrast is in the vegetation. A scattering of stubby cedars and dwarf pines, exhausted from the effort to sustain themselves, is the limit of verdure in that section of the Rocky Mountains penetrated by the railway; but in the Sierras the pines are plethoric in numbers and phenomenal in growth, streaking the steepest mountain sides with their straight, inflexible shafts, and toning the landscape with their

sombre dark green. Eighty, one hundred, and one hundred and twenty feet, are not uncommon sizes for those forest Stoics, which seem to grow for the love of the mountains, independently of nutrition. Again, while the peaks are not as high, the track approaches them nearer than it does those of the Rocky Mountains, and the traveller may find himself among their snows when the lowlands are hot in August.

"For four hundred miles," says Clarence King, who has made extensive surveys of the region, "the Sierras are a definite ridge, broad and high, and having the form of a sea-wave. Buttresses

of sombre-hued rock, jutting at intervals from a steep wall, form the abrupt eastern slope; irregular forests, in scattered growth, huddle together near the snow. The lower declivities are barren spurs, sinking into the sterile flats of the Great Basin. Long ridges of comparatively gentle outline characterize the western side: but this sloping table is scored from base to summit by a system of parallel transverse cañons, distant from one another often less than twenty-five miles. They are ordinarily two or three thousand feet deep—falling at times in sheer smooth-fronted cliffs, again in sweeping curves, like the hull of a ship,



Lake Angeline.

again in rugged V-shaped gorges, or with irregular, hilly flanks, opening, at last, through gateways of low, rounded foot-hills, out upon the horizontal plain of the San Joaquin and Sacramento."

The overland trains from the East and West pass some of the most interesting scenery of the Sierras in the night; but the tourist, who alights at Reno and makes the *détour* to Virginia City, may continue his journey to Sacramento by freight-train in the daytime, and this is what we should advise him to do, as the sights on the way will handsomely repay him for the inconveniences of the *caboose*.

At Reno connection is made with the Virginia and Truckee Railway for Carson and Virginia City, the former thirty and the latter fifty miles distant, and at Carson stage connections are made with Lake Tahoe, which is fixed in the writer's memory as one of the exceptional revelations of Nature to which the most ardent enthusiasms of Art cannot give undue praise or exaggerated interpretation. After the stage has been toiling up-hill for two or three hours along a dusty road, partly strung across a precipice, upon which swarm pines, firs, oaks, willows, and many strongly individualised shrubs, such as *manzanita*, with its

brilliant crimson berries and birch-coloured stalks, and pale white-thorn, which in contrast with the former resembles a withered old man side by side with an exuberant country girl—after two or three hours of such travel, each moment of which has widened the outlook, and brought a stronger and colder wind, with a greater pungency of resin, into the face—the traveller attains the summit of the divide, and becomes the master of a visual situation commanding two extensive and very dissimilar pictures.

His gaze turned to the east, he sees the smoky-red desert,

with spiral columns of dust rising out of it—a relief-map washed with one colour, that colour an inarticulate expression of dejection; the surface of the earth is crumpled with mountains to the extreme horizon, and the mountains have no other beauty, no other variation to their prevailing maroon tint, than an occasional patch of snow. Now let him face the westward. Again there are mountains, a visibly accentuated chain, drawn from the farthest north to the farthest south. But these are of imposing height, sharper modelling, and varied colouring—blue, purple, olive, and grey. The flat, wide valley of Clear Creek is



Donner Lake, from the Snow Sheds.

interposed, and beyond this Lake Tahoe is discovered—cold, lucid, quivering with light, and encircled by an edge of snow-tipped peaks. No view of the Sierras from the railway is as fair and impressive as this—unquestionably one of the grandest in all the Far West.

A rapid descent through an "open" cañon, thickly studded with pines and firs, brings us to Glenbrook, on the shore of the lake, which may thence be circumnavigated by means of a little steamboat, which makes daily trips between the months of May and October.

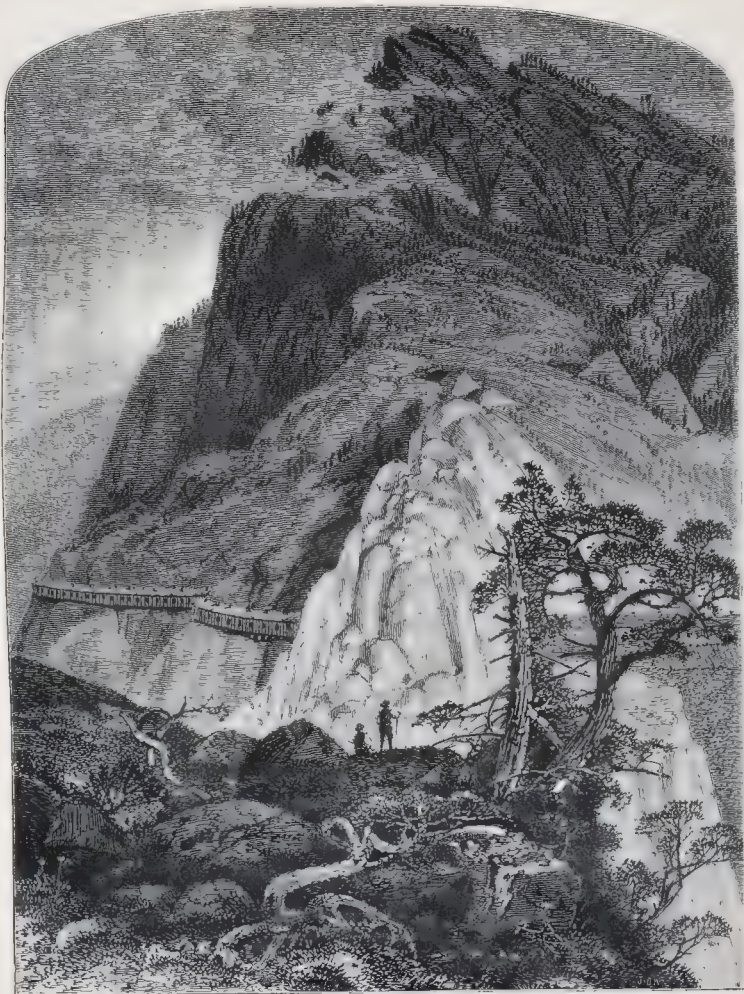
Tahoe is about twenty-two miles long and ten miles wide. One-fourth of it is in Nevada and three-fourths in California. The circumference is about seventy miles, allowing for the indentions of the shore. The water has been sounded to a depth of over 1,600 feet, and is marvellously clear. Near the shore it is of a transparent emerald, flecked with the white of rounded granite boulders embedded in yellow sand, and in deeper places it is a blue—not such an indigo-blue as the Atlantic, but an unusual shade, resembling the turquoise, its motion being as heavy as that of oil and the low waves falling from the prow of a boat

like folds of silk. There is a gloomy theory that the human body sinking in this serene depth is engulfed for ever, and it is a fact that the bodies of the drowned have never yet been recovered. Marvellously clear as the water actually is in the shallow parts (the boats floating upon it appear to be suspended in the air as we look down upon them from the landings, nothing save a thin sheet of glass seeming to intervene between the eye and the bottom,) it is apparently opaque in the greater depths; an illusion which is only dispelled by the

iridescence of perhaps a stray trout, sporting at a depth of thirty feet or more below the surface.

The lake is over 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, and at times is so fiercely ruffled by the winds from the mountains that navigation has to be abruptly closed.

From Tahoe City, a small settlement on the western shore, a stage-road leads through the Truckee Cañon to Truckee, where we reconnect with the Central Pacific Railway, thirty-four miles west of Reno. Within a convenient area there are several other



Donner Peak.

lakes, all of them offering inducements to the sportsman and to the lover of Nature: Lake Angeline, of which Mr. Woodward has made a striking illustration; Cascade Lake, near Tahoe; Silver Lake, from which the water supply of Virginia City is drawn; Palisade Lake, famous for trout; Fallen Leaf Lake, which, to the writer's mind, is the prettiest of all; and Donner Lake, which is within three miles of Truckee. The snow falls with a vengeance on the mountains around Truckee.

The lake is held in by mountains, including one called Donner Peak—forests of evergreens sloping to the water's edge, outward

from which the banks are repeated in reflections. The best view is obtained from the western summit, however, and this is the standpoint our artist selected for his picture.

West of Truckee, the snow-sheds frequently interrupt the view from the cars; and in between two stations, Strong's Cañon and Emigrant Gap, they are almost continuous for a distance of twenty-nine miles. They are built on two plans, some being flat-roofed, and others pitch-roofed, and they cost from £1,600 to £2,000 a mile, except where masonry was necessary, this increasing the cost to £6,000 a mile.

WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

MINOR TOPICS.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—H. W. B. Davis, Esq., A.R.A., has been promoted to the rank of Academician, and P. R. Morris, Esq., and J. B. Burgess, Esq., have been elected Associates. These elections are satisfactory; they add much to the strength of the body; but what shall we say of the candidates, quite as eligible, whose admission has been postponed? Perhaps we had better say little, but we think none the less of the injustice they suffer. We cannot but feel sincere sympathy for those who year after year are subjected to a painful and unnecessary disappointment.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY has recently come into possession of a very fine specimen of George Morland's work, the gift of Mr. Thomas Birch Wolfe, in whose family it has been ever since it left the exhibition-rooms in Somerset House; it was purchased of the painter by the donor's uncle, the late Rev. Sir Henry Bate Dudley. The picture, called 'The Farmer's Stable,' is new to the public generally, but has always been spoken of by those who knew it in years gone by as a most successful work. It represents two cart-horses—one white; the other, which follows, a lightish brown—being led into the stable through a very wide doorway; they are accompanied by the farmer's pony, which is saddled. Near the manger is a man collecting together with his hands a quantity of straw on the floor of the stable, and in the right hand corner of the composition are a wheelbarrow, spade, and broom. The picture appears to be more carefully painted than was usual with Morland, and is most effective in chiaroscuro; the light streams in through the open doorway, on the white horse especially, which is thus brought into striking prominence, yet is by no means obtrusive, the surrounding passages of the composition being so treated as to carry off the whiteness of the animal, though leaving it still the point of light. The canvas is large, and as our National Gallery previously contained no specimen of the painter the country is to be congratulated on possessing so characteristic an example of this genuine English artist as 'The Farmer's Stable.'

FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART.—Sir Rutherford Alcock, K.C.B., presided at the annual meeting, held in the theatre of the Museum of Geology, Jermyn Street, on the 11th of July, when the distribution of prizes to the successful students took place. The report for the past year was in every way satisfactory, her Majesty having given an extra special mark of her approbation by granting an additional sum of £10 to the Queen's scholarship, and by the purchase of two works from the selection sent for her Majesty's inspection. The committee had again to congratulate Miss Cann—who has for so many years superintended the school, and whose abilities and able management have brought it to the high position it has now reached—on having had awarded to her by the Lords of the Council of Education a premium of £40, the name of this lady being fourth on a list of one hundred and thirty-eight competing schools. The Department has instituted annual local examinations of a higher grade in painting from nature, drawing from the life and the antique, artistic anatomy, modelling from the life and the antique, and in other branches of Art-knowledge, and the committee express a hope that the students of this school will strive to gain distinction in these several classes. Five students received prizes in the first division, national awards; in the second division, local awards, the Queen's gold medal was adjudged to Miss Ida Lovering, and it was recommended that Miss Alice Hanslip should retain the Queen's scholarship, value £30, for another year. The Gilchrist scholarship, worth £50, was awarded to Miss Mary Anne Burney. The committee acknowledged the gift of ten guineas from Lord Hatherley, and of a like sum from Mr. Henry Bicknell, which had enabled them to sanction three scholarships for this year. Sir R. Alcock presented the prizes, and afterwards addressed the students and the general company in some suitable remarks.

1877.

ARTISTS' AMICABLE FUND.—We have been appealed to on behalf of this institution, which is greatly in need of pecuniary help. It was originally formed about half a century ago, with the object of assisting its members in case of illness, or of incapacity of any kind for following their profession. For many years it was believed to be prosperous, and to have accumulated considerable capital; while there is evidence that since the existence of the society upwards of £16,000 have been applied in succouring the needy. It seems, however, that as time went on the claims became heavier, and although the premiums have been gradually raised to double their original amount, there is a deficit of £7,000, which amount the institution should have in hand to meet its engagements. This has been ascertained from a valuation, made in compliance with the New Friendly Societies Act, of the institution's liabilities and assets. The amount in question being entirely beyond the means of the small number of members to supply, the committee consider, and rightly, that the society has some claim on the sympathy and aid of all patrons of Art, to avoid its inevitable dissolution, which must be the only alternative; such a result would fall most heavily on a class of artists but little able to bear it. Messrs. Ransom, Bouverie, & Co., 1, Pall Mall East, have kindly consented to receive any donations and subscriptions which may be placed in their hands on behalf of the "Artists' Amicable Fund."

SPURIOUS ART-UNIONS.—We have more than once warned our readers against these "institutions," as they are termed; we do so again. They are altogether evil. Under inviting pretences the public—especially country gentlemen, clergymen, and employers of labour—are invited to pay a guinea, or a shilling, as the case may be, in order to "secure" impressions—utterly worn out and defaced by usage—of some print that has been popular. The "copyright" is said to be in possession of the projectors, who, having bought, for a very small price, the exhausted copper or steel, sell as many paper impressions from it as the weak and credulous part of the public will buy. They would disgrace a hovel, or a workshop, or a Thames barge. The report of the Art-Union of London comments with due severity on the cupidity of publishers who sell to such dealers worn-out plates like those we refer to.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—The Shah of Persia has presented to the museum a valuable assortment of modern Persian textiles, consisting of fourteen carpets of various designs and places of manufacture; twenty-four pieces of patchwork embroidery, made at Resht, to serve as table carpet, tray and cushion covers; twenty-six pieces of Kerman silk embroidery on shawl material, in the form of waistbelts, bed-quilts, pillow and table covers, &c.; and ten other pieces of various textiles.

PUBLIC STATUES.—A return has been issued of the number of public statues within the Metropolitan police district which have been transferred to the charge of the Commissioners of Works and Public Buildings under the provisions of 17 & 18 Vic., c. 33, sec. 7, or erected under sec. 2, since the passing of that Act, with the description of the places where such statues have been placed, and the dates when they were so transferred. The following is the list: Richard Cœur de Lion, Old Palace Yard, 1861; Sir James McGrigor, Chelsea Hospital Ground, 1865; Sir John Franklin, Carlton Terrace Gardens, 1866; Lord Herbert of Lea, Pall Mall, 1868; the Guards' Memorial, Waterloo Place, 1873; the Earl of Derby, Parliament Square, 1874; Viscount Palmerston, Parliament Square, 1877; Sir Robert Peel, Parliament Square, 1877.

PROFESSOR VON ANGELI'S PORTRAIT OF THE PREMIER.—In our notice of the Royal Academy exhibition we had occasion to praise with more than complimentary emphasis H. Von Angeli's portrait of H.I.H. the Crown Princess of Prussia, Princess Royal of Great Britain and Ireland. This same artist

has been commissioned by her Majesty to paint for Windsor Castle a series of portraits of those persons whom the Queen esteems and delights to honour. Among those the gifted professor has already limned are Sir T. M. Biddulph, the very Rev. Dean Stanley, and, as we have said, our own Princess Royal. To this list has now to be added the portrait of the Earl of Beaconsfield, which the Queen kindly permitted for a short time to be on view at the gallery of Messrs. Colnaghi and Co., Pall Mall East. These gentlemen have placed the work in the able hands of Mr. T. L. Atkinson for engraving. The portrait is about three-quarter face, and although taking in the bust, does not include the hands. The professor has devoted his whole strength to the delineation of the remarkable face of his most remarkable sitter. Without overstraining, he has brought the premier's countenance into powerful relief, and in this subtle modelling he has been careful to read, as he went, every facial touch betokening the character, intellect, and soul of the great minister. Though thus incisive, as it were, realistic, and positive, he is nevertheless spontaneous, broad, and dignified; and the same reserved force comes out in the colouring. One has to stand a few minutes in presence of the painting to catch its key; but the moment the eye takes in the scheme of colouring, the spectator yields himself willingly to its quiet power, and allows himself to be gratefully impressed with its richness and volume. We are always jealous of the advent of foreigners when their performance falls short of their pretensions, and when they supplement by personal influence the deficiencies of their genius; but no man ever called up our insular jealousies who was a real master of literature or Art; and Von Angeli adds one more to the number of those whom we have welcomed warmly, and with whom we have amply shared the good things we possess. We ought to add that the Messrs. Colnaghi have just published a remarkably clever lithograph, by Karl Straub, of Munich, of the Queen, after a splendid portrait executed by Herr Von Angeli. Another notable work by the able professor is the portrait of Lord Wilton, painted for the Yacht Club, of which he is the gallant commodore.

MR. MACMICHAEL, an eminent producer of monograms and other productions of that class, has submitted to us some examples of his art. They are graceful in design and very skilfully executed. The best, perhaps, is one that bears the word "Balmoral," the initials being V. R. I., signifying Victoria, Queen, and Empress (of India). Several years ago we directed attention to a variety of such works issued by Mr. Macmichael; we are glad to find he has not retrograded; we have seen nothing of the kind so near perfection. They are worthy to proceed, as they often will do, from the boudoir of the Queen.

A NEW POTTERY.—Our attention has been directed to several interesting articles of pottery manufactured at Rye, in Sussex, and called "Sussex Pottery." At present it is not placed so as to be examined, and our notice will convey but a faint idea of its merit. Its peculiarities are in the colour of the clay and in the glaze; the latter is the invention of the founder of the establishment, Mr. F. Mitchell, by whose widow it is now conducted; the clay is native, found in the immediate neighbourhood. The ware is brown, and shows off well the spots of colour introduced to give effect. The hand, or rather the fingers, have been freely used in moulding the shapes, and it is obvious that they have been directed by an artistic spirit, although as yet Art has not greatly aided them, for the works are still in their infancy. There seems to be here an opening for an experienced and capable business man to undertake the task of placing the Bellevue Pottery at Rye on a footing with the old established potteries of the kingdom. Even now the productions are numerous and varied; some vases, pilgrims' bottles, water jugs, &c., are of considerable excellence. We speculate on what may be done by noting what has been done.

THE LATE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES has been, as he ought to be, duly honoured during his visit to London; all classes, from the humblest to the very highest, have combined to render homage—chiefly to his great country, no doubt, but in part, and not a small part, to himself. The

profound respect and the strong regard everywhere manifested must have gratified him much. There has been little of noisy demonstration; the attention paid to him had more the character of affection than of hero-worship, although, no doubt, that sentiment animated those who saw him contemplating for the first time in his life some of the actual scenes famous in the history of his race from being associated with the names and deeds of our departed heroes. The visit of the general will go a long way to cement the friendship between two countries, united by so many sacred ties, and which, acting in concert, might, if need were, defy the world in arms. Among other compliments paid to him was, of course, the freedom of the City; the deed was contained in a gold casket, designed and executed by Mr. J. W. Benson. The obverse centre panel contains a view of the Capitol at Washington, and on the right and left are the ex-President's monogram and the arms of the Lord Mayor. On the reverse side of the casket is a view of the entrance to the Guildhall, and an appropriate inscription. At the ends are two figures, also in gold, finely modelled and chased, representing the City of London and the United States of America, bearing their respective shields, the latter executed in rich enamel. At the corners are double columns, laurel-wreathed with corn and cotton, and on the cover are cornucopia, emblematical of the fertility and prosperity of the United States. The rose, shamrock, and thistle are also introduced. The cover is surmounted by the arms of the City of London. The casket is supported by American eagles, modelled and chased in gold, the whole standing on a velvet plinth, decorated with the stars and stripes.

EXHIBITION OF OLD WEDGWOOD WARE AT THE CERAMIC GALLERIES OF MESSRS. PHILLIPS, OXFORD STREET.—The Messrs. Phillips have been engaged for many months back in organizing this exhibition of upwards of eleven hundred of the choicest specimens of Josiah Wedgwood's art. Through the liberal contributions of such well-known collectors as Felix Joseph, Professor Church, Sir Dudley Coutts Marjoribanks, James Bowker, Cornelius Cox, Dr. J. Braxton Hicks, Miss Pellatt, Dr. Hooker, Warren de la Rue, Henry Doulton, and various members of the Wedgwood family, the labours of the Messrs. Phillips have resulted in a great success; and whoever cares to form a true estimate of the preciousness of Josiah Wedgwood's art will do well to pay a visit to the gallery of the Messrs. Phillips. Plaques, vases, basins, coffee cups, candlesticks, centrepieces, and dessert services of all manner of designs, cameos, medallions, and other gems, will be found abundantly represented in the collection. It is only when we feel the wonderfully soft satiny surface of real Wedgwood that we can form a true estimate of the great potter; and only when we behold the variety of classic themes which came from the hand of his coadjutor, can we judge of the genius of John Flaxman.

THE ASCOT GOLD CUP.—Never till the present year of grace has the Ascot Gold Cup been really of gold. Like most so-called "gold" plate, it has been merely silver gilt; but Lord Lonsdale, when he points to the cup which Petrarch won for him the other day, will be able to say, "It is of solid gold." The Messrs. Hancocks & Co., having thus the more precious metal to deal with, placed the matter in the hands of their modeller, Signor Monti, who acquired such European renown with his 'Veiled Lady,' at the first Great International Exhibition, and the result is a vase of more than ordinary Art excellence. It is twenty inches in height, and stands upon a rose-water dish fourteen inches in diameter. The style of ornamentation follows the latest architectural mode, viz., that of Queen Anne, and each part is hammered out of a single plate of gold. The depths of the bold fluting on the cup and of the sunk parts and rounds of the salver are quite a triumph of English hammer-work. The cup is crowned with a youth restraining a colt, and the handles are represented by two half-figures of Fame, bearing wreaths. At the base are four figures of boys carrying shields and emblems of success. The more salient ornamental features of the salver consist of four heads, chased in the highest relief, representing the elements, as suggestive and illustrative of speed. The effect of the whole is

remarkably chaste, yet attractive and telling, and the Messrs. Hancocks & Co. are to be congratulated on having produced in the precious metal so legitimate a piece of Art-work. The value of the cup is 1000 sovereigns.

THE NEW BELGIAN GALLERY, NEW BOND STREET.—Among the many choice works, Belgian, French and Italian, which adorn the walls of this lately-opened exhibition, 'The Break of Day,' by Charles Hermans, of Brussels, is by far the most notable. When in the Paris *Salon* last year it attracted universal admiration, and since then it has won the plaudits of judges equally critical in Berlin, Dusseldorf and Hamburg. M. Hermans is not one of those whose creed is embodied in the narrow dogma of "Art for Art's sake." His faith takes a wider sweep, and tells him that æsthetics and ethics must go hand in hand. The picture represents some bacchanals, male and female, leaving at early morning the house where they have been dancing all night and drinking themselves into maudlin imbecility. The young man in the foreground has on each arm a girl tricked out in all the flaunting finery of her trade, and all three present a sight most pitiable alike to the spectators out of the picture and to the group of honest work-people in it, who stand aside for a moment that the poor drunken drabs may pass. The expression of curious inquiry on the face of the workman's wife, who has hold of her husband's arm, and the look of disapprobation, which, on their boy's frank countenance, much to the satisfaction of his observant father, darkens into a frown, as he watches the revellers emerging from their noisome den into the healthy light and air of the morning, when man should be going forth to his labour, form an edifying and instructive contrast to the debased expression in the countenances of the drivelling libertines before them.

SIR NOEL PATON'S 'CHRIST BEARING THE CROSS' has been purchased lately by Mr. Cadbury Jones, of New Bond Street, who will presently place this truly admirable work in the hands of a competent engraver.

DAVID'S PICTURE OF 'TINTORETTO PAINTING HIS DEAD DAUGHTER.'—Jacques Louis David, painter to Louis XVI., whose death he afterwards voted, the friend of Robespierre, and by-and-by one of the deifiers of Napoleon, was, in spite of his political vagaries, a great painter, and the reviver of modern classic Art. Among the most natural and impressive of his creations is assuredly to be reckoned 'Tintoretto Painting his Dead Daughter.' The work came into the possession of Mr. W. W. Watkins, of the Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street—in whose gallery it is now being exhibited—shortly after the Franco-Prussian war, during which so many works of Art found their way to England. Tintoretto is represented with a face and physique similar to Michael Angelo's, and from under his pent eyebrows he looks meditatively upwards, as, palette on thumb, he stands by the bedside, and rests for a moment from his melancholy labour, that he may place the back of his hand gently on the bosom of her who was so gifted and so fair, that he may assure himself once again that the pulse is stilled for ever. Before him are his colour-box and the canvas on which he is setting forth the presentment of his dead daughter, whom we see lying on her bed with her young arms crossed and her hands entwined in her rosary. On the pale marble face of Marietta is concentrated the light; the rest of the room, including the grand figure of Tintoretto, whom we see clad in black velvet tunic and red Venetian robe richly furred, is in deep shadow. Altogether the picture is very impressive, full of sobriety and power, and of dramatic instinct in the best sense. In this work, indeed, David combines classic dignity with realistic fact in a more masterly and modest way than we can remember him exhibiting in any other of his large pictures. The size of the canvas is about eight feet by ten, and the work has been greatly admired by all those whose training and cultivation in Art entitle them to an opinion.

THE COUPIL GALLERY, BEDFORD STREET, COVENT GARDEN.—One's interest in this gallery is ever fresh because the pictures in it are ever new. As fast as one work is sold another takes its place, and the Art standard maintained is, as

our readers know, of the very highest. Among the new pictures are the following: 'A Forest Glade in Fontainebleau,' by Diaz, a painting of much force and beauty, and a rare example of the artist. Very seldom either have we seen so splendid a specimen of Troyon as the one in this gallery representing a girl driving home some geese across a common, in which cows are feeding. Then we have, from the impetuous pencil of Jozef Chelmonski, a very remarkable winter scene on a blowing night, showing a sledge with four horses abreast halting at a roadside inn, that its owners—two excisemen, or preventive officers—may refresh the inner man. One sits on the sledge while he sups, and the other stands and lights his pipe, while the driving night wind whirls all the waifs and strays into the air. Within the hostelry blazes a roaring fire, and at the door stand some hardy peasants, male and female, preparing poultry for guests who have longer time to stay. The artist has succeeded perfectly in showing one phase at least of the wild rough life which official personages lead on the Russian border. Jules Lefebvre's beautiful embodiment of the idea of 'The Rising of the Morning Dew,' which we noticed in a late number of the *Art Journal*, has since been most successfully engraved in line by Morse, and Huot has done a like grateful service for Hebert's 'La Vierge de la Délivrance,' a religious work of an elevated character, of which we spoke in laudatory terms when first exhibited. The new process of photo-gravure has been applied with triumphant results to Leo Hermann's popular picture of the two priests at breakfast, the one making the other laugh most heartily by telling him 'Une bonne Histoire.' Besides the works we have named, the gallery is resplendent with examples of the most famous Continental masters.

EDWARD KEMEYS, a distinguished American sculptor, has brought to London, and is exhibiting at the gallery, 9, Conduit Street, a collection of singular and very interesting groups, executed in clays, and representing the more prominent animals of the prairies and the Far West. They are modelled "to the life." The artist is a student of nature; he has seen what he portrays—the sly possum, the panther, the deer, the coyote, the raven, the bison, and the boa constrictor; each and all have been "sitters"—but not until his rifle had made them innocuous. Much of his life has been spent in this marvellous field for study, amid dangers from which ordinary mortals shrink and which artists especially eschew. The exhibition is, therefore, such as we have never seen heretofore, and probably never will see again. It is thoroughly original, of very great interest, and may be described as one of the Art attractions of the season.

PAINTINGS BY D. ROBERTS, R.A.—Two pictures by this artist have been presented to the Corporation of London for the use of the Guildhall Library: they are the joint gift of Mr. E. Bedford and Mr. Bryan Donkin, jun., co-executors of the late Mrs. Bunning. The subject of each picture respectively is 'The Nave of St. Stephen's, Venice,' and 'A Street in Antwerp.' The two works are valued at £1,150. They had been offered, it is stated, in pursuance of Mrs. Bunning's will, to the National Gallery, but declined by the trustees, as not possessing sufficient excellence to represent fairly the painter in that collection.

A DRINKING FOUNTAIN has been erected at Dulwich in front of the entrance to the old College, as a memorial to the late Dr. Webster, one of the oldest inhabitants, who had for several years past been associated with the public bodies and charities connected with the district. It was designed by Mr. Charles Barry, surveyor to the College estate, and has been carried out under his immediate superintendence. The memorial, at the base, is ten feet square, and at each angle are troughs for cattle in grey polished granite. The upper portion of the structure, resting on the pedestal, resembles an obelisk in form. On its north side is the following inscription: "To George Webster, M.D., J.P., 1877;" and below, on the face of the pedestal: "To commemorate his long and varied services, both public and private, during a residence of sixty years in Dulwich, this fountain is erected, from the contributions of many friends and neighbours of every station. He died the 19th November, 1875, aged seventy-eight years."

ART-PUBLICATIONS.

MESSRS. GOUPIL, of Paris, who have long had a branch establishment in London and another in New York, have brought into England a large number of high-class engravings; they are for the most part of great excellence, from painters of the highest eminence in France and in Germany, and from the burins of engravers who at the present time are unrivalled in Europe. The list issued by the firm contains the names of nearly all the leading painters of the French school, and the prints they issue are such as have rarely been surpassed. We refer more especially to *line* engravings, a branch of the art that is, we lament to say, dying out in Great Britain. Such productions are results of long labour, and, of necessity, costly; yet we have seen, and more than once shown, that what is really good will be certainly profitable. We have examined several of Messrs. Goupil's later issues, and gladly give them the notice to which they are entitled. The first we select is 'La Vierge de la Délivrance,' an exquisite conception of the Virgin, bearing in her arms the Child. The subject has been painted a thousand times, but rarely with more touching emphasis, and still more rarely with stronger appeal to the heart. The artist, M. Hébert, found his type in the East, where he went purposely to study it. An anecdote happily illustrates the picture: his mother was sick apparently unto death, and he made a vow that if she recovered in answer to his prayers, he would paint a picture with all the skill and power he could command, and present it as an offering to the church of his native town. She did recover, and he redeemed his pledge. The picture obtained the medal of honour at the Salon; it is now over the altar in the church, having been engraved, before it was placed there, by one of the most renowned engravers of France, M. Huot, who received a medal for the excellence of his work. Whether for the holiness of the theme, the beautiful expression of the Virgin Mother, or its great merit as a work of Art, the print is surpassed by no production of modern times, and will be welcomed by all who love Art, though not of the artist's faith, as a production of deep interest and of great value. Another of M. Goupil's line prints represents a boy, St. John, in the wilderness. It is engraved by Lamotte, from a painting by Penault: the work is admirably drawn, and has received ample justice from the engraver. The head seems to speak the solemn and emphatic warning of the forerunner of the Christ. The youth is semi-nude, and is a fine piece of Art-work, although the creation of fancy and not of fact. We have no sort of authority for picturing St. John as preaching in the Desert before he was in his teens; but as a study of form the picture is of great excellence, and so certainly is the print. Another line engraving is 'The Widow,' painted by Willems, and engraved by Demannez, both, we believe, Belgian artists. It tells a touching story of a young and fair dame who contemplates the portrait of her husband. This theme also has been painted a thousand times, but not often with better effect. The print is impressive yet not sad; there is evidence that hope had not been extinguished by death. The production is of a high order of Art. The more numerous issues of the firm—for pure line engravings must be comparatively few—are several valuable copies of modern artists, in a style to which is given the title of "Photogravure." The title conveys some idea of the manner, and gives assurance that the copy is true to the original; that, in fact, the artist is on the paper as much as he is on the canvas: but the subject is too important and comprehensive to be treated in a paragraph; it must be, at an early period, brought under due notice in this Journal.

MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW & CO., who have issued so many admirable oleographs of famous pictures, as the agents and not the actual producers, for they are the produce of Germany, have added another to their long list; it is an excellent copy of the great work of Frank Hals in the Town Hall of Haarlem, and

one of the most renowned of the paintings "the old masters" bequeathed to posterity for all time. It will be recognised by all who have visited the ancient Dutch city. It represents 'A Meeting of the Officers of the Archers of the Order of St. Adrian,' a series of portraits of historic men who gave fame to their country, and are not forgotten in its records. Messrs. Low & Co. have issued more pleasing and interesting examples of the art they have so largely aided to make popular, but none better.

A "ROYAL ACADEMY ALBUM" has been issued by Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin. It consists of fifty "permanent photographs" of works in the present exhibition, 1877, and is "edited" by Samuel Jennings, F.L.S. There is no editing, however; the work would have been better if there had been—if a little more information were given concerning the artist and the work. The examples selected are for the most part good, and by painters and sculptors of eminence. The publishers had no easy task; they have "got through it" well. The result is a very interesting series of prints, forming an attractive volume, and preserving a useful record of the principal achievements of the Art year. Let us imagine the delight with which the artist and the amateur would go through such an assemblage of the works of British painters exhibited in the year 1830 or 1840, when "great men were among us," when enduring fame was their reward—too often nearly their only reward. But how much that fame would have been augmented if, half a century after they had immortalised their names, we could, as we can do with regard to their successors, consult so many accurate copies of their works! Messrs. Cassell & Co. have added to the debt the public owe them for much pleasure.

MRS. NOSEDA, of the Strand, has added two classic engravings to the several she has already issued. They are both after Sir Joshua Reynolds, and both are admirably engraved by R. B. Parkes. The one is of a lady, Mrs. Mayne, sitting under the portico of a lordly mansion; the other is of the Hon. Mrs. Parker—an aristocratic dame and a loving mother—thoughtfully regarding her son, the heir of much hope and much land. The prints are sure to give pleasure, not only as productions of high and pure Art, but as perpetuating themes that all can understand and estimate, for they appeal to the holier sensations, and cannot be looked upon too often. These frequent resorts to the bequests of artists who are the pride and glory of our country are very refreshing to Art-lovers; they are unmistakable signs that what is excellent is sure to have long life. We cannot have too many of such copies from the works of great British masters—those who laboured to be famous for all time; and Mrs. Nosedá has done well to circulate productions that will be for ever teachers. These two have remained hidden for nearly a century in the stately homes where they are heir-looms; they are now made the property of all who appreciate true Art. The picture of 'Mrs. Parker and Son' is the property of the Earl Morley; that of Mrs. Mayne belongs to H. B. Mayne, Esq., probably a portrait of his grandmother.

THE marvellously beautiful work, "Ceramic Art in Japan," has reached a fifth part; it will be completed in the sixth.* We postpone detailed criticism until then. For the present, it will suffice to say it has improved as it proceeded; there have been no better chromo-lithographs than these, none more obviously true, and none more admirably executed. A more superb volume of its kind has not been produced in this or in any country. The number of copies is limited: it is issued only to subscribers, at a cost singularly small compared with its value. A time will come when it will be classed among the rare books of the century.

* "Ceramic Art in Japan: Audley-Bowes." Part V. Liverpool. Published for the Subscribers by the Authors, London, Henry Sotheran & Co.



THE WORKS OF LASLETT JOHN POTT.



CONSIDERING it is but a few years, comparatively, since Mr. Pott began to exhibit, and that his pictures are also few relatively (he has rarely shown more than one each year) he has been very fortunate in attracting the notice of the public generally, and in gaining the favourable opinion of those whose duty or

business it is to pass under review the works seen in our public galleries. This painter was born, in 1837, at the picturesque town of Newark, Nottinghamshire, a place which is not unknown in the records of our national history. The castle, of which only the ruins now remain, is famous as the scene of many historical events, and is supposed to have been built by King Egbert, but was afterwards almost entirely rebuilt by Bishop Alexander in the reign of Stephen. At Newark, King John died in 1216, and it was there Cardinal Wolsey halted with his princely retinue on his way to Southwell. During the civil

wars of Charles I. it sustained three successive sieges, in 1643, 1644, and 1645; in 1646 Charles ordered the governor to surrender the castle and town to the Scottish army, when the former was entirely dismantled. In the parish church—one of the largest in the kingdom—is a picture of 'The Raising of Lazarus,' by W. Hilton, R.A., a gift from the artist, whose father was a native of the town, to the corporation.

Instances are very rare where a love of Art does not show itself in early life, and Mr. Pott's childhood proved no exception to the rule. One who knew him then intimately informs me that at the age of five he remembers to have often seen him seated on a tall, high-backed chair, amusing himself and delighting his friends by drawing hunting scenes and marine views, though quite unable to sharpen his pencils. These juvenile productions, my informant says—he has one of them in his possession at this far-off date—would scarcely have done discredit to a trained draughtsman. When the young



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

Charles I. leaving Westminster Hall after his Trial.

[Engraved by Butterworth and Heath.

artist was a little older he attempted to copy oil pictures; but his father had other views for him, and caused his son, when at the age of sixteen, to be articled to an architect in the country. Here his artistic taste found but slight encouragement from either master or mystery; and at last the drudgery of "styles, examples, cusps, and columns," &c., so wearied him that his father consented to his coming to London, where he entered the well-conducted Art-school of Mr. Carey. Subsequently he placed himself as a pupil with Mr. Alexander Johnstone, whose name appeared a few years ago in this series of illustrated

biographical sketches; and he was studying with him when he produced the first pictures exhibited in the Royal Academy, 'Effie Deans' and 'Studying from Nature.' His next year's contribution, 'Dark and Fair,' did not escape the notice of the critic of the *Art Journal*, who spoke of it as "a good picture of its class." In 1862 Mr. Pott did not exhibit, but in the following year he sent 'Puss in Boots,' a work which, though of no exceptional merit, fairly won the honourable place—on the line—to which the hangers assigned it. The scene gives to the spectator a peep among the properties of a Christmas pantomime:

the clown gossiping with Columbine between the slips, and a man putting the mask of a gigantic pussy-cat on the head of a little child—an incident from which, as may be assumed, the composition takes its name.

A work of a far higher character as to subject than any the artist had hitherto produced appeared in the Academy in 1864; it was entitled, 'Rebecca describes the Fight to Ivanhoe,' and illustrates a passage from Scott's romance which says: "'And I must lie here like a bedridden monk,' exclaimed Ivanhoe, 'while the game that gives me freedom or death is played out by the hand of others! Look from the window once again, kind maiden, but beware you are not marked by the archers beneath.'" The design of the picture is quite in harmony with the spirit of the text, as is also the expression given to both the figures; the execution is very careful. Of Mr. Pott's 'Old Memories,' the only picture he sent to the Academy in 1865, we have no distinct recollection; in 1866 he was absent; but in the next year he contributed 'The Defence,' of which a large engraving, on steel, appeared in the *Art Journal* of 1869, where the painting

is fully described. Of the two works he exhibited at the Academy in 1868 'The First Success' is the more attractive, the subject being pleasing, though simple in itself: a little girl, who has been playing the part of a fairy in some dramatic representation, is seen running off the stage, laden with the bouquets her admirers have showered down upon her. In the other picture of the year, 'The Minuet,' the attitude of the dancer is too overdone to be agreeable.

In 1869 the Royal Academy removed from Trafalgar-square to the more commodious galleries in the fine building the Society had erected for its purposes in Piccadilly. The visitor who, when the annual exhibition of that year opened, "began at the beginning" in the examination of the pictures, would have had his attention aroused at the very outset by a painting from the pencil of Mr. Pott, marked No. 2 in the catalogue, and bearing the title of 'A Fire at a Theatre.' By the way, the artist seems to have had, about this period of his career, a taste for theatrical representations of a certain kind. This unrehearsed scene in an ideal tragedy brought the painter very prominently



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

His Highness in Disgrace.

[Engraved by Butterworth and Heath

before the public; the subject was unusual, and there was enough sentiment in the treatment of it, though of a rather melodramatic kind, to interest the majority of spectators. Some of the actors are making their escape from the burning edifice: for example, the clown rushes through the flames with a child in his arms, while its mother, herself one of the theatric company, frantic with joy at the rescue of her little one, is undoubtedly a piece of acting dictated by Nature though not according to the rules of the stage.

The next work Mr. Pott sent to the Academy was 'Mary Queen of Scots led to Execution'; it was exhibited in 1871. Most of our readers, it may be presumed, will remember this clever and very touching composition from the large engraving on steel we gave of the picture last year. Another historical subject, 'CHARLES I. LEAVING WESTMINSTER HALL AFTER HIS TRIAL,' was contributed to the exhibition of the Academy in the year next following; an engraving of it appears on the preceding page. The records of the last days of the unfortunate monarch mention the indignities he suffered on these

occasions (he was brought three times before his self-constituted judges) and his quiet submission to the insults of his enemies. "In going through the hall, the soldiers and rabble were instigated to cry out 'Justice and execution!'" They reviled him with the most bitter reproaches; one miscreant presumed to spit in the face of his sovereign; but he patiently bore all their insolence. "Poor souls," cried he, "they would treat their generals in the same manner for sixpence." Singularly enough, Sir John Gilbert, R.A., exhibited in the adjoining room in the Academy, in the same year, a picture of the very same subject; and though the manner in which the two compositions were treated differed widely, the work of Mr. Pott well maintained its place by comparison with that of the older and more practised painter. His figure of Charles is dignified and kingly in its bearing; the motley group of Roundhead assailants seem in every way suited to the occasion. Even the guard of Parliamentary soldiers appointed to escort him from Westminster to St. James's Palace, whither he had been brought from Windsor to take his trial, show as little sympathy with the

monarch as the rabble who jeer and scoff at him. With this painting the artist exhibited a second, 'Shakspeare reading before Queen Elizabeth,'—a work which at the time was noticed in the pages of this Journal with commendation.

A presumed episode in the first Napoleon's ill-fated invasion of Russia in the year 1812, was the subject of a picture Mr. Pott sent to the Academy in 1873; it was called 'ON THE MARCH FROM MOSCOW,' and is made one of our illustrations. At the head of perhaps the largest and finest army that ever left France, Napoleon entered the territories of the northern emperor, and penetrated as far as Moscow, in spite of every resistance. But there his triumphs ended. He thought to make the ancient capital of the kingdom the winter-quarters of himself and his army, but the patriotism of the Russians defeated all his plans; they set fire to the city, and destroyed it to an extent that rendered it useless as a place of refuge during a winter of almost unprecedented severity, not only there, but over nearly the whole of Europe. The invaders were forced to retreat; cold and

famine destroyed them by thousands, and a miserable relic only of a magnificent army returned home to tell the sad tale of their misfortunes and sufferings. An anecdote the writer of this notice met with and transcribed when a boy at school, may be related here; it is to the following effect.

At the time when the army perished in the snows of Russia, a French woman, said to be of respectable family, was so deeply affected by the calamities of her country and her melancholy apprehensions of its future state, that she lost her reason, put on widow's weeds, and wandered about Paris bewailing the fate of her unfortunate countrymen. "Dressed in deep sable," the narrative says, "she may still be seen almost daily in the Champs Elysées in the same state of mental alienation, and the Parisians, who rarely allow either national or individual sorrow to deprive them of a joke, have long since christened her 'the Widow of the Great Army.' The history of this unhappy lady was made the subject of a short but very spirited and wild poem, by some anonymous writer, the words of which she



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

On the March from Moscow.

[Engraved by Butterworth and Heath.

is supposed to have uttered when the allied armies first invaded France, in 1814. The opening stanzas are these:—

"Half a million of heroes! I saw them all.
Oh God! 'twas a sight of awful delight
To gaze on that army, the glory of Gaul!
As it rolled in its fierceness of beauty forth,
Like a glittering torrent, to deluge the earth!"

"The war-horses' tramp shook the solid ground,
While their neighings, Aha! and the dread Hurrah!
Of the myriad mass made the skies resound,
As the invincible chief, on his milk-white steed,
Onward galloped, the host to lead.

"Sword, sabre, and lance, of thy chivalry, France!
And helmet of brass, and the steel cuirass,
Flashed in the sun as I saw them pass;
While day by day, in sublime array,
The glorious pageant rolled away.

"Where are ye now, ye myriads? Hark!
Oh, God! not a sound! They are stretched on the ground,
Silent and cold, and stiff and stark.
On their ghastly faces the snows still fall,
And one winding-sheet enwraps them all!"

Mr. Pott's picture suggests, very impressively and pathetically, what the survivors of that terrible campaign had to endure as they retreated homewards: the broken line of soldiers, footsore and weary, is presented with evident knowledge of the means whereby strong effect may be produced; the little drummer-boy mounted on the back of a tender-hearted veteran is a touching feature in the composition. We do not think the artist has ever surpassed this picture in genuine expression and strong appeal. He exhibited with it at the Academy another work in which the predominant sentiment is also pathos, "Prince Arthur and Hubert:" a small replica of it, with some alterations, was engraved as one of our large plates in the volume for 1873.

Another subject from French history painted by Mr. Pott appeared at the Academy in 1874; it was called simply 'Paris, 1793;' both the place and the date are suggestive of horrors which have scarcely been surpassed in the annals of any nation, and this picture illustrates one out of a vast number of similar scenes then enacted. Two unhappy victims are about to be offered in sacrifice at the shrine of *Liberté*, and are being drawn

to the guillotine for that purpose—a dismal subject, which, however meritoriously represented, one does not care to linger over. Still communing with the dark side of human life, he sent as a second contribution to the Academy of the same year, 'The Dismissal of Cardinal Wolsey,' painted in a manner highly to be commended.

We were glad to meet Mr. Pott in a really joyous vein at the Academy in 1875; his 'Don Quixote at the Ball' is, as we recorded at the time, a right humorous composition, doing full justice to the passage of the romance which suggested it: "Among the ladies there were two of an arch and jocose disposition, who, though they were modest, behaved with more freedom than usual, and, to divert themselves and the rest, so plied Don Quixote with dancing that they worried both his soul and body. A sight it was indeed to behold his figure, long, lean, lank, and swarthy, straitened in his clothes, so awkward, and with so little agility." Humour, but of a different kind, may be called the leading idea of the solitary picture this artist sent last year to the Academy, 'HIS HIGHNESS IN DISGRACE'; it is engraved here. The young prince listens to the lecture of his cardinal confessor with anything but an air of

contrition for whatever offence he may have committed; while his mother, we presume it is, watches him with loving solicitude, and her attendants look on, more amused than they dare show at the boyish indifference of the royal juvenile. This year Mr. Pott recurs to the unlovely and evil side of our nature. A number of courtiers with drawn rapiers wait in an ante-chamber the coming forth from the royal presence of some one whom they purpose to assassinate; the picture is entitled 'Waiting for the King's Favourite'; it is very carefully painted, with a broad effect of light and shade, the light falling vividly on one of the conspirators who stands near the curtained doorway, sword in hand, ready to pounce upon his unhappy victim the instant he shows himself, while the others keep somewhat in the shady background prepared to support their leader in the deed of murder. The figures are well-drawn and thoroughly animated.

Mr. Pott is still a young man comparatively; his works hitherto evidence talent of an order to justify the expectation that he may before very long make his name prominently known as an historical painter conferring honour on our school.

JAMES DAFFORNE.

ART-NOTES FROM THE PROVINCES.

EDINBURGH.—*The Albert Institute.*—An idea has been for some time prevalent that the facilities for Art display in this country were scarcely commensurate with the demand. The number of those who have adopted the profession having nearly doubled within the last ten years, the insufficiency of opportunities for the exhibition of their works has become more and more manifest. The startling amount of rejections by both London and Scottish Academies is a fact of abundant significance. The immediate result has been the formation of the Grosvenor Gallery in London and the Albert Gallery in Edinburgh. This latter society, as now organized, consists of two hundred and fifty members, the greater proportion being artists. To the Scottish Heritages Company is due the merit of so adapting part of an extensive block of building at the west end of the city as to meet the entire requirements of the scheme; and a very handsome hall, entered by a vestibule, with commodious business premises, is in the hands of the Institute. There are many rooms, with suitable northern exposure, set aside to be let as studios, of which no doubt the sculptors and painters will be glad to avail themselves. The gallery measures eighty-two feet by forty-five, with walls sixteen feet high. The light is ample and satisfactory. It is proposed to have a succession of collections gathered here, in which not only painting and sculpture, but articles of vertu, fictile manufactures, and foreign curiosities, will in turn find place. Lectures on Art, and an Art library and reading-room, are also included in the programme. The first exhibition of the Institute was inaugurated on June 16, under the presidency of the Lord Provost, in presence of a numerous assemblage of ladies and gentlemen. Of the eight hundred and sixty-three pictures, &c., commended to public attention there are a few loans; for example, specimens of Turner (Shipping on the Thames, and Wells Cathedral); Roberts (Edinburgh from the Castle Hill); Hogarth (Portrait of a Lady); Gainsborough (Head of a Child); the late Sir J. W. Gordon (two Portraits); Sir Noel Paton (Luther, Reaper and Child, Hart and Hynde, and Study from Nature), &c. By T. Woolner, R.A., are busts of Tennyson and Carlyle. The contributions from Royal Scottish Academicians are scant, which is not to be wondered at, considering their own annual appearance is of such recent date. There are a few fair specimens of Herdman, Waller Paton, W. F. Vallance, J. C. Wintour, and others; strictly speaking, however, no works of much pretension, either as to size or cost, are in the gallery.

BRADFORD.—A statue of Richard Cobden has been placed in the Exchange of this busy Yorkshire town. It is the gift, we understand, of Mr. G. H. Booth, an American merchant, and is reputed to be an excellent likeness of the great Free Trade advocate as he was forty years ago. The statue is the work of Mr. T. Butler.

HIGH WYCOMBE.—A full-length portrait of the Prince of Wales, attired in the robe and wearing the insignia of the Order of the Garter, has been presented by Lord Carington—whose mansion is near the town, which he represented formerly in parliament—to the corporation of High Wycombe. The picture was painted by the Hon. H. Graves, and cost, it is reported, with its surroundings, £1,000.

LIVERPOOL.—Mr. Charles Dyall, master of the Liverpool Lyceum, has been appointed curator of the Walker Art-Gallery: Mr. C. Henry Wallis, son of Mr. George Wallis, of South Kensington, was also, we understand, a candidate for the post, but withdrew from competition when he found that the duties of the secretary were combined with those of curator. The younger Mr. Wallis is now in charge of the Bethnal Green Museum.

TEWKESBURY.—A correspondent writes, "The views so happily expressed by Mr. Samuel Huggins in a recent *Art Journal* on the subject of the lamentably destructive process with a grim irony entitled 'Restoration,' as applied to so many of our finest mediæval edifices, appear likely to obtain a practical support through a corresponding appeal made by Mr. William Morris to the public to interpose between the would-be 'restorers' and their noble and venerable victims, and to form an association for the *preservation*, as opposed to this so-called 'restoration,' of such of our cathedrals, churches, and other early buildings as still may have escaped. The work at present actually in progress in Tewkesbury Abbey Church, one of the finest of our churches not of cathedral rank, appears to have been the prime mover in giving the impulse to Mr. Morris to speak out. Too much seems to have been done already at Tewkesbury, and yet urgent appeals are being made for additional funds that may enable the 'restoration committee' to do even more. It is earnestly to be hoped that not another shilling for this purpose may be forthcoming." An appeal has been made to the dean and chapter of Canterbury Cathedral against certain contemplated alterations in that edifice.

THE ART OF DRESSING AND OF BEING DRESSED.*

BY PERCY FITZGERALD, M.A., F.S.A.



SPECTACLE indeed that is almost grotesque, is that of a man who has but a few hairs left, and with the anxiety of a mother for her fading infant, painfully trains them from one side over that bare and polished garden-slope, his poll, to gum them down securely at the other. As the very precaution reveals the blemish, this is

surely a rather ostrich-like attempt at concealment, but at the same time a not unamusing index of character. The ordinary "parting" of a man's hair at one side seems arbitrary, and prompted by no discoverable reason. We are familiarised to it, and do not note how unmeaning it is; though we may discover its absurdity when it is adopted occasionally by some young lady of masculine tastes and fast manners. The length of the hair is materially connected with the wearing of a beard, which is inconsistent with long locks, such as the typical artist of a romance is supposed to display. And this can be readily explained on the principle before alluded to in the instance of women's hair. In both cases, the face or frontispiece—as in an architectural building—is the important element which all the rest is to set off and be subservient to. When a beard is worn, the importance of the face should still be maintained, the chin and lips being only more emphasized by such clothing. But where long hair is supplied behind in addition, the result is, firstly, that the emphasis of the beard in front is lessened by the second "beard," as it might be called, behind, and the face becomes lost in a sort of bushy plantation of hair. A long beard, luxuriant as a Virginia creeper, such as old men wear and younger ones are proud of, is a disfigurement; it conveys the idea of untidiness or wildness. The proper way of wearing a beard is ascertainable by a simple test. Its purport is not to exhibit itself, but to ornament the face of the person that wears it. The idea is not that of a great beard attached to the face, but of a face which is ornamented by a beard. It should be of the nature of a covering, and therefore in due proportion to what it covers. Hence, if it be long, the junction of the chin and lips seems merely to abolish the chin altogether; but if it be short, it becomes a covering, such as feathers are to a bird. Hence those effective well-trimmed beards which are seen abroad, and give the effect, not of hair upon the jaw, but of the jaw made more effective by hair. Such indeed become more important than the face itself. You see but the eyes, the beard bridging over the interval between head and body. The truth is, all these rough bushy beards become thus over luxuriant through neglect. They should be kept in harmony with the character of the figure, yet subordinate to it. When we see one of these enormous beards, protuberant and reaching half-way down the waistcoat, we seem to be in the presence of some strange animal. The eyes become, not the intelligent lights of a face, but of the whole body, for this beard has covered over the interval between face and figure. The eyes are made to glare disagreeably, from the strong relief, and the cheek bones are thrown out unnaturally. The true and becoming, or rather, unobjectionable, proportion can always be found by considering that the beard exists for the chin rather than the chin for the beard. The moustache or "imperial" is a fragment of the beard; a caprice as arbitrary as the fantastic fashion in which a yew-tree is clipped in an old-fashioned garden. As regards the imperial, there is no reason why a large bushy tuft should be left upon the point of the chin, which is itself sufficiently prominent. This mode, which was much in fashion under the late Napoleon régime, was attended with prodigious waxing of the points and substance, so as to become almost solid. The eye has grown accustomed to it, but, artistically, little can be said for it. To savages of a more refined

taste, it would be as unmeaning as their circles of paint, and rings through the nose, &c., would be to us. It suggests the idea of elaborate dandyism, but it has really the effect of a thick bar across the face, and imparts a tightened, and too prominent look to the mouth and teeth. The reason of this is the hardened board-like edge made by the waxing, instead of the graduated softness which nature intended. And where the hair is dark, the contrast between the arbitrary patches of skin and the patches of hair makes the lower part of the face too prominent. A man's chin and jaw are in general so coarsely made as to convey the idea that it was intended to be covered quite as much as was the poll, especially when compared with the fine and delicate outline of those of a woman. In the case of a soldier, such as a dragoon, the semicircular moustache has a certain martial effect, suggesting an air of ferocity, especially when combined with the brass chain, that, like a strap, runs round the face. There is a reserve, as it were—an air of mystery and of importance about the mouth, from its being so securely protected, as the moustache repeats the shelter of the cornice-like shelter of the helmet above. It has not nearly the same appropriateness when under the kepi of an infantry soldier. It is otherwise with the full, stout beard the German foot soldier wears, and which certainly suggests solidity and unassuming strength to perfection. The sight of a long row of such faces, the eyes and upper part of the face thrown out effectively by this broad contrast, might fairly cause a tremor in assailants furnished with the well-waxed and daintily-trimmed moustaches.

Whiskers, too, of the true English design, are a strangely unbecoming as well as an unmeaning mode of decorating the human face divine. The idea is based on unfinished shaving, this being a portion of the beard left behind. The two bunches projecting laterally, and cut short below, can in no sense be justified, and have the effect of destroying the oval outline of the face. The "mutton-chop" whiskers, which we note in the portraits of old politicians and in the faces of some old squires, coming forward on the cheek-bone towards the nose, and cropped close, is another caprice. Whiskers, indeed, are no more than the upper portion of the beard, the rest being unmeaningly cut away. Whiskers are one of those decorations which, as we said before, if seen for the first time, would seem to one as absurd as the bit of bone through the nostril of an Indian. The wiry, stiff character of the hair causes it to stand out like a brush—an idea foreign to all that is artistic. Shaving, indeed, is equally so, as the roots of the hair result in a detail that produces a very coarse texture in the skin. Many old gentlemen are fond of cultivating a little grey shrubbery that strays over the cheek-bone, in shape like a shepherd's crook. It is impossible to discover on what this principle of decoration is founded. The French dress their poodles in the same fashion, shaving away the chief portion of the hair and leaving only a few tufts. The Chinese and various savage tribes are partial to the same mode; and the notion of leaving two curved tufts on the right and left of the cheek, or two accurately cut-out triangles or mutton-chops of hair, can hardly be distinguished from what is equally barbarous, the shaving of the poll and leaving a tuft in the centre. The effect is at least grotesque.

THE HEAD-DRESS.

Coming now to the question of "head-dress"—whether hat, bonnet, or cap—it will be admitted that nowhere have such fantastic freaks been played, or the canons of taste and propriety been so glaringly violated. This is owing to the fact that the other parts of the dress have to be worn, and to some extent must correspond with the figure; while a hat or bonnet need not be "worn" at all, or even "put on" the head. It may be attached to the side, front, or top; hung on, even; in short,

* Continued from page 231.

carried in any fashion save that of the hat; and follow any function save that of covering the head. It is curious to see how far this matter has been regulated by the hair. As lumps of that material are fitted on behind or worked into the natural hair, it was found that it would be idle, and even impossible, to cover the back of the head, already so effectively protected. The head being thus disfigured, even the greatest artist would find himself helpless if called on to devise anything satisfactory in the nature of a *covering* for such a head. But mark the ridiculous contradictions of fashion! As though the back of the head was not sufficiently protected, the saucer-shaped bonnet is placed on the top of the mound of hair overhanging the neck, tied on with strings under the chin, and thus becomes, not a covering for the head, but a sort of case or engine for keeping the hair on, all trim and "taut." The Leghorn straw bonnet, such as we see in the old Ladies' Magazines, was certainly ugly, but had an honest and business-like purpose, for it offered a large case behind, which covered in the roll of hair, and, spreading open in front into a sort of circular frame for the face, kept off the sun.

An artistic covering for a lady's head must be sought, first, in the practical principle itself of what a covering should be; and secondly, in some reasonably sensible arrangement of the hair. It should be something to protect the top and sides of the head, and in a lesser degree the cluster of hair behind, as a screen against dust, dirt, &c. The oval-shaped bonnets, a form which framed the face and front hair so prettily many years ago, came nearer to what was artistic than anything yet devised. A blooming face, breaking, as it were, from the snowy leaves, fringed round by the hair, the hair again fringed by flowers, was effective, and its contour here followed the outline as well as the plane of the face. The existing bonnet, on the contrary, follows the plane of the poll of the head, being laid on it like a plate, and thus tends to lessen the height. The original type was what was styled the cottage or "poke" bonnet; which again was a corruption of the enormous and voluminous article in which our present queen used to be depicted as Princess Victoria. This display of material was superfluous, and had a ridiculous appearance. The oval-shaped bonnet soon degenerated into a sort of doyley on a frame of wire, which covered the poll and came down in points over the ears, to be secured under the chin. It has finally taken shape in the present strangely-shaped things—saucers laid on a bed of hair. Bonnets, indeed, are forced to take a hat-shape from the impossibility of fitting the old-fashioned article on to the present incumbered head. It may be conceded that some of the present shapes of hats are piquant enough, owing, however, their piquancy to their having some meaning and relation for the end for which a hat should be worn—viz., to cover or shelter the head. It will be noticed what a bare hard effect a purely circular or Chinese hat imparts. This involves a principle; the reason being that the circle is opposed to the outline of the head. That of the face is oval, or leaf-shaped, while the section of the head that is nearly parallel to the ground is also an oval—a shape the hat should follow. But there is another principle which guides in this matter, namely, that the foremost point of each portion of the dress should be emphasized or marked, exactly as in the case of a building. And as the forehead, face, and hair are all thus distinguished, so the hat should display what should be considered its façade, marked by a point; nay, even a feather or plume worn in the hat betokens the same idea, for it is placed in the direction it would necessarily assume were the wearer walking, the motion forwards making the light feather flutter behind. Now a round hat has no mark which denotes the front. Owing to the monstrous structure behind, the hat is now perforce thrown forward almost down on the nose. This, though it has a certain bizarre air, gives a downward or drooping look, the forehead being half hidden and the eyes disguised under this pent-house. On the other hand, when the hat is prettily set on in the plane of the head there is an air of height, the forehead and eyes are revealed, the tendency is upwards, and of a commanding kind.

In this, as in other adornments for the head, the *purpose* must be looked to. That of a bonnet is to keep the head warm, and

perhaps that of a hat, which is a summer covering, is mainly to fence off the rays of the sun. Considering that the coil of hair protects the back of the head the covering in of this part with a bonnet might seem superfluous. Those round Chinese hats, set very far back, though exhibiting brims, are quite purposeless, as the brims are so placed as to be of no use. There is a picture of Mrs. Garrick, the charming and graceful Eva Maria Violetta, painted by Zoffany, which is perfection in this respect, and might be well worthy the attention of our *modistes*, who have exhausted every pattern. The width of the brim should, in a rough way, be regulated by its intended function. All excess is unmeaning. Tall and peaked crowns, which rise at an angle from the brims, have somehow a stiff air; the surface of the crown and brim should be one, the brim being no more than the edge of the crown a little prolonged. That sinuous "turn up" at the sides and depression in front is not an arbitrary caprice, but is justified by convenience, the portion in front screening the face, that at the sides, not having the same function to perform, may therefore be turned up. Some years ago there was in favour a hat vulgarly known as the "pork-pie," and which was monstrous in its conception, so that there were few faces that it did not absolutely disfigure. In shape, it exactly accorded with its nickname; it was *laid* on, but did not *cover* the head. As in a building, a broad and overhanging roof sets off the walls, whereas a small mean roof has the contrary effect, so the "pork-pie" developed the face to an undue degree. In truth, we find here the just Nemesis of fashion—that its sectaries are eager to disfigure themselves, provided only they obtain repute as faithful worshippers. To be "out of the fashion" is, however, to a certain degree, an element of ugliness; in other words, the feeling of not belonging to the time produces discordance. This suggests the curious paradox: How is it that the last or penultimate fashion which has "gone out" seems more old-fashioned than even the most remote style? This may be explained on some such principle as that to which is owing the fact that people of quality will be disdainful to those verging on their own degree, but studiously courteous to those far below them in rank. The fashions of two or three seasons ago have an offensive, not to say grotesque, air. The difference is of such a kind as to give an idea that the wearers, country cousins perhaps, were unsophisticated enough to mistake the old and exploded mode for the new. Hence a sort of contempt, not perhaps so much for the garments as for their being an anachronism and misplaced; but the dress of the days of George the Third is a "fancy" dress, and eminently picturesque. Another reason for this difference will be found in that respect which is always entertained for what is founded on good sense, as are most of the old costumes. On the contrary, dress during the last forty or fifty years is founded on nothing but *whim*, and commands the little respect that is paid to a whim.

The whole idea of a covering for the head should be considered with reference to the face and head, the hair furnishing a true and satisfactory guide. As the hair is, so hat or bonnet should be, to the head. No amount of (natural) hair destroys the due proportion between figure and face or head; whereas these mounds, either of false hair or of hats and bonnets, without purpose, destroy the due balance between face and superstructure. When the true system is carried out, what is presented is, the head *with* a cover; whereas, under the false system, it is a covering supported by a head; the covering has no relation to the head, and claims attention on its own merits. Indeed, it is scarcely fair to criticize the existing coverings, which honestly do not strictly pretend to any useful end, but are no more than ornaments carried on the head; and in this view it might be urged that a new canon of taste should be applied to them, they having ceased to have any relation to a useful purpose. Instead of the head being the point of honour, the apex of intelligence, which it is the function of the body to carry and be subsidiary to, the interest is transferred to a mass of inanimate matter, which becomes the point of attraction.

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

REMBRANDT'S ETCHINGS.

To the Editor of the ART JOURNAL.

SIR,—The Art-loving public are doubtless much indebted to the Burlington Fine Arts Club for the exhibition a short time since of an interesting collection of original etchings by Rembrandt, in the gallery of that institution; as also to Mr. Seymour Haden for the discussion raised by him, and conducted with so much ability, fairness, and good taste, as to the authenticity of certain of the works attributed to that distinguished master. The remarks on this subject by Mr. Haden, prefixed to the catalogue of Rembrandt's etchings exhibited by the Burlington Fine Arts Club, I prefer terming a "discussion" to considering it as a settled "judgment" on the point, inasmuch as it appears to me, so far as my own experience goes, that the matter is still open to much controversy, and that a theory has been propounded which, though possibly correct, and indeed indisputable up to a certain point, beyond that point is altogether erroneous.

Mr. Haden's theory I understand to be this: that several of the etchings sold by Rembrandt as his own productions were in reality not his performances, but were executed by his pupils, or persons in his employment, Rembrandt actually doing very little to them. Particular works are specified by Mr. Haden to which he considers that these remarks are applicable, and reasons are adduced in support of his views. The theory which, with great submission, and all due deference to Mr. Haden's extensive experience as regards this matter, superior talents, and practical acquaintance with the subject, from being himself a master of no mean proficiency in the art, I venture to submit as a substitute for, or perhaps rather as a qualification of, that which Mr. Haden has propounded, is, that the etchings which have passed current as Rembrandt's, including particularly those specified by Mr. Haden, were all executed by Rembrandt, so far as regards the principal and leading features of them, especially the heads and the outlines of the figures; while as regards the subordinate parts, the draperies and accompaniments, and, in certain instances, some of the backgrounds, were the work of pupils or persons in Rembrandt's employment, under his direction and superintendence, the whole being ultimately touched up and finished off by him. This latter practice, we know, was followed by several great painters, and, I believe, engravers as well.

The following are the prints specified by Mr. Haden, of which he says that "they are only in part—and that in small part—by Rembrandt; and although after Rembrandt's design, and done in his house, and under his surveillance and correction, were executed by his scholars and assistants:" 'The Raising of Lazarus' * (77), 'The Good Samaritan' (95), 'The Descent from the Cross' (84), 'St. Jerome in Meditation' (105); the three 'Oriental Heads' (288, 289, 290), the 'Ecce Homo' (82), 'The Gold-weigher' (283), 'Rembrandt drawing from the Model' (189). Some others are cursorily alluded to, but an examination of the chief characteristics of the most important among those mentioned will, I think, suffice for the purpose of the present inquiry.

As a preliminary to this matter, it does seem to me to be very important, indeed essential, to determine and to specify what was the great and leading feature by which Rembrandt's compositions throughout were characterized, in which respect he appears to me to stand apart from, if not far to excel, all other artists. I allude to his exquisite and wonderful delineation of character and feeling, at once so powerful and so true to nature, by which all his productions representing human action are distinguished, and by which they may be at once infallibly recognised. Singular, however, it is, that

throughout the observations by Mr. Haden to which I have alluded, there is not only no remark upon, but not even a passing allusion to, this leading and distinguishing talent in Rembrandt. It is, moreover, especially to be noted, that much as Rembrandt's different etchings vary one from another as regards the excellence of the mere mechanical skill displayed in them, they one and all possess the characteristics to which I have alluded. Here they are all alike, and differ from the works of all other masters. In the case of the copies of Rembrandt's etchings, some of which are executed with extraordinary dexterity, the artist has nevertheless failed to give the lifelike and vigorous expression of character displayed in the countenances portrayed by Rembrandt. A remarkable instance of this is afforded by 'Jacob lamenting the supposed Death of Joseph' (42). I much regret that this work was not included in the present exhibition by the Burlington Fine Arts Club.

I will therefore apply the same test as to their genuineness to the larger and most important portion of the works specified by Mr. Haden as not being the productions of Rembrandt. The first which he adduces is 'The Raising of Lazarus,' of which he remarks "there is little of Rembrandt, either in feeling, composition, or execution." He then proceeds to state that "the etching on the robe of the principal figure is very able, but not Rembrandt's." He alludes also to the "work in different parts of the sky" as not being his. Just so; as I already remarked, the details, and draperies, and subordinate parts of the work, are by many great artists left to their pupils and assistants to work upon. Mr. Haden also asserts that the faces in the crowd are Bol's, "as well as the rock and earth lines." Very possibly so as regards the latter; though I think most persons who have studied Rembrandt thoroughly will hesitate to assent to the former proposition. They are essentially Rembrandt's, not only in their force, but their grotesqueness. It is remarkable, however, that no observation whatever is made by Mr. Haden upon the principal heads and leading figures in this justly celebrated composition.

As regards 'The Good Samaritan,' it has long struck me, and indeed must be obvious to any one who is acquainted with etchings, that the work in the subordinate parts of the plate is very different from that of Rembrandt, being so much finer, and indeed dissimilar altogether in style; and so far I entirely agree with Mr. Haden. This is especially the case with the horse, to which, however, Mr. Haden does not allude. But this remark is not applicable to the heads in the composition, which appear to me to be essentially in the spirit of Rembrandt, although I agree with Mr. Haden that they are different from certain portraits by the same master which he specifies; as are also the heads in the historical compositions by Raffaele and Vandyke from the portraits by those great painters. In examining the pretensions to originality of the present plate, Mr. Haden dwells mainly on "the barrel in the right corner, as also the landscape, buildings, and foliage, the ill-expressed masonry about the window, the boy holding the horse, and the old man on the steps." The two latter, however, are surely quite in the style of Rembrandt, although they may resemble in some respects that of Bol, as do several other undoubted figures by Rembrandt, the genuineness of which is not questioned by Mr. Haden.

With respect to 'The Descent from the Cross,' I would rely for its genuineness on the heads and figures of the leading persons, which I contend to be essentially, and in all their principal features, entirely in the style of Rembrandt. Mr. Haden does not indeed even allude to them, although he bestows much criticism on the "embroidered cloth," on "the ladder and the stands," which were very possibly worked upon by one of Rembrandt's pupils or assistants.

The main argument against the authenticity of the 'St. Jerome in Meditation' is, that the lion represented in it is not at all

* The figures refer to the numbers in Wilson's Catalogue.

like another lion by Rembrandt. Most people will agree as to this latter fact, however they may hesitate to coincide in the conclusion drawn from it. The head of the lion is nevertheless much like that in 'St. Jerome' (108), and the figure of the lion is like that in 'St. Jerome preaching' (107); while the face of St. Jerome in the present plate is entirely in the manner of Rembrandt.

In regard to the 'Ecce Homo,' some doubts may be fairly entertained whether this is not, to a certain extent, as Mr. Haden contends, "an able copy, largely touched upon by Rembrandt." In this case, however, he has so far deviated from the copy as to make the work his own; all the principal features he has so greatly improved upon as to render them essentially his, and to give the entire work all the value to which it is so justly entitled. In so acting he has but followed the course which Shakspeare and Milton, and other men of great originality, occasionally adopted.

In the case of the 'Gold-weigher,' Mr. Haden contends that all that Rembrandt did to it was "to put in the principal heads. The furred robe," he says, "it may be conceded was not improbably etched by some other hand than that of Rembrandt." Most probably so; but the two heads in the background are surely in all their characteristics the genuine productions of the great master.

Apart, however, from the intrinsic evidence to be derived from the works of Rembrandt in support of the view which I have taken, we must have some regard to the probabilities of the case. The etchings were sold by Rembrandt at the time of their production; high prices were given for them on the faith of their genuineness, and they were seen and criticized by rival artists and engravers, who surely would have detected any such fraud in their production as Mr. Haden maintains. It seems most unlikely, too, that Rembrandt would voluntarily have jeopardised his high reputation by passing off as his own, works by persons of inferior capacity. In addition to this, the establishment on the Breedstraat, where they were produced, was publicly known, and the pupils and assistants of Rembrandt, who were the supposed participators in the act, mixed generally with other persons. Would so gigantic a fraud, if it had been perpetrated, have been kept so entirely secret at the time, and not have been discovered until two hundred years afterwards, and that, not by the shrewd townsmen of Rembrandt, but in a different country?

There is another circumstance in favour of the plates in question having been the work of the hand of Rembrandt, which is, that many of them received subsequent and very extensive

touches from him, so as to be made, if they were not before, essentially his own work, and which were reproduced in what is at present known as the second, third, and fourth state.

I beg to submit these observations to the candid and careful consideration of your readers, believing as I do that nothing but the high character and great attainments of Mr. Haden could for a moment have secured credence to the theory which he has propounded, and which I believe to be as unsubstantial, as regards the facts by which it is supported, as it is unjust to the memory of Rembrandt.

GEORGE HARRIS, F.S.A.

HEADINGS OF STATE DOCUMENTS, ETC.

To the Editor of the ART JOURNAL.

SIR,—In these days, when the beautiful examples of tint engraving produced weekly in various publications attest the remarkable excellence of our present wood-engravers in their most legitimate sphere, it is to be regretted that the only artistic feature in state documents should be neglected. If any one of your readers will take the trouble to refer to a copy of the *London Gazette*, and look at the arms of his country as they are displayed at the head of that journal, I think he will regret that a better result should not have been obtained. Struck with the unhappy appearance of the lion, I compared it with similar designs figuring on various Acts of Parliament printed during the present and two preceding reigns; the difference is very striking, and the comparison in point of drawing and engraving by no means favourable to the *Gazette*. It is, of course, to be borne in mind that the whole get-up of the title of the *Gazette* is intended to look old-fashioned, and has probably been little varied for many years past; but that this appearance is not incompatible with excellence in engraving, a reference to the headings of Acts of Parliament passed during the reigns of George IV. and William IV. abundantly demonstrates. The designs there are somewhat grotesque, but the engraving is in good style, more especially the work executed during the latter reign. Early in the present the design again changes, and what might be called the Augustan age of this *spécialité* is reached. Taking up an Act printed in 1843, the design is graceful in drawing and admirably executed; it bears the name of the engraver, Branston. Passing to an Act of 1869, a new, and what I believe will be considered a very inferior design, is substituted. It has continued in use to the present day.

I am, &c.,

A. P. I.

THE OFFER OF THE CROWN TO LADY JANE GREY.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BEDFORD, K.G., &c.

C. R. LESLIE, R.A., Painter.

C. G. LEWIS, Engraver.

THE Duke of Bedford's picture-gallery in his Grace's mansion, Woburn Abbey, is noted for its fine collection of works by the old masters, and especially for the number of important and most interesting portraits it includes. Among the paintings, however, are a very few examples of modern English pictures, two or three by Landseer, one by W. Collins, one by Sir A. Callcott, and Leslie's 'Offer of the Crown to Lady Jane Grey,' a rather early work by him, painted fifty years ago, having been exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1827.

A few words concerning the history of the event here represented seem necessary to understand the picture. On the death of Edward VI., in 1553, the Duke of Northumberland, who had long been intriguing to make Lady Jane Grey successor to the throne, went down to Sion House, near Brentford, where she was then resident, accompanied by her father, the Duke of Suffolk, the Earl of Pembroke, and others of the nobility, to offer her the crown. "All the moving eloquence of their speech," writes the author of the 'Life of Lady Jane Grey,'

quoted by Leslie in the catalogue of the Academy when his picture was exhibited, "had no effect, and the Lady Jane was at length prevailed on, or rather compelled by the exhortations of her father, the intercessions of her mother, the artful persuasions of Northumberland, and, above all, the earnest desires of her husband"—Lord Guildford Dudley, son of Northumberland—"whom she tenderly loved, to comply with what was proposed to her."

The personages introduced on Leslie's canvas are those spoken of in the above passage; Northumberland, Suffolk, and Pembroke kneel before Lady Jane, as in the act of doing homage; Jane and her husband, both standing, occupy the centre of the composition, and on the opposite side of the table is seated her mother, the Duchess of Suffolk. The arrangement of the figures is artistic and intelligible, though somewhat dramatic; the scroll held by one of the nobles may be assumed to be the royal document, or letters patent, issued by Edward shortly before his death, whereby he set aside the succession of his sisters, Mary and Elizabeth.





ANCIENT IRISH ART.

A FEW WORDS ON INTERLACED METAL-WORK.*

BY LLEWELLYNN JEWITT, F.S.A.

THE "Tara Brooch," referred to in my last chapter, is of white bronze, and covered with ornaments in gold, silver, niello, and of various colour glass and enamels. Both sides of this remarkably fine brooch (which is engraved of its full size on Figs. 4 and 5) are richly ornamented, though the two styles are different. The ornamentation is of the most elaborate and

delicate character, and entirely covers, not only the front and back of the brooch and the head of the acus, but both its external and internal edges; and it has attached to it a silver chain, constructed in that peculiar manner known as "Trichinopoly work," its use being to hold the pin tight in its socket.

The front of the brooch is one mass of clever interlacings, and



Fig. 6.—Penannular Brooch from Bonsall.



Figs. 7 and 8.

most of the patterns are formed by "very delicate gold wire, so exquisitely wrought that the aid of a powerful magnifying glass is required in order to see the minutiae of its execution; others of them appear to have been carved out of the solid metal, and

gilt; the several panels of ornament are bounded by borders of a deep amber-brown glass, cut like gems, and divided and edged by delicate lines of gold. The larger circular and almond-shaped ornaments also consist of glass; in some cases these are of a sapphire hue, in others they are of a rich brown. Some of the blue ones have gold ornaments in their centres, others have

* Continued from page 151.

minute rings of pale coral red encircling a central spot of dark blue, and others are beautifully carved." These interlaced patterns are inlaid below the level of the general surface, and thus a wondrously rich effect is given to its general appearance.

The back, as will be seen by the engraving (Fig. 5), is characterized by quite a different class of ornament, the sunk panels being filled with what is not inappropriately called "flamboyant" devices; these are cut in the solid metal in a masterly, bold, and marvellously clever manner, and the ornaments on the bands are of great beauty. On the socket, or stem, are two human heads carved in glass; and other heads are also carved upon it, as they also are round the edge.

Another excellent example of penannular brooch, bearing the same general characteristics of interlacing in its ornamentation, was found in Derbyshire some few years back; this I first described, at the time of its discovery, in the *Reliquary*. I engrave it of its full size in one of the accompanying woodcuts (Fig. 6). It is of bronze, and has originally been set with amber or paste. The interlaced ornaments are exquisitely and elaborately formed, and of great variety; and the heads of animals are of excellent and characteristic form. The head of the acus, or pin, is large, and is also highly ornamented; like the brooch itself, it has been set with studs. In this example the ornamentation is cut



Fig. 9.



Fig. 10.



Fig. 11.

in the solid metal, evidently after casting, and traces of heavy gilding remain.

I have just said that upon this example (as in others I have seen) the ornamentation is cut in the solid metal evidently after casting, and this leads me to offer a remark or two upon what I conceive to have been the use, or origin, of some curious objects in bone preserved in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy. It had usually been considered, I believe, that where, as in the examples shown in the engravings, the patterns were cut in the solid metal, they were so cut with a graver after the brooch itself had been cast quite plain. This I ventured, in 1863 (in the *Reliquary*, vol. iii.) to suggest was an error, and to express an opinion that when the brooches of this particular description first came out of the mould they were as full of ornament, but not of that degree of finish, as they were when entirely completed by the artificer. It appeared to me then, as it still does, that a solution of the mode of manufacture was to be found in the bone objects to which I have alluded, and I am happy to say that in this opinion the late Sir William Wilde, than whom a better authority upon all matters connected with Irish Art and antiquities never lived, entirely coincided with me.

These bone objects had previously been thus described by Sir William (then Mr.) Wilde in the catalogue of the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy: "In rail case H may be seen three decorated bones, the precise use or object of which being as

yet conjectural, they have been placed in this species. Few objects in the Academy can compare with them in interest, and, so far as published records are available, they are unique. The first (Fig. 9) is a leg-bone, probably of a deer, eight inches and a half long, covered with carving, and highly polished, which was procured from one of the Strokestown crannogs. The second (Fig. 10) is also a leg-bone, but stained of a dark brown colour, apparently from lying in peat, and is in the natural state in all respects, with the exceptions of the carvings on its sides. It was found in the Lagore crannog, county of Meath, and was procured through Mr. Wakeman. Its polished surface shows



Fig. 12.

how much it had been handled. In addition to the well-cut illustrations, here representing the natural size, hereafter to be alluded to, there are various devices traced upon the under concave surface of this bone with a graver or other sharp tool (the original sketches or unfinished drawings of the artist were lost at the time this article was written). The first has also carvings on the convex side, similar to the foregoing, but the designs are somewhat different, although not inferior in workmanship; the surface of the bone is not, however, in such a good state of preservation as in the next. The third (Fig. 11) is a fragment of the scapula of a sheep or deer, carved on the inferior surface; it is



Fig. 13.

seven inches long. The engravings upon it, although well drawn, are not so carefully executed as on either of the foregoing, and are of a totally different character. They are shallower, the texture and thinness of the bone not permitting of deeper cutting. In addition to the carvings shown on the engraving, there are several others upon the lower side of the crest of this bone. To those engaged in the study of Irish decorative Art these objects are of very great interest. From the carvings on the second may be printed very clear, sharp, and accurate impressions, in the same way that proofs are taken from a woodcut.

"While the foregoing illustrations afford us good ideas of these bones themselves, and of the situation, relative position, and comparative size of the carvings, which are all deeply cut

in with a graver, the following facsimiles present us with the details, as well as the differences in artistic style, in each variety of ornament. These illustrations are facsimiles of those embossed patterns on the first bone. They are included within straight lines, forming portions of squares or triangles.

"A few of the engravings on the second bone are somewhat of the same class of ornament, as shown in the four following cuts, which, with those already described, afford the modern artist good specimens of that peculiar scrollwork and interlacement for which Ireland was distinguished in the Middle Ages. But others, shown below, are included within deeply-indented

Figs. 6, 7, 12, and 13. In "falling back on conjecture," I was led to suggest that these bones were the original carvings from which moulds were formed for personal ornaments of this description. The artist, it is probable, would carve his patterns of the requisite shape and size on bone, the "kindest" and best material he could procure, and by impressions taken and retaken in clay, or other plastic substance, would be able to impress them in the mould of sand (for some of the ornaments which I have examined leave little doubt that they were cast from sand) in which the brooch was intended to be cast. After casting, the metal was undoubtedly "touched" and finished with the graving tool



Fig. 14.



Figs. 15 and 16.



Fig. 17.

curved lines, and represent animals, and that special form of spiral ornamentation and twisted strapwork, believed to be of Celtic origin, examples of which are to be found in the initial letters and emblazonry of some of our illuminated manuscripts, and of which the Books of Kells and Durrow, as well as some of the Irish manuscripts on the Continent, afford many beautiful specimens. Upon the blade-bone (the third) there are thirteen devices in a more or less finished state, but differing in character and style of engraving from any of the foregoing. The nature of this bone would not permit of as deep cutting as that employed in the two others already described. Three of these, figured above, are triangular, and two of them show that form of knotted



Fig. 18.



Fig. 19.



Fig. 20.



Fig. 21.

interlacement seen in such variety and abundance, not only in our manuscripts, but upon several of our sculptured crosses and metal shrines, or worked into the tracery of early Irish ecclesiastical architecture. The other carvings chiefly represent animals, of which the two annexed cuts are highly characteristic. The artists do not appear to have followed any order or plan in the arrangement of these carvings, but simply chose the hardest and smoothest portions of the bone, and the thickest also, when it was necessary to cut in deeply. In considering the object or uses of these decorated bones, we must fall back on conjecture, that earliest resource in many antiquarian investigations; and the most probable one is, that they were intended merely as



Fig. 22.



Fig. 23.



Fig. 24.

specimens of the designer's and engraver's art; although it is possible that these patterns may have been transferred to parchment by some process with which we are not now acquainted. Impressions in relief may also have been taken from them by some plastic or soft putty-like substance, although melted metal could not have been used for that purpose without injury to the bone."

A careful and minute examination of these engravings of the carvings of objects upon bone will, I think, show an absolute and thorough identity of design and of execution with the patterns exhibited upon various examples of brooches and other metal-work—notably of such classes as those exhibited on



Fig. 25.



Fig. 26.



Fig. 27.



Fig. 28.

before gilding and filling in with enamel, in those parts which required "sharpening" and cutting afresh. It is not unlikely that a careful examination of different examples may yet lead to the discovery of portions of ornamentation produced from the very carvings exhibited on these bones, and thus bring proof in place of mere conjecture. I throw out this hint in the hope that Irish antiquaries—and no country has produced, and can still boast of, more ardent and learned archæologists than the "sister isle"—who are on the spot, and have abundant means of comparison at hand, may direct their attention to the matter, and thus endeavour to bring to light illustrative examples.



Fig. 29.

The interlaced patterns exhibited on these bone-carvings are in the highest degree interesting and curious, and bear, as I have said, a striking resemblance both in general feeling of design and in carrying out of intricate detail, not only to the patterns upon the metal-work, but to the ornamentation of some of the stone crosses as well as to the illuminations in the early manuscripts of the Irish people; and not only that, but a marked resemblance to interlaced ornaments of the Anglo-Saxons. It is eminently worth while to compare the exquisitely delicate patterns on Figs. 14 to 16 and 18 to 21—which, it must be borne in mind, are here engraved of their full size—with the designs of



Fig. 30.

a similar character upon some of the sculptured crosses of Ireland, of the Isle of Man, and of England, where the same general characteristics occur on a much larger and bolder scale. To some others I hope yet to direct attention.

Examples of this particular phase of ancient Irish Art might be multiplied to any extent, but perhaps what I have now, thanks to the Royal Irish Academy, been able to illustrate, will be sufficient to direct attention to their character and to their manifold beauties. Probably I may yet, on another occasion, return to the subject, and give examples of other and totally distinct classes and varieties of ornamentation in metal

EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS ON CHINA BY ARTISTS AND AMATEURS.

PAINTING on china is distinctly more an art and less a handicraft than Art-needlework, inasmuch as the latter is usually executed from an artist's designs; we must not therefore be surprised or disappointed to find a lower standard of knowledge of the principles of decorative art and a more backward artistic taste in the exhibition of china painting opened at Messrs. Howell and James's than in the needlework collections more recently on view at South Kensington. Both enterprises have for their object the desirable, nay, necessary, end of providing refined and delightful, as well as profitable, employment for women; and most of the exhibitors in the present instance are women. Professional and amateur painters compete amongst themselves—the one class not being brought into comparison with the other—and the judges are two eminent Academicians, Mr. E. W. Cooke and Mr. Frederick Goodall. Although the improvement since last year is so marked that we hope the exhibition will become annual, there is yet much to desire in the designs, which are almost invariably pictorial, and not decorative. Even the paintings of so-called conventional 'Buttercups' (465), 'Blackberries' (466), and 'Daffodils' (467), which have won for the artist, Mrs. George Stapleton, the gold medal presented for the competition of lady amateurs by the Crown Princess of Prussia, are merely perfectly naturalistic flowers grouped with a certain formality. Indeed it is only in the brilliant and effective Persian designs of Miss Appleyard's plates, in the conventional ornaments of Miss A. K. Barclay's work, in the arabesque scrolls of Mr. Lewis F. Day, and in a very few other instances, we find anything like rightly understood decorative art. We wish we could say that the bulk of the designs are even pictorially good; but if there is great room for improvement, there is also good hope that the improvement will not fail to appear. Mrs. Stapleton's work, already mentioned, is remarkable for force and vigorous colour; and we have marked besides Miss Jessie Farren's 'Clytie' (16) for its border, which has some good colour; 'Pasque Flower' (35), by Mr. A. H. Church, which is bold and effective; a 'Study of Iris and Lent Lilies' (59), by Miss B. Talbot Airey, far too naturalistic for ornamentation, but beautiful in tint and treatment; 'Cupid' (65), by "Cayenne;" Miss Edith S. Hall's prettily fanciful figure subjects, 'May' (87) and 'January' (100); 'The Seasons' (231), by Miss Ella Jacob, a series of freshly-coloured and quasi-

decorative tiles, very good in effect; 'Autumn Leaves' (427), by Miss Rachel Bovill; 'A Marriage Plate' (459), by Miss Louisa Duff, which gained a prize, but which we admire solely for its very good conventional border, the central portrait being uncouthly grouped with a lily stem; 'Passion Flowers' (460), by Miss Christina Shepherd, a large plate which has won a ten-guinea prize, and shows bold and effective work, though the design, even here, is not properly decorative; and Miss Alice M. Grey's 'Daffodils' (463), where the design shows a good decorative intention; Japanese unexpectedness has been aimed at, but there is some failure of grace and impulse. These are all amateur works.

Among the pieces by professional artists—a smaller collection—we were most struck by Mr. Sidney H. Smith's tiles, 'Peacock chosen King' (547); there is here some admirably beautiful colour, with very pretty feeling and expression in the smaller birds, and a composition sufficiently conventional for the subject; no example of colouring in the exhibition is so satisfactory. Besides this piece we noticed 'Friends in Council' (477), a prettily drawn and intelligent study of birds; 'The Toilet' (497), by Miss Ellen Welby, which has very graceful figures; 'On a bat's back do I fly' (593), by Mr. Samuel Jones, very pretty in tint and tone; a good conventional arrangement of flowers (596), by Miss M. Capes; 'Cupid Asleep' (618), a very charming design in red and white by Mr. G. McCulloch; and 'Le Canard Sauvage' (625), a pictorial study by M. François Gaidan, good, striking, and bold, and harmonious in colour. The two professional artists who have jointly won the prize of fifteen guineas are M. A. de Mol and Miss Linnie Watt. The first-named artist exhibits a 'Pair of Bacchanalian Figures,' which are vigorous in execution but not in action; Miss Watt's designs are purely pictures, but charming, fresh, and graceful of their kind. To award prizes to work of this description is certainly not to encourage china painting; it would be as much to the purpose to award a prize to any successful oil or water-colour study in any of the exhibitions. To our mind, no great improvement in the character of the designs will be made (however perfect the student's execution may become by degrees) until some of our leading artists in decoration set good copies, as it were, by designing a series of plates for the china painters, as has been done for the school of Art-needlework.

WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD.

Engraved by WILLIAM ROFFE, from the Statue by J. RANDOLPH ROGERS.

SCULPTURE has certainly made greater progress in the United States than painting has hitherto done, though the landscape artists of America can number among them several men of more than ordinary talent; but for many years past the sculptors, both male and female, have maintained an ascendancy; the result, in several instances, of a lengthened study in Rome, where two or three have set up their studios permanently. Among those who have acquired a knowledge of their art in the Eternal City is, if we mistake not, Mr. Rogers, the author of the statue here engraved. In one of a series of letters from a correspondent in Rome, published in the *Art Journal* so far back as 1854, occurs the following passage: "In the Piazza Barberini, that home of naturalised Roman sculptors, is a small studio belonging to an American, but little known here, of the name of Rogers. . . . I was delighted with Mr. Rogers's productions, and I cannot but augur for him a brilliant future when his talent shall become better known and appreciated." The writer then refers to some of these productions, and describes them as 'The Truant,' a boy, dressed in a

cloak and boots edged with fur, skating on the ice; 'Cupid,' breaking his bow with weeping eyes; a statue of 'Ruth Gleaning,' and especially 'Two Indians—a Man and Woman,' the latter "seated on the man's knee while he extracts a thorn from her foot; nothing can be more graceful than their attitudes, or more picturesque than the details of their costume."

What the sculptor has been doing from that time to this we know not, except that he has executed the lifelike portrait statue of the late eminent American statesman, Mr. Seward, whose decease occurred not very long since: he had, however, a narrow escape from death in April, 1865, when he and two of his sons were severely wounded at the time of the murder of President Lincoln. The statue is in every way naturalistic; there has been no attempt to make it anything but a portrait of the man, and this it may fairly lay claim to. He is seated in an attitude of meditation, and in a costume such as, in all probability, he was daily accustomed to wear. It is undoubtedly a very clever work, justifying the predictions written by our correspondent in Rome nearly a quarter of a century ago.



THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.*



WE must, before leaving Gallery No. V., notice an unfinished work of the late J. F. LEWIS, R.A., whose loss to the Academy and to Art is irreparable. It represents a crowded street in Cairo and 'The Mosque of Ghoreeyah' (454), showing all that exquisite detail, brilliant colouring, and deft play of light for which his pictures were always so conspicuous. 'Nearly Finished' (455), a girl making a little frock, by Miss BLANCHE MACARTHUR; 'The Proposal' (465), three girls reading a letter, by Miss S. ANDERSON, who directs us very cleverly to the inference she wishes drawn; and Miss M. THOMAS'S portrait of 'Ethel, Daughter of John Edward Woodroffe, Esq.' (458), are all works deserving recognition. Miss E. M. OSBORN sends two pictures, a figure subject showing a handsome young girl 'Dreaming Awake' (461) in her hammock, and a landscape, representing the 'Cemetery at Mazorbo, near Venice' (462). These pictures are fortunately hung near to each other, and the visitor is thereby enabled to judge with what facility the artist can turn from one theme to another. Of the two, the dreaming lady is the more solidly painted, and yet the sketchy manner of the landscape is not without its effect.

Before leaving this room we would draw attention to A. MOORE'S decorative panel, showing a girl, in red and white, reading (469); to J. E. CLAYTON'S flying ducks, the drake among which has received "A hit, a very palpable hit" (468), a picture showing unmistakable vigour and knowledge; and to HEYWOOD HARDY'S mail gig pushing through the snow, on 'Christmas Eve' (464), a work admirable enough in its way, but scarcely in advance of last year.

In Gallery No. VI. we meet with several artists we have not yet mentioned. They will please to accept, as meant for praise, our merely naming their works. F. A. FRASER, well known in the fields of illustration, sends 'God rest you, merry gentlemen' (470); T. J. ELLIS 'Falling Leaves' (477); J. W. INCHBOLD, of whose works the public sees by far too little, sends 'Yarmouth, Isle of Wight' (472); D. W. WYNFIELD 'Harvest Decorations' (475); and C. T. GARLAND a picture of 'Chrysanthemums,' for strength and effect worthy of Fantin. FRED. MORGAN'S 'Parting Shot' (474), two milkmaids, followed by a calf, jeering at a would-be lover, whom they have left standing behind them at a rustic gate, is a better picture than his 'Summer Holiday' (293), in Gallery No. IV.

ARTHUR STOCKS has produced a very natural piece of genre in his two little ones watching, with all the curiosity of their age, the winding-up of the clock (482). In this same region of domestic incident JOHN BURR is a supreme master, who generally gives to his story a touch of humour. Nothing could, in its way, be finer than his 'Village Doctor' (483), who, in this instance, appears in the character of an old woman, with spectacles on nose, lecturing a sick child in its mother's arms upon the sweets of medicine. His 'Beware of the Dog' (1058), some children venturing timidly in at an open gate, which is in charge of a great dog, is also a well-set forth incident: it hangs in the Lecture Room. 'Playmates' (1059)—a girl, and a puppy dog which she carries in her arms and tickles with one of the cowslips she has been gathering: (we can scarcely think this is the only contribution LUKE FILDES sent to the Academy). In a general way, we are pretty safe in concluding, when an artist of reputation is not adequately represented on the walls of the Academy, that his best pictures have been turned out.

Returning to the Sixth Room, we find this want of discrimination patent enough in two or three instances. CLAUDE CALTHROP'S French peasant sitting on a bench with his family, 'After Work' (498), surely deserved a better fate than being

"skied." And a colourist like T. GRAHAM, whose 'Tire-woman' (561), carrying in her arms a bundle of clothes, pale yellow and blue, laced and flowered, has also the honours of the ceiling, is not to be found every day. Miss STUART WORTLEY'S 'Blanche' (525), a handsome life-size figure, attired in red and carrying a red Japanese parasol, is another picture in which the feeling for colour is delightfully palpable; but at the height at which it hangs the chromatic subtleties of the work are lost.

It is not often that portraiture speaks enchantingly to those outside the family of the person represented. If old, the sitter must have a face keenly intelligent and full of benignity; if young, the beauty must be combined with sweetness, frankness, and artlessness. To the latter belongs J. C. LAWRENCE'S 'Constance' (505), a lovely dark girl in blue, backed by greenery. It is worthy of being classed with J. ARCHER'S 'Florence Zelia' (492); and the latter artist's 'Rose' (127), with Miss BROOKS'S 'Little Wisdom' (253) and with F. LEIGHTON'S 'Miss Mabel Mills' (612). 'The Right Hon. Russell Gurney,' (496), in his red robes, by W. W. OULESS is perhaps the strongest portrait the painter has sent to the Academy this year.

Next it hangs 'Oliver Cromwell at Marston Moor' (497), by E. CROFTS, one of our best and most realistic battle painters. We see here the great general on a rising ground, watching the onward march of his troops, who are headed by a drummer, Bible in hand. A little farther on we see some of Oliver's troops without the Bible. They had been assisting at a little affair at which psalm-singing, they probably thought, was not altogether appropriate. The picture is called 'Ironsides returning from Sacking a Cavalier's House' (528); and this home of the "Philistine" they have not only sacked but set on fire. He was probably a determined and wicked Philistine.

Very few landscape painters have stepped out more boldly than has B. W. LEADER during the last season or two. He was always a remarkably sweet and pleasing painter; he is that still—only with his sweetness he combines power, and this imparts to his pictures a breadth and effect they never possessed in the same degree before. In illustration of this, we refer the visitor to 'A fine Autumn Night: Lucerne' (508), in which lamp-light and moonlight are very cleverly given, and the waters of the lake are rendered with satisfying suggestion of liquidity. Or, perhaps better still, examine in Gallery No. X. 'The Valley of Clear Springs, Lauterbrunnen' (1348), with its pine-crowned rocks serenely dominated by the snow-clad mountains beyond.

Other pictures of note in Gallery No. VI. are COLIN HUNTER'S 'Stitch in Time' (510), a fisherman mending a crab-trap, with a lovely summer sea in the background; ALBERT GOODWIN'S 'Baptism of Flowers' (509), a merry group of children playing in a field of wild flowers, while, by way of contrast, a poor old woman in the foreground drags wearily behind her for firewood a great withered tree-branch. Another closely-studied bit of nature is G. REID'S 'Gorse in Bloom' (519), with a flock of sheep coming across the moor in the middle distance, and a glimpse of the grey sea beyond. This quality of grey is no doubt characteristic of our latitude; but it is not universally so, any more than it is in Holland, and joy and brightness ought surely to come more gratefully to the artist's pencil than the eternally dreary grey with which Israels and others have thrown a glamour over the eyes of young artists. 'Broadsea' (604), for example, a village on the crest of a rising ground, which runs down to the sea, with a fleet of moored herring-boats in the foreground, is homogeneous enough, and has much of the spirit of Hook in it; but it would have been a much blither picture had Mr. Reid been able to modulate it in another key. The artist, we know, must be in harmony with the scheme of colour Nature sets before him; but she varies her aspect infinitely and gives the artist the opportunity of selection. Close by 'Broadsea' hangs H. MACALLUM'S old woman 'Beetling'

* Continued from page 247.

clothes by the lip of a Highland-looking loch (605), an ordinary enough subject, certainly; but by the crispness of his touch and the brightness of his summer sky the painter lifts his old woman into the region of the delightful. Both of these works are in the next gallery.

Miss A. HAVERS is very happy in her 'Eve of St. Michael' (501), a girl eyeing some fat geese as they waddle down to the water; and C. NAPIER HEMY was never brighter or better than in his three skippers, whom we see in a waterside public-house parlour, with map on table, holding 'A Nautical Argument' (517). Close by this hangs a remarkably clever work by J. WATSON NICOL, representing a cavalier attired in a yellow-green dress of the early years of the seventeenth century, smoking a tobacco-pipe, with the most Bohemian-like enjoyment; the picture is intended to represent the joyous freedom of single blessedness (516). The same artist's 'Looking up an Old Acquaintance' (536), a cavalier in black, with a yellow sash, examining a sword, is also admirable in its colouring.

Also among the pictures which give character to this room are 'Among the New-mown Hay' (529), a bright cheerful landscape, with children and poultry, by J. HENDERSON; a girl driving ducks away from 'Tempting Waters' (530), by E. H. FAHEY; 'The Annunciation to the Shepherds' (538), a powerful composition in a low key, albeit the figures are somewhat heavy, by EDGAR BARCLAY; 'The Labourers' Rest' (543), haymakers lying on the grass at their forenoon's repast, by P. MACNAB; 'Line Fishing on South Coast' (544), with a bright sky in the middle distance, but with foreground overcast, by J. W. OAKES; 'The Fisherman's Daughter' (549), a pretty, full-faced girl, carrying basket and pail, by W. B. C. FYFE; a fine, but rather spotty, 'Autumn' picture (552) by the elder LINNELL; 'Dutch Pinks returning to Katwyke from the Doggerbank' (553), by E. HAYES; the rocky shore of 'Largo Bay' (560) in Fifehire, by D. CAMERON; and a splendid 'Wheat Harvest, Hampshire' (568), showing the loading of the wain, by G. COLE, father of the Associate, Mr. Vicat Cole.

In Gallery No. VII. the place of honour fronting the visitor as he enters is occupied by a large picture by F. GOODALL, R.A., 'The Water Carriers, Egypt' (614), going and coming with their pitchers; and above it hangs 'The Sportsman's Friends' (615), by J. S. NOBLE, hounds and a saddled horse waiting for their master. The place of honour to the left is worthily filled by the 'Contentment' (591) of H. W. B. DAVIS, A.—a milk-white cow submitting her head to the grateful tongue of her brown companion—perhaps the best picture the artist has sent this year. Opposite to it hangs H. VON ANGELI'S portrait of 'H.I.H. the Crown Princess of Prussia, Princess Royal of Great Britain and Ireland' (639). The kindly Princess stands attired in a crimson velvet dress, and carries over her arm a rich shawl. The likeness is most pleasing, and the picture is painted very cleverly up to a highly decorative frame. Von Angeli has none of the wooden qualities of his predecessor, Winterhalter, who had the honour of painting here and in Germany so many royal pictures. He is, on the contrary, every inch an artist in modelling and in colour, and few but will think he richly merits the honourable appointment he holds of limner to the Imperial family of Germany.

Among the other pictures in this Gallery which deserve naming are C. ROBERTSON'S 'Wall of Wailing, Jerusalem' (572), with figures variously posed and robed, yet all helping out the one idea. The 'Intercepted Dispatches' (573), which three men have cut out of the saddle of the luckless wight who sits fast bound in the chair, is by SEYMOUR LUCAS, who exhibits also a little farther on 'Debt and Danger' (646), represented by a broken-down gallant peeping cautiously out of window to see that no patient dun or tipstaff awaits him in the street below.

In this part of the Gallery hangs J. MACWHIRTER'S 'Source of a River' (656), which is nearly hidden by broadening ferns and nodding blue bells, and an amount of greenery almost tropical in its variety and wealth. G. SMITH'S 'Prayer of Faith' (655)—a farrier praying over his sick baby in the cradle—is well enough as to its art, but, in modern eyes, questionable as to the doctrine it inculcates. London magistrates do not seem

to have much confidence in the prayer of faith, as "the peculiar people" can abundantly testify. G. H. BOUGHTON'S 'Snow in Spring' (640), a fall of which has overtaken some girls and children accompanied by a dog, who blinks quaintly as the snow-flakes light upon his nose, is one of those sweet idyls for which the artist is so famous. See also C. J. STANILAND'S 'Fugitives for Conscience Sake' (645), in which a poor Puritan carries his sweetheart through the water to the waiting ship, followed by the old people, while the "kingsmen" on the shore call on them in vain to stop. D. W. WYNFIELD'S 'Gold!' (654), the scene laid in Australia, is a good composition, only the figures have too brand-new a look, and none of that soiled and way-worn aspect which we associate with diggers, or people who go about a new country "prospecting."

Among landscapes we have F. W. HULME'S charming picture of 'Snowdon, North Wales' (643), with a rocky and wooded stream in the foreground; L. MUNTHER'S 'Winter Evening' (644); 'The Passing Storm' (650), by J. C. ADAMS; and 'A March Morning' (581), by C. E. JOHNSON, who has also, in the Lecture Room, 'Glorious Autumn' (1016). We would call attention also to ROBERT LESLIE'S ship riding out 'A Gale' (602); HENRI BOURCE'S 'Summer Evening on the Dutch Coast' (603), in which an elderly fisherman fashions for the little boy a boat out of an old sabot, while the other boys look on; to W. HOLYOAKE'S 'Rural Waifs and Strays' (642); R. DOWLING'S 'Coptic Market, Cairo' (647); W. FOSTER'S very clever picture illustrating the fable of 'The Vain Jackdaw'; and to F. W. W. TOPHAM'S 'Idlers' (625)—a boy and some girls at an Italian fountain.

Near this hangs T. ETHOFER'S 'Scene in Rome' (623), showing a cardinal and his liveried attendants at the foot of some steps where marketing is going on. We would have thought this picture remarkably original and clever had Ferdinand Heilbuth never treated such themes, and that so consummately. Among the pictures of this room must also be noticed C. S. LIDDERDALE'S 'Last Look' (631); J. CASSIE'S 'Highland Goatherd' (634); HUGH CAMERON'S 'Age and Infancy' (637); 'The Plough' (630), by A. HOPKINS; and A. JOHNSTON'S 'Waif' (635), a poor boy on a door-step, on whom a policeman turns his bull's-eye.

P. R. MORRIS, A., whom we beg to congratulate on his having attained to the honours of Associateship, has in this room 'The Lost Heir' (622)—the little boy, whom the Gipsy girl, under the observant eye of her mother, who lies in the bed beyond, washes and dries, in readiness for the advent of the parents, who are coming presently to claim their "lost child." The way in which the little fellow holds on by the hair of the girl's head, in order to steady himself while she rubs dry his lifted-up leg, is capital, and the scene altogether is projected on the canvas with much mastery of brush. C. W. WYLLIE and T. M. ROOKE are two of the young artists whom the Academy have delighted to honour by buying their pictures. The work of the former shows a scattered number of fisher-folk on the wet-ribbed sands 'Digging for Bait' (577). The manipulation is slight, but the subject, though treated in a sketchy manner, is remarkably true to nature. The latter goes to the other extreme, and imparts to his 'Story of Ruth,' which he has thrown into three decorative compartments, a laboured appearance, especially in the drapery, which is crumpled in a way entirely foreign to every texture with which we are acquainted. The figures are fairly well drawn, and composed with no ordinary ability; but there is an archaic character about their treatment which will not please many people, and in the modelling of his drapery, as we have already implied, he has entirely failed in producing the impression of breadth and dignity.

FRANK HOLL is less lugubrious this year than usual, but still it seems impossible that he should paint a picture without some melancholy suggestion in it of our mortality. His 'Going Home' (585) represents an old pensioner in a country road, leaning heavily, as he walks along, on the arm of a young girl, who may be his grand-daughter. The painting has all the fine qualities for which this artist is celebrated, and the figures blend with the landscape in the most natural way. There is some fine

honest work in HILDA MONTALBA'S 'Windy Day' (599), which has quickly dried the basket of clothes we see being carried home by the laundresses. ALMA TADEMA'S 'Between Hope and Fear' (597) is a classic subject, full of technical excellences, but equivocal in its meaning to the ordinary observer. This artist's wife, on the other hand, is remarkably direct and simple, and not without some of the fine qualities which have made her husband famous, in her 'Blue Stocking' (974)—an interesting little girl seated against a pillar, perusing with intelligent face a large folio. EDWARD H. FAHEY'S two lovers of 'Still Waters' (601) is a more cheerful repetition of his last year's idea.

Gallery No. VIII. is devoted to water-colour drawings, and embodies all the excellences of the various water-colour societies. Although Academicians of renown, such as E. M. Ward, R. Redgrave, and W. C. T. Dobson, figure to advantage in this room, there are not wanting those who have a fair claim to a share of their laurels. The 'Three Children of the Rev. Clement Prance' (666), for example, and the richly-toned academic picture of 'Diana' (835), attired for the chase, and accompanied by her hounds, as she marches through the greenwood, entitle their author, H. HOLIDAY, to a conspicuous place in the honour list. HELEN THORNYCROFT'S 'Saint Margaret' (778), with a cross in one hand and a ring-dove in the other, is a simple, but well-executed study; and Mrs. M. SPARTALI STILLMAN'S 'Roses and Lilies' (836) displays that fine sense of colour which she matured, if she did not at first acquire, in the studio of Mr. Madox Brown. Mrs. C. A. SPARKES enjoyed equal advantages under her husband, the present practical director of the Art School, South Kensington, and the trainer of those many artists, male and female, who have helped to make the Lambeth Poteries famous. 'Romola pleading with Savonarola for the Life of Bernardo del Nero' (747) is not only the finest picture Mrs. Sparkes ever composed and painted, but one of the best figure subjects in the whole water-colour section. This remark is applicable also to THERESE THORNYCROFT'S 'Parable of the Great Supper' (1039), an oil painting in the lecture-room. It has not, perhaps, the same wealth of colours, but for invention and design, and a classic chasteness throughout, it is one of the notable compositions in the gallery where it hangs. Other ladies of mark among the water-colour painters are ELIZABETH S. GUINNESS, who, in her 'Sleeping Beauty' (693), delights us with glorious harmonies in colour, for which her previous works had scarcely prepared us. JULIA POCOCK also has made advances in her art, with which we are mightily pleased; her decorative design in seven compartments of 'Ye Seven Ages' (727) for invention and appropriate treatment is worthy of Stacey Marks. Then we have excellent examples of the well-known skill of Edith Martineau, Mrs. Surtees, Louise Rayner, Mrs. Backhouse, the three Miss Walkers, Emma Cooper, Evelyn Redgrave, Helen C. Angell, Ellen Stacy, the two Miss Folkards, and several other ladies, all of whom we meet elsewhere, and consequently we make no apology for our scant recognition on the present occasion. Such clever artists also as E. Clifford, Harry Hine, J. Griffiths, J. Pedder, W. P. Burton, Albert Hartland, John Finnie, John McDougal, R. Phené Spiers (who has in the Gallery about half-a-dozen of his charming architectural views), W. S. MORRISH (whose 'Source of Many Waters' (734), has atmospheric as well as local truth to recommend it), W. Kumpel, W. EASTLAKE, with his well-studied 'Hayfield' (865), must be content with the simple record of their names.

The impressive picture of Amy Robsart being discovered dead at the foot of the staircase in the solitary house of Cumnor Hall, Berkshire, gives character and importance to the Lecture Room. It is by far the most ambitious picture W. F. YEAMES, A., has yet painted, and we rejoice to hear that the Academy authorities have devoted part of the Chantrey bequest to its purchase. The historic instinct comes out also strongly in LANCELOT J. POTT'S armed conspirators in a tapestried ante-

chamber, 'Waiting for the King's Favourite' (962), of which an engraving appears in this Number of the Journal. R. HILLINGFORD is another not unsuccessful aspirant to the higher walks of his profession. His 'Incident in the Early Life of Louis XIV.' (1011) is full of dramatic action, and not altogether unsuggestive of E. M. Ward. Contemporaneous history is faithfully portrayed by N. CHEVALIER in his 'Opening of the International Exhibition, Vienna' (923), and by F. PHILIPPOTEAUX in his vigorous and artistic rendering of 'The Battle of the Alma' (937). Nor have we anything but emphatic praise for HUBERT HERKOMER'S 'Peasants Praying for a Successful Harvest' (916), R. W. MACBETH'S 'Potato Harvest in the Fens' (1031), F. W. W. TOPHAM'S 'Dinner-time outside the Refectory Door' (918), H. R. ROBERTSON'S 'Plough' (919), W. OWEN HARLING'S capital 'Choir Practice' (926), and JOHN BRETT'S glorious view of 'Mount's Bay' (946), flecked into ever-varying sheen by the summer's sun. In 'Ars longa, Vita brevis' (945), a little incident in the life of a dying artist, as he sits powerless before his canvas, we have the finest picture HAYNES WILLIAMS has yet painted. We would call attention also to the characteristic humour of H. HELMICK in his two Irishmen discussing a 'Knotty Point' (1019), an artist of whom more will yet be heard. LOUIS DESANGES has been quite successful with his portrait of 'The Duchess of Sutherland' (1034), as W. B. RICHMOND has been with that of 'Sir Harry Verney, Bart.' (988), and J. ARCHER, R.S.A., with that of 'The Macleod' (981).

Among the architectural drawings in Gallery No. IX. will be found excellent designs by R. W. Eddis, W. Burges, Sir G. G. Scott, R.A., R. Norman Shaw, A., R. Phené Spiers; sketch of a stained-glass window by F. W. Moody; design for the restoration of Lambeth Palace by J. P. Seddon; the studios and show-rooms of the Messrs. Doulton, by R. S. Wilkinson; and a terrace of houses on the Cadogan estate by E. T. Robinson. In the same room will be found a charming drawing of 'Miss Bessie Currie' (1267), by P. P. MARSHALL; of 'The Very Rev. John Henry Newman' (1266), by Lady COLERIDGE; and attractive engravings by S. Cousins, R.A., A. Willmore, T. L. Atkinson, T. Landseer, A.; T. O. Barlow, A. James Faed, and P. Rajon; miniatures by E. Moira, Miss A. Dixon, and the enamelled portraits of Madame L. Steele.

In Gallery No. X. will be found a very recognisable portrait of 'Theodore Martin, C.B.' (1332), by R. HERDMAN; 'D. McLaren, Esq., M.P.' (1350), by the vigorous brush of E. J. GREGORY; 'Lord Mure' (1347), by the veteran Sir D. MACNEE; and 'Children of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Halford' (1364), by G. A. STOREY, A. Sir R. P. COLLIER contributes a splendid view in 'The Valley of Chamounix' (1380), and P. GRAHAM, A., conveys a fine idea of the power of 'The Gently Heaving Tide' (1371), as it swells and subsides among the weed-covered rocks. J. B. BURGESS'S claim to the honour of the Associateship lately conferred on him is convincingly enough set forth in his most life-like picture of 'Licensing the Beggars: Spain' (1377). We have also marked in our catalogue for emphatic approval 'Spoils of War' (1397), by W. GALE; 'Granny's Lesson' (1398), by WM. HEMSLEY; 'Captain Absolute's Introduction to Lydia Languish' (1365), by W. MAW EGGLEY; KEELEY HALSWELLE'S noble picture of 'Non Angli, sed Angeli' (1394); a 'Sussex Garden Glen' (1341), by E. W. COOKE, R.A.; J. C. DOLLMAN'S 'Burial of the Indian Chief' (1360), and better still his 'Uneasy lies the Head that wears a Crown' (1375); and 'The Returning of the Toilers' by A. GOODWIN (1329). The works also executed by C. H. POINGDESTRE (1340), FERDINAND FAGERLIN (1335), GAETANO CHIERICI (1342), and FRANZ MULLER (1396), will no doubt attract the admiration of the visitor, as they did ours.

In sculptures we have already drawn attention to the masterpieces of Frederick Leighton, Lord Ronald Gower, and J. Dalou, and to these we would add a few other names. F. M. MILLER has been very successful with his posthumous portraits of 'the children of J. J. Mellor, Esq.' (1401); and the same may be confidently said of the portrait of 'The late Mrs. Barnbury'

(1439), which was also taken after death by L. A. MALEMPRÉ. Memorial sculpture is further illustrated by F. J. WILLIAMSON in his various compositions relating to 'The late Princess Charlotte' (1422, 1423, and 1424), and by H. H. ARMSTEAD, A., in his 'Monument to the late Frederick Walker, A.R.A.' (1448). Of living portraiture we have most successful examples in Count GLEICHEN'S 'Lord Harlech' (1430), and in his 'Baron de Vahl' (1434); in CHARLOTTE DUBRAY'S 'Sir Salar Jung' (1432); in Miss M. FOLEY'S capital medallion of 'Miss Mary Cunliffe' (1436); and in J. DURHAM'S nobly treated bust of 'A. J. Waterlow, Esq.' (1427). With equal force and truth has the late H. WEEKES, R.A., reproduced the well-known features of his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury (1421), and of 'Sir Moses Montefiore, Bart.' (1425). Mrs. THORNYCROFT has very happily secured not only a facial likeness of 'The Duchess of Edinburgh' (1413), but the frank yet dignified air of the head peculiar to her imperial sitter has been cleverly caught by the artist.

In the Central Hall we were particularly struck with THOMAS BROCK'S bronze statuette of a 'Snake Charmer' (1459), which like the bronze figures of H. H. Armstead's monumental fountain to be erected in the quadrangle of King's College, Cambridge, J. Durham's persuasive grotto boy, 'Only once a Year,' and F. Leighton's grand work of an 'Athlete wrestling with a Python,' were all cast by Messrs. Cox & Son; and we cannot help thinking that Lord Ronald Gower would have been equally well served had he taken his grand gladiatorial guardsman up the Thames to be cast instead of incurring the heavy expense of transporting it all the way to and from Paris. G. GAV'S 'After the War' (1460), a ragged young mother, with a baby on her thigh and her foot upon a cannon, defiant in face and attitude, is a forcible embodiment of the miseries of war; as J. MILO GRIFFITH'S sad negress, lying appealingly on the ground with child in her arms (1461), is of the woes of slavery. A more joyous note is struck by A. BRUCE JOY in 'The First Flight' (1463), a graceful young girl holding aloft on her forefinger a fledgling, and repeating as

it were the pretty jingle of Tennyson as she looks towards the captive to whom she would give liberty—

"What does little birdie say,
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Let me fly away."

J. ADAMS-ACTON'S 'Cupid' (1519), is another pretty fancy, but we cannot help thinking he has made the little god too square in the lower part of the face. We much prefer his marble groups of 'Miss Holden' (1468), and 'Master Ernest Holden' (1472). The 'Prodigal Son' (1474), seated, and looking upwards beseechingly as he clasps his hands, by W. C. MARSHALL, R.A., is one of the finest figures we have had from this distinguished Academician for several years. We are much pleased also with W. F. WOODINGTON'S rendering of 'The First Sorrow: Poor Robin' (1467), with SHERWOOD WESTMACOTT'S 'Arthur and Guinevere' (1453), and with BERNHARD SAX'S 'Fawn Dancing with a Bacchante' (1470). J. E. BOEHM has been, as a matter of course, perfectly triumphant in his rendering of the portraits of 'E. Armitage, R.A.' (1512), and of 'Prescott Hewitt, F.R.S.' (1471), and C. B. BIRCH no less successful with the head of 'W. W. Oules, A.R.A.' (1469).

In the Sculpture Gallery our attention is claimed by the clever works of J. Willis Good, George A. Lawson, Thomas Fowke, J. Wolf, T. N. MacLean; by G. HALSE'S 'May Queen' (1520), and also by productions of H. Wiles (with his remarkably sweet and kindly face of Mrs. E. Venables) and May L. Bennett. George Tinworth's 'Football Scrimmage' (1491), a vigorous group of athletes struggling round a football, deserves mention, as do also some meritorious pictures by J. Bell, C. Warrall, and Miss M. Grant. There are also in this room some important examples of medal work by Geo. G. Adams and A. B. Wyon; and those who really care to submit themselves to the benign influences of Art will find much more to admire than we have mentioned in the various rooms through which we have hurriedly passed.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THE trustees of the National Portrait Gallery, in their Twentieth Annual Report, somewhat recently issued, state that during the past year thirty-two donations have been received. These include portraits of Sir Francis Burdett, Bart., painted by Sir Martin Archer Shee, R.A.; of Sir Edwin Landseer, sketched in pen and ink by Sir Francis Grant; of Miss O'Neil, the actress, afterwards Lady Becher, painted in 1815 by J. Masquerier; of Lord Hardinge, Governor-General of India, painted by Sir Francis Grant; and twenty-five portraits of judges and other eminent members of the legal profession, which recently decorated the walls of the hall and dining-room of Serjeants' Inn, and have been presented to the trustees of the National Portrait Gallery by the Society of Judges and Serjeants-at-Law. They are mostly life-size pictures, and form a very valuable addition to the gallery, dating from the early part of the seventeenth century to our own time, and including portraits of the following judges among others: Sir H. Hobart, Sir Edward Coke, Sir Matthew Hale, Sir Randolph Crewe, Sir John Powell, Sir John Pratt, father of Lord Chancellor Camden, Lord Chancellor King, Sir William Lee, William Murray, afterwards Earl of Mansfield, Lord Chancellor Camden, Sir Francis Buller, Lord Kenyon, Lord Tenterden, Lord Eldon, Sir John Bayley, Sir N. C. Tyndal, Lord Chancellor Truro, Lord Denman, Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Campbell, &c. Several of the pictures of later date are painted by artists of high reputation, Sir J. Reynolds, Sir T. Lawrence, T. Phillips, R.A., and Sir F. Grant, P.R.A., being among them; they are therefore valuable as works of Art, as well as interesting as portraits. The donations also include three medallions of Queen Mary I.,

Philip II. of Spain, and Queen Elizabeth, presented by Mr. George Scharf.

The purchases during the year have been twenty-four in number: they include a portrait in oils of Lady Rachel Russell, by Sir Godfrey Kneller; Princess Mary, after Queen Mary, painted in 1544; Mary Queen of Scots, painted during her captivity at Sheffield, in 1587, by P. Oudry; Angelica Kauffman, R.A., painted by herself; Mrs. Oldfield, the actress; 'The Old Pretender,' painted by Raphael Mengs; 'The Young Chevalier,' painted by Largillière; Cardinal York, when a child, painted by Largillière; a vignette in black chalk of James Barry, R.A.; Edward VI.; John Jackson, R.A.; R. P. Bonington, the painter, by Mrs. Carpenter; crayon drawings, by Robert Hancock, of Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, and Charles Lamb; Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester; Sir John Suckling; Oliver Cromwell (a large bronze bust). Electrotyped casts have been taken of the effigies of Robert, Duke of Burgundy, eldest son of William the Conqueror, and of King Edward II., in Gloucester Cathedral.

The number of visitors to the gallery in 1876 was 108,252, which was a larger number than in any preceding year. The number of visitors on Whitsun Monday in 1876 amounted to 4,409, against 2,322 of 1875, and 1,544 of the year before. On Boxing Day in 1876 the number of visitors was 2,249, against 2,837 of 1875, and 1,128 of the year before. On Easter Monday last, April 2, the number amounted to 4,534, against 4,848 of last year, and 4,139 of the year before. The total number of persons who visited the gallery from its opening in Great George Street in 1859 to the end of last year was 676,336.

NORWAY.*

By R. T. PRITCHETT, F.S.A.

CHAPTER VIII.

BERGEN.



BLAF KYRRE, the old Norse king, built or rather developed Bergen into a town, about the year 1070 A.D. Naturally adapted to be a centre for trade, it has now become the commercial town of the west coast, one of great importance, easy access, and, for its object, much favoured by nature. The principal tradition of Bergen is, that since the introduction of umbrellas these modern machines are presented to every little Bergenite as soon as born, and new ones again by the godfathers and godmothers at confirmation, and it is only reasonable to suppose that at a wedding every one gives the bride a Sangster or a Gamp, according to circumstances. Anyhow, there are many umbrellas in Bergen, and when not opened to keep off the rain they are put up to keep off the occasional visits of the sun. No doubt this humidity is owing to the position of the town—between two mountains, which cannot be less than 2,500 feet high, upon and around them Jupiter Pluvius reigns supreme.

Passing from the climate we must notice the town or city. Approaching it from the fjord it is busy and picturesque, with merchantmen, steam-tugs, steam-launches, and coasting-steamers entering the harbour; on the left is the old castle, or palace, with the remains of its banqueting-hall. This is supposed to have been built by Olaf at the time he reared the church.

On the right is the landing-place for steamers, with a fort above, on a part of the town which abuts into the fjord and is a continuation of the principal street. Proceeding farther down the harbour, with the churches before us, on the left we pass the shipbuilding yard, and come upon a long line of white wooden houses with wharves in front of them; a busy scene indeed, fraught with energy and bouquet de "stokfiske." Alongside lie the Nordland "jagts," or vessels which bring the fish down dried from the Lofoten Islands, and their crews are in close relation with the owners of the white wooden houses, which are known by the name of the "Hanseatic Houses." Olaf Kyrre had favoured

*Lyth Fishing.*

the Scotch with certain privileges for trading at Bergen, but in after years the Hanseatic League made great efforts, and successfully; for in 1228 A.D. they settled and began to trade in Bergen, and by some extraordinary means ousted the Scotch and English entirely by 1312 A.D., when they were left in

their trading glory. They soon developed the vast fishing trade of Nordland, and made Bergen the great commercial centre which it now is, receiving dried cod-fish and roes from the north. The merchants send them to the Mediterranean, in exchange for wine, corn, and iron, and so forth, to Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Spain, and England, the fish going largely to the Mediterranean, and supplying the Roman Catholic countries especially.

Still, these German merchants were not entirely happy; they, the "Hanseatics," located together on one side of the harbour, were not much liked by the "youth and beauty" of the Bergen proper side of the town; they received a sobriquet from the real "Norske piges," or Bergen beauties, which was very

*The Market : Bergen.*

characteristic and appropriate to the Germans as drysalters, &c. The girls called the old German bachelors "Pepper youngsters," "Pfeffer junkers," and the name still clings to them. Bergen must have been very imposing in appearance in the old times, when the large Hanseatic craft were warping out of the entrance of the harbour, with their high quarter-deck and taffrail-deck lamps, squarely rigged three-masts, and steeking bowsprit, with Jack-yard and water-sail, long pennons and streamers from the yard-arms, the sides of the vessel falling well in, the guns bristling to frighten any who might fancy the good cargo on board. Now, the Hanseatic League is a matter of ancient history, but it did its work well and will not soon be forgotten. Bergen is at present the source of supply to all places to the north of it, and in itself is interesting to the visitor as

* Continued from page 227.

being a centre of costume—that charming relic of days almost bygone, when each district had its distinctive dress, its special form of silver ornament, which, however quaint, or to go farther, even ugly, still commanded favour by the respect its presence offered to those who had gone before, and most likely had worn it. The costumes are well seen at the market when the farmers or bonders come in with milk and farm produce, bringing their wives and daughters, with the milk in wooden kegs formed like churns, with leather stretched over the top, and hoops pressed down tightly to keep the milk from spilling. These

milk-cans are carried by the women on their backs, with straps or ropes as knapsacks. One costume is very noticeable here, that of the fish-girls—dark blue petticoat and jacket, a kind of Scotch bonnet, well pulled over the head, with a white edging of cap coming a little down and showing all around; then round their necks they roll supplies of handkerchief, roll upon roll. Robust, pictures of health, and muscular, how they row! When their husbands or brothers are with them they row all the same—quite capable of the first law of nature, self preservation. They work hard and in earnest, and always look *bien*



Bergen : Fish-market in the distance.

soignées. For flow of language the early fish-market conveys a good idea of the activity of the tongue and power of gesticulation—features of life not common to Norway. The boats are all down below, and the purchasers, generally domestic servants, are hanging over the wood-work above, craning their necks and stretching down, pointing first to this, and then to that, and possibly pushed aside ere long by some one else worming in for a bargain.

In the meantime the fishermen in the boats are taking it

very quietly, sorting their fish, feeling that their purchasers can be supplied "*strax*." Now this word in the dictionary is described thus: "*Strax*, directly or immediately." Practically, in Norwegian life the traveller finds that it is no such thing; "*strax*" is a movable feast, so movable that it is always impossible to say where it will be. It is not even so sure as "*Coming, sir*," mumbled by a flying waiter in the midst of a crowd of customers about one o'clock; in this case, if you wait until two o'clock you feel there is a probability looming, but with

a Norwegian "strax," especially if applied to getting horses for carriages, it may be hours, or, in the words of what was thought a charming song in our younger days, though now half forgotten, "It may be for years, or it may be for ever."

Bergen is especially associated with registers of the sea serpent, therefore the subject should be referred to. Crews and captains have voluntarily sworn to having seen in various parts of the ocean strange monsters of the deep, usually of serpentine form; and judging from the illustrations in that interesting work by Olaus Magnus the Goth, "*De Gentibus Septentrionalibus*" (dated A.D. 1530), the sea monsters depicted therein were enough to frighten any artist, particularly if he were on the spot where the said creatures were visible. Still, many wonders of the deep may be studied with advantage at Bergen in the museum. Lately this museum has come to light, thanks to the enthusiasm and energy of M. Lorange, who has found a grand field for his enthusiasm in Scandinavian relics, flint implements, and specimens of the "glorious Viking period." But we must not be carried away by this interesting topic from paying due attention to a strange-looking creature in the Bergen museum, kept in spirits, labelled—

"Silde Konge—(*Gymnetrus Glesne Ascanius*).

"Length (dried), without tail, 12 feet. Depth, 1 foot. Head, blunt, square. Bristles, or capillaries, 3 feet; 8 from above, 6 under the chin."

The whales are immense—enormous—very fine specimens, eighty feet long. Why, then, should there not be gigantic silder? A Highlander was once speaking of the grandeur and size of Scotland, when a remark was made that the area was

small. "Tout, tout, mon! But if you saw it rolled out—just think what it would be then!" So let us roll out a ninety foot whale—should we not have as good a sea serpent as any newspaper might desire?

Now that costume is being fast swept away, the old silver of Norway being bought up by travelling dealers for the town silversmiths to export, the old carving replaced by cheap feather-edge boarding, and the "mangel brats" chased away by "Baker's patent" or some other brand new patent, a general national museum like this of Bergen becomes especially desirable, and even necessary, to retain in the country itself its own characteristics. In flint weapons it is rich especially, thanks to M. Lorange, who has opened many tumuli with reverence and care, his perfect knowledge of the subject assuring all that nothing will be overlooked. Then the natural history is well represented. The corals found at the entrances to the fjords are astonishing—immense; like shrubs in size. The Runic carvings, portals, chairs, the Runic inscriptions, are most interesting; the church decorations of early Christian periods, the ironwork, arms, numismatic records, so corroborative of collateral history, and so useful in assigning or corroborating dates of tumuli, all these are being



The Coast Inspector.

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Bergen: the Hanseatic Houses.

well cared for at Bergen, and we heartily wish success to the National Collection now so happily commenced, so full of promise.

The somewhat modern appearance of Bergen and the absence of old wooden houses are caused by the disastrous fires which have raged from time to time in different parts of the city; in

fact, so much was destroyed by the Great Fire in 1702 A.D., that nearly the whole of the town has been rebuilt, except the old Hanseatic Houses. Neither has Bergen escaped its share of scourges, for the Plague destroyed immense numbers about 1620, and before that the Black Pestilence made sad havoc about 1348 or 1350 A.D.

Although Bergen is the most important fish mart in Norway, it will be better to give a detailed description of its working, extent, and season, when we arrive at the Lofoden fishing-grounds and islands and coast of Heligoland and Salten. It

seems curious that these slow-sailing "jagts" should come down five hundred miles with their cargo of fish, when Trondhjem, Molde, and Aalesund are close to their hand; but on consideration it will be easily understood what an advantage it must be for them to get in exchange for their fish anything and everything they require—a quick and ready sale for their fish and a selection of every kind of produce from the warmer climates of the Mediterranean, or even the West Indies—whether articles of necessity or luxury. Bergen can supply anything, from a marlingspike to a sea serpent.

ART-NOTES FROM THE CONTINENT.

ANTWERP.—The communal council of this city lately voted a sum of £400 for the purchase of a colossal bust of Rubens by the sculptor Pécher; it is destined for the new Museum of Fine Arts about to be built in Antwerp. Biographers of the great Flemish painter have always stated that he was born at Cologne, whither his parents had fled from Antwerp, owing to the wars which then desolated the Low Countries; but the *Moniteur des Arts*, of a somewhat recent date, asserts that the birth of Rubens occurred in the small town of Siegen, Westphalia, on June 29, 1577, and that the people of the place intend to commemorate the third centennial anniversary of the event by inserting a bronze plaque, with an appropriate inscription, on the façade of the Town-hall of Siegen.

MONS.—A statue of Leopold I., King of the Belgians, has been erected here: it is the work of M. Eugène Simonis, and was cast in bronze by M. Graux-Marly, of Paris. The figure of the deceased monarch appears bareheaded and dressed in uniform; a cloak descends in ample folds from the shoulders; in the right hand is placed a branch of olive and in the left is a scroll purporting to be the laws of the constitution by virtue of which the Belgian monarchs now hold the crown. On the pedestal is engraved a series of inscriptions referring to the leading events in the reign of Leopold.

NANCY has raised a statue in honour of an old citizen, Jacques Callot, the famous designer and etcher, who was born in that city in 1593, and died there in 1635. His prints, upwards of fifteen hundred in number, show the extraordinary fertility of Callot's invention, as they do also an almost unlimited variety of style. The statue is by M. Eugène Laurent, who has represented the artist holding in his left hand a plate for engraving purposes; the right hand grasps a graving-tool: a short cloak, or mantle, falls negligently over the left shoulder.

ODENSE.—This Danish town was the birthplace of Hans Christian Andersen, who died at Copenhagen about ten years ago, and whose writings are almost as well known in our country as in his own. Odense is about to erect a memorial of him, which will take the form of a statue of the poet placed on a pedestal of granite, at the base of which will be three figures in bronze, one representing the genius of poetry, the others leading characters in Andersen's own stories.

PARIS.—Apropos of M. Chapu's monument of Henri Regnault, which may be classified in the romance of sculpture, it has been subjected, in the process of erection, to a very untoward indiscretion, diminishing its characteristic tenderness and pathos by a most absurd association with the commonplace. It stands at present at the end of one of the quadrangular cloistered passages of the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*. In its rich façade, Regnault's most expressive bust is elevated aloft; below it, in all its grace of plenary drapery, bends the allegoric figure the 'Muse of History.' But her pose brings her into actual contact with the common earth; she has merely the advantage of perhaps a marble step. There is no impediment to the close

approach of spectators, and the poor statue seems to form but one of the crowd, subject to all manner of rude, rough, and injurious jostle. For it this is assuredly "strange company." This most unfortunate incident must be owing to deficiency of space, and it should be amended by adopting another site, where the statue and its accessories may be elevated upon a well-designed and appropriate pile, some ten feet high.

It is found that in this year's Parisian Exhibition there were 279 foreign exhibitors, as follows:—Belgium, 41; America, 34; Russia and Poland, 33; Italy, 31; Austria and Hungary, 22; Holland, 21; Spain, 21; Switzerland, 18; England, 17; Germany, 14; Sweden, 14; Greece, 5; Spanish America, 5; Denmark, 2; Portugal, 1.

The Venus de Milo.—The interest excited not very long since (see *Art Journal* of August, 1874) respecting the circumstances attending the veritable *renaissance* of the Louvre's noblest statue, after a probable entombment of at least ten centuries, has recently been revived by a confident report that one of its lost arms, complete, with a hand holding a mirror, had come to light at the Island of Milos. The truth of this rumour was sure to find a quick, uncompromising scrutineer and appreciator in M. Ravisson, who, as master of a sculpture department of the Louvre, has proved himself to be the devoted guardian of this great relic of Classic Art. It has accordingly undergone through him a very decisive ordeal, with a result of which we are informed by the *Chronique des Arts*. We learn from what that journal states, that a photograph has been presented by M. Ravisson to the *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres*, which was taken from a drawing made by M. Voutier, an officer of the French vessel of war *Estafette*, anchored at the island at the precise time when the statue was brought to light on the land of the peasant Gorgos. The album wherein this pencilling was made was presented to M. Ravisson, and so the drawing came to be photographed. Here we have incontrovertible evidence that the statue, when found, was in all its details the same as that now in the Louvre. With regard to the alleged mirror, the studious researches of M. Ravisson tend to prove that this statue of the Venus had been grouped with one of Mars, and in such arrangement of forms as would render the introduction of the mirror, or any other attributive object, quite impossible. Questions having been raised in regard to Greek groupings of Mars and Venus, they have been simply set at rest by a reference to two antiques in the Louvre collection. All inquiries, however, have been rendered unnecessary on this occasion by the arrival of a letter from a member of the French school of Athens, disclosing the mystification of error which has partially prevailed, and which has been fully recognised by the same Athenian journal whence it derived, in the first instance, its circulation. The hand grasping, in rude handling, what might be intended for an apple, but by no means a mirror, was a question under consideration when the whole transaction of the revelation of the statue was made the subject of minute and antagonistic inquiry in the year 1874.

THE CAXTON EXHIBITION AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

THIS exhibition, by the variety of its classes, offers great interest to all who will examine the multifarious contents. The origin of the celebration may be traced to the meeting in the Jerusalem Chamber at the beginning of the year, under the presidency of the Dean of Westminster, when it was resolved to pay some tribute to Caxton, the first English printer.

The date of the "Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers," a work printed by Caxton in 1477, helped to form a reason for fixing the four hundredth anniversary of the introduction of printing into England, as well as celebrating, at the same time, the jubilee of the Printers' Pension Corporation. This project once formed, several meetings were held, and offers of loans from Her Majesty the Queen, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Earl Spencer, Lord Leicester, Lord Stanhope, and the Libraries of Oxford and Cambridge, as well as from other collectors, were announced.

The works of Caxton, some 150 in number, form the keystone of the collection; they are arranged, both in the cases and the catalogue, to show the varieties of type used by him; this plan cannot fail to instruct and please both the learned connoisseur and the tyro in the art of printing. The beauty, clearness, and vigour of the Caxton type cannot be too greatly admired, and suggest much that is worthy of imitation at the present day.

Caxtonian literature is supplemented by a display of facsimile reproductions of some most important works; the agencies employed, whether tracing, photo-lithography, or other processes, offer instructive features as to the faithfulness of the identification. For the bibliography of our great printer, Mr. Blades, whose knowledge of Caxton and his works is universally accepted, merits much praise.

The rise and development of printing generally, is next shown by a series of books (Class B) beginning with the Gutenberg Bible, printed circa 1450—55, and ending with modern examples, chronologically arranged, and also exhibited according to countries. The earliest illustrations of impressions from wooden blocks coloured by hand, are shown here, of which the celebrated figure of St. Christopher (1423) from Althorp, heads the list. The block books, nearly all lent by Earl Spencer, follow next, and great interest culminates in them, as illustrating moveable type in combination with block printing. Of these, the "Apocalypse," with woodcuts, coloured by hand, the "Speculum," and the "Biblia Pauperum" are leading examples. Class B, by arrangement of the books both under countries and in order of date, offers the greatest interest to those who wish to study the gradual development of printing, specially indicated in those cities whose presses were models of beauty and excellence. Thus in Germany, from Bamberg, Cologne, Mentz, Strasburg, and Ulm, come specimens of their earliest books; in Italy, from Florence, Milan, Rome, and Venice; in France, Paris, Lyons, and Rouen; the Low Countries, Antwerp, Bruges, Delft, and Haarlem; Spain, Burgos, Seville, and Toledo. It will thus be seen that from the presses of all the European cities famed for typographical skill are selections of great rarity and beauty.

The features of the exhibition coming under the category of Art, and more specially interesting to our readers, are found in Class G. (*Book Illustrations*), a series of exhibits which lines the wall space of the main upper gallery, and of which the Caspari Collection takes the predominance. The examples are selected to form a history of the growth of illustrated Art connected with printing, so that both a sequence and contrast are obtained between the book illustrations of the present and the past. Associated with these early productions are specimens showing modern artistic processes, as colour printing, steno-chromy, lithotype, heliotype, and many other agencies. Before the introduction of printing, the illuminated page of the Missal, Psalter, or Horæ, supplied the illustrations, and when these MSS. perished the lessons of their beautiful Art also were lost. Early engraving, following soon after illumination, became of

great importance, as the traditional forms of both sacred and secular Art found in MSS. lingered for a long time in woodcut books. The artist at that time was often his own engraver, and thus it is we had designs of great vigour and originality, though lacking the more refined mannerism of modern times.

A progressive series of book illustrations is seen in the Caspari Collection, numbering some 500 early prints, framed and arranged in schools, on the wall. After the German, are exhibited the productions of Aldorfer, Cranach, Dürer, Holbein, Lucas Van Leyden, Justus Amman, and others. The subjects, chiefly of a scriptural character, are blended with the prevailing element of symbolism and allegory. In the Holbein series are a few portraits, title pages with borders, associated with realistic illustrations of life and death. The school of Dutch woodcuts displays nearly the same class of subjects engraved by De Bry, Lucas Van Leyden, Christopher Van Sichem, and others. Of the Italian, are several prints by Mantegna, and many rich title borders, enclosing sacred subjects.

Of French woodcuts, are illustrations from the noted and charming books of Hours, printed by Kerver and Simon Vostre. The English school shows an equally progressive series with the foreign examples. The first begins with an illustration to one of Pynson's books (1515), and ends with the productions of Blake, Cruikshank, Jackson, Leech, and Thompson. Earl Spencer's contributions to this section comprise rare books printed in Italy, having wood engravings and a Dante (1481), containing copper-plates, supposed to have been designed by Boticelli; also a Ptolemy (1478), with copper-plate engraving.

The exhibition is replete with the applications of modern processes to illustrate Art. Under the head of Stenochromy is shown one specimen containing 800 shades of colour, specially designed and printed to prove that an unlimited number of colours can be printed at one operation. Reproductions of drawings after Harding, Prout, Birket Foster, and others, exemplify the subtleties of imitative art. This collection is lent by Mr. M. Hanhart.

The development of lithography is shown in a series of works on the subject, and by many improvements in the printing. The Messrs. Dalziel lend illustrations to the works of Millais, Gilbert, Doyle, and others engraved by their firm. The famous name of Bewick will be noticed in a copy of his "British Birds," also of the "Quadrupeds." Messrs. Goupil lend several photo-gravures which are too well known for long description. A small but valuable contribution by Reginald Palgrave, Esq., illustrates the works of Ugo da Capi, printer and engraver, born in Rome about 1486. He invented a kind of engraving on wood in imitation of the old masters, of which the miraculous 'Draught of Fishes,' after Raffaele, is here exhibited.

Examples of colour printing, Woodbury type, litho-tint, and other innumerable agencies which bring Art within the reach of the mass, and yet to an extent deprive it of its pristine character by occasional falsifications, are found under Class G of the catalogue. Engraved portraits, and autographs of celebrated printers and publishers, form an appropriate pendant to the works of Art on the walls of the main Gallery.

An interesting collection of early provincial newspapers is arranged and framed in the vestibule; and on the ground-floor adjoining are machinery, type, and printing materials. Most of the leading firms have contributed to this important section. Here is also displayed apparatus for stereotyping and electrotyping, as well as machinery and appliances for lithography and copper-plate printing.

Under the last heading will be seen a copper-plate printing press, lent by Messrs. Virtue, to which some interest attaches from its supplying many an illustration to this Journal.

By the formation of such a collection a graceful tribute has been paid to William Caxton, and a lasting memorial is enshrined in the minds of all true Englishmen.

S. W. KERSHAW, M.A.

THE USE OF ANIMAL FORMS IN ORNAMENTAL ART.

By F. EDWARD HULME, F.L.S., F.S.A.

CHAPTER V.



HAVING in our preceding chapter dwelt at some little length upon the use of the eagle, vulture, and pelican, we now proceed to some slight consideration of the circumstances under which we find the swan, cock, peacock, owl, and some few other less common forms. The swan figures in some few classic myths, and may, therefore, be met with from time to time in classic Art; a very good example of its use was given amongst the illustrations of our last paper. Leda was visited by Jupiter in the form of a swan; and it is also introduced as one of the attributes of Venus or Aphrodite, who is frequently represented as drawn in a chariot by swans or doves. The British Museum will afford several illustrations of this. The swan is not so frequently met

with in heraldry as many other bird-forms; it was, however, the badge of the house of Cleves, in allusion to an old family legend which we need scarcely here detail; and it was also adopted by Clement IX., with the motto "Cum candore canore," in allusion to the snowy purity of the colour of its plumage and to the myth of the song of the dying swan. It is also the attribute of St. Hugh and St. Cuthbert. One old writer, however, whose book we consulted, declares that "swans are looked upon as symbols of hypocrisy, because they have fine wings, and yet can scarce raise themselves from the earth, so that they are of no use to them; besides, the feathers of a swan are white to perfection, but their flesh is very black, as are the hypocrites, appearing outwardly very virtuous, and being inwardly very wicked." It is one of the devices found on Greek coins.

The vigilance and pugnacity of the cock have made the bird a favourite symbol of watchfulness and valour. In Christian



Fig. 47.

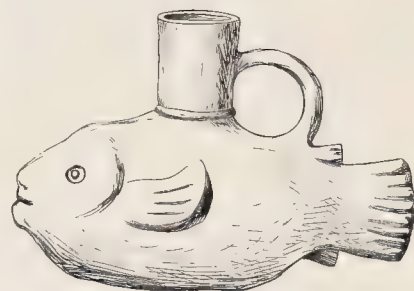


Fig. 48.

Art it is mainly associated with St. Peter. Guillim, an old writer on heraldry, calls the cock "the knight among birds, being both of noble courage and also prepared evermore to the battle, having his comb for a helmet, his sharp and hooked bill for a falchion to slash and wound his enemy;" while Coats, another of the ancients, affirms that "the cock is the emblem of strife, of quarrels, of haughtiness, and of victory, because he rather chooses to die than yield, for which reason Aristophanes

calls him the bird of Mars; and the Dardanians, to express that they did not shun giving battle, caused two cocks, fighting, to be stamped upon their coin." It was also adopted by the Gauls as their standard, and its plumage as a crest. The cock was by the Greeks and Romans dedicated to Apollo, because he gives warning of his approach at daybreak; and to Mercury as an emblem of watchfulness. It was also, like the serpent, one of the attributes of Æsculapius. Our readers will remember



Fig. 49.

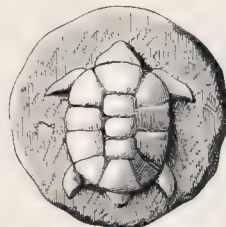


Fig. 50.



Fig. 51.

that Socrates, after taking the deadly draught, sacrificed a cock to that deity. Cocks are also regarded with veneration by the Japanese, and are carefully tended in the enclosures of the temples. It is very frequently met with in Japanese Art. Examples of its use may be seen in the South Kensington collection.

The hen and chickens, as an emblem of God's providence, is sometimes met with in old sculptures on ecclesiastical buildings.

Its use evidently springs from that passage in the Bible that shows us the infinitely tender Redeemer mourning over the guilty city, and declaring that had its inhabitants so willed it, God's good providence would have been to them a shield and sure defence, an effectual succour, even as the hen gathers her young beneath her wings and guards them from every harm.

The peacock was, in the early ages of Christianity, regarded as a type of the Resurrection, and in the catacombs of Rome,

and throughout the range of Byzantine Art it is often to be met with. The dove, too, as a Christian symbol, is so well known from its abundant recurrence, that we need do no more than mention it here, and more especially as in another work of ours, the "Principles of Ornamental Art," we have in our remarks on Symbolism gone at considerable length into this and other

examples of the use of animals with symbolic meaning, and do not, therefore, think it advisable to repeat our remarks.

The owl, as the bird of Minerva, was held in especial esteem by the Athenians, who claimed that goddess as the patron and founder of their city, and therefore stamped her emblem on their coinage; of which use of it we gave an example in one of the



Fig. 52.



Fig. 53.

illustrations of our last paper. It is found, too, on the coins of Imbros, an island in the Ægean Sea, on those of Rubi, in Apulia, and of Sigeum, in the Troad.

The crane, goose, peacock, pheasant, duck, raven, and many other birds, figure largely in Japanese work, and are always rendered with great spirit. The first of these is, from its long

life, regarded as an emblem of longevity, the duck and drake as symbols of domestic felicity.

The raven, standard of the Norsemen, and amongst the classic nations a bird dedicated to Apollo, is sometimes introduced in ornament. Several examples of it may be seen in the British Museum. In one the god Mithras is kneeling on a prostrate

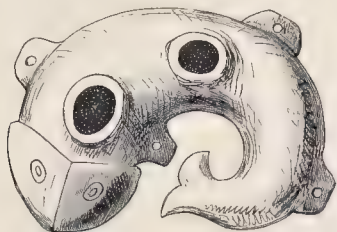


Fig. 54.

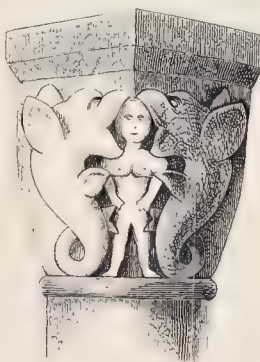


Fig. 55.

bull, and near it is a raven, a bird frequent in Mithraic sculpture. In another sculpture, an altar, Apollo is introduced, and by his side the raven.

The goose is another bird of common occurrence in Greek and Roman work. The sacred geese of Rome will at once be recalled to the mind of the reader; the birds whose cackling

gave warning of the foe, and thus saved the city, and which were, therefore, ever after held in high regard. Several examples of its introduction may readily be found amongst the Græco-Roman remains in our great national collection. It also occurs on the monuments of Egypt.

A very favourite subject on vases and gems is the destruction



Fig. 56.



Fig. 57.



Fig. 58.

of the Stymphalian birds by Hercules. These very undesirable neighbours dwelt in a lake near Stymphalus, in Arcadia; they had brazen claws, wings, and beaks, and their diet was human flesh. Their destruction was one of the celebrated Labours of that great hero of antiquity.

We pass now to some little consideration of the use of fish-forms in ornamental Art. Into the symbolic meaning attached

to the fish in Christian Art we do not here propose to go; we have, in fact, already done so in a preceding series of papers, and we must refer the reader either to those or to the work to which we have already alluded, wherein we have given many illustrations; we therefore here give only one example (Fig. 52) from the catacombs of Rome.

The fish figures very largely in the ornamental compositions

uncovered at Pompeii; its lithe form and simple contour are at once very graceful and pleasing, and also very easily effected in the somewhat dashing sweep of the brush that is characteristic of so much of the Pompeian work. Fig. 53 is a very fair specimen of this, and in Zahn's great work on Pompeii our student-readers will find many other examples.

Fishes and other marine forms enter very largely into Japanese work. Audsley, in his noble work on the ceramic art of that people, tells us that this marked love for the fish arises from the great respect in which they hold a tradition that they were once a nation of poor fishermen. Though ordinarily we do not find either nations or individuals caring either to recall to themselves or to others the lowliness of their origin, yet the Japanese, we are told, always accompany the costliest present with a piece of fish, in memorial of the origin of their nation.

In the numerous representations of saints in the paintings and sculptures of the Middle Ages the fish often occurs. To St. Comgall it is needed food supplied by angel hands; St. Chrysogonus the martyr had his body borne up in the water by sympathetic and dutiful little fish; while to St. Anthony of Padua they supply an attentive auditory as they listen to his discourse. They are also associated with Saints Bertold, Walter, Arnold, Zeus, and some few others; into the nature of the association in each case it is scarcely here worth while to go.

Fig. 55 is taken from a quaint capital of Norman date; Figs. 48 and 54, equally grotesque, are examples of ancient Peruvian

pottery in the British Museum. The first of these is clearly a vessel for holding liquid, an abnormal form of bottle or vase, in fact; while the second, we imagine, was intended to be filled with oil and used as a lamp. The view we have given is of the nature of a plan, and the pierced projections at intervals round the form appear clearly to point to suspension.

The fish-eating monster represented in Fig. 47 is from a piece of Buddhist work from a small tope in Bhopal, Central India, dating somewhere probably about the first century of the Christian era. Our sketch is taken from a cast in the South Kensington Museum. The coin, Fig. 56, having the three maritime symbols on it, the scallop, the crab, and the fish, was struck at Agrigentum. The single fish, Fig. 49, above the inscription, is a coin of Iliissa. The two fish surrounding the greyhound, Fig. 51, were one of the devices on the coinage of Argos, while the fish in the claws of the bird, Fig. 58, is taken from a coin of Sinope. The tortoise, Fig. 50, is a very common figure on the coins of Egina. The remaining illustration, Fig. 57, is an example of the heraldic form of scallop-shell, a form very largely employed in armorial bearings. It is, in religious Art, the badge of the pilgrim, and in more especial sense an attribute of St. James the Greater; it is always represented either in his hand, or affixed to hat, cloak, or wallet.

Fish-forms and shells are very largely employed in the Italian Art of the period of the Renaissance; many excellent examples may be seen in the fine collection of casts in the South Kensington Museum.

OBITUARY.

WILLIAM EDWARD FROST, R.A.

LAST month we announced very briefly the death of this refined painter and most amiable man, whose memory deserves more at our hands than the few lines then devoted to him. About twenty years ago Mr. Frost was the subject of one of our "British Artists" series of papers, where his career up to that date was sketched out at some length. He was then an Associate of the Royal Academy, and had painted some of his best pictures, as 'Chastity,' 'The Syrens,' 'Sabrina,' 'L'Allegro,' 'The Disarming of Cupid,' 'Euphrosyne,' 'Il Penseroso,' 'Una,' &c.; many of these, with others, have appeared as engravings in our Journal at various times.

Mr. Frost was born at Wandsworth, in 1810, and by the advice of his friend, W. Etty, R.A., entered Mr. Sass's Art academy in Bloomsbury Street, since directed by Mr. F. Cary: in 1829 he was admitted to the schools of the Academy, and in due time commenced work as a portrait painter, in which he had great success, having painted more than three hundred portraits within a period of fourteen years. But the influence of Etty worked silently on Frost's mind, and induced the latter to follow in the same path as his friend: Etty gave him no advice to do

so, but rendered him all the aid in his power when he found which way the young artist's taste was leading him. Henceforth Frost made the nude female figure his study, and found his subjects chiefly in the old classic mythology; of these he eventually made himself a perfect master. Less ambitious than Etty to appear as a great colourist, or rather, less lavish of his pigments and less daring in their application, he is not less true to nature; while in correctness of drawing, delicacy of feeling, female beauty of the most refined expression, his works far surpass those of his great prototype. Among the principal pictures which he produced since our former notice was written, early in 1857, may be mentioned 'Narcissus' (1857), 'Zephyr with Aurora playing' (1858), 'A Dance' (1861), 'The Graces and Loves' (1863), 'Hylas and the Nymphs' (1867), &c. He was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1846, but did not succeed to the higher grade till 1871: this delay was very dispiriting to him, especially when he found younger men advanced over his head. Mr. Frost was never married: he lived a quiet retired life with his sister, we believe, and was held in sincere esteem by all who knew him, for his modesty, gentleness, and amiability of disposition.

MY CHILDREN.

L. ALMA-TADEMA, A.R.A., Painter.

L. LOWENSTAM, Engraver.

THE peculiarity of Mr. Alma-Tadema's art has a somewhat remarkable development in this picture, in which one sees a domestic incident of modern life presented in a form that carries the mind back to the days of old Rome, or even to those of a yet far earlier date; for the manner in which the reclining child has her hair dressed is suggestive of the figures we see in ancient Egyptian paintings and sculptures, and recalls to recollection the artist's conception of 'Joseph, Overseer of Pharaoh's Granaries,' exhibited at the Royal Academy two or

three years ago. The picture, which appeared in the Dudley Gallery in 1873, under the title of 'This is our Corner,' shows a nook in the painter's studio. The two figures introduced are children of Mr. Alma-Tadema, who are accustomed to appropriate the recess to themselves, making it their resort for study or turning over the leaves of picture-books. The picture in its entirety can only be accepted as an example of this clever artist's idiosyncrasies; it may, however, be remarked that it is painted with his acknowledged attention to detail.







SCENERY OF THE PACIFIC RAILWAY.

VIII.

THERE can be no more perfect scenery than that of the western slope of the Sierras, a contemporary has written. "The railway winds along the edges of great precipices, and at sunrise the shadows are still lying in the deep cañons below. The snow-covered peaks above catch the first rays of the sun, and glow with wonderful colour. Light wreaths of mist rise up

But in winter the overland trains pass over this part of the journey long before sunrise, and in summer the passenger must leave his bed very early in order to see it.

A moonlight night, however, lends, with unapproachable witchery, the greatest enchantment to the scene, surpassing the sun-glare of local daylight, and the stronger colours of evening.

To stand on any commanding point of the mountains when the moon is at the full and the sky is clear, reveals a tenderness in the nature of the Titanic rocks at variance with their aspect at any other hour. In the first place, the sky itself never seems to be so marvellously blue and clear elsewhere as it does over the Sierras; it is a watery ultramarine, almost the blue of daylight, and the stars bespangle it as thickly as the phosphorescence bespangles a tropical sea. The mountains are enveloped from peak to foot in a misty mantle of blue, and a knife-like edge of light traces their outlines in the aureole. Their ponderability is lost: massive and solid as they are in reality, they seem to become mere shadows, and the snow on the summits is like the daylight breaking over them.

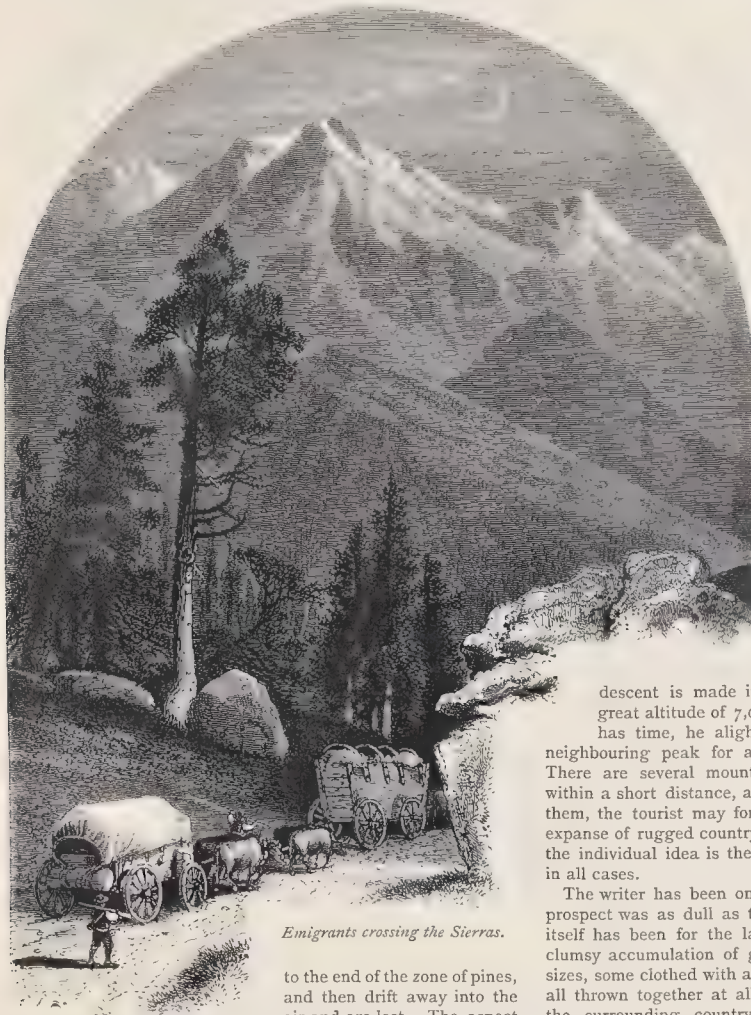
The observer need not be a man of sentiment or sensitiveness to feel the influence of such a scene, which appeals not only to the common sense of beauty, but also, in a more mysterious way, to an inner and deeper feeling.

Two hundred and forty-four miles from San Francisco the station of Summit is reached, and thence the

descent is made into the Sacramento Valley, from the great altitude of 7,017 feet. If the traveller is wise, and has time, he alights here, and climbs to the top of a neighbouring peak for a comprehensive view of the Sierras. There are several mountains which may be easily attained within a short distance, and, standing on the summit of one of them, the tourist may form an individual idea of what a vast expanse of rugged country looks like from a great altitude: and the individual idea is the most satisfactory one to its possessor, in all cases.

The writer has been on peaks in the Sierras from which the prospect was as dull as the outlook on a brickyard; the peak itself has been for the last two hundred feet of its height a clumsy accumulation of granitic or basaltic blocks of various sizes, some clothed with a dry moss, others perfectly naked, and all thrown together at all possible angles. In every direction the surrounding country had a dry, fallow, yellowish-grey appearance, like a muddy ocean.

The apex of other peaks has been gained through forests of evergreens, growing smaller as the altitude became greater; through groves of small oaks and cottonwoods; over brightly-green basins, holding marvellously clear lakes, and bordered by the most variegated wild-flowers; and when vegetation has ceased, the rocks, gathering other colours from the weathering



Emigrants crossing the Sierras.

to the end of the zone of pines, and then drift away into the air and are lost. The aspect of the mountains is of the

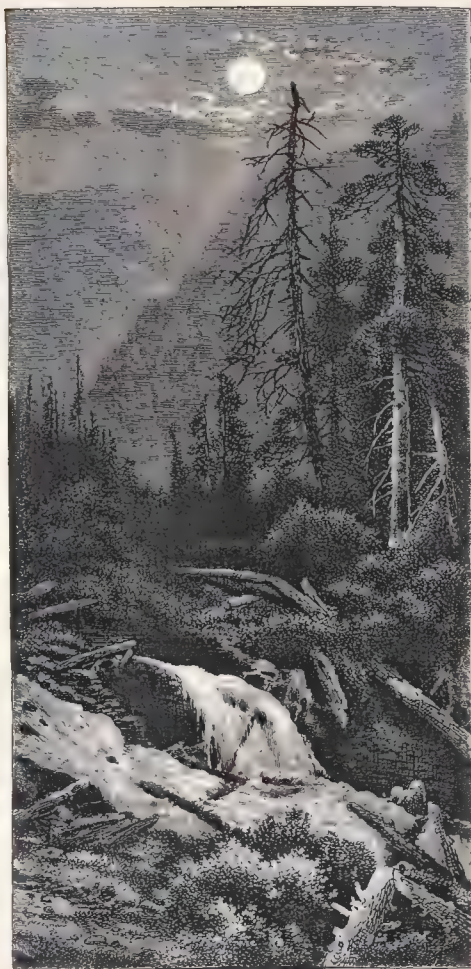
wildest and most intense kind—for by that word 'intense' something seems to be expressed of the positive force there is in it, that differs utterly from the effect of such a scene as lies passive for our admiration. This is grand; it is magnetic; there is no escaping the wonder-working influence of the great grouping of mountains and ravines, of dense forests and ragged pinnacles of rock."

process, have duplicated the colours of the flowers and illustrated them in wonderful forms.

The true condition of the country has very little to do with its appearance from an immense height. The water-courses in view may indicate whether it is fertile or barren, but the greatest transformations are made by distance and atmosphere.

Two hundred and thirty-nine miles from San Francisco the station of Cascade is reached, south of which are Kidd's Lakes, which pour into the South Branch of the South Yuba River; and four miles farther west is Tamarack, a signal-station, below which the Yuba has worn a deep gorge, with striking bluffs, which are called New Hampshire Rocks.

Cisco, the next station, is 231 miles from San Francisco, and 5,939 feet above the level of the Pacific. At one time it was the eastern terminus of the Central Pacific Railway, and had a

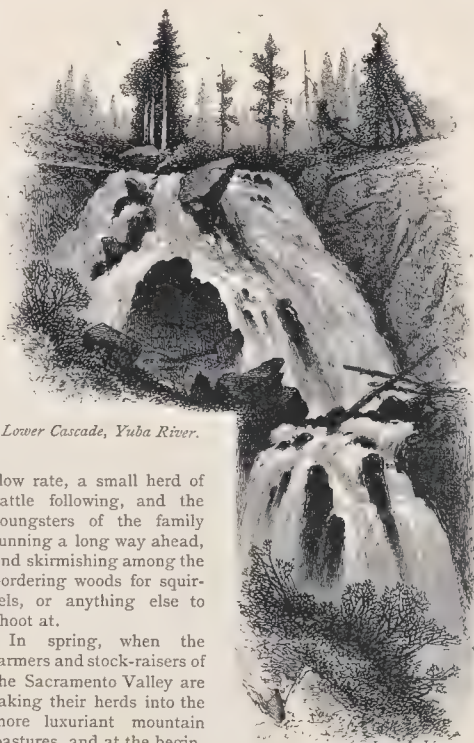


Cedar Creek, Blue Cañon.

population of 7,000; but when the road was carried farther east it was abandoned, and has not since been revived.

Eight miles farther west, the traveller reaches Emigrants' Gap, a notable point in the days when the only vehicles that crossed the Sierras were the canvas-covered waggons of the

pioneers, and the parlour-car was an undreamed-of luxury. The old emigrant-road, which occasionally edges on the railway, is not wholly deserted yet. The capacious waggons, with their arched roofs of white canvas, loaded ten feet high with furniture and stores, are now and then seen toiling along at a pitifully



Lower Cascade, Yuba River.

slow rate, a small herd of cattle following, and the youngsters of the family running a long way ahead, and skirmishing among the bordering woods for squirrels, or anything else to shoot at.

In spring, when the farmers and stock-raisers of the Sacramento Valley are taking their herds into the more luxuriant mountain pastures, and at the beginning of winter, when they are retreating before the early snows into a safer region, the road is lively with traffic, but not with such traffic as was known between the years 1850 and 1860. At frequent intervals the old taverns are found, their ample apartments vacant, their windows and doors out, and their spacious emptiness reminding us of their former prosperity. The bar-room survives, in many cases, when all other parts of the establishment are closed, and the bar-keeper often has the whole house to himself.

At the Gap the road makes a sharp descent, in which the waggons were formerly lowered by ropes fastened to the pines, which are of immense girth and height.

Two hundred and seventeen miles from San Francisco, Blue Cañon is reached, through which flows Cedar Creek, the subject of one of Mr. Woodward's charming illustrations.

There is not a moment, except under the snow-sheds, when the traveller, looking in any direction, has not a magnificent view before him of great hills, heavily timbered with pine, and broken into sharp peaks, upon which the snow endures all the year round. How thick the pines are, and how they streak the steep embankments upon which they have embattled themselves! What an air of impenetrable gloom and mystery they have! Upon some an emerald-green moss has grown in rings and irregular patches—a moss having the appearance of an ostrich-feather, which makes a striking contrast to the dark green of the prickly foliage and the dull red of the bark. In the distance the pines are blue, and at night they are intensely black.

Blue Cañon is the snow limit, and its water is considered the best in the mountains. Westward of the station it becomes deeper and deeper, and the grade of the railway increases to about 116 feet in every mile. Two miles farther China Ranch is passed, that being the name of a small settlement of "Celestials."

Two hundred and twelve miles from San Francisco is Shady Run, and near it the train rounds Trail Spur, beyond which is seen the junction of Blue Cañon Creek and the North Fork of

the American River. This, with the Giant's Gap, is one of the grandest scenes on the road. A great chasm appears, worn by glaciers to a depth of about two thousand feet, and extending to the junction of the South Branch, a mile distant, the walls narrowing and becoming perpendicular. The suddenness of the approach and the grandeur of the prospect are not easily described. Two thousand feet below flow the quiet waters of the American River. The chasm stretches westward, and southward the distance is broken by regiments



Giant's Gap, American Cañon.

of peaks, upon which the pines swarm in forests that are steeped in perpetual twilight.

The evidences of glacial action are numerous. "Looking from the summit of Mount Diablo, across the San Joaquin Valley," a Californian geologist has written, "after the atmosphere has been washed with winter rains, the Sierra is beheld stretching along the plain in simple grandeur, like some immense wall, two-and-a-half miles high, and coloured almost as bright as a rainbow, in four horizontal bands—the lowest rose-purple, the next higher dark purple, the next blue, and the

topmost pearly-white—all beautifully interblended, and varying in tone with the time of day and the advance of the seasons. The rose-purple land, rising out of the yellow plain, is the foothill region, sparsely planted with oak and pine, the colour in a great measure depending upon argillaceous soils exposed in extensive openings among the trees; the dark purple is the region of the yellow and sugar pines; the blue is the cool middle region of the silver-firs; and the pearly land of summits is the Sierra Alps, composed of a vast wilderness of peaks variously grouped and segregated by stupendous cañons and swept by

torrents and avalanches. Here are the homes of all the glaciers left alive in the Sierra Nevada. During the last five years (1870-'75) I have discovered no fewer than sixty-five in that portion of the range embraced between latitudes $36^{\circ} 30'$ and 39° . They occur scattered throughout this region singly or in small groups on the north sides of the loftiest peaks, sheltered beneath broad, frosty shadows."

The next station is Alta, 208 miles from San Francisco, and we now strike the slope of Bear River, following it among the hills until we near Cape Horn. Two miles farther west is Dutch Flat, where all the water of the neighbourhood is utilised in mining, being conveyed thereto by ditches and flumes where the natural course turns in an opposite direction.

Cape Horn Mills is a side-track, at which the train stops for a few moments, and we are then whirled round that apparently dangerous point in the road called Cape Horn. The surrounding country, aside from its superb picturesqueness, has many novel features.

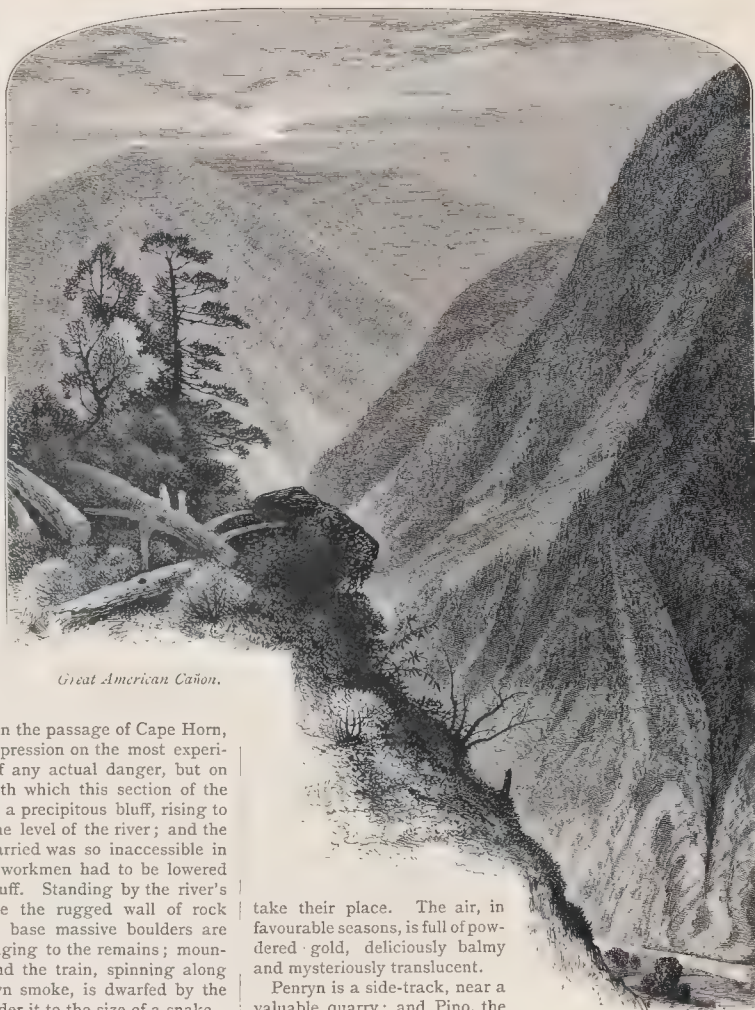
The marks of placer-mining are seen frequently in long V-shaped troughs carried over valley and mountain on trestle-work, and in barren tracts of earth having the denuded appearance of land-slides. Chinamen appear to be as common as whites. They are met with as railway labourers and as miners, and are invariably industrious and quiet. Their capacity for silence and application recommends them to the stranger, who probably sees more than he finds pleasant of a peculiar and too common variety of the "white man" (as the American calls himself, in contradistinction to the "Celestial,") of which "loaferism" is the most salient characteristic.

The excitement attending the descent of Echo Cañon is renewed in the passage of Cape Horn, which is calculated to make an impression on the most experienced traveller; not on account of any actual danger, but on account of the daring and skill with which this section of the road was constructed. The cape is a precipitous bluff, rising to a height of over 2,000 feet above the level of the river; and the ledge along which the railway is carried was so inaccessible in its natural condition that the first workmen had to be lowered by ropes to it from the top of the bluff. Standing by the river's side, and looking upward, we see the rugged wall of rock reaching towards the sky; at the base massive boulders are piled, a few twisted evergreens clinging to the remains; mountains appear in every direction; and the train, spinning along the ledge under the trail of its own smoke, is dwarfed by the magnitude of the rocks over and under it to the size of a snake.

When the cape is rounded, Rice's Ravine is seen on the left and Colfax on the right. At the head of Rice's Ravine the train crosses a trestle-work bridge 113 feet high and 878 feet long. Colfax is a town of about 700 inhabitants, 193 miles from San Francisco, with an altitude of 2,422 feet. The next station of note is Newcastle, and as we approach it the Marysville Buttes are seen. Beyond it the valley of the Sacramento opens to our view, and Mount Diablo, which is one of the highest peaks in the range, rises on the left. Every man in Newcastle is a Good Templar; that is the most notable feature of the place.

We are now fairly in California: settlements are more fre-

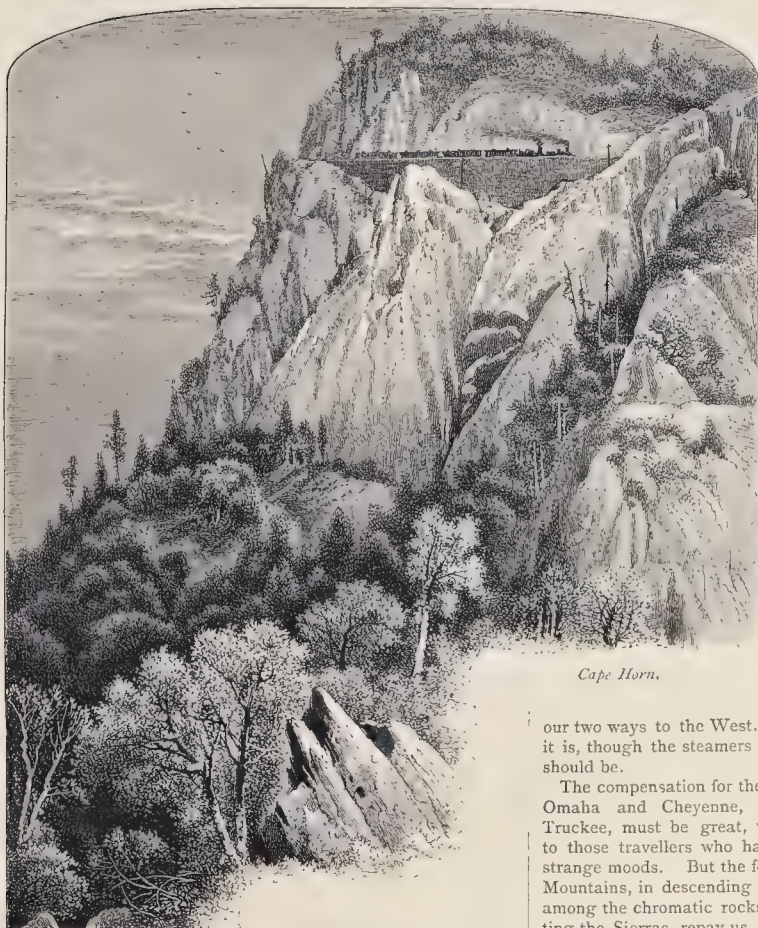
quent; the aspect of the country is milder, and orange-trees grow luxuriantly in beautiful groves near the track. Flowers crop out in profusion, and are offered for sale; and the fertile soil manifests its fecundity in all sorts of phenomenal garden produce. The atmosphere is no longer the same as that of the interior of the continent. There is no more transparency, no more of that extraordinary light which annihilates distance. It is, as one enthusiastic traveller has said, the sky of Andalusia with a blue, vapoury, hazy horizon, mingling with the purple curtain of the mountains. The pines disappear, and the oaks



Great American Cañon.

take their place. The air, in favourable seasons, is full of powdered gold, deliciously balmy and mysteriously translucent.

Penryn is a side-track, near a valuable quarry; and Pino, the next station, is also in a granitic region. Rocklin does not call for particular mention; and Junction, 157 miles from San Francisco, is where the Oregon division of the Central Pacific road leaves the main line. The soil of the neighbourhood is light and gravelly, but it produces an abundance of wild-flowers, among them being the lupin and the California poppy. Ten miles west of Junction we arrive at Arcade, where a fence, extending ten miles and marking the boundary of a Mexican land-grant ranch, may be seen; and four miles from Sacramento we retouch the American River, which degenerates into a muddy and unpleasant-looking stream,



Cape Horn.

with no trace of its former grandeur. At about 11 A.M. on the seventh day out from New York, we roll into the Sacramento

station, and seven hours after we are in San Francisco.

Sacramento is the capital of the State, and has a population of about 20,000. The city contains many broad streets, lined with charming cottages and villas and shaded by rows of handsome trees. The Capitol building is well worth a visit. San Francisco we do not attempt to describe, as our purpose is fulfilled in depicting the characteristics of the route that leads to it.

In concluding our articles, we are inclined to reiterate what we said in the beginning, that the scenery of the Pacific Railway embraces examples of nearly all the memorable and curious phases of nature in the whole Western country: the fantastically-eroded sandstones, the Bad Lands, the Sage Plains, the wonderful cañons, and the many forms of mountains. The long and often tedious journey from ocean to ocean affords a series of invaluable lessons in the study of nature. At the end of the journey the traveller, dusty and wearied, will probably ask himself if the much longer voyage by water and the Isthmus is not the pleasanter of

our two ways to the West. In many respects we must confess it is, though the steamers are not in all particulars what they should be.

The compensation for the tedium of the railway-ride between Omaha and Cheyenne, and between Salt Lake City and Truckee, must be great, we admit, to be adequate—at least to those travellers who have no sympathy with Nature in her strange moods. But the few hours spent in crossing the Rocky Mountains, in descending Echo and Weber Cañons, in winding among the chromatic rocks of Green River, and, finally, in cutting the Sierras, repay us, especially in retrospect, for the sear vacuity of the Plains and the dismal rudeness of the unsettled towns on the route.

WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

ART UNION OF LONDON.

THE following pictures, among others, have, we hear, been selected by prizeholders of the current year from the various galleries opened during the past season; next month we hope to notice them somewhat in detail.

From the Royal Academy.—‘The Way through the Wood,’ G. Wells, £200; ‘Tempting Waters,’ E. H. Fahey, £200; ‘Music hath charms,’ R. J. Gordon, £100; ‘Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown,’ J. C. Dollman, £80; ‘On the Lake of Orta,’ Harry Johnson, £75; ‘A Stitch in time,’ H. King, £70; ‘What will he do with it?’ J. L. Pickering, £63; ‘Flowers,’ W. J. Mückley, £60; ‘Breton Peasant Girl feeding Ducks,’ W. L. Picknell, £50; ‘A hundred years ago,’ Tom Lloyd, £45; ‘May Queen’ (marble), George Halse, £42; ‘Day-break on the Atlantic,’ Robert Leslie, £42; ‘Quiet Quarters,’ F. E. Bodkin, £40; ‘The Black Pool, Odiham, Hants,’ A. C. Sealy, £40; ‘By the Brook-side,’ N. O. Lupton, £40; ‘Les Immortelles,’ W. H. Weatherhead, £35; ‘Glenfalloch,’ G. V. Sheriff,

£25; ‘From Holmbury Hill, Surrey,’ Arthur Clay, £21; ‘After Rain,’ C. Collins, £20; ‘Sunday Morning,’ H. Hume, £20; ‘He’s not coming,’ F. S. Walker, £20.

From the Society of British Artists.—‘Lovers beware,’ A. F. Patten, £65; ‘Disarmed,’ C. Cattermole, £50; ‘The image of his father,’ T. Roberts, £50; ‘A Rustic Scene: Evening,’ E. J. Cobbett, £50; ‘The Shrimper,’ E. Hume, £45; ‘Autumn,’ W. J. Mückley, £45; ‘Near Richmond,’ F. W. Cartwright, £45; ‘A Young Gleaner,’ E. J. Cobbett, £45; ‘Bridge over the Stour, Iford,’ J. W. B. Knight, £35; ‘Teaching Brother,’ Walter Bromley, £30; ‘Heavy laden,’ J. T. Peele, £25; ‘Bordeaux from La Bastide,’ J. L. Vychan, £25; ‘The Midday Drink,’ J. C. Waite, £25; ‘At Burnham Beeches,’ F. Muschamp, £25; ‘Colours of the Buffs at Albuera,’ F. S. Secombe, £25; ‘Oh dear! what can the matter be?’ &c., W. W. Weatherhead, £20; ‘A Busy Hour: West of Ireland,’ F. G. Kinnaird, £20; ‘Snowdon, from Capel Curig,’ D. Law, £20.

From the Crystal Palace Picture Gallery.—'A Mother's Sacrifice,' A. Ludwig, £100; 'Forest in Spring,' J. Wenglein, £50; 'The Bend of the River,' G. Wells, £45; 'On the Borders of the Stornbergers, Bavaria,' J. E. Steffan, £40; 'Italian Landscape,' H. Lewis, £35; 'Spring Morning,' H. Baisch, £34; 'On the Coast: Moonlight,' T. S. Croxford, £25; 'The Farmer's Pets,' A. Corbould, £20; 'Country Vanity,' J. M. Bowkett, £20; 'Near Pembridge, Isle of Wight,' W. J. Roffe,

£20; 'Work and Play,' C. J. Gripps, £20; 'Happy Hours,' A. Stevens, £20.

From the Institute of Painters in Water Colours.—'Volendam under a Cloud,' T. W. Wilson, £31 10s.; 'Laid up in Ordinary,' W. W. May, £25.

From the General Exhibition of Water Colours.—'Corry-na-Creagh, Skye,' D. Law, £40.

The Report must be considered to include all the selections.

MINOR TOPICS.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY closed its doors at the end of July. What success has attended the exhibition from a pecuniary point of view we do not know, but the probability is that there has been about the average number of visitors, for the galleries seemed always full. We presume, however, that the Academy, with all other public picture galleries, has felt the financial pressure of the year, so far as concerns sales. Still the managers of the various exhibitions are busy preparing for their respective winter displays. The Dudley devotes itself to works in oil; the French Gallery, Pall Mall, is less exclusive in the winter months, and receives paintings both from British and foreign artists. The Grosvenor Gallery will follow the example of the rest, and will re-open in November with a water-colour exhibition, illustrating the progress of British water-colour art from the beginning of the century downwards, not including, as at present arranged, the works of living artists. Of course the two water-colour societies will have, as usual, their winter show.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Mr. Louis Haghe and Mr. Edwin Long, A.R.A., have awarded the medals and certificates to lady students in the Crystal Palace School of Art, Science, and Literature. The silver medal for water-colour painting, in the class conducted by Mr. E. A. Goodall, was given to Miss F. Fowkner, of Cornworthy House, Lee; the certificate in this class, to Miss Townsend, from Attleborough Hall, Nuneaton, and a drawing of the Pompeian Court, by Miss Bertha Griffiths, was highly commended; the silver medal for water-colour painting, in the class conducted by Mr. Fredk. Smallfield, to Miss Ledsam, of Norwood; the certificate to Miss Maud Robinson, of Streatham; the certificate for drawing from the antique, in the class conducted by Mr. W. K. Shenton, was adjudged to Miss Kate Gow, of St. Julian's Road, Streatham.

ANCIENT BUILDINGS.—A society for the protection of ancient buildings has recently been instituted: the committee for carrying out its object already numbers more than sixty names of gentlemen more or less prominently known in the ranks of Art, literature, and science. We have been asked to make the society known through our pages, and very willingly we accede to the request. The circular placed in our hands, referring to what has been done in the way of "restorations" in ancient monuments of the builder's art, especially our old churches, ruined abbeys, &c., says, "We think that these last fifty years of knowledge and attention have done more for their destruction than all the foregoing centuries of revolution, violence, and contempt." To avoid all this for the future, the society calls upon those who have to deal with old buildings, "to put Protection in the place of Restoration, to stave off decay by daily care, to prop a perilous wall or mend a leaky roof by such means as are obviously meant for support or covering, and show no pretence of other art, and otherwise to resist all tampering with either the fabric or ornament of the building as it stands," &c. It is recommended that where an edifice has become "inconvenient for its present use," it should be put into order and left standing, and another building raised, "rather than alter or enlarge the old one." The honorary secretary of the "Society for the Protection of Ancient Build-

ings" is Mr. William Morris, a gentleman who is also doing much and well to improve the industrial arts of the country.

EXHIBITION OF PICTURES PAINTED BY R. C. SAUNDERS, AT THE BYRON GALLERY, SAVILLE-ROW.—This collection will greatly interest all lovers of Titian. It faithfully represents the more salient features of the romantic region round Cadore and "Titian's country," and spreads out its beauties bodily before us. The collection consists of thirty-three paintings in oil, varying in Art merit but of unfailing interest throughout. The works have all the appearance of having been done on the spot, and occasionally, in his haste to secure a certain effect of atmosphere or cloud, the artist has been betrayed into something approaching slovenliness of workmanship and crudeness of colour. On the other hand, whenever Mr. Saunders set himself calmly and patiently to work, the result is truthful embodiment and harmonious colour. As examples of this we would point to the gigantic range of Dolomitic rocks called 'Titian's Mountain' (12), to the 'Chasm near St. Vito' (15), in the line of a downfall which buried two villages and killed more than three hundred people, and to the noble grey rocks of 'Monte Christallo' (27), which rise from the Durren Zee.

ANOTHER DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE BY GAINSBOROUGH.—In this same Byron Gallery will be found a portrait of Lady Betty Foster, afterwards second Duchess of Devonshire. We had grave doubts about the genuineness of the picture that was stolen, and always believed that the face was not the work of Gainsborough, but of Sir Thomas Lawrence. In this case, however, we have less hesitation, notwithstanding the palpable fact that the picture has been repeatedly damaged and repaired. It has about it all the characteristics of a genuine Gainsborough, and is, in all probability, the very work from which Sir Thomas Lawrence filled in the rough outline of the replica left by Gainsborough. The present work, we are told, was a commission from Lady Betty herself to Gainsborough, and was presented by her to Mr. John Cavendish Foster, who left it to his son, the present owner, whose interests in Australia have obliged him to live in the colony for many years. He brought the picture with him to England in 1867, and it would have been exhibited in the Leeds Exhibition of that year had not Mr. Foster insisted that the Commissioners should buy it. Oddly enough, the portrait, on his return to Australia, was stolen; but the police in Sydney, it would appear, were more successful than those in London when after a similar quest, and soon found the missing case at one of the shipping offices, labelled "Mr. Melluish, passenger to Liverpool."

W. CAVE THOMAS'S PORTRAIT OF 'THE PROFESSOR.'—This accomplished artist has lately finished an ideal portrait which he calls 'The Professor.' A noble figure, robed and silvery-haired, yet in the full vigour of manhood, fronts the spectator. In his left hand he holds a compass, and leans lightly with his elbow on a pedestal, while his right arm follows the line of his hip, and the hand grasps an antique volume. The whole figure is impressive, and bears witness to the masterly drawing of the artist. We saw the picture when it was on view for a few days at the Grosvenor Gallery. Mr. Thomas, distinguished as an artist, is almost equally eminent as an author.

THE PORTRAIT OF THE LATE SIR HENRY FOULIS, BART., painted by Mr. G. Richmond, R.A., at the expense of the committee and friends interested in the welfare of the Consumption Hospital, Brompton, is being engraved. Sir Henry was for twenty-seven years a member of the committee of management, and during nearly the whole of that period occupied the post of chairman: he was also a large benefactor to the hospital: the portrait is to be placed in the boardroom. We have no doubt that many persons associated with this most excellent charity will be desirous to possess a copy of the engraving: subscribers' names are, we understand, received by Mr. Henry Dobbin, a gentleman who has for many years filled most efficiently the onerous duties of secretary to the hospital.

'EFFIE DEANS,' by J. E. Millais, R.A., which we noticed in a late number of the *Art Journal*, is now on view in Cornhill, in the immediate neighbourhood of the Royal Exchange.

MESSRS. LECHERTIER, BARBE, & CO. have forwarded to us what they call their "Society of Arts One Shilling Moist Colour Box," which is, in fact, a japanned tin box containing ten colours—those an artist would be most likely to require—made, as alleged, of "pure unadulterated pigments." We have tried them, and found them excellent. It is the first time within our recollection of any attempt being made to introduce *moist* colours at so low a price. The box contains three brushes, and the lid is so constructed as to serve as a palette. For sketching from nature on a small scale—for the colours are too thin to be used very freely—this box will be found most serviceable.

ARTISTIC SIGN PAINTING.—Among the silvery reaches and wooded banks of the Thames, at no great distance from the scene of Henley's aquatic contest, stands a homely hostel, small and unpretending, but withal affording ample accommodation to the wayfarers and water parties and to the artists and anglers familiar with the sylvan beauties of this portion of our river. Its sign, the George and Dragon, long since scorched and cracked by summer's blistering heat and winter's storms, recently attracted the notice of two members of the Academic body tarrying within its walls. They suggested to their matronly hostess that they

should paint her another; she however, knowing that modern Academicians are not in the habit of discharging their hotel bills by such an exercise of their brush, declined the suggestion on the ground of cost. They proffered their services gratuitously; the offer was accepted, and the old dingy signboard, that for years had swung and creaked on its rusty fastenings, was taken down and dispatched to the æsthetic atmosphere of a West-end studio. In due time it reappeared, verily as an "old friend with a new face," and being hoisted to its former elevation, disclosed on the one side the valorous George and his mighty assailant in the heat of deadly combat, and on the other the monster vanquished, biting the dust, and our victorious patron saint refreshing himself after the struggle by a foaming flagon of old "October." This last version of a popular legend, depicted in all the glowing hues of heraldic brilliance, the joint production of Mr. G. D. Leslie, R.A., and Mr. J. E. Hodgson, A.R.A., now graces the Ferry Inn at Wargrave-on-Thames.

THE ACADEMY OF ST. LUKE AT ROME announces that Domenico Pellegrini, painter and professor of the Academy of St. Luke, who died in 1840, left sufficient means to establish a medal of the value of 3,000 lire (about £120 sterling), to be competed for every five years, and open to the artists of all nations, for an oil painting, particularly in reference to its colouring, preference being given to those students who are Venetians or from Galiero, the country of the deceased. The pictures are to be sent to the academic gallery of St. Luke on the 22nd of May, 1878, and the competitors are to attend and give evidences of their skill on the 23rd and 24th of the said month of May, by making extemporaneous sketches on given subjects. The subject proposed is taken from the tenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, the sixth and following verses, the angel announcing to Cornelius, centurion of the cohort of the Italian legion, that his prayers are heard and his alms accepted before God. The size of the picture to be 3 ft. 5 in. high, and 5 ft. 11 in. long. Further particulars may be had on application to the Signor Professor Commander Betti, secretary of the Academy of St. Luke.

ART-PUBLICATIONS.

IT is now fifteen years since Mr. Thornbury gave to the world his "Life of J. M. W. Turner, R.A.," it appeared in two volumes, about eleven years after the decease of the great painter. Mr. Thornbury himself died last year, but for some time before that sad event we know he had been at work in preparing a new edition of his book for the press, which, however, takes the form of a single volume,* yet with no diminution of contents, but the contrary, to some small extent—chiefly correspondence of Turner with his engravers—and the Appendix is enlarged by the addition of fourteen years' sales of the artist's pictures. In his preface to this edition the author defends himself from the charges made against him, after the appearance of the former edition, by certain reviewers, who complained that he "had set forth a most unsatisfactory and unhappy man, bare and unsoftened in the blaze of day." Mr. Ruskin had admonished him, "Don't try to mask the dark side." In reply to his critics Mr. Thornbury says, "If biography is to be no truer than a funeral sermon or more reliable than one of the fulsome dedications of the last century, then can no honest man condescend to write biographies," a truth not to be gainsayed.

We noticed in the first edition some errors of names which have not been revised in this: thus, Sir A. Calcott is written

Calcott in two or three places; W. Miller, the famous engraver of Edinburgh, is written F. Millar (p. 163); these and some few other errors of a similar kind no doubt escaped the author's eye when revising the sheets, in consequence of the state of his health. Mr. Thornbury also repeats the error of calling 'The Fighting Téméraire' a French ship—an error, by the way, of very general belief. He says, "The *Téméraire* had doubtless had her rubs as a French battle-ship; we cannot trace her history before the too daring vessel fell into our hands in the engagement of the Nile," &c. Turner's picture has almost a world-wide celebrity, and the noble vessel, independent of her gallant deeds, has thereby acquired an enviable notoriety; it may be interesting to state her true history. The first ship of this name in our service was a vessel of seventy-four guns, captured, with others, by Admiral Boscawen in his action with the French in Lagos Bay, in 1759. She was sold out of the British navy in 1784. There was another *Téméraire* in our fleet which assembled at Brest in 1793; she was in Lord Howe's action on the 1st of June, 1793. Where she was built, and what ultimately became of her, we have never been able to ascertain. But the *Téméraire* which forms the subject of Turner's grand picture was built at Chatham, and launched there in 1798; she was a larger vessel than her predecessors, carrying ninety-eight guns. In the action at Trafalgar she was commanded by Captain Eliab Harvey; and so anxious was this brave officer to lay his vessel alongside of the enemy, that in endeavouring to take the lead of Nelson's ship the *Victory*, the admiral hailed his subordinate and called

* "The Life of J. M. W. Turner, R.A., founded on Letters and Papers furnished by his Friends and Fellow-Academicians." By Walter Thornbury. A New Edition, revised and mostly rewritten; with Illustrations, facsimiled in Colours from Turner's Original Drawings. Published by Chatto and Windus.

out, "I'll thank you, Captain Harvey, to keep in your proper station, which is astern of the *Victory*." Our naval authorities are determined to retain the name in the service, for a magnificent *Téméraire*, an ironclad, has rather recently been launched from the same dockyard where Turner's ship was built; but it may be presumed that no artist will ever think of painting her as she proceeds to her last berth when her career is ended.

Mr. Thornbury's "Life of Turner" is as comprehensive a record, we believe, as will ever be written now; for the author has left little more, if anything, to be said of the man, though his Art can never be thoroughly exhausted by the pen.

WE are not surprised to see a new edition of Mr. Walter Pater's book on the Art and Poetry of the Renaissance issue from the press,* for it is pleasant and instructive reading, yet one which will be appreciated only by those who will take the trouble to think, and that studiously, while they read. This is called a "revised" edition, but we find little difference, and none of importance, between it and its predecessor, except that the concluding chapter—a few pages of general reflections—is now omitted, for what reason is not explained. Its absence in no degree lessens the value of the work, yet it might as well have been retained. We can but repeat what we said of the book when reviewing it four years ago, that this "small but most interesting volume leaves on the mind a striking impression of the mental impulses that worked out through various channels the great movement of the Renaissance."

MISS KATE THOMPSON, daughter of the distinguished surgeon, Sir Henry Thompson, has given to the public a little book which shows her love of pictures, and the excellent use she has made of her opportunities of seeing and studying them. For the last five years, it appears, she has been accustomed to accompany her father in his annual holiday continental tours, one of their chief objects being "to visit and study together the Picture Galleries in the great capitals of Europe." On these occasions, and following the advice of Sir Henry, she made on the spot a few notes of the principal paintings she saw; these memoranda, subsequently worked up and greatly amplified, now have grown into a comprehensive manual of the chief works of the leading painters of Europe, from the epoch of the Renaissance to the end of the last century.† The catalogues of the pictures in the different galleries is preceded by some account of the rise and progress of the various schools, with a brief allusion to the most noted works of the artists; but the author, not "feeling herself qualified to enter into the region of Art criticism, has not aspired to do so." Still, from the few observations she makes here and there, one is justified in saying Miss Thompson would scarcely have gone wrong had she proceeded farther in this direction.

The book is one for reference mainly, if not entirely, and for two reasons: first, it gives a list of the most important pictures only in each collection; and secondly, these are placed alphabetically, according to the names of the painters, and not by following the numbers in the local catalogues. By this arrangement, a visitor wishing to see a particular picture, and having, by chance, forgotten the name of the artist, would have some difficulty, and would, perchance, lose considerable time in an extensive gallery, in finding it. We think the little volume, certainly quite a "handbook," would have proved more useful had this portion of its contents been differently ordered.

We note that Miss Thompson has visited not only the best known picture galleries of Europe, but those also of Spain, and that of the Hermitage, at St. Petersburg.

'THE GODDESS FLORA.'—This very charming picture represents the goddess standing semi-nude embowered in roses and

lilies and all manner of lovely flowers. Her neck is encircled with a double string of daisies, her hair is entwined with harebells, and immediately behind her blooms a magnificent sunflower, which plays the part of a glorious aureole to her gracefully-set head. With her right hand she reaches up to a great lily, and her left grasps the lofty stalk of a luxuriant hollyhock. This picture was painted by the late Valentine Bromley two or three years ago, and only the other day came from the hands of the engraver, Mr. T. L. Atkinson, to whom was entrusted the task of reducing this lovely embodiment of the classic myth into black and white. He has evidently made his labour one of love, and has produced a mezzotint worthy of his master, Samuel Cousins, R.A. Mr. Atkinson, indeed, is the only pupil the distinguished Academician ever had, and if we may judge from his present performance, as well as from his two portraits in the Academy after G. Richmond, R.A., he already stands second only to his master. When we glance again at this lovely Flora the regret at the early death of the painter comes home to us once more. The engraving is published by Mr. McLean, Haymarket.

MR. MCLEAN has issued also a small but exceedingly attractive engraving from the burin of Samuel Cousins, from a painting by Hughes Merle, a French artist. It is merely the portrait of a little maid, who presses a pet kitten in her arms. A lovelier bit of pure nature has seldom passed from the hands of the artist—painter or engraver. The artist of France is fortunate in being introduced to the British public under such advantageous auspices. The little print will give to him large renown.

THE Museum at Maidstone—to which the late Mr. Julius L. Brenchley, author of "Jottings during the Cruise of H.M.S. *Curaçoa* in the South Sea Islands in 1865," reviewed in our Journal of 1873, contributed a large and valuable collection of objects of natural history, &c.—possesses a number of illuminated manuscripts and rare books. Of some of these an annotated catalogue by Mr. S. W. Kershaw, librarian at Lambeth Palace, was published in the *Archæologia Cantiana*, vol. xi., and it has now reappeared as a pamphlet.* The author has added much to the value of his catalogue by some excellent preliminary remarks on early illuminations, as shown in those of Greek, Roman, and Byzantine origin through the Anglo-Saxon and Celtic periods, the English, and various schools of the Continental nations, down to the Netherlandish illuminations of the fifteenth century, and those of Italy to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Mr. Kershaw's little brochure is adorned with a few engravings of beautiful initials from a mediæval manuscript in the Museum.

"ENGLISH Landscape Art in the Year 1877" is the title of a small publication professing to review the state of this special branch of Art as developed in the various picture galleries which have been opened to the public during the past season.† The author, however, occupies more than one half of the thirty-five pages of his pamphlet with his views, generally, of the Art criticisms of the present time, of the fathers of English landscape painting (Gainsborough, R. Wilson, and Crome, are the three he thus designates), and of the alleged neglect of modern landscapists by the Academy. Mr. Dawson has but little respect for persons, and his phraseology is not always founded on the Chesterfield type; that is, it is not remarkable for elegance of diction. "The chief object of the present essay," he says, "is to show how the conduct of society affects the Art of the age, and likewise how our own Landscape Art has been affected by our own age." It may be owing to our obtuseness that we fail to see that the purpose is accomplished; still, isolated passages here and there must be accepted as truth, especially as regards the question of Art patronage.

* "The Renaissance. Studies in Art and Poetry." By Walter Pater, Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford. Second Edition, revised. Published by Macmillan.

† "A Handbook of the Public Picture Galleries of Europe. With a brief Sketch of the various Schools of Painting, from the Thirteenth Century to the Eighteenth inclusive." By Kate Thompson. Published by Macmillan & Co.

* "On Manuscripts and Rare Books in the Maidstone Museum." By S. W. Kershaw, M.A., Camb. Published by Mitchell and Hughes, London.

† "English Landscape Art in the Year 1877." By Alfred Dawson, F.R.A.S. Published by Basil M. Pickering.



NORWAY.*

By R. T. PRITCHETT, F.S.A.

CHAPTER IX.



LEVEN O'CLOCK at night, four thousand feet above the sea. We find ourselves at the top of the pass, just above Udvig—looking over Nordfjord. After a long day, and a very hard one, pleasantly tired, we enjoy the scene before us: peace and tranquillity, with snow-poles all along to suggest what winter made it. The happy moment has arrived to commence the descent.

"Half the pleasure is in the anticipation," has often been remarked: we all thought this about half-way down this precipitous descent, in the twilight.

The torrent path seemed filled with boulders; the ponies slid, the bipeds stumbled, and by the time we were half-way down we had no knees left. This is one of the roughest ascents and descents in Norway, and is hardly practicable for any kind of carriage: still it is one of the things to be done, and one of the charms of the country. Lazy people lose much of the grand scenery with which it abounds. Steady going tells best, and those who try to spurt early in the day are much the worse for it afterwards. How steadily an old Swiss guide starts off, and keeps at his pace, on and on! That is the only way to last. By this time we see a flickering light down below: we long for it, and soon arrive, but very late—about one o'clock A.M. We knock at the door of the station, which is really a private house, like that at Aarjhem, but selected by the Government to facilitate the wanderings of travellers. We are therefore the more indebted for the kind welcome we received. Down came the young son "Jules," who immediately recognised our tentmaster-general. Soon we had some refreshment; and soon afterwards Master Jules said, "*Jeg schal go seng*"—"I shall go to bed." So said all of us—and we went.

In the morning we were up early. A bathe in the fjord was our first thought, although the big stones are much against it, and the sea-weed spoils it; the only way is to take a header out of the boat. Soon after breakfast we espied a novelty in water travel: a large birch bough was seen approaching; we soon discerned it was the postman, availing himself of a fair wind, as is their custom here; a sail is too dangerous, even with sheet in hand. The original and simple practice of cutting a large birch bough, and putting it in the bow of the boat, serves the purpose better, the fresh foliage holding the light air, and helping very materially the rower, who is frequently, as in the present case, of the gentler sex, but very strong. The postman sits complacently in the stern of the boat, with his bugle, just announcing his arrival, rousing up the inhabitants of the quiet village of Udvig. The bag is not large, but most important in appearance—a huge leathern mass, locked, barred, and bolted. The boat speedily comes to land, and the well-known sound and scrape are heard. The bag is soon out and the postman also: the post has arrived at Udvig. We rowed out on

the fjord to look up at the pass we had come down so early in the morning; the view is very grand, backed by the higher ranges of the Justedal snow. We had next to visit one spot which seemed a great favourite with the host and hostess, and therefore started off, and soon reached a position, having followed a strong stream or burn, which came above a saw-mill; looking over which the whole fjord lay at our feet, the mountains on the other side looming stupendously.

Returning, we visited the church and lych gate, which is in this case narrower and higher than usual. When we regained our station a new phase of life awaited and burst upon us.

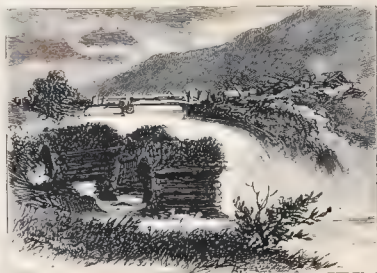


The Saw-mill, Udvig.

An invitation to a dance! It was somebody's birthday—the nineteenth—a young visitor from Stockholm. Would we join in the festivities? We were delighted to have the opportunity of visiting a family on such an occasion; but the dancing element alarmed us when we thought of our rough boots, our walk down, and we rather particular, and knowing what boots should be. What was to be done? We must see.

* Continued from page 276.

In the meantime two boats were watched with much interest: one contained the domine and family, the other some well-to-do friends. The hearty welcome they received was beautiful; their sweet simplicity and genuine affection were charming, and certainly will never be forgotten by us, their visitors. Soon after the arrival the repast or dinner was announced, and the real Norwegian customs were well placed before us. After one course the master and lady of the house waited on us, every guest



The Olden River.

getting a knife and fork. After each course, we went and shook hands with the host and hostess, the children kissing their parents.* After the fish and various solids, we adjourned to another room for fruit, *pâtisserie*, coffee, and, not an unwise thing in Norway, a cigar. The next event was to adjourn to the garden to see a glorious sunset over the fjord, and to finish the cigars. During this agreeable part of the evening the youthful Jules, with his nice fair face, came and asked if the "English gentlemen would come and play with the girls in the garden?" The patriarch of our party sent his two young bachelor companions, who readily accepted his invitation, with a spontaneous "Oh Jag!" and report says the amusements in the garden were a combination of hide-and-seek, Tom Tiddler's ground, and prisoner's base. Anyhow they all seemed to have enjoyed it; in fact the patriarch often regretted afterwards he did not join the youthful throng instead of remaining with the seniors. Still, there was much festivity in store, and the patriarch took kindly to the dance, which included schotisches, mazourkas, valse. This brings us to the boot question. The dance commenced. The evening began merrily. The piano (for there was a piano, and a good one, from Christiania) was in tune, and all were thoroughly enjoying themselves, when attention was drawn to one dancer in particular. How silently he glided! silent and sage as an owl, this youthful Achilles. How softly yet firmly he trod the polished boards—for no juniper tips were scattered that evening on the floor. Why was it? The paymaster-general, equal to the occasion, was dancing in goloshes! Oh shades of Scandinavian gods! Oh Thor and Odin! that this should be the result of civilisation in "Kjære Gamle Norge!"

Another great feature in the evening was the singing and the national music—and how we did enjoy it! Need we say how they sang, and we tried to sing, "The Hardanger," by H. Kjeruelf, and the chorus song of "Norsk Sjømandssang," by Grieg, which goes with such grand emphasis; and the light tripping sweetness of "Ingrids Vise," also by Kjeruelf, with its chorus of "Over lunget, over lunget"? Another, specially bright and cheery, touched the patriarch very deeply; he is often heard still humming this air "without words," which the merry dancer described as being all about some beautiful creature with large blue eyes and golden hair. If she had but been with us to have danced with the "goloshes," what would she have thought?

It was a delightful opportunity for us to see the *vie intime*

* This has been referred to in former books, we are well aware, but could we omit a custom so expressive of gratitude? *Le bon Dieu donne tout*: but do we always give thanks?

of a nice family in Norway; the welcome was most cordial, and thankful we were unexpectedly to find ourselves in a spot which every one tried to make us feel to be our home. Long may Herr Hammer, Madame Hammer, and their kindly family enjoy health and prosperity! and, might we say, continue their kindness and attention to those who go to Udvig?—for it seems a perfect pleasure to them to do so.

There was a disinclination to hurry from Udvig in spite of the fine trip before us, for it is a lovely row up the Nordfjord. The tentmaster-general seemed loth to leave, he was so pleased with Jules; he thought he had grown—had so improved, and he determined on several good openings for him in London. The paymaster-general had evidently made a great impression, and no wonder, with the happy combination of youth, a petite, petted dark moustache, an enthusiastic forehead and goloshes, to say nothing of really good firework execution on the Christiania piano. We were horrified afterwards to find that all this had induced the young ladies to ask him to write on a pane of glass all our names; in a weak moment he yielded—but why did he? How often have complaints been made by ourselves of the creatures who carved and wrote names! There were perhaps extenuating circumstances in this case.

So farewell to Udvig and its pleasant associations, and now for a start up the Nordfjord to Faleidet. Such a good boat was supplied by Herr Hammer! How we enjoyed it, looking forward to our drive from Faleidet! We soon came upon a number of boats fishing for "lythe," a fish caught in large numbers, easily



Faleidet-Nordfjord.

taken, readily consumed; there were a great many boats, and they fish with a deep sea single line, feeling the bite over the forefinger, as in Scotland.

We wanted much to have seen some of the red seafish taken, much larger than mullet, but redder in tone and of splendid colour; a noble fish to look at when caught, but poor on table. Faleidet is a good station, beautifully clean, well situated over the

water. Here we were much interested in specimens of copper ore, on the richness of which our native held forth most fluently. The ore was decidedly good, and I think in his own mind the tentmaster

had promoted a company, and probably thought of the youthful Jules as assistant-secretary and foreign correspondent. No time was to be lost; we hasten to our stolkjærs, but hardly had we



The Pass—Moldestadt.

reached the top of the hill when the patriarch's gimlet-eye saw a long birch horn near a shed by the road side; this could not be resisted. "Halt!" was the word, whilst the others went on. They soon pulled up, for the feeble too-toing was noisy, if unsuccessful

in harmony; still there was a certain satisfaction in the fact that one had elicited sound from a long birch horn, as used by the good people of Faleidet, inferior as these horns are in force to steam fog-horns, such as now used at the Foreland, or the



The Post arriving at Udvig.

steamboat whistle which skewers the tympanum of every traveller at every stopping place, be it where it may. There is a great charm in all these old-fashioned ways of doing things. Again, the

girls call to their cows, singing to them in very sweet strains, and the cows follow them. It is no question of a subtle tin-tack, looking them up, which, like the county of Buckingham, runs into Oxon

and Herts. The whole treatment of animals in Norway is a good example, the kindness is consistent and the care unceasing. The early training of the children has much to do with this; at all events the early impressions and influence of the parents has never lost one iota of good.

The Nordfjord is a great inlet of the sea which runs up an immense distance, and greatly favoured the Viking tendencies. Many fine remains have been discovered, and the contents of one tumulus in particular will be rendered from the original relics, now carefully preserved in the museum at Bergen.

THE ROYAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROMOTION OF THE FINE ARTS IN SCOTLAND.

THE annual meeting of the subscribers and others interested in the success of this old-established society was held in Edinburgh on the 28th of July, the Lord Provost presiding. The present position of the Association, and its proceedings during the past year, may be gathered from the following statement, abstracted from the Report of the Committee of Management. This society differs from one of a similar character, "The Art Union of London," inasmuch as the committee purchase the pictures for distribution to subscribers, who are thus left with only a comparatively limited choice, if indeed they have any choice at all, for, unless we are mistaken, the prizes are named which fall to the winning ticket-holder. The plan, however, has not been found, so it is said, detrimental to the interests of the Association; though one would be disposed to think that where a subscriber is fortunate enough to get a prize he would prefer to select it for himself. If the statistics of the Royal Association seem small and unimportant compared with those of the Art Union of London, it must be remembered that its field of operations is on a much more limited scale. The Report states that, "Notwithstanding the continued depression of trade, and other adverse circumstances, the number of members enrolled during this, the forty-third year of the Association's existence, has again exceeded 5,000. The actual amount subscribed is £5,307 15s., being £185 17s. less than in the previous year; but considerably in excess of the average amount subscribed, taking one year with another, since the commencement of the Association. There has been an increase in the number of subscribers in Edinburgh.

From the recent exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy the committee purchased for distribution among the members, at a cost of £1,225, forty works of Art, consisting of one *basso relievo* in marble, twenty-eight paintings, and eleven water-colour drawings. In addition to these purchases, the five original paintings and drawings in illustration of "The Legend of Montrose," by Sam Bough, R.S.A., John Smart, R.S.A., W. E. Lockhart, A.R.S.A., George Hay, R.S.A., and George Reid,

R.S.A., commissioned by the committee from these artists at a cost of £446, will be included in the distribution about to take place. There will also be distributed twenty copies of the Association's statuettes in Parian, after Mr. Brodie's beautiful marble statues, of 'Penelophon, the Beggar Girl,' 'Corinne, the Lyric Muse,' and 'Ruth.' The aggregate value of the works of Art now to be distributed amounts to £1,771 1s. The total sum expended up to this time by the various committees of management of the Association in the acquisition of paintings and sculpture for the members, in the purchase of pictures for permanent preservation in the Scottish National Gallery, and in the production of engravings and illustrated works for circulation amongst the subscribers, amounts to upwards of £145,000. The five line engravings in illustration of "The Legend of Montrose" have all been executed by well-known resident Scotch engravers. As regards the engravings for next year, the committee have given much consideration to various proposals made to them to vary the yearly presentation work by issuing a single plate instead of a series of engravings; but as a large bonus engraving is to be issued next year, the committee came to the conclusion that they would best meet the wishes of the subscribers generally by continuing, at least for another year, the plan of illustrating Sir Walter Scott's novels. Accordingly, the committee have fixed upon the "Fair Maid of Perth" as the next novel to be illustrated. Mr. Robert Anderson is proceeding in a highly satisfactory manner with the engraving of the plate after Mr. Herdman's picture of 'Charles Edward seeking Shelter in the House of an Adherent,' which will—in addition to the prints and other works of Art to be distributed as usual—be presented next year to each subscriber who, between the years 1874 and 1878 inclusive, has contributed in one or more payments the amount of five subscriptions of one guinea each. As usual, the committee have, in compliance with the terms of the Association's Royal Charter of Incorporation, set aside towards the National Gallery Fund the sum of £132 13s. 10d., being 2½ per cent. of this year's subscriptions. This fund now amounts to upwards of £1,100."

ON THE HILL SIDE.

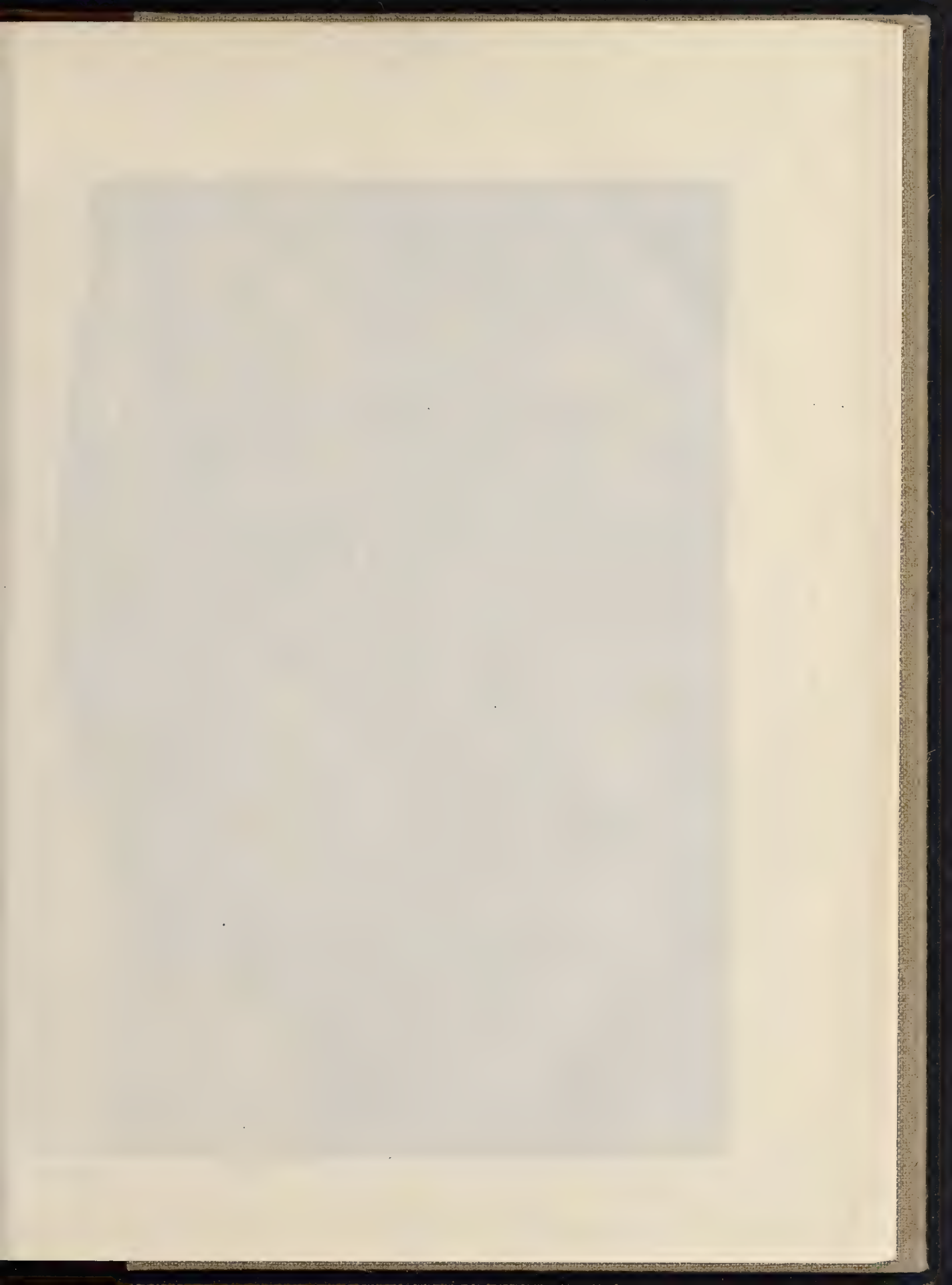
FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF ROBERT WALKER, ESQ., BATH.

W. HOLMAN HUNT, Painter.

C. COUSEN, Engraver.

THOSE who know Mr. Holman Hunt as an artist only through such pictures as 'The awakened Conscience,' 'The Light of the World,' 'The Scape Goat,' 'The Finding of the Saviour in the Temple,' &c., would scarcely credit the fact that the painting—an exquisite bit of pure English pastoral—from which this engraving was taken is the work of the same hand; yet it is so, and was exhibited at the Academy with a composition of a very different kind, 'Claudio and Isabella,' in 1853. The picture, when in the Academy, was called 'Our English Coast, 1852,' we were not, however, aware of that when we named the picture 'On the Hill Side,' or we should not have done so. The scene has been assumed to be near Hastings, and certainly it shows much of the aspect of the western side of that truly beautiful and favourite resort of the inhabitants and visitors to Hastings, Fair-

light Glen. A picturesque grass-covered cliff overlooks the sea, on the turf are a number of sheep, some in repose, while others are forcing themselves through a thicket of briars in search of some tempting morsels of food. There is little in the treatment of the subject of that pre-Raphaelitism which the artist had adopted three or four years previously. The picture is in every way treated with the greatest care in manipulation; it shows the closest imitation of natural surface, and a masterly display of light and shade. All the extreme severity of Mr. Hunt's more recent productions is modified here. His works are so difficult of access for the purpose of engraving that we are much pleased to offer to our subscribers so attractive an example of his landscape painting as Mr. Walker, the owner of this picture, has kindly placed at our disposal.





THE ART OF DRESSING AND OF BEING DRESSED.*

By PERCY FITZGERALD, M.A., F.S.A.



UT we have not quite finished with the department of the head-dress. Having laid down these principles, it will not be difficult to design a covering that shall be becoming. Every one has been struck by the picturesqueness of the prevailing hat and its modifications, which is not due to any association with the pictures

of the most graceful of artists, Gainsborough, but to its effectiveness as an adornment; for it sets off the indifferent face and makes the pretty one beautiful. Few think that this operation is really owing to its bringing the charms of the figure in aid of the head and face. By supplying the ideas of size, and at the same time of lightness, it gives an importance to the head which makes the figure look slight and airy, diminishes the apparent thickness of the neck and waist, and sets the face in a broad circular frame. It takes the place of the usual background of air, sky, &c., and thus throws out the face and makes it brilliant. It also has its useful functions of shelter and warmth. It must also be *put*, not *laid* on. It is full of beautiful curves and sinuosities, and, as we said, offers apparent size without the drawback of heaviness. Thus the canvas of a ship covers and fills a vast surface, but we know that it is really a light airy material. There is also a cap known as the "Dolly Varden," a conical affair, which in most instances is becoming. The reason is, that with dark eyes and hair the white surface of the cap adds brilliancy from contrast. Where the face is large, this mode makes it appear smaller; where it is rubicund, paler; and where the hair is dark, adds to the darkness. We often say of a little cap perched on the side of a pretty head, which again may rest on a delicately turned neck, that it is "coquetish," and might find a difficulty in exactly defining the idea conveyed. This might consist in careless caprice, the cap being attached carelessly, and being, besides, a miniature sort of covering, too small for actual use; and it is affixed at one side, which makes the effect irregular. There is also the contrast of youth with a covering that belongs to age. Lastly, it is effective in itself, and emphasizes the hair; just as Turner, on "varnishing day," when he found one of his great sea pieces quite dulled by some glowing pictures near it, fixed a red wafer on one of his waves, which, with a touch, he formed into a buoy, and thus lighted up his picture.

Turning to the question of the existing man's hat, almost the same principles will apply. The type of the perfect hat will be supplied by carrying out *the purposes for which a hat is worn*. As the head is covered already by the hair, what is sought is more something in the nature of a screen against wind and sun. The already existing covering of the hair is the reason of the hollow space, without which it would become a skull-cap, as, if both touched, it would become a covering on a cover. As the surface of the head is more or less of an oval convexity, so should be the surface of the hat; and it will be found that the only way to make the condition of space and the surface of the head coincide, will be to give the hat a sort of sugarloaf form. The same coincidence of what is useful and becoming will be found in the brim, a prolongation of the hat itself. A brimless hat is in favour with "Pierrots" and grotesques, as lending a more *idiotic* expression, owing to the surface of the face being carried on without a break. The brim acts as shade from the sun and as protection from the wind; and the graceful sinuosities into which a broad felt brim, such as Mr. Carlyle wears, the depression in front and the conical swelling, are produced altogether by the oval section of the head on which it rests. But hatters laboriously set themselves—with pasteboard and glue—to counteract nature, fitting the head with a cardboard funnel, to which

a disc of the same material is glued at right angles. Nothing more monstrous can be conceived than the existing "pot hat," which is so arbitrary in its principles that it would justly make a savage laugh. Nor would it be difficult to work out the true shape of hat on principles of logic and practical use, and we should probably arrive at something like the hat of the French Revolution, with its cone, broad brim, and buckle in front. It is not too peaked or too tall; it is substantial, fixed firmly on the head, and by its tapering suggests height. The British military cocked hat is simply a distortion to which the eye has grown accustomed, and was produced by the folding and flattening of the brims against the crown, to the final extinction of the latter. The old *tricorne* leant a certain piquancy to the face, from the fact that it repeated the emphasis of the nose, and added another projection. Hence that terrier-like air of prying sagacity to be noted in faces thus arrayed. A cap is but a mean kind of head-dress, and there is a certain air of grotesqueness in the "traveller's cap," no matter how dignified its wearer may be. This is really owing to the fact that the head seems practically uncovered, as a cap does not execute the functions of protection from sun, rain, and wet which a hat does, and for which height and a due breadth are required. The German military cap, with its thick projecting disc of shining leather, something like the old pattern of schoolboy cap, really seems becoming, for the reason that it is made so as to supply the useful functions just named. It imparts a serviceable and military air. Not so with the French *kepi*, which has a trifling and flimsy look, and does not ennoble the wearer.

THE FIGURE.

Having thus disposed of the Head, the Hair, and the Head-dress, we shall now consider the important principle involved in the dressing of the figure. And here it may be stated generally, that the principles of such eminent purveyors as Madame Elise and Messrs. Worth and Poole are hostile to those of the artist or the philosopher. In the *Æsthetic Republic* their dogmas would be flouted and they themselves would starve.

The lady of 1877, *en grande tenue* for ball or fête, it may be repeated, is thus presented with a view to the display, not so much of beauty or elegance as of wealth and dress. It is thus that the claims to high social consideration and to the possession of riches are most easily vindicated. But though the end is gained for the present, the future is discounted, and the conditions of the struggle become every day more difficult. It is exactly as in the case of scenic show, which, with its all-dazzling glitter of lime light and stage tinsel, &c., has now reached its term. The *blasé* public are no longer dazzled, and it is beginning to be found that the pure, unadorned drama offers metal more attractive.

Nothing can be less satisfactory or less artistic than the system that now reigns of loading the figure with clothes the aim being to use the figure to display the clothes, and not the clothes to display the figure. It would seem that until lately, at least, one particular outline was to be the end of female dress, viz., to make the lower part of the figure spread out gradually in funnel shape until the ground was reached. From the waist downwards there was to be perpetually a load of clothing, padded out as it were into beehive shape. We may say "perpetually," for though there are seasons of reaction, when a certain limpness is in fashion, these are merely temporary, and it may be assumed such guise will ever be in favour. If some traveller from the "cruel islands of the far-off sea" were to write a book of travels in Europe, his description of female attire would sound as strange as those of Europeans who describe the Chinese feet, the dresses of feathers, the blacking of teeth, and the wearing

* Continued from page 231.

of such ornaments as bits of bone stuck into the lobes of the ears. "The females of these countries," he would write, "wear a huge bell of silk or other material, which they hang from their waists. So inordinately fond are they of this practice that they have frames made of iron and steel, into which they get, and which serve the purpose of securing this coveted shape. They thus walk, as it were, in a cage, and do not so much dress themselves as seem anxious to keep the dress away from their figures." We might go on and complete the picture of the traveller's impressions: "Sometimes these squaws all attach to their backs an enormous bundle like a pillow, which is considered a very elegant ornament. To the back of their heads they fix large lumps of hair, which they buy for the purpose; while under their heels are fixed pieces of wood a couple of inches thick, and ending in a point, which makes walking very difficult, and sometimes throws them down. This is also considered a mark of elegance."

This is hardly an exaggeration. To compass this end of magnifying the lower part of the figure, hoops, crinolines, petticoats, "paniers," "bustles," "improvers," of whalebone, wire, steel, buckram, flannel, linen, calico, every conceivable material, were pressed or bent into the service, with the aim of making the human figure rise from the ground in the shape of a solid bell or cone. One would have conceived of the "fairer sex" (as Mr. Disraeli amended the epithet) that their aim would be to sever all relations with the gross and solid earth, to convey the idea of airiness and of what is sylphlike; "angels are painted fair," according to the tender Otway's handsome compliment, "to look like you." But this aiming at forming a solid cone is surely of the earth earthy. One reason can be given for this extraordinary *penchant*: a dress made on rational principles, namely, for covering the lower part of the figure, and exhibiting graceful outline and graceful motion, would offer but a small area for the display of cost or splendour; a surface of some two or three feet in circumference, and that too broken up in folds, being all that would be available. But by constructing a bell-shaped framework, a surface of three or four yards in extent was secured, with the advantage of the surface being kept extended, so as to display the finery. That this is the solution there can be little doubt, as in the days of hoops it was always the richest materials, pink satins, or brocades covered with bouquets and laces, that were in favour, and which required large and unbroken surfaces to set them off.

It will not be difficult to find a principle that will regulate this problem of female attire. The whole conception of the human figure, it will be found, is connected with the idea of motion; the solid portion, or trunk, being raised above the ground and balanced, as it were, on the two extremities, on which it is supported alternately. The lower limbs are, therefore, as much in motion as the arms; all dress, therefore, should be conceived on the principle of this airiness and movement, and anything that should convey the idea that the lower part of the frame was as solid as the trunk would be false. But this is what is done on the present system, where a solid pyramidal structure moves along, worked by some interior machinery. Nothing more ungainly can be conceived than this attempt at motion under a cage or framing of buckram, which really conveys the idea of a series of awkward kickings. Nothing, indeed, is more gracefully contrived than the process of moving the human frame. It would naturally be thought that the act of putting one foot before the other would be a series of strides and jerks, but the limbs have been so fitted with extending muscles and flexible surfaces that almost every stage of the motion might be considered a complete attitude in itself. A machine that copied walking could not be made to exhibit this adaptability, and would have the clumsiest air. There is nothing ungraceful or inartistic, nothing "unbecoming a lady," in the act of walking; the ungracefulness and clumsiness are in the bulky appendages devised to hide it; the popular cage or crinoline moving along very much as do those huge pasteboard dishes which are served to the Brobdingnag baron in a pantomime, and which glide over the stage, an unseen boy carrying them on his shoulders. Were this detestable and unbecoming armour away,

the dress would fall about the figure in full folds of sufficient thickness and abundance for warmth and convenience, or of such amount as to convey the idea that the lower limbs are there, with a dress or covering over them. That such is the true principle there can be no doubt. Occasionally on an old bookstall or in a library we come across some of those dainty little editions of the poets published about sixty years ago, with delicate illustrations by Stothard and others. Here we find the most graceful female figures, conceived after a classical model—nymphs, pastoral heroines—whose dress from the waist to the feet takes the outline nearly of a long oval, or fish shape. The draperies fall into elegant curves, and the whole is pleasing to the eye as compared with the great triangular outlines of our own time. We may set aside all prudish elements, as nowadays there is little excess in that direction; and the style of dress is warranted by precedent, having been worn by our more staid and precise grandames and great grandames, and having the sanction of Art, antique and modern. The object of dressing is to cover the figure. It is an easy matter to dress an inanimate or motionless object; a table covered with a cloth, for instance, can be artistic after a limited way. But the human figure is mobile; there is motion of the limbs while the figure is at rest, or of the figure while some of the limbs are at rest. This motion is either in a forward direction, as in the case of walking, or upwards or sideways, as when the arms are raised or flourished.

It will be seen how these different classes of motion influence the whole character of the dress, and still more how the ignoring of them destroys artistic effect. Thus, when walking forward, the tendency of the dress is to trail backwards, and the draperies of the skirt fall in the same direction; so when the arms are moved. When, therefore, a stiffened cage or crinoline is worn, and the skirt is made to retain its circular shape, no matter how its wearer is moving, it is evident that the effect of walking is neutralised; and thus an artificial state of things is produced. The same law governs lapelles and ribbons, which are thrown backwards or downwards by the movement. Here, therefore, we have clear, intelligible principles to begin with, viz., that all dress must be constructed with allowance for due freedom, and that any arrangement that impedes the outward significance of movement is in bad or in false taste. There is yet another line of direction which must be taken into account, viz., that drooping towards the ground of whatever hangs, such as full sleeves, ribbons, the fall of a cloak, a curl, a lappet. But these comparatively straight lines, from the motion, are virtually changed into sloping curves, and tend to drift backwards with the motion. The figure, indeed, is so shaped *that no straight line will anywhere suit it*, or be in harmony with it. Thus those extraordinary garments used in winter, velvet jackets trimmed with broad bars of fur, crossing the figure at right angles, cannot be tolerated. The robe of a Venetian senator appears to meet in front, and to descend from the throat to the feet in straight lines; but the motion and the outline of the figure throw it back in graceful curls or folds. It will be thought that the edge of a gown is parallel to the ground in a straight line; but it will be found that this is contrived by the dressmakers, who *cut it* so as to be straight, otherwise any garment hung from the shoulders or waist would take a circular contour, owing to the points from which they are suspended not being themselves on a level; that is to say, it would be higher at one side than the other.

If we consider this point a little more minutely, we shall find that all the various contours of the figure where dress is attached or secured, form ovals, and not circles; in fact, these outlines may be taken as so many sections of a cone. This may seem a little abstruse, but it can be made readily intelligible. Let us commence with the head. As we have seen, a hat can be placed on it in any plane, either down over the forehead or horizontally; but in these positions the outline of the covering will only *touch* the outline of what is covered at one point, but will not *fit*, as it is called; it will be, as it were, putting an extinguisher on a billiard ball. But the outline round the head, starting from the hair over the forehead, and running

backwards over the ears, is the true "line of fit," as the covering will then lie close to the head for some inches, and the section will make an oval. Descending next to the neck, we shall find that no chain or ribbon will rest on it in a plane circle or oval, but the portion in front will be lower. It also must therefore take the shape of an oval, whose plane will make an angle with that of the head. A shawl thrown over the shoulders will form another oval, whose plane will be almost parallel to the last. The line of the waist appears to take the outline of a circle; but the figure here approaches a cone, and a scarf tied round it would be lower in front. The true lines are found in the direction a small shawl would take if placed loosely on the shoulders and crossed in front; and this is the real artistic covering for the shoulders. And here the milliner may be complimented on the style of dress that now obtains, or lately did (for these humours fluctuate so) viz., the broad hat, the light tippet, and the slight skirt, fitting close, unfreighted by "stuffing" of any kind. It is to be suspected that a graceful artist, Mr. Storey, whose pictures of such demoiselles stepping out of coaches, and under other conditions, have been admired at the Academy, is more or less accountable for this spasm of good taste than we believed. And this gives us another oval section. A mantle or shawl thrown over the figure would have its outline furnished by the action of the arms drawn up.

But there is another view of the matter which shows how this pursuit of false adornment leads only to disfigurement. The human figure, it need not be said, is beautifully proportioned, the height having an almost geometrical relation to its breadth, in which it is followed by the proportions of an architectural column. In the latter case, when it is too "thick" in reference to its height, even the common eye can detect that "something is wrong." It appears to become shorter as it is made thicker; perhaps on the following principle: in the case of a line (considered to be purely length without breadth) the eye is carried upward without break or interruption; where the line is made thicker, it cannot go so swiftly or so directly, as the space is wider over which the eye has to travel; as a ball propelled along a channel goes straight and quick to the end, but when dispatched on a broader surface meanders and moves from one side to the other. Now it will be seen that this practice of making the lower portion of the figure into the likeness of a solid mound or cone must have the result of shortening the height and robbing the figure of that airiness and all its graceful curves. It is amazing how this rage for self-disfigurement could have so taken possession of the female mind and of those who minister to its taste. As can be seen from famous pieces of sculpture, every attitude of the figure is a new shape of grace; every change of attitude only develops new postures; and yet, instead of taking advantage of these natural beauties, which might often compensate for the blemish of a decidedly ugly face, there has always been a universal agreement to bury and confine them beneath a load of clothes and swathings.

All these abuses of costume may be traced to original false principles in the construction of dress; and modern garb, which is fitted to the figure by an elaborate system of cutting, piecing, and joining, attempts to be a sort of second skin rather than a dress. We reach the principle at once by seeking what are the true points of support for the dress, which we shall find in all classical times were the shoulders, which was indeed natural

as well as graceful. In our day the hips are made to execute this function, to which the skirts, by a clumsy and troublesome arrangement, are fitted. By the former way everything was left free for movement and grace, and the waist could be indicated by merely confining the hanging folds within a belt. Thus the natural arrangement of the figure has been, as it were, distorted. The present generation seems, by common consent, agreed to alter the accepted position of the waist. It was found that, to support the ponderous bulk of clothing, something in the nature of a *shelf* was indispensable, and this the hips supported, of course made more projecting by a system of pulleys, worked from behind. On these convenient props any amount of vesture might rest. Thus it is that the waist has been arbitrarily lowered some inches, to the injury of the symmetry and proportions of the figure. The whole idea of a "waist," in the technical dressmaker's phrase, is false. In this sense it is taken to mean that "the body"—technical phrase also—is a distinct "department," beginning at the neck and ending below at a horizontal line drawn across the boundary where the reign of folds and plaits begins to branch out; these folds and plaits being rendered necessary by the ample amount of material which is to spread away below. Now, according to the classical ideal, the dress, from the shoulder to the heels, is "one and indivisible;" the waist is formed by simply *confining* the dress, which would otherwise fall away from the figure, by a belt. Here is the solution, and the beginning of grace and of elegance.

Of course it is impossible to apply the principle in its strict sense, but it should certainly be kept in mind as the basis. If an outline were made of the back of the female, there would be found no line of beauty, but it would take the shape of a hard mathematical diagram. The back of the head would be represented by an oblong; the lines of the neck, shoulders, back, and waist would take the outline of an irregular octagon; while from the waist downwards would spring that of the favourite cone. These lines are favoured by the dress-makers, who, to secure "a perfect fit," map out the female back into the most singularly laid out divisions and lines—those queer seams that spread upwards from the waist, proceed down the shoulders, and take the fantastic lines which, from habit and the tyranny of the dressmakers, are thought to be essential. Essential they are, if we accept the principle that the "back" of a dress must be of the character of a second tight-fitting "skin." The very fact that such laborious ingenuity in cutting out has to be exerted to make the garment take this shape, shows that the idea is a false one, as such "piecing" is unworthy of a handsome material; while the smooth, stretched-out condition is unfavourable to the character of any textile, which should always be set off by free folds. Thus it is that one abuse entails another. As was before hinted, a dress that merely follows the surface of the body amounts to a repetition of the skin, and cannot, any more than the skin which it repeats, be called a "dress;" and such treatment of the material does not conduce either to warmth or to coolness, to comfort or to beauty. There being no folds, the surface is presented in its most meagre shape; being stretched, there is no play of light or shade; and the movements of the various muscles are hindered, and certainly cannot be noticed.

(To be continued.)

PORTRAIT COINS.

IT must be evident, even to those who have not made a special study of the subject, that the design of modern coins is in almost all respects decidedly inferior to that of coinages in former times, although the latter were equally well suited for the purposes of circulation. From this remark of Mr. Charles W. Fremantle, Deputy Master of the Mint, in his

Seventh Annual Report, which has just been published, we conceive that few of our readers will dissent. As this inferiority has been in no respect more apparent than in the manner in which the important question of portraiture has from time to time been treated, Mr. Fremantle has done good service in making a few observations on some of the more interesting

facts connected with the portrait coins of this and other countries.

To Greek and Roman coins it is hardly necessary to refer, for though in many cases of extreme interest and beauty, they were in such high relief as to be unfit for the purposes of modern circulation. In Saxon times, too, many coins bear evidence of the influence of Roman Art; the prevailing type of the effigies, however, until nearly the end of the fifteenth century, being that of the penny of William the Conqueror—a somewhat singular-looking coin—though an improvement gradually took place in their execution.

Martin Folkes, writing more than one hundred years ago, observes, that during the period from William I. to Henry VII., there does not appear to have been so much as an attempt to preserve any similitude of the several kings in the impressions of their heads. "They are all alike," he adds, "and even those that are represented on their broad seals and monuments as wearing beards, do, nevertheless, appear smooth-faced upon their coins; and although Henry VI. became king when only nine months old, and reigned above eight-and-forty years, yet can no difference be observed in his countenance by which his first moneys and his last may be distinguished from each other!" On the other hand, of Henry VII. he points out that "this king did, about the eighteenth or nineteenth year of his reign, make a great alteration in the form of his coin, upon which his head was now represented in profile, and with a good resemblance of his other pictures." The fact here stated, it may be observed, is curious, inasmuch as good portraits are extant of earlier kings; nor had the art of working in metal been at a low ebb, for in the middle of the fifteenth century William Austen, the first eminent English founder, and contemporary of Donatello and Ghiberti, produced works of great excellence, which have been pronounced by competent authorities to be worthy even of those artists. It is strange, therefore, as Mr. Fremantle remarks, that up to the time of Henry VII. coins should have so inadequately represented the Art of the period.

In many of the coins of Henry VIII. the full-face effigy is again to be found. The portraits on these coins appear to be excellent, and it may be safely inferred that the genius of Holbein was not without influence on the coinage of this reign, so clearly do the likenesses resemble the portraits of the king by that master. Edward VI. is represented on his coins in profile as well as full-faced, and it is asserted by Walpole that "Holbein was still alive, and drew the young king several times after he came to the crown;" but this, as Mr. Fremantle points out, cannot have been the case if, as is now generally admitted, the painter died in 1543.

In some of the coins of Mary's reign the effigies of the queen and her consort, Philip of Spain, are placed face to face, probably in imitation of coins of Ferdinand and Isabella. The likeness of the queen bears a close resemblance to the fine portrait in the possession of the Society of Antiquaries.

The coins of Elizabeth are distinctly inferior to those of the two preceding reigns, both in portraiture and execution, although considerable trouble appears to have been taken to secure a good likeness of the queen. A proclamation was prepared in 1563, to the effect that "hitherto none hath sufficiently expressed the natural representation of Her Majestie's person, favor, or grace," and declaring that "a special coning payntor" should be appointed, whose works might serve as a model for other artists. Zuccaro is believed to have been accordingly appointed court painter, and the portrait by him of "Queen Elizabeth in a fancy dress," now at Hampton Court Palace, bears a resemblance to the effigy on some of the coins of the reign.

As regards the earlier coins of James I. the following record has been preserved: "Item to my Lord Seytonis painter, for certain pictures of his Maiesties visage drawin be him and gevin to the sinkare to be gravin in the new cunye." And Rymer

mentions a grant, in 1617, to Nicolas Hillyard, who is described as "our principall Drawer for the small portraits and Imbosser of our Medallies of gold." The portraits on the coins of this reign are very like existing prints in the British Museum.

Vandyck's portraits have made the face of Charles I. so familiar that there is no difficulty in judging of the correctness of his effigy on the coinage. The designs were the work chiefly of Nicholas Briot and Thomas Rawlins, of whom the former was afterwards appointed General of the Mint in Scotland, and, as Charles Dickeson, the engraver, of the Scottish Mint, had "not bene in use to grave his Majestie's face," was commissioned to engrave the dies, being "best experienced with such livelie impressions."

The works of Thomas Simon, pupil of Nicholas Briot, and engraver to the Mint in the reign of Charles II., are, in Mr. Fremantle's opinion, without question the best specimens of the art ever produced by an Englishman. A good example is the famous "petition crown," on the edge of which is set forth Simon's prayer to the king to compare it, his trial piece, with the work of his Dutch rival, Roettier. Pepsy, it may be mentioned, bears testimony to the accuracy of the portraits on the coins of this reign, which he states were "very neat and like the king."

In the reign of Queen Anne, whose portraits on the coinage have much merit, the designs were by Croker, whom Pinkerton considers to rank, as an engraver, "next to Simon." He continued to be Engraver of the Mint from the time of his appointment by Queen Anne until his death in 1740, when he was succeeded by Dassier.

The earlier years of the reign of George III., Mr. Fremantle points out, show a marked falling off in Art as applied to coinage; nor was any improvement in design attempted until nearly the close of the last century, when the Committee of the Privy Council on Coinage wrote to the Royal Academy requesting that body to "select such a committee as might be best furnished with that peculiar information, which would best enable their Lordships to improve and perfect the coinage of this country as a becoming work of taste and Art." No important result, however, seems to have followed this step, though James Barry, the well-known R.A., offered certain suggestions for the improvement of the coinage. When in 1816 gold was constituted the sole standard of value, it became necessary that designs should be prepared for the new coins to be issued. The designs for the sovereign, issued for the first time in 1817, were entrusted to Pistrucci, afterwards chief medallist of the Mint, and the obverse was executed by him in jasper, and is now preserved in the museum of the Mint. Excellent as were the works of this artist, it would seem that the portraiture of his coins was not always successful, as Ruding remarks that "the want of resemblance to our venerable monarch could not escape the most cursory inspection." The excellent effigy on the sovereign of William IV. was engraved by William Wyon, R.A., from a bas-relief by Chantrey; and that of her present Majesty which still remains in use, was modelled from life by the same artist at the beginning of the reign.

In Italy it cannot be doubted that the art of engraving to a certain extent still maintains its excellence. In France, designs of great merit for medals and coins are annually exhibited in the Salon, and Art literature has been enriched by the publication under government authority of the *Trésor de Numismatique*, elaborately illustrated, and containing the finest known examples of coins and medals. In England Mr. Fremantle regrets that far too little attention is directed to the systematic training of engravers, and that the great painters of the day have not, as was the case in Italy, made a study also of engraving. It is satisfactory, however, to learn that Mr. E. J. Poynter, R.A., Director of the Art School at South Kensington, has promised to bring the subject of die engraving for coins and medals under the notice of Art students there, and it is to be hoped that good results may follow.

ANCIENT IRISH ART. THE FICTILIA OF THE CAIRNS AND CRANNOGS.

By LLEWELLYNN JEWITT, F.S.A.



HAVING already, in previous papers, spoken of some of the characteristics of Irish Art as exemplified in the sculptured crosses and in the metal-work of that home and nurture-place of early Art, I now proceed to give a few words on a different phase of primitive design—that of the decoration of ancient fictile vessels.

It is not too much to say that in an equal degree with metal-work, with illuminations, and with interlaced designs in sculpture, the decorations, nay, even the general forms, of the early fictile productions of the Irish people are in advance of those of coeval nations, and exhibit more "flow" and more genuine taste than they do. There is less severity in form, and this, much as the severe in Art is, in many cases, to be admired, gives an easy grace to the outline that is wanting in similar remains in our own country.

Instead of the heavy overlapping rim which characterizes the general form of the cinerary urns of some of the tribes of our own Celtic forefathers in England, the wide-topped "flower-pot" form, the raised band, or the more contracted mouths again of others, the Irish urns are sometimes wide at the mouth, and graceful in flow of line; others again partake more of the bowl shape, and others have their outline composed of concave



Fig. 1.—Cinerary Urn from Trillick Barr.

curves of more or less acuteness. The general form is, indeed, much varied, but in all examples that have come under my notice there are a feeling of artistic purity of taste and an easy grace in flow of line eminently characteristic of the Irish Art-mind.

No matter at what period of time, indeed, the work was accomplished or in what material it was produced, it is not too much to say that a thoroughly artistic feeling imbued the mind of the operator, and led him to impress upon his work features that gave it a character eminently pleasing and original.

Not only in general form of outline, but in the designing of the most intricate interlaced and other patterns, and the carrying out of the most minute detail, the mind of the Irish artist, even in the most remote ages, showed itself pre-eminent over other nations, and has left its mark for the admiration and guidance, as well as the imitation, of every succeeding generation.

Of course, as in our country and in other nations, the great

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bulk of examples of early fictile Art that remain to us, and upon which we have to found our knowledge, are the cinerary urns—the clay vessels in which, when cremation was in vogue, the ashes and burnt bones of the dead were placed for burial in



Fig. 2.—Cinerary Urn from Ballybit, Co. Carlow.

cairns or otherwise—and food and drinking vessels, found also (where inhumation was observed) in the grave mounds of the people. But in addition to this, the crannogs, or lake dwellings, of the Irish people afford a vast fund of information upon the



Fig. 3.—Cinerary Urn from Mackracks, Co. Tyrone.

form and decoration of the domestic vessels of the people. Thus it will be seen it is to the homes and graves of the dead we are indebted for all we know of the fictile Art of the living.

I have already written so much upon the contents of the

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barrows* of early ages that it is not needful to pursue the subject here. I may, however, with special reference to Irish examples, quote the words of my late friend, Sir William Wilde, than whom no better or more painstaking authority upon Irish antiquities ever existed, and then pass on to a consideration of some of the examples that remain to us. "Irish cinerary urns have," Sir William wrote, "been found under these circumstances:—in small cists, placed without any ostensible mark, at least at the present day, beneath the surface of the soil, each just sufficiently large to hold one or two vessels. The chamber is sometimes occupied with the urn and its contents alone; in other cases it also contains charcoal and portions of burned bone; and in some instances the flooring-stones have become vitrified upon the upper surface, thus leading us to believe that the funeral pyre was lighted over the grave after it was formed; of this, the charcoal and the vitrification of the stones afford presumptive proof. These small chambers are sometimes found near the surface, or in the periphery of the larger tumuli that usually cover cromlechs or surround extensive sepulchral chambers, and appear to be of a much more recent date than the original structure of the tumulus in which they are placed. Such minor interments may have been those of the family or descendants of the persons originally interred beneath; or the place—strong in the odour of sanctity—may have been resorted to as a burial-ground long subsequent to its original foundation, from that feeling of veneration which instinctively consecrates the resting-place of the dead. These urns are also found embedded in the earth, in which case they are generally aggregated in cemeteries upon the sides of hills." As in our own country so it was in Ireland; both cremation and inhumation† were practised, and for the latter vessels of clay of various forms were used.

The positions in which cinerary urns are found in the barrows in Ireland differ as much as those in English mounds. Sometimes they are found standing upright on the original surface of the ground; and at others inverted (*i.e.* placed mouth downwards on the earth, or on a stone or slate), and at other times, though of course this is accidental, they are discovered lying on the side; at other times, and more usually, they are found in stone cists, which are sometimes in cairns, stone circles, or otherwise. Small vessels, such as those which Hoare named "incense cups," but which, for reasons I have already made known, I have ventured to call "immolation urns," are also found sometimes by the side, but oftener actually within the mouth, of the larger ones. These small vessels, which are only found with burnt bones—and usually also containing them—have been, I believe, simply tiny urns, intended to receive the ashes of the infant, perhaps sacrificed at the death of its mother, so as to admit of being placed within the larger urn containing

the ashes of the parent. They usually range from an inch and a half to about three inches in height, and are more or less ornamented; the patterns on some being more than usually intricate. They generally contain small burnt bones and ashes, and thus incontestably prove their use. The contents of barrows, as I have elsewhere written, give strong evidence of the practice of sacrificing not only horses, dogs, and oxen, but human beings, at the graves of the ancient Britons. Slaves were sacrificed at their masters' graves; and wives, there can be no doubt, were sacrificed and buried with their husbands, to accompany them in the invisible world upon which they were entering. It is reasonable, therefore, to infer that infants were occasionally sacrificed on the death of their mothers, in the belief that they would thus partake of her care in the strange land to which, by death, she was removed. Whether from sacrifice, or whether from natural causes, the mother and her infant may have died together, it is only reasonable to infer

from the situation in which they are found (either placed on the top of a heap of burnt bones, or inside the mouth of, or beside, the larger urn), and their being filled wholly or partially with diminutive calcined bones, that they were really receptacles for the ashes of the infant.

The material of the early Irish urns is simply coarse clay, but this varies in different localities. With some, sand has evidently been, more or less, mixed with the clay, while "in those which show a higher degree of culture in the makers," as Sir William Wilde said, "sand and small fragments of stone, possibly broken for the purpose, were mixed through the plastic mass, and also rubbed (perhaps to assist in drying as well as in giving them stability) upon the inner surface, especially near the bottom. A micaceous clay here appears to answer the same end; but in some of the very fine specimens minute particles of quartz and felspar may be observed coating the interior, which, from the sharpness of their fracture, would appear to have been broken specially for the purpose. These fragments of sand or stone may also be seen in the fracture, but are never



Figs. 4 to 8.—Museum of the Royal Irish Academy.

observed upon the outer surface. In colour the Irish urns differ considerably upon the outer and inner surfaces. The latter is almost invariably blackish or dark brown, the result of partial torrefaction, and perhaps from the heated bones and charcoal placed within them, either when soft, or after they had been sun-baked. The colouring generally passes through four-fifths of the mass. The outer surface is either a light red, grey, or brown; the first is most usual, and appears to be the result of the atmosphere, which was, however, excluded from the interior by the mass of the contents of the urn. The colour of the exterior usually passes for some distance within the lip. The drab or clay-coloured urns bear but little mark of fire, either within or without. The brown belongs only to the thinnest and hardest description of pottery. Assuming that the majority of the mortuary urns (except those for very distinguished persons) were constructed at the grave, the artist was indebted to the clay at hand in the locality for the materials with which he worked; hence the great variety in composition.

* "Grave Mounds and their Contents," "Half Hours among some English Antiquities," &c.

† "So early as A.M. 3950, we learn from the books of Leinster and of Lecan, the body of Shanoll, son of Ollamh Fodhla, was buried in the earth."

It is necessary to take exception to Sir William's words in one or two respects. His idea of "sun-baked" is decidedly erroneous, for if clay was only sun-baked, in our climate, the vessel would return to its original consistence from the action of the damp earth in which it was afterwards buried. The cinerary urns were, there can be no doubt, made of the clay of the locality where the burial had to be made, and were formed, in many instances, by the females of the tribe. They were, there can be equally little doubt, then baked in the funeral fire and the ashes collected and placed in them in a glowing state. This is proved by the appearances, both inside and outside, of numerous examples I have submitted to careful examination.

And now for a few words on the varieties of ornamentation upon Irish urns. The ornaments are extremely varied, both in character and in mode of arrangement. Sometimes simply a number of dots or punctures pretty nearly cover the surface; at others these punctures are intermixed in regular patterns with other ornaments. Sometimes, again, they exhibit ridges or raised bands, more or less decorated; and, at others, the usual herringbone or zigzag patterns, produced by incised or impressed lines, are the most prominent feature. Again, in some examples, patterns produced by pressing a twisted thong into the pliant clay are met with; while incised or impressed circular, semicircular, and other lines, ornament others. "Many of these lines have a pectinated appearance, as if formed by a



Fig. 9.—From *Attegarron*, near *Delfast*.

traverser, or a rowel-like instrument, such as that used by pastrycooks" at the present day, and sometimes the ornament is produced by simple scratches. Other urns are one mass of ornament, rich in appearance and varied in character; and others have what may not inaptly be called flat circular medallions at their sides. Others again present a series of "slashes" with intervening impressed ornaments.

It is a remarkable fact, as pointed out by Sir William Wilde, that no examples, so far as his knowledge went, occurred in which "any trace of the spire," which characterizes the decorations of some of the very oldest sepulchral monuments in Ireland, occurs; but a peculiar form of ornamentation, made by straight lines, is identical with that on some carved stones at the entrance to the most remarkable of these edifices, that of New Grange.

One or two characteristic examples may with profit be cited. Fig. 1 is a remarkably elegant urn found in a cairn at Trillick Barr, Tyrone. In general form it is slightly contracted towards the mouth, and has two raised encircling bands, and an extended rim at the base. The lower part of the body is decorated with vertical lines, the spaces between being here and there filled in with impressed ornaments; and the portions between the encircling bands are also filled in with diagonal lines of indentations; these also are continued round the rim at the mouth, while the raised bands bear a double engrailed pattern.

Another example (Fig. 2), five inches in height, was found at

Ballybit, Lisnevagh, county Carlow. Like the last specimen, this urn contracts slightly towards the mouth. It has three encircling raised bands, with intervening indented ones, around its centre, and these are richly ornamented. The upper portion of the vase bears a border of curved lines—a large species of engrailling—incised, and the lower portion similarly produced lines forming herringbone and "crossed" patterns; around the rim and the upper rib it is elaborately ornamented with impressed points.

Fig. 3 is of a totally different character, both in form and ornamentation. It was found in a cist, on the lands of Mac-



Fig. 10.—From the *Giant's Grave*, *Loughrey Demesne*.

krackens, in the parish of Leckpatrick, county Tyrone, and is five inches in height. "At its greatest circumference it is surrounded by a narrow circular groove," much of the same character as some Celtic urns found in Derbyshire, "and this groove is, as it were, clasped by five small pierced knobs equidistant from each other. From their shape, and closeness to the vessel," continues Mr. 'Geoghegan, "I cannot think they were intended for handles. There are no indentations or marks to lead us to suppose they were designed for that purpose. It appears to me their use was to retain in the groove a strong cord which twined round the urn. From this strong cord three strings could be attached, meeting in a knot for the purpose of carrying or con-



Fig. 11.—From *Ballydoolough*.

veying the urn from the scene of cremation to the cist in which it was finally to be placed, or from the place where it was made." In severity of feeling as regards its general form, this urn, it will be seen at a glance, bears a marked resemblance to, and is indeed almost identical with, the very curious wooden vessel engraved on Fig. 11. This curious relic (believed to be of yew-wood) was found in the Ballydoolough crannog, and was about nine inches in height; it is probably a food vessel. The same general form is perceptible in Fig. 6. In the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy urns of this same general form are preserved, as are also examples of almost every known variety.

Figs. 4 to 8 are from that museum and tell their own tale, both as to peculiarity of outline and richness of decoration. A small vessel—an "immolation urn"—found within a larger vessel at Mayhora, near Castlecomer, of much the same form as Fig. 6, was engraved and described by Mr. Graves in the *Archaeological Journal*; the lower part is elegantly ribbed.

Fig. 10 is from the Giant's Grave, on the Loughrey demesne, in county Tyrone. It is of globular form, five inches in height, and decorated with vertical and encircling lines indented in the clay. Another, about seven inches in diameter, found in the White Cairn, Drumdaragh, county Antrim, was extremely elaborate in its ornamentation, but was not carefully preserved.

Urns of a different character of ornamentation were discovered some years ago at Ballon Hill, between Fenagh and Tullow, county Carlow, and described by my friend Mr. Graves. Among

patterns, and impressed points, curves, &c.; one or two had raised knobs.

One of the richest of "immolation urns," about two and three-quarter inches in height (and filled with small burnt bones when found), of the Irish series, was also brought to light in this interest. It is engraved on Fig. 13.

A most remarkable urn (Fig. 12), found at Cairn Thierna, county Cork (engraved in the *Archaeological Journal*), has its outline totally different from others, and is elaborately and delicately ornamented, over almost its entire surface.

A very remarkable example of ornamentation is shown on Fig. 9, which carefully represents an urn found about the year 1840, at a place called Yellow Jack's Cairn, in the townland of Altgarraon on the slopes of Divis Mountain, near Belfast. It was five inches in height, and six in diameter at the mouth. The whole surface was richly decorated with incised and im-



Fig. 12.—From Cairn Thierna, Co. Cork.

these was one, more than fifteen inches in height, about fourteen inches in width at the mouth, and of "flower-pot" form, very similar to some English examples. It had two raised encircling ribs, and the upper part was ornamented with a chevron or zig-zag pattern produced by impressed twisted thongs. Another was of bowl form with raised bands, and every part elaborately ornamented, the upper and lower parts bearing saltires alternating with incised lines; it was of much the same general form as the one engraved on Fig. 10. Another, of more flowing form, whose outline took a graceful jar-like curve, gradually swelling outward from the contraction below the mouth and tapering down to the foot, was ornamented with impressed thongs and incised lines. Others were found which partook of the same general shapes as other examples here engraved, and were more or less ornamented with encircling lines, zigzag and other



Fig. 13.—From Ballon Hill, Co. Carlow.

pressed lines, and other ornamentation; these are sufficiently well shown in the engraving, and therefore need no description.

Occasionally covers, made of the same clay as the urns themselves, and ornamented in a similar manner, have been found. One remarkable example discovered at Danes Fort had a perfect cover, or lid, with a handle at the top.

It will be seen from what I have written, and the engravings with which this brief notice is illustrated, that not only the forms of the vessels themselves but the styles of their decoration have characteristics of their own, and do not, except in some instances, bear a direct resemblance to those of England. This remark does not apply merely to the cinerary urns, but will be found to hold equally good with regard to the pottery of the crannogs, to which I shall direct attention in my next chapter.

(To be continued.)

FURNISHING "A PERFECT HOUSE."

THE Spanish nobles, who visited England with Philip, were surprised to find that Englishmen had houses made of "sticks and dirt," whilst in eating and drinking they fared "commonly so well as the king." This kind of surprise, as between exteriors and interiors, would still hold good, in spite of enormous social changes. Plain, unpretentious buildings, that seem out of place amongst their modern fellows, suggest nothing of their contents; and yet when we enter the surprise is most exquisite, everything is so harmoniously, so tastefully arranged. Such surprises are rare; they are more frequent away from our busy centres; but it would not be fair to omit

all reference to them. Houses of this kind are deficient in many conveniences that more modernly built dwellings possess. But their quaintness disarms criticism, whilst their furnishing combines the rare qualities of simplicity and taste. There is the reverse picture, unhappily more common. A perfect house to look at, finely placed, handsomely proportioned, tempting you like a veiled secret, and girt about with pleasant lawns and coppices, may still be an abomination within—a biographical revelation, a monstrous attempt to reconcile gaudiness, profusion, and Art. Nor is it difficult to understand why there should be this discrepancy between the house

and the furniture. Few men profess to be architects, but nearly all men claim to be good furnishers; and it happens to most of us to make an experiment in the latter direction at least once in our lives. For one man who has his dream of the "perfect house," as I called it on a previous occasion, there are a thousand who have dreams as to how such a house as may be suitable to their station should be furnished from top to bottom. They positively revel in pictures of each separate room. It would be flat heresy, for example, to tell any young lady about to be married that she knows not how to furnish a house. It is an ideal accomplishment, not taught by masters, and yet somehow the assumed rightful possession of every fascinating woman. When a French queen visited Bruges she wept because she "found herself in the presence of six hundred ladies more queenly than herself," we are told; and when a fascinating woman desires to embellish a house she is moved by very much the same spirit of would-be superiority, or she imitates what she has seen elsewhere. But more frequently, perhaps, the work of furnishing is the result of a battle between a lady or a gentleman with floating, nebulous, fantastic ideas, and a hard-grained, matter-of-fact tradesman, who makes himself the exponent of prevailing modes, and who is nearly certain to conquer, whilst persuading the conquered that their real tastes are in perfect accord with reigning fashions. The individual will has always a hard fight, and it rarely wins unless the purse be either very limited or of most capacious dimensions. And when men and women really have their own way, what a whimsical way it is, inexplicable in its processes, indescribable in its results! The houses we live in are accidents, waifs and strays of brick and mortar, of bald routine and struggling talent, for which very few of us can admit any responsibility whatever. But when we adopt them and settle in them we should endeavour to so arrange their interiors that they may be a testimony to others of what kind of people we are, and of the associations most congenial to our fixed ideas. If we cannot obtain all we desire in exteriors, at least let us act in the spirit of Madame de Chatenay's remark respecting Joubert, whose deformity is well known, when she said that he seemed "like a soul that had fallen in by chance with a body, and got on with it as best he could."

It has to be assumed, however, that either by selection or construction we have obtained a building wherein we can display that strong individuality or that wise generality which we possess. How shall we set about the furnishing thereof? I very much fear there are few golden rules, of a positive character, which can be laid down for the guidance of any one. Artistic matters do not readily admit of tabular or cataloguing processes. We cannot give recipes for good pictures or statuary, although it is possible to so cultivate the senses and the mind that their presence shall be immediately detected. Moreover, furniture comes under the lowest designation of decorative art, and the greatest of all mistakes is to force it into eccentricity in order to avoid the conventional. For all such articles, as Mr. Ruskin has himself said, "you want forms of inferior Art, such as will be by their simplicity less liable to injury; or, by reason of their complexity and continuousness, may show to advantage, however distorted by the folds they are cast into." It could be wished that these ideas were more firmly grasped by those who undertake to manufacture modern furniture, which is frequently ornate without being artistic, and most elaborate in design without ceasing to be conventional. A decided reaction is perceptible, however, and it is assuming what we may call "old English" forms. It is governed by two ideas, simplicity and naturalness. If we look into old-fashioned houses, we may find chairs, tables, sideboards, and other articles, which a depraved modern taste would at once pronounce to be plain and ugly. But they were in perfect harmony with their surroundings, and they embodied truer principles than you will meet with in many modern abominations. Simplicity in design is compatible with richness of material, just as homeliness of material admits of much variety in execution. An oak sideboard, not too elaborately carved, is much to be preferred to a skeleton of deal, patched and veneered into a semblance of what it is not; and a high-backed oaken chair, mellowed with age,

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substantial, throwing forward all the flashing tints of a lady's dress, is infinitely superior to some of the more modern efforts upon which the sitter must perch daintily, lest their flimsy ornamentation should yield to any vigorous movement of the body. Much of our furniture is made to be merely ornamental, and use is quite a secondary matter. This inversion is the result of a common mistake, which cannot be too severely corrected.

The use of natural woods is a growing one, and it is one of the most hopeful signs in domestic art. Dining-rooms, furnished with oak furniture, and bedrooms with birch or maple, can be made as pretty as heart could wish. In our dull climate, where we are rarely overburdened with sunshine, it is inconceivable how the taste for dark woods, stained until their darkness is sometimes oppressive, should ever have arisen. Probably the use of mahogany in England—a custom not yet two hundred years old—came to us from France, whence we have derived nearly all our ideas in furniture, as well as our names for different articles. The simplicity which was to be found in our best country houses in the sixteenth century, may serve to show how much of our present furnishing is due to foreign influences. Mr. Froude cites an inventory of the goods of a country parson in 1534, to prove that the rudeness of furniture dwelt upon by Hume did not really exist. The controversy is beyond our purpose, but the contents of the roll are instructive. The parson of Aldington's parlour contained but one chair, and his lodging chamber had but four. These were the only chairs in the house. Forms were used for ordinary purposes, and the sofa or couch was a thing unknown. It is of Saracenic origin, but what was originally a raised portion of an apartment became, in French hands, a separate movable piece of furniture, used for convenience and not for state ceremonial.

If the bareness of ancient living-rooms was most remarkable, the fulness of modern ones is equally deserving of notice. It is a mistake to crowd too much furniture into a room, or to leave it in such disorderly negligence that we are tempted to ask, Is this a warehouse? There are rooms, however, which can be met with in otherwise perfect houses, which are so full of furniture, so crowded with knick-knacks, so grand, so complete, so limited in their spaces, that they seem as if it were only intended that human beings should peep at them through a keyhole or a chink in the shutters; they appear to be memorial chambers of some brave departed manhood or womanhood. Their owners, I know, pride themselves upon such rooms, and will not hear a word breathed to their dishonour. But surely they violate the first principle of domestic embellishment, which I take to be this, that no room should be perfect without human beings in it—those central figures to which pictures and pottery, chairs, tables, and mirrors, are merely accessories. Odd heads sticking up here and there, voices coming from behind huge vases, fragments of colour showing where human beings are in virtual hiding—all these will be absent in a properly furnished room. You look at an artistic dwelling-room or drawing-room, and it seems to be empty, to want something, to be soulless. The advent of one or two human beings breaks the void, and straightway it is as if the sun had burst upon a landscape. But this is all poetry! Not so; it is the merest matter of fact. Art or ornamentation that seeks to hide manhood or womanhood, is at best a treachery. Our homes are intended primarily for us, and not for our furniture. Our furniture is intended for use and adornment, not for concealment and ambitious insistence. To realise this idea more fully, compare one of these crowded rooms with a Turkish apartment, where the subordination which is truly just is visible at a glance. The walls are bare, there is a divan round the room, a piece of bright carpet in the centre, a few cushions, and upon one of them squats the owner, in highly-tinted garments, with grave face, kindly eyes, and long grey beard. There is no doubt here that the Man is the finest thing in the room. But the doubt becomes very real and serious when he appears a superfluity, an intrusion, a passing whim, that ought to disappear if we are to enjoy the finery about us. It seems needful to insist upon this very simple fact. It is equally needful to insist upon another matter. Side by side with these conveniently warehoused collections of

furniture, there has grown up the practice of adorning the centre of a drawing-room with hideous settees, like fixed roundabouts, which are very well to look at when occupied by ladies and gentlemen, but suggest nursery and railway carriage contrivances when empty. They have grown into use out of the desire to crush people as well as to crowd furniture. One of the parson of Adlington's forms, if fairly ornamented, would be more in keeping with a perfect house.

There is a correspondence between furniture and dress which I may be forgiven for pointing out, and which covers almost the entire region under review. Camden assures us that when "great bravery of building" came in, as he styles it, "the glory of hospitality" departed. Other things departed with it. There are periods in which it is possible to trace a struggle between elaboration in furniture and elaboration in dress; but one or the other eventually assumes the mastery, and there is, for a time, a natural adjustment by no means inartistic in its effects. The quiet chambers of old-fashioned mansions, in which everything was subdued and chaste, appeared to require a richness in dress a variety in colour which are less in harmony with our more ornate dwelling-rooms. The costume of a Cavalier would not look well in our modern rooms, nor would the fanciful sleeves and head-dresses in which our ancestral ladies of fashion indulged. In their simpler abodes the correspondence, the poetic contrast, the central figures, were in rare and beautiful harmony of tone. The small windows, too, which began to insensibly disappear after the Black Death, testify to another change which had its effect upon dress and furniture—the more general adoption of indoor life. Windows became a part of the beauty of a dwelling, without being quite so staring and eruptive as they are now. "It is no wonder we do not like looking that way," wrote Dr. Arnold, of the fields east of Rugby, "when one considers there is nothing fine between us and the Ural mountains. Conceive what you look over, for you just miss Sweden, and look over Holland, the north of Germany, and the centre of Russia." It is possible, too, that ornamental gardening had some connection with the adoption of a bolder style of window, its primary object being to give the house-dweller something to "look over." But this is digressing. A plainer style of apparel is now common, certainly amongst gentlemen, and usually amongst æsthetic ladies, without any of them apparently seeing that it is a concession, conscious or unconscious, to their more elaborate surroundings, to that theory of correspondence between furniture and human beings faintly touched upon in a previous paragraph. "I reign here," was the unsyllabled eloquence of the highly-dressed lady and gentleman, in the simple mansion of olden days. We have lost this sort of symmetry—not perhaps wisely—but we have found another. "These are my treasures, my gifts to myself," is the modern eloquence, wherein men and women are wise. To retain this mute kind of poetry, not only should the furniture itself be not in excess, but there should be a sparing use of portraits upon the walls. I have in my eye a magnificent dining-room, the walls of which were so thickly hung with portraits of men and women, tier upon tier, that living beings seemed intruders, and the whole affair a spectacle. The effect, as I remember it, was quite embarrassing. If they

were ancestors, there were too many of them; and if they were strangers, odds and ends of miscellaneous collections, they were boldly intrusive, destroying all privacy of feeling. In wide galleries or corridors, these rows of staring faces, with eyes of fire and tenderness, massive chins and peaked beards, stiff collars and periwigs, would have seemed companionable. As it was, they drove me to the window, and haunted me in sleep.

A sparing use of portraits in living-rooms is about the only hint one needs to give in the way of pictures. Nor is there much one can say as to the use of sculptured busts and statuary. The former throw light and glory into the rounded niches we still meet with in some modern dwellings, the continuing of which we might usefully enjoin upon our architects, in place of the bare recesses they contrive to construct upon either side of the fireplace, impossible of adornment without endless devices. The latter have less room allowed for them in our modern halls and staircases than is consistent with their artistic use. Statues are in the way, and—the truth must be written—they look very much like miniature testimonials, in an age much given to weakness in that direction, and weary of salvers, goblets, and centrepieces. They ill accord, too, with the tapestry one sometimes meets with in over-furnished abodes, and the china-covered walls now so fashionable. They require breadth of space, simplicity of surrounding, and largeness of prospect.

There are, no doubt, a hundred other things about which very much might be said. Do you advocate paper on the walls? asks one, with dim ideas on his mind about Dr. Richardson's tiles and the annual scrubbing. Are you partial to wainscoted walls, even when their oaken darkness deadens the gaslight? Can we ever make the gaselier as ornamental as the simple candelabrum resting upon the table? Do you like the carved wooden mantelpiece, or the marble variety? Is it your opinion that brass or iron bedsteads can compare with wooden ones in artistic finish and homeliness? These, and other questions that crowd upon me, do not admit of answers that will satisfy anything like general principles. They are details, of which every one must be judge. Nor can I enter upon the vast region covered by carpets and floorcloths, or stoop to discuss the question of polished floors, or animal skins for hearthrugs. I cannot, for reasons just as good, venture into the sanctum of the studious man, where some minds reach to a fulness of stature and dilation they are too modest to manifest elsewhere. I leave these regions and minutæ to the more intensely practical. Upon a subject so ideal as that of furnishing "a perfect house," any superfluous detail is dictation. A certain roundness of suggestion is all that any one can fairly aim at; and when even this is done, the suggester will probably be most conscious of the poverty of his attempt. The theme is high. It is nothing less than that of the embellishment of a domestic temple, in which Art shall not oppose but only glorify Man; in which beautiful objects shall be an everlasting provocative to tender feelings and brave deeds; and in which what is homely in virtue and simple in its purity shall exist side by side with the spoils of a conquest wherein success is a surety that it is not in Nature the whole of man's being can ever find the true blending of aspiration and repose.

EDWIN GOADRY.

OLD NANKIN BLUE.

By E. B. SHULDHAM, M.D., M.A.

PART I.

TO love and prize what is old and scarce is commendable, as it implies the possession of antiquarian tastes, which in some respects are historical. To love and prize what is beautiful is a virtue indeed, for it implies the possession of the artistic faculty, which in every respect is estimable and most rare.

Now when an object presents itself to our notice which shall at once claim the attention of the antiquary and the lover of Art, there ought to be no difficulty or hesitation in placing this object in the foremost rank of Art-treasures. "Old Nankin Blue" china makes this double appeal to antiquarian and artistic tastes, and must, therefore, take this front rank. We have heard the praises of old Dresden, old Sèvres, old Worcester, old Bow

and Chelsea, sung so often and so loudly, that we are somewhat wearied of this ceramic "Te Deum," and we have begun to doubt the sincerity of the singers and the rightly directed measure of their praise. Have not collections been made and distributed of these various wares? Have not fortunes been made and dissipated by enthusiastic admirers of these wares? And is the prestige attached to these names as bright as some twenty or thirty years ago? It has been dimmed of late years. Old Sèvres, old Dresden of the very finest quality, still command respect and respectful prices; but the star of old Worcester is no longer in the ascendant, and that of Chelsea and Bow have already paled their uncertain fires.

Why is this? Not because the productions of our English school of ceramic art lack beauty of colour, form, and workmanship, but because they lack the highest qualities of Art-workmanship. For a time they gained the public favour, and for a time their merits were backed by adventurous dealers, and fancy prices were given for objects that belonged to the second rank of merit, and not the very first. That which is now really precious is that which is most truly beautiful; and the immeasurably fine painting, sculpture, vase, or bowl, will always command the attention of men of taste and the purses of men of means. The commercial times may be, as now, dark and full of doubt, and therefore all luxuries must suffer a temporary depreciation; pictures and china are scarcely to be reckoned among the necessities of life; but the great works will be still commercially and artistically great in times of trouble and financial dread, and when the black curse of war is lifted from Europe they will command the enthusiasm that they ever should claim.

This leads us gradually into the consideration of another point of our subject-matter, and that is, the reason why the productions of European ceramic art have been held so long in public estimation, and have commanded such splendid prices at public sales, and why Oriental china has suffered comparative neglect at the hands of those whose taste should have led them instinctively to love and possess it. Let us remember for a moment that the rage for Sèvres and Dresden has been a firm and steady one for nearly a century; the enthusiasm for old Worcester has fluctuated for the last thirty years, with some brilliant intervals, and now is on the wane; but the mania for old Nankin Blue is only just beginning to show its premonitory symptoms. Why is this?

We believe that in the question of china purchase, the same conditions exist as in picture buying. Nations, like individuals, go through a course of Art education; in the springtime of their buying they are attracted by brilliancy rather than purity of colour; by a certain cleverness of handling rather than by mastery of line; by a superficiality of effect rather than by a subtlety of fine workmanship. For instance, the youthful Art purchaser of water-colour drawings might be attracted by the dexterity of handling in a drawing by Harding or Rowbotham, who would be cold to the quiet charms of a sunset by George Barrett, or the masterful subtleties of a Turner vignette. Or again, the budding connoisseur in oil painting would be carried away, *vi et armis*, by the coarse and vigorous splendour of Rubens, and close his eyes to the tender, unassuming beauties of a panel by Raffaele, John Bellini, or Van Eyck. Nations, like individuals, we repeat, must go through a process of Art training. If it takes years of mental culture to educate the eye for appreciating the subtleties of painting, we must not be surprised or indignant with the people for imagining a vain thing in the question of ceramic art. And we conceive that by ranking Sèvres, Dresden, and old Worcester before Nankin Blue, they have imagined a vain thing.

We do not wish for a moment to undervalue the productions of those various schools of ceramic art, but we are anxious to place them in their proper artistic positions, and to point out the chief excellences of Oriental china, and more especially those rare excellences of old Nankin Blue.

To begin, we must not forget that the Chinese have led the van in the matter of porcelain manufacture; hundreds of years before Europe could boast of a single fine piece of workmanship,

either in porcelain or earthenware, "the heathen Chinese" had schools of ceramic art under imperial patronage and support; and the productions of these schools are of the very finest quality. The "heathen Chinese" had discovered and utilised the precious virtues of kaolin and petuntse hundreds of years before Böttcher's careful experiments led to brilliant success.

M. Stanislas Jullien, whose work on Oriental porcelain is worth careful study, places the date of the first manufacture of Chinese porcelain at 185 B.C. The Chinese themselves fixed the date of the invention of pottery at 2698 B.C.; but porcelain, that refinement of the potter's art, did not make its delicate appearance in Asia till some two thousand five hundred years later; and even then it was one thousand six hundred years before Europe, with all her civilisation, could give an answer to this ceramic problem, and then, moreover, she was prompted by her barbarian sister in the East.

The "heathen Chinese" had made extensive use of cobalt in decorating their porcelain hundreds of years before old Worcester or Salopian produced their beautiful services of blue painted ware. The "heathen Chinese" had invented a beautiful glaze hundreds of years before European potters had groped their way out of coarse, unequal work, though science stood ever ready to guide, and capital never failed to support, their efforts. There was nothing too difficult and nothing too delicate for Oriental potters to accomplish, from porcelain towers 300 feet high to toy-like eggshell cups and saucers of marvellous transparency and delicate glaze. Père d'Entrecolle, in speaking of King-te-Chin, where the finest Chinese porcelain was manufactured, says that it only required walls to be considered a city, for, when he wrote his *Memoirs* in the year 1712, the population was reckoned at a million of souls. Quoting from Marryatt's valuable work on the history of porcelain, we learn the following facts of the manufactories at King-te-Chin. He writes that "the streets are laid out with great regularity, but they are too narrow, and the houses too closely crowded. King-te-Chin produces none of the materials requisite for the production of porcelain. Even the wood consumed in the furnaces comes from a distance of a hundred leagues; yet, notwithstanding this is also the case with provisions, King-te-Chin is the abode of a multitude of poor families, who cannot maintain themselves in the neighbouring towns. Here the young and the feeble find employment, and even the blind and the lame gain a livelihood by grinding colours. Formerly there were only three hundred furnaces at King-te-Chin; now there are three thousand. It is not surprising there should be frequent conflagrations; and on this account there are many temples dedicated to the Genius of Fire. King-te-Chin is situated upon an extensive plain, surrounded by mountains, from which issue two rivers; one is very broad, and forms a fine port or basin, nearly a league in extent, which is filled with boats employed in ascending the river to fetch the materials, or in descending to Jao-tcheou with the porcelain."

"Strangers are scarcely ever allowed to sleep at King-te-Chin: they must either pass the night on board their vessels, or must lodge with people of their acquaintance, who will be answerable for their good conduct. This police maintains strict order, and establishes security in a place whose riches would awaken the cupidity of a number of thieves."

"According to the annals of King-te-Chin, its porcelain in ancient times was so sought after that the furnaces were hardly opened before the merchants were disputing with each other who should have the first parcel. It now supplies porcelain to the whole world; the Japanese go over to purchase it."

When we read this history of the artistic past, it is somewhat sad to tell that this splendid fountain of fine work is no more. War, that glory of madmen and aggressors, has laid King-te-Chin in a heap of ruins, and war's rude hand can never build again that fountain through whose channels flowed so much beauty and so much wealth. The Taeping rebels pillaged the manufactories, and gave their *coup de grace* by savagely destroying the kilns and workshops. How delightful is war!

We learn that when Lord Macartney was sent as ambassador to the Emperor of China in 1792-94 there was a large unwall'd city in the route taken by the English to Canton, and that

this city was called King-te-Chin; that there were no less than three thousand kilns for baking china, and that, when they were seen all lighted by night the air was red with light, as if some great conflagration was taking place.

Imitation, we are told by philosophers and copy-books, is the sincerest form of flattery; and it is an undeniable fact that every European manufactory of earthenware and porcelain has at some period or other of its career imitated examples of Oriental work. Dresden has shown its appreciation of this work by gathering together a superb collection of Oriental porcelain in the Japanese palace. This collection formed a gallery of Ceramic Art, which Böttcher and Höroldt were not slow to use and imitate. The black glazed ware was imitated, the Nankin blues, the variegated beautiful colours of both Chinese and Japanese Art.

Matthew Lister writes in 1698, the date of his visit to the porcelain works at St. Cloud: "There was no moulding or model of *China ware* which they had not imitated," &c. In the middle of the eighteenth century a company was formed in France for the manufactory of porcelain, under the name of Charles Adam, set on foot by M. Orry de Fulvy and his brother; the works were set up in the Château de Vincennes, the secret of gilding was bought of a M. Hippolyte, the management of colours from a Sieur Caillat, and chemists and artists of intelligence and repute were pressed into the service of this company, yet in spite of all this strong Gallic force the printers and decorators were forced to look to China for models of decoration. Mr. Marryatt tells us the following curious fact in connection with this love of imitating Oriental work:—"In the Musée Céramique at Sèvres are two small vases, belonging to the period from 1780 to 1785, which had been purchased as Chinese porcelain in 1829, and it was not until some time afterwards that in cleaning the pieces the error was discovered by finding the Sèvres mark at the bottom." This speaks volumes in favour of the imitation, but does not say much for the glory and clear-sightedness of the curator of the museum. Shall we

speak also of the numerous imitations of Oriental work that have been launched on the fluctuating porcelain market of England by every manufactory that has earned a name, and demanded prices that are historical? We may with a blush tell of Worcester, Chelsea, Bow, Liverpool, and Lowestoft; we may point a moral by speaking of the imitations of Oriental marks; we could adorn a tale by writing the history in brief of Lowestoft, so ably told by Mr. Chaffers, but we have said enough to show that every European manufactory of repute at some period of its career followed with a closeness bordering on servility their Oriental models. These very models they could only imitate, they never could equal, much less surpass.

Now to come more immediately to our subject-matter. We have shown that Oriental work was sufficiently perfect and beautiful to bear close imitation by European workmen, that it had a history and literature hundreds of years before Europe could boast of a single fine piece of its own manufacture, and we can also show that it was eagerly sought for by great collectors a century and more ago. We will now give our reasons for believing that Old Nankin Blue must take the first place in the first class of the great school of ceramic Art. We have shown that it has been prized and imitated by manufacturers for its own intrinsic merits; now we will show that for purposes of house decoration it reigns supreme. Let us go back a century. A hundred years ago our ancestors delighted in beautiful old cabinets and secretaires, and wardrobes, and tables of harmoniously stained wood, dexterously inlaid with marqueterie. Rose-wood, mahogany, and satin-wood, were each in their turns called upon to lend their assistance in the work of decoration. The workmen were good men and true, they worked for a fair name, they were possessed of the artistic instinct, the labours of their hands were works of Art. Our ancestors a hundred years ago prized these works, and found that nothing as a rule harmonized so fully and completely with the mahogany and satin-wood cabinets as Oriental china, and of this Nankin Blue is pre-eminently the best harmony.

(To be continued.)

SANCHO PANZA.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE SHEEPSHANKS COLLECTION.

Sir E. LANDSEER, R.A., Painter.

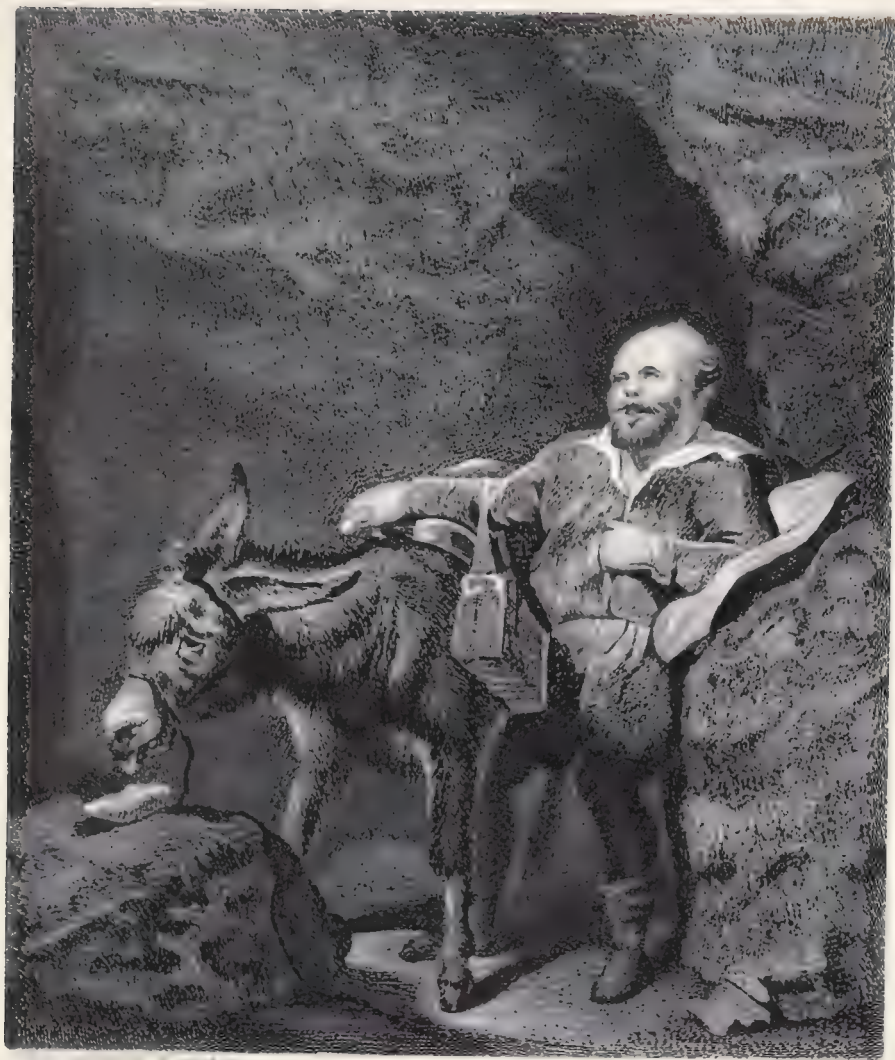
C. G. Lewis, Engraver.

SANCHO PANZA, with his "faithful companion Dapple," is a gem of a picture, about the size of our engraving, painted by Landseer in 1824, but never exhibited. It came into the possession of the late Mr. Sheepshanks, and is now in the collection, at South Kensington, bequeathed by that gentleman to the nation in 1857. The incident represented is that which happened to Sancho when, after abdicating the government of the island of Barataria, and riding out to join his master the chivalrous knight of La Mancha, he and his donkey fell into a very deep hole among the ruins of some old buildings. He bemoans his misfortune thus: "'Unhappy creature that I am! What have my foolish designs and whimsies brought me to? If ever it is Heaven's blessed will that my bones be found, they will be taken out of this dismal place, bare, white, and smooth, and those of my poor Dapple with them, by which, perhaps, it will be known whose they are, at least by those who have taken notice that Sancho Panza never stirred from his ass, nor his ass from Sancho Panza. . . . Oh! my dear friend and companion,' said he to his ass, 'how ill have I requited thy faithful services! Forgive me, and pray to fortune the best thou canst to deliver us out of this plunge, and I here promise thee to set a crown of laurel on thy head, that thou mayest be taken for no less than a poet-laureate, and thy allowance of provender shall be doubled.'" Not very complimentary to poets-laureate.

After passing a whole night in this wretched state of affairs, the unfortunate squire made a vigorous outcry when daylight returned, "to try whether anybody might hear him." It was all in vain, "and then he gave himself over for dead and buried." He cast his eye on Dapple, and seeing him extended on the ground and sadly down in the mouth, he went to him and tried to get him on his legs, which, with much ado, and by means of his assistance, the poor beast managed at last, being hardly able to stand. Then he took a luncheon of bread out of his wallet, that had run the same fortune with him, and giving it to the ass, who took it not at all amiss and made no bones of it, 'Here,' said Sancho, 'as if the beast had understood him, 'a fat sorrow is better than a lean.'"—("Don Quixote," chap. 55.)

Sancho was a humanitarian and certainly feels for his donkey quite as much as, if not more than, he does for himself. In consideration of the weak state of the animal, after raising it up, he rests against a ledge of rock and places his leg under the donkey's body, the more effectually to support it while munching the "luncheon." The face of the squire is a strange compound of humour and sadness; it is difficult to determine which quality is dominant; but the composition of the group is not likely to produce gravity in the spectator, notwithstanding the temporary misery of Sancho and Dapple, who are, however, soon relieved from their place of bondage.





COLORADO.

I.

NOTHING can exceed the monotony of the westward journey from Omaha to Cheyenne on the Union Pacific Railway. As the train rolls along, at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles an hour, the outlook from the platforms and windows is heartbreaking in its sere and yellow uniformity. Billow follows billow of land into the uncertain grey of the horizon, speckled with rings and tufts of faint green, and jewelled with little patches of wild verbena. On the dreariest day at sea the tossing of the waves gives an exhilarating sense of motion, and the eye is gratified by the pris-

easy gradations to the level. But no great elevation is visible to convey an idea of space by its contrasts, and the impression received by the spectator is one of contraction rather than of immensity.

At intervals of twenty or thirty miles, a red tank, with a creaking windmill, marks a water-station, at which the passengers alight to gather prairie-flowers; and, still farther apart, some white little towns, with names reminiscent of frontier-life, tell a story to which the mendicant Indians crowding the depots are

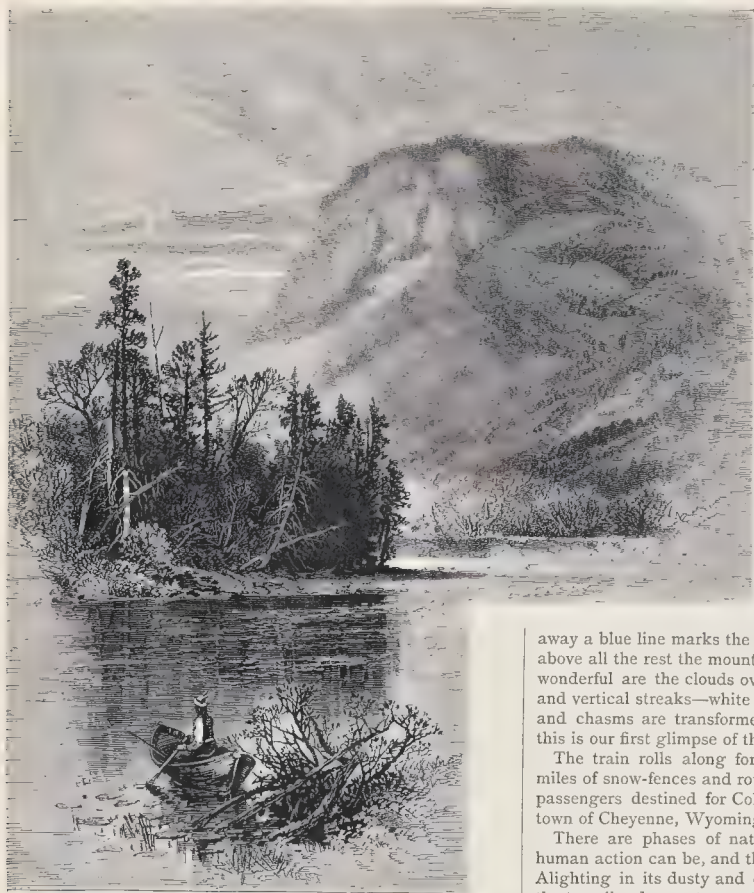
a suggestive antithesis. In some places a waggon-road runs parallel with the railway, and long trains of caravans are left behind, with the companies of emigrants toiling in their dusty wake; a momentary interest may be excited by a distant herd of antelopes or buffaloes; but such incidents as these, if they are met with at all, are few and far between.

Night brings out the stars with unusual brilliancy as the only relief to the tedium of the first day, and the night vanishes into the glare of the second day, the forenoon of which passes without an episode to beguile it. But towards one o'clock, when the train has been out from Omaha nearly twenty-four hours, the crest of a hill is reached, and, looking out of the window, or leaning over the platform, you see ahead a broken line of snowy peaks clustering to the west and north and south from the Black Hills down to Pike's, a hundred and fifty miles away. The foreground is marked with what seems to be a mist, but which is in reality the pallid vegetation of the sage-bushes; farther

away a blue line marks the beginning of the foot-hills, and high above all the rest the mountains shine with lustrous white. Most wonderful are the clouds overhead, which pour down in streams and vertical streaks—white also—so white that the barren rocks and chasms are transformed into a mysterious fairyland. And this is our first glimpse of the Rocky Mountains.

The train rolls along for another hour yet, passing between miles of snow-fences and roughly-boarded snow-sheds before the passengers destined for Colorado are landed at the mushroom town of Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory.

There are phases of nature which are as heartrending as a human action can be, and this little town belongs to one of them. Alighting in its dusty and desolate depot, it will be a wonder if the traveller does not repent his coming. Instead of the paradise that the exuberant word-painters of the guidebooks have led him to expect, he finds a desert, without verdure, without water, and without the animation of life or colour. The soil is loose and sandy, and is swept aloft and into every nook and corner by bleak winds rushing eternally through the cañons of the mountains. When the sun shines, its shafts strike the barren earth with untamed heat, and bake the alkaline flats to a hard crust. When the wind blows, nothing is safe from the dust. The Black Hills fulfil the promise of their names: they are indeed black, and rugged and bleak. But on the other hand, the



Glen Doe: Cache-à-la-Poudre River.

matic flashings of sunbeams among the spray: on the plains the hilly waves are repeated, but they are paralyzed and dumb, and communicative of blight only. The prevailing colour is a greenish-yellow; the prevailing feeling produced is a sense of vacancy.

Occasionally the land seems to sink into a basin surrounded by "hogsbacks," a form of rock which presents a steep and rough escarpment on one side, and on the other slopes off by

snowy range to the south glitters in the sun like an army marshalled for a pageant.

Between Cheyenne and Pueblo, Southern Colorado, a distance

of about two hundred and twenty-six miles, the Rocky Mountains attain the greatest altitudes in their whole length from the Arctic Circle to Central America. From almost any peak hundreds of



Boulder River.

others can be seen—all over 10,000 feet, and many 14,000 feet, above the level of the sea. The highest and best known

are Long's, Gray's, and Pike's peaks, the former being farthest north and the latter farthest south. A well-known geologist,



Long's Peak, from Lily Pond.

describing a view from Mount Lincoln, which is situated to the south-west of Cheyenne says: "To the east, far distant, is dis-

tinctly seen Pike's Peak, with the contiguous ranges which extend northward to Long's Peak, all of which are granitoid. On the

west and north-west is a vast group of high mountains, gashed down on every side with deep, vertical gorges, revealing the strata of quartzites and limestones resting on the schists, with dykes of trachyte. To the southward can be seen the granite nucleus, a remarkable range of mountains, the Sawatch, which, with its lofty peaks, among them Mounts Yale and Harvard, looms up like a massive wall, with a wilderness of conical peaks along its summit—more than fifty of them rising to an elevation of 13,000 feet and over, and more than two hundred rising to

12,000 feet and over. Probably there is no other portion of the world, accessible to the travelling public, where such a wilderness of lofty peaks can be seen within a single scope of vision."

A thrill of vivid pleasure passes through us as we gaze for the first time upon these famous mountains, but the inexpressibly arid blank of the plains mitigates our transports, and leaves an impression of disappointment which is not soon or easily overcome.

The Kansas Pacific Railroad terminates at Denver, and thence



Mouth of South Boulder Cañon.

a branch-road, called the Denver Pacific, runs north one hundred and six miles, and taps the Union Pacific at Cheyenne. Passengers by the latter road destined for Colorado are transferred to the Denver Pacific, the route of which borders the foot-hills, and for several hours longer they travel between an unvaried succession of low hillocks sparsely covered with uneven, withered-looking grass. At long intervals, perhaps, a herd or flock is passed, and the bleached skeletons of sheep and cattle,

numerous and ghastly enough to add an unpleasant element to the landscape, tell of the ravages of winter snowstorms which have cut off the herd from shelter.

Several uninteresting settlements have cropped up along the line, and it is a real relief when we reach Greeley—named after the founder of the *Tribune*—which is an oasis in the surrounding desert, a flourishing little town, watered by a system of irrigating canals and well wooded.

It is situated on the Cache-à-la-Poudre River, which has its rise in the Rocky Mountains, at a height of 7,611 feet above the level of the sea, and flows through a valley with sharp cañon walls until it reaches the plains, near Greeley, in a rapid, turbulent stream, and soon afterwards joins the South Platte River. Fifty miles or so back from the plains is Glen Doe, a beautiful valley, enclosed by high bluffs and dense woods of hemlock, fir,

of Long's stand out very clearly from Greeley, and invite the ascent which all who intend to see the best of Colorado will make. Good roads and trails make both Pike's, Gray's, and Long's accessible. The ascent of Long's is usually made from Estes Park, from which some lovely views of the mountain are obtained, excelled only by those near Lily Pond, a lake about a mile in diameter, with a mirror-like surface and bordered with a

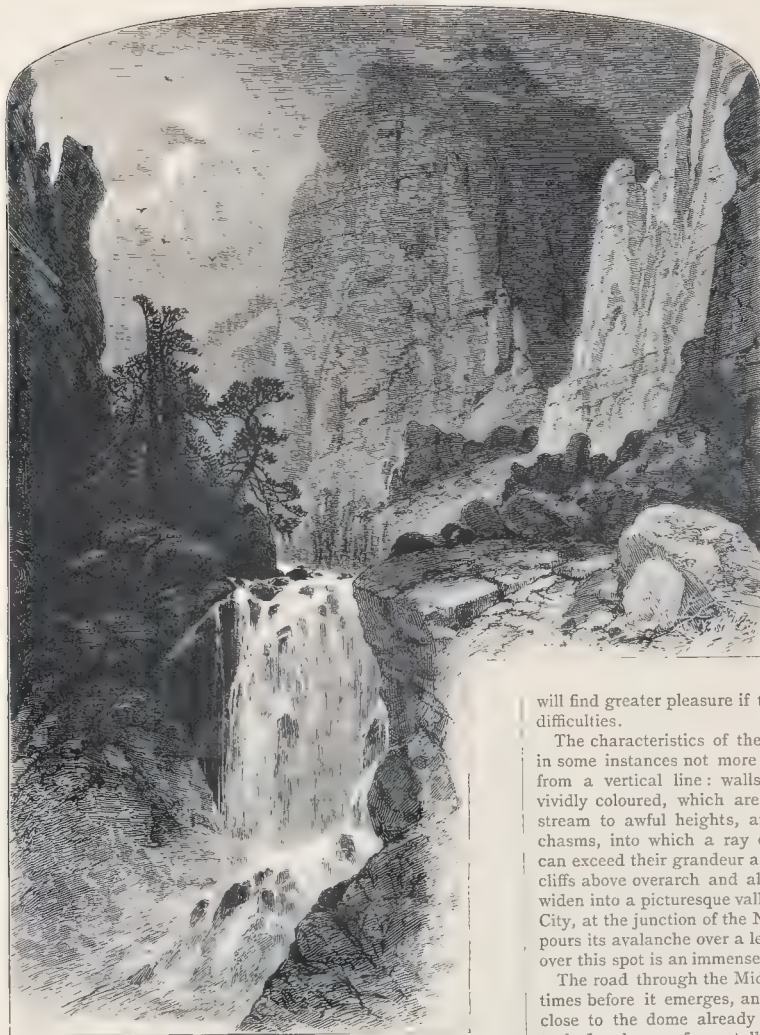
profusion of wild flowers. Returning to the road and continuing the journey southward, we next change cars at Hughes, and the Denver Pacific train goes on to Denver, while we are carried over the Boulder Valley branch to Boulder City, a town with a population of about 1,500, which is situated near the mouth of several cañons, and is therefore a good base for tourist operations. Our space, however, will only allow us to speak of the three cañons of the Boulder which are known as the North, Middle, and South, and through which three streams flow in an easterly direction, having their springs at the base of the main rocky range, and joining arms, the North and Middle eight miles above and the South a few miles below the city, in the Boulder River. The latter, after a stormy passage through the mountains, flows tranquilly out upon the plains, its banks lined with willows and brush, until at last it merges into the South Platte.

The Middle Cañon has a stage-road running through it, but the two others are not easily explored, although the writer believes, from his own experience, that any one used to field life

will find greater pleasure if the points sought are reached under difficulties.

The characteristics of the cañons are abrupt walls, diverging in some instances not more than two or three feet in a thousand from a vertical line: walls of basalt and granite, sometimes vividly coloured, which are exalted from the narrow bed of a stream to awful heights, and occasionally split by transverse chasms, into which a ray of sunshine never creeps. Nothing can exceed their grandeur and impressive gloom. In places the cliffs above overarch and almost form a tunnel, and again they widen into a picturesque valley. About eight miles from Boulder City, at the junction of the North and Middle Cañons, a cascade pours its avalanche over a ledge sixty feet high, and impending over this spot is an immense dome-shaped cliff of barren rock.

The road through the Middle Cañon crosses the stream many times before it emerges, and near the western end it brings us close to the dome already mentioned, which consists of a detached column of crystallized granite nearly 400 feet high. Under its eastern side is a recess not unlike a piazza, which affords welcome protection from the passing storm. Marvellous forms, worked by wind and water, appeal to the imagination with the oddest suggestions, and before you have gone far you are probably willing to concede a certain miraculous quality to Rocky Mountain scenery which neither the Himalayas nor the Alps can claim.



Falls: North Boulder Cañon.

pine, and larch, which crowd the hillsides with their sombre foliage, except where a mass of naked granite or basalt juts out with a stormbeaten and sand-eroded face. But the tourist who visits Glen Doe does not exhaust the picturesque scenes in the vicinity of Greeley. Proceeding thence in almost any direction, he will find spots of equal or greater grandeur. The twin peaks

OBITUARY.

REV. CHARLES BOUTELL, M.A.

WITH very much regret we record the sudden death of this gentleman, on the 31st of July, at the age of sixty-four. During many past years we have had valuable help from his pen on a variety of subjects, especially those connected with archaeology and ecclesiology, in which Mr. Boutell was well versed; but his knowledge was of a very diversified character, including more than an average acquaintance with Art generally. In the *Art Journal* of August last only was the concluding paper of a most interesting series written by him on "Seasons and Symbols of the Month," as illustrated by ancient wood-carvings in churches and in illuminated manuscripts, &c.

So far back as 1847 he published "Monumental Brasses of England," with numerous engravings, an octavo volume, which in the following year was enlarged to folio size; a second edition of the latter appeared in 1849. Another illustrated volume from his pen was published in the last-named year; this was "Christian Monuments in England and Wales," an historical and descriptive sketch of the principal or most interesting sepulchral monuments which have been raised in this country from about the era of the Norman Conquest to the time of Edward IV.: a second edition of this book was called for in 1854. Other publications by Mr. Boutell are, "Monumental Brasses of London and Middlesex" (1856); "A Manual of British Archaeology," with twenty coloured plates (1858); "A Manual of Heraldry, Historical and Popular" (1863); "English Heraldry" (1867), &c.

The deceased clergyman for some time conducted a weekly journal connected with the navy, and was honorary chaplain of the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers. His varied information—always conveyed with great fluency of speech and clearness of description—and his most courteous manners, rendered him at all times a very agreeable companion.

JOHN S. RAVEN.

A sudden and untimely death has overtaken this pleasing landscape painter, who was accidentally drowned at Harlech, on the 14th of July, while bathing. The *Athenæum* says—"It appears that he had been painting from a tent on the sands, and that he had left this place to swim. It is certain that when Mrs. Raven reached the tent with the unfortunate artist's lunch she found it empty, his clothes there, and met some fishermen bringing the lifeless body to the shore." The pictures of this painter show great variety of scenery: in the earlier part of his career he resided at St. Leonard's, and then the pastures and picturesque farmhouses of Sussex had much of his attention: the neighbouring county of Kent also supplied him with some good subjects about the same period; and Mr. Raven appears, too, to have occasionally visited Kenilworth and other parts of Warwickshire. Subsequently we find him painting the scenery in the neighbourhood of Bettws-y-Coed, at other times passages of Scotch scenery, and occasionally foreign views, such as 'The Forest of Fontainebleau,' exhibited in 1853, 'Lago Maggiore, from Stressa,' and 'Fresh-fallen Snow on the Matterhorn,' both exhibited in 1871.

Mr. Raven had a fancy for giving sometimes an ideal title to his pictures, inducing the belief that the subjects were for the most part imaginative; but if this were the case the compositions are highly poetic and very charming. Such is 'Twilight in the Wood,' engraved in the *Art Journal* for 1874, from the picture in the collection of Mr. J. H. Trist, of Brighton; such too are the painter's 'A Voice of Joy and Gladness,' 'The Monk's Walk,' 'The lesser Light to rule the Night' (a beautiful moonlight scene), 'The Heavens declare the glory of God,' and 'Let the hills be joyful together.' His picture exhibited this year at the Academy, 'Barff, and Lord's Seat, from the Slopes of Skiddaw,' is nicely painted, but the subject is less interesting, certainly, than some of those just mentioned. He had reached the age

1877.

of forty-nine years, and has, we understand, left a widow and one son to mourn his loss.

HENRY MERRITT.

The death of this gentleman, well known for a period of more than a quarter of a century as a restorer and preserver of pictures, occurred about the middle of July. In this capacity he had been employed by many of the most distinguished owners of picture galleries, and also by the authorities of the National Gallery and the Royal Academy, so high was the opinion formed of his knowledge and judgment. The following interesting account of some remarkable restorations—real restorations—achieved by Mr. Merritt, was reported in the *Times* a few days after his decease: "When, after the important purchase made for the National Gallery of several pictures sold in the Barker collection in 1874, some public discussion arose as to the great amount of restoration in the picture of 'The Nativity,' by Pietro della Francesca, Mr. Merritt was appealed to, and his opinion was relied upon by the trustees as a satisfactory assurance that the picture was not so extensively repainted as had been alleged. This was an occasion when his ability as an expert was found valuable in determining a matter of dispute among the authorities, and in this respect he was, we believe, extensively consulted as to the authenticity of pictures. But his practical skill was applied in one of the most remarkable and interesting pieces of restoration, perhaps, that ever occurred, and certainly one of very great historical interest to the nation, when he was called upon to undertake the cleaning of the ancient portrait of Richard II., which once used to hang above the Lord Chancellor's pew in the choir of Westminster Abbey, and was removed to the Jerusalem Chamber in 1775, where it now is. It had been observed at the time this famous portrait was lent by the Dean and Chapter for the Great Exhibition of National Portraits at South Kensington in 1866, how much it had been painted over, as, in fact, Walpole had related it had been, by a Captain Broome, in 1726, from whose work Vertue took his erroneous engraving; and this led to Mr. Richmond, R.A., the eminent portrait painter, proposing to the Dean that an attempt should be made to remove the false portrait, as he believed that in all probability a true one would be discovered beneath the load of new paint. Dean Stanley listened with lively interest to such a proposal, but the question naturally arose as to the hazardous nature of such an operation—whether, in fact, the removal of the false portrait might not involve the destruction of that which doubtless lay beneath it. It was known, too, that not only had the picture been painted afresh, but the plaster crown and its imitation jewels had been supplied. This, then, would have to be cut off, as well as the thick coating of oil paint which Captain Broome and one Muss had bestowed upon the portrait in their restorations. However, Mr. Richmond, knowing that his friend Merritt was the one man he could trust with such delicate and difficult work, only asked the permission of the dean to sanction the attempt, and he would find the hand and the eye that could do it, he believed, successfully. This was then given, and the picture was forthwith transported to Mr. Merritt's studio, where he shortly after began, with Mr. Richmond's constant aid and wise supervision, the important work, and with much confidence as to the results. But before anything was done, Mr. Scharf, of the National Portrait Gallery, suggested that accurate tracings of the portrait should be taken, and these he made with his own hand. He also afterwards made similar exact tracings of the portrait when it had been restored under Mr. Merritt's hand, and these two tracings form an extremely interesting record of the process. It is not necessary to describe this in detail, though this has been minutely recorded day by day in Mr. Merritt's notes, which are preserved, as Mr. Richmond recommended, in the archives of the Dean and Chapter. It appears that Mr. Merritt operated upon half of the face first

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with such solvents as he knew practically would take off oil paints, but not act upon the tempera work, which he believed was the original picture. It was an anxious moment, and it taxed all his skill to observe the caustic action as it proceeded, and to stop it when it had gone far enough. To the delight of himself and Mr. Richmond, watching the effect, the face of the old king showed out, with the auburn curly hair and the blue grey eyes, almost perfect, in the ancient tempera painting, resembling in style the well-known examples of Memmi and the old Italians of the fourteenth century. The work was thus carefully proceeded with, and this precious relic of the Art of the time and most valuable portrait was recovered. In returning the portrait to the Dean and Chapter, Mr. Richmond says in his official letter, 'Without Mr. Merritt's great skill and experience I should have been powerless at several stages of the work, for difficulties arose which had to be met with as much courage as caution. To Mr. Merritt I award the courage, and lay claim to the caution myself.' The Dean replied in terms of high satisfaction and compliment, saying also that 'the narrative of the process will be preserved in our archives for the instruction of future students.' To the late Mr. Merritt's careful work is due also the cleaning and restoration, in this sense, of the extremely interesting portrait of Henry VII. in the National Portrait Gallery, as well as another remarkably successful reco-

very of lost portraits in this way—that of Sir Walter Raleigh and his son, belonging to Colonel Farnaby Lennard, in the Portrait Loan Exhibition of 1868. As a restorer, Mr. Merritt possessed the rare gift of artistic perception and insight as to the style and meaning of painters and the peculiar method each master followed, and he conscientiously strove always in his work to put in as little as possible of his own, helping rather than painting for the master. He was almost entirely his own teacher, and hence, perhaps, the thoroughness of his knowledge of all that he undertook to do. Something he learnt as a youth from an old picture restorer at Oxford, where he was born, and spent his early days, as he has related in his autobiography of Robert Dalby, quite as a poor boy. He became an accomplished Art critic, writing regularly for some years past in the *Standard*, and about twenty years ago he contributed some valuable papers on picture restoring to the *Leader* newspaper, which were afterwards published under the title 'Dirt and Pictures Separated.' He had, we believe, nearly completed a sort of Art novel, to be called 'The Professor,' which it is hoped will yet appear."

Mr. Merritt was buried in the West London Cemetery, his funeral being attended by, among many others, Mr. Graham, M.P., the Director of the National Gallery, Mr. Burton, Mr. Richmond, R.A., Mr. Woolner, R.A., &c.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION 1878.

THERE is now no doubt that this Exhibition will be opened on the 1st of May, 1878; and, according to the information we receive, on a scale of magnitude and magnificence that will surpass all its predecessors. The Republic aims to give, by a grand effort, evidence of its popularity, and to prove by the universality of the response from all parts of the world—from producers of all classes—that there is confidence in its stability; for the government of France cannot have been ignorant that for some time after the announcement of its intention to hold this Exposition there was a suspicion it would not take place, or, at all events, that it would be postponed. Happily it is certain to be carried out. Germany, however, will not be represented—a fact to be deplored—but all the other nations of the world will be; and the United States of America will not be behind-hand in the race for glory and gain.

Our accounts from France show very satisfactorily that every leading manufacturer of the Republic will contribute. Some of them are sanguine that they will manifest great advance, while the general belief is that there will be no falling off since the memorable year 1867, when the Emperor inaugurated the Exhibition which excited the envy and admiration of all the peoples of Europe, and when the empire seemed based upon a foundation no earthly power could shake.

Barely ten years have passed since then, and what a change!

It is certain, however, that France will maintain its supremacy in many leading and important branches of Art manufacture. Indeed, an effort to sustain its high character in this respect is more than ever needful to that country, for competitors are gathering strength in every nation of the Old World and the New; and there is more than probability that the United States of America have lately so considerably developed several of their industries that they will soon be extensive exporters of many manufactures of which ten years ago they were importers.

As to Great Britain, the Prince of Wales has taken large and deep interest in the project. In 1867 his influence was by no means so great as it will be in 1878. He is bringing not only that but his personal energies to bear upon it, and working hard to forward it in all its departments. The British commission is satisfactorily constructed; and its director-in-chief, for so we may safely term Mr. Cunliffe Owen, by his administrative faculties, his great experience, his attention to all matters,

small as well as large—not omitting his considerate courtesy—has secured for him so full an amount of confidence as to justify anticipations of success.

It is "early days" yet to report fully as to our prospects, but we are enabled to state that very few of the leading British manufacturers will be absentees. In every branch of Art manufacture (with perhaps one exception, that of the jeweller and goldsmith,) we shall be well represented. Our duty has led us to communicate with producers in all the manufacturing districts as well as with those of the metropolis, and we have no fear of our "holding our own" at the forthcoming Exhibition in the several Art branches, while in some we shall show great progress: proving that the various facilities which of late years have been placed at our command have not been placed in vain.

For ourselves, we shall, as we have previously done on like occasions, produce an Illustrated Report of the Exhibition at Paris in 1878. Our readers will remember the work we issued in 1867. That we shall now prepare may not be so extensive, but it will be as good. The manufacturers in all parts of the world estimate and value such reports; they operate as stimulants and as rewards; the publicity thus obtained is honourable publicity, which the producer naturally covets. The aid proffered will be of great value to us as well as to them, of much interest to our readers generally, and of incalculable importance to every manufacturer. This preliminary notice will be accepted as sufficient by such fabricants as our direct applications may not reach.

Since the plan—which we shall continue in 1878—was commenced, so long ago as 1844, marvellous advances have been made in every branch of Art industry: there is no manufactory in the kingdom where the *artist* is not as regularly employed as the *artisan*. To suppose that no good result has arisen from so remarkable a change is to suppose that the present derives no benefit from the past—that labour leads to nothing, that experience is of no worth, that men are so wilfully blind to their own interests that they will do nought to cultivate the ground to which they must look for the harvest, that, in a word, man is as little disposed to improve as the mole or the beaver or any other of the lower animals, whose habits are now the same as when they were created.

We have made our readers aware that these assertions have been contradicted by a few, a very few, "authorities" on such matters. They have, however, made no converts to their opinions; the evidences that they are in error, to use a mild term, are to be found in such abundance that no Works in the kingdom are without them; indeed every considerable workshop in the metropolis, in the provinces, and in Scotland and Ireland, furnishes a sufficient answer to statements at once irrational and unpatriotic.

We have in many ways supplied evidence of our advance; that it will receive additional proof in 1878 we cannot doubt; we shall enter upon our new task in full assurance our report will carry conviction that—as compared with our position some thirty

or forty years ago—Great Britain may enter into competition with all the other nations of the world and not be alarmed as to the verdict that will follow.

Foremost among the advantages to be derived from these Illustrated Catalogues of Great Exhibitions is one of which especial note should be made. By placing before manufacturers, whether large or small, in every important branch of industry, at least a thousand engravings of selected Art objects, the collection becomes a perpetual teacher. There are few manufactories in England—in the world, indeed, we may venture to say—in which the *Art Journal* Illustrated Catalogues are not well-known, and used continually as books of reference whenever information is required.

NATIONAL COMPETITION DRAWINGS AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

THE annual exhibition of Art-works, "Pure and Applied," produced by the various schools in affiliation with South Kensington, is now open to the public in two large rooms adjoining the National Portrait Gallery. Architecture, sculpture, painting, wood carving, furniture and fabric designing, detailed mechanical drawing—Art generally, in short, both in its pictorial and industrial aspects—are more or less fully represented; and considering how far apart many of the towns are, it is surprising how level the excellence is throughout. That that level is a very high one many of our French neighbours would probably dispute; but we ourselves think it matter for congratulation that London, the great Art-centre of the three kingdoms, by no means bears away the bell in every department. Drawing, for example, appears to be just as well taught in Dublin, Birkenhead, Edinburgh, and several other towns represented in the exhibition, as in South Kensington itself. It is the contemplation of this Art-vitality, penetrating the whole empire, and auguring well for the future, which makes the present show so satisfactory.

St. Mary's, Westminster, carries off the National Gold Medal for a fabric-design. We know not what the principles are upon which the judges make their awards; but if delicacy of pattern and of colour in a textile fabric go for anything, then assuredly St. Mary's deserves the prize. Leeds, however, steps close upon St. Mary's heels, and bears off the National Silver Medal, and Macclesfield comes next with the National Bronze Medal. We should like to know the kind of texture to which each artist meant his design to be applied, because the two manufacturing towns have evidently submitted themselves more to conventional principles of design than has St. Mary's; and it is highly probable that the "goods" for which they intended their patterns were of a very different kind from those contemplated by St. Mary's artist.

We think indeed that the kind and class of texture ought always to be mentioned, if the efforts of the artist are to have full justice done them. And this reminds us that such exhibitions lose half their value to the general public for lack of a catalogue. The descriptions on the designs themselves are often very incomplete; and surely when we are making so important a diagnosis as that of the æsthetic state of the empire, we ought to have printed aids to hand which will enable us to view the subject in every possible light and relation, and which will remain to the public at large a lasting record of the exhibition. In a matter so vitally important, not only to the Art-education of the people but to the manufacturing interests, and consequently to the commercial prosperity, of the country, we are by far too careless and lukewarm.

In designs for ribbons, Coventry, as was to be expected, makes a very brave show, and Macclesfield is to be congratulated on the taste displayed in its patterns for silk handkerchiefs. One has only to go back a single generation to discover what an immense advance the country has made in these and in all other branches of applied Art. The specimens of Surface Decoration, for example, sent in by Yarmouth, Nottingham, Macclesfield,

and South Kensington, reach a high level as regards both invention and taste.

Interior Decoration, again, has advanced marvellously since the first Great Exhibition, as may be seen by the design for a fire-place in oak or marble, in the period of the Renaissance, contributed by Newcastle-upon-Tyne; by that for door of dining-room, mahogany inlaid with ebony and satin-wood—the mouldings, by the way, not so nicely relieved in the drawing as they might have been; and by the drawing-room design from Lancaster, remarkable for grace and subdued golden tone. We have also to commend the ceiling and inlaid fireplace from Westminster, the sgraffito decoration for wall of an entrance hall, and the remarkably chaste semi-geometrical design for the walls of a dining-room, the last two from Nottingham.

In decorative ironwork Birmingham sends a well-considered design for iron rails; Sheffield a decidedly handsome park gate; and Belfast a monumental railing in wrought-iron, of striking design and noble proportion.

Architectural and engineering drawings are not so abundant as they might have been. Among the former we have from the Bedford Church Institute a design for a town hall, which comes very well together, but is rather heavily florid in its Gothic details. This carried off a third grade prize. A Gothic church with a central tower, rather over-elaborated like the other, yet full of nice feeling in some of its details, secured a bronze medal, as did also a Renaissance manor house, exhibiting much adaptive ingenuity and taste. In machinery, Dundee and Lincoln occupy a prominent place.

In drawing and painting we are glad to see that the judges have given due consideration to the seizing of general effect, and for this quality alone have awarded prizes. In chalk drawing, for example, they by no means allow the exquisite stippling, so much affected by our Royal Academy, to blind them to the merits of those artists who reach their effects by the "stump," a fact for which we feel grateful. It need scarcely be remarked that the oil painting is in a general way inferior to the water-colours. The West London School takes the National Gold Medal with a group of apples, holly, and mistletoe, delightful in detail, but scarcely so satisfactory in mass and tone as the group from the Lincoln School of an ivory tankard, plate, oranges and other fruits, to which also a National Gold Medal has been given. The Bloomsbury Female School carries off the National Silver Medal and also a Bronze Medal. To Exeter a National Bronze Medal has been awarded. In oils, Lincoln and Portsmouth carry off both gold and silver medals, and the Edinburgh and Kensington Female Schools are not without honour. But for lack of a catalogue we are unable to give such names and details as we could wish, and we sincerely trust that next year this grave error on the part of the authorities will be rectified. There is a very fair show made in the department of sculpture, but our space is already exhausted. With the exhibition, as a whole, we are well pleased.

ART SALES OF THE SEASON.

THOUGH Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods commenced their labours in King Street, St. James's, very early in the year and continued them to rather a late period, the season has not been an active one; nor, with two or three exceptions, such as the dispersion of Mr. Ellis's extensive collection of water-colour pictures by D. Cox, the Kensington House Gallery, and the collections of Mr. G. Fox of Harefield and of Mr. John Knowles of Manchester, has there been much of special magnitude and merit brought into the sale-room. The season has been comparatively dull, and Art generally has shared in the depressing influence which has been felt in the commercial and monetary world. Collectors desirous of disposing of their works have, unless compelled from some cause or other to bring them into the market, been unwilling to do so with the chance of depreciation in value.

But before referring to the pictures which have been sold, mention should be made of the disposal of a remarkable assemblage of Wedgwood ware known as the "Sibson" collection, which reached prices showing that this beautiful form of Ceramic Art is as eagerly sought after as ever it was, if not indeed more so. All the best examples sold for larger sums than had ever been reached, and one magnificent vase in black jasper, with serpent handles, Medusa heads, and the apotheosis of Homer on its superb pedestal, brought the unprecedented price of £735. This vase is presumed to be the work of Webber, who executed the figure *relieues* of the famous copy of the Portland Vase. The sets of cameos and medallions also sold for sums higher than ever before known. Among the most important specimens of these were—'Nymphs decorating the statue of Priapus,' designed by Angelica Kauffman, £86; 'Apollo and the Four Muses,' by Flaxman, £131 5s.; 'Apollo and the Five Muses,' its companion, for a similar sum; 'Offering to Peace,' Flaxman, £99 15s.; Plaque, with bird's nest and festoon of flowers, designed by Westmacott, £98 14s.; 'Priam begging the Body of Hector from Achilles,' green jasper, designed by Pacetti, £136 10s.; Vase, 'Venus in her Car,' designed by Le Brun, £90 6s.; Vase, 'Hercules in the Garden of the Hesperides,' by Flaxman, £120 15s.; a similar vase with Cupids, by Lady Di Beauclerk, £100 16s., and its companion with Reynolds's 'Infant Academy,' &c., £100; a Secrétaire of satinwood, with plaques of the Marlborough gem, large size, and two upright plaques of Sappho and Flora, with others of children, £189; a small table of Coromandel wood, inlaid with Wedgwood plaque and eight small medallions, £150; a pair of uniform vases, blue jasper, with Flaxman's 'Blindman's Buff,' and Venus in her Car with Cupids, £115 10s. The sale, which occupied two days, March 7th and 8th, realised upwards of £4,376.

On the 3rd of February, Messrs. Christie and Co. sold the following pictures, among many others of less note: 'Winter in Holland,' by L. Munthe, 290 gs.; 'Preparing for School,' L. Vollman, 137 gs.; 'The Old Pier at Flushing,' Th. Weber, 135 gs.; 'Sabot Makers, France,' E. Frère, 129 gs.; 'Le Roi est mort! Vive le Roi!' M. Stone, A.R.A., 125 gs.; 'Shelling Beans,' W. C. T. Dobson, R.A., 120 gs.; 'Making Hay while the Sun shines,' B. W. Leader, 265 gs.; 'Fanchette,' E. Long, A.R.A., 345 gs.

The collection of drawings and sketches by D. Cox, belonging to the late Mr. W. Stone Ellis, of Streatham, was sold by Messrs. Christie on the 9th and 10th of March. The catalogue contained a list of about 350 works, of which a large majority consisted of sketches. Of the finished drawings the following are worthy of note: 'A Breezy Day,' 225 gs.; 'Overlooking Plumstead Marshes,' 195 gs.; 'Haymaking,' 270 gs.; 'Children Flying a Kite,' 315 gs.; 'Cutting Ling, Sale Moss,' 155 gs.; 'Changing the Pasture,' 160 gs.; 'Bettws-y-Coed Churchyard,' 145 gs.; 'Stokesay Castle,' 235 gs.; 'Ulverstone Sands,' 160 gs.; 'Opening the Gate for Sheep,' 125 gs.; 'Colwyn Bay,' 145 gs.; 'A

Sandy Lane,' 200 gs.; 'Welch Valley,' 100 gs.; 'Going to the Hayfield,' 250 gs.; 'The Dinas Mountain,' 110 gs.; 'Water Lane, Harbourne,' 180 gs.; 'Meeting of the Conway and Llugwy,' 115 gs.; 'Tooting Common,' 150 gs.; 'Mischief,' a boy driving geese about near a farm yard, a remarkably fine specimen of the artist's works, 560 gs.; 'Cader Idris,' another noble drawing, 365 gs. The collection of Mr. Ellis contained three oil-pictures by Cox: 'A Road scene: Wind and Shower,' 310 gs.; 'Lane at Harbourne, from the gate of the Artist's House,' 110 gs.; and 'Market Women crossing a Heath,' 350 gs. A drawing by Turner, R.A., 'A View in Italy,' sold for 140 gs. The whole realised £17,911.

From a small collection of paintings "removed from Gaunt's House, Dorsetshire," and sold by Messrs. Christie on the 17th of March, the following may be selected: 'The Shadow of the Cross,' the small picture painted by Mr. Holman Hunt in the Holy Land, was bought by Messrs. Agnew for 1,450 gs. The following are portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds, 'Miss Morris,' 115 gs.; the same lady in a different dress (engraved), 115 gs.; 'The Masters Gawler' (engraved), 600 gs., sold in 1873 for 575 gs.; 'Felina,' a girl with a kitten, 800 gs., sold in 1873 for £1,400; a water-colour drawing, 'Interior of Westminster Abbey,' by Turner, R.A., sold for 230 gs. A few other pictures belonging to different owners, and included in the sale, may be noted: 'Dredge-Boats on the Medway,' W. Müller, 810 gs.; 'The Pyramids from the Nile,' W. Müller, 431 gs.; 'A Spanish Water-seller,' J. Phillip, R.A., 240 gs.; 'Off Duty,' J. Phillip, R.A., 200 gs.; 'All in the Downs the Fleet lay moored,' C. Stanfield, R.A., 270 gs., and 'Modern Rome,' 198 gs., both by Pannini. The day's sale produced £11,468.

The late Mr. Robert Napier, the eminent Glasgow ship-builder, amassed a vast collection of Art works of a most diversified and valuable kind, known as the Shandon Collection, which occupied Messrs. Christie & Co. nine days to dispose of. The sale commenced on the 11th of April. The pictures, many of them by the old masters, numbered 653, and they took two days to disperse. The Dutch and Flemish schools were well represented, but not by works of the highest class; and there were a few specimens of the Italian, Spanish, and French, but greatly inferior in quality to those of the Low Countries. Of these it is only necessary to mention 'A Vase, with a Bouquet of Flowers upon a Marble Slab,' Van Huysum, 320 gs.; 'Group of Four Children (portraits) playing with a Goat,' G. Van der Eeckhout, 140 gs.; 'Interior of an Eating-house,' W. Mieris, 200 gs.; 'Group of Fruit and a Glass Beaker,' on a slab covered with a red tablecloth, G. Van Aelst, 210 gs.; 'Bull and two Cows,' in a landscape, P. Potter, 110 gs.; 'Cattle, Sheep, and a Horse,' P. Potter, 300 gs.; 'The Challenge,' a group of figures witnessing a cockfight, Jan Steen, 137 gs.; 'Mountainous Landscape with a Waterfall,' J. Ruysdael, 240 gs.; 'The Smoker,' D. Teniers, 128 gs.; 'Card Players,' D. Teniers, 200 gs.; 'Triptych,' the centre showing the Adoration of the Magi, one wing representing the Virgin, crowned, carrying the infant Jesus, the other the Day of Pentecost, 494 gs. The modern pictures included 'Storm on the Coast of England,' T. Creswick, R.A., 170 gs.; 'Highland Moorish Scenery,' H. McCulloch, R.S.A., 150 gs.; 'A Forest Scene,' B. C. Koekkoek, 504 gs.; 'A Woody Landscape,' by the same, 604 gs.; 'Market Scene in Rotterdam,' P. Van Schendel, 205 gs.; a similar candlelight subject by the same Belgian painter, 200 gs.; 'Scotch Sheep and Collie Dogs,' view taken from the top of Ben Lomond, E. Verboeckhoven, 270 gs.; 'A Sea View,' H. Koekkoek, 150 gs.; 'The Audience Chamber in the Hotel de Ville, Bruges,' with Margaret, Governess of the Netherlands, receiving the burghers of that city, a large water-colour picture by Louis Haghe, 740 gs. Mr. Napier's collection of paintings sold for £14,262.

(To be continued.)

ART-NOTES FROM THE PROVINCES.

EDINBURGH.—A bust of the late Dr. Crawford, subscribed for by his pupils, has been presented to the university of this city: it is the work of Mr. Brodie, R.S.A.

DUBLIN.—The corporation of this city has recently passed a resolution protesting against the placing of the intended Government Science and Art Museum in Dublin under the South Kensington authorities, on the plea that it should be managed by Irishmen directly responsible to the Government. As it may be assumed that the Dublin collection will, for the most part, be formed of objects lent from the Kensington Museum from time to time, it seems to us no injustice is done to our fellow-countrymen on the other side of the Irish Sea by still keeping the works under the jurisdiction of the Kensington managers.

DOVER.—The students of the Dover School of Art have presented to their late head master, Mr. William Duckett, a gold watch, with an illuminated address expressive of their regard for him personally, and of their appreciation of his services. Mr. Duckett leaves Dover to superintend the school of Art at Barrow-in-Furness.

LEICESTER.—A proposal has been made for the erection of a bronze statue of Simon de Montfort, the famous Earl of Leicester, in front of the new Municipal Buildings in the town. We understand that Mr. H. H. Armstead, A.R.A., has received a commission to execute a sketch model of the figure.

MANCHESTER.—At a meeting of the Manchester Academy of Fine Arts, held somewhat recently at the Royal Institution, the proposed arrangements for the decoration of the new Town Hall formed the subject of discussion, when it was resolved that communications be entered into with the sub-committee of the corporation having charge of the decorations, in order to ascertain if a deputation from the Academy could be received for the purpose of considering the matter. The members are of opinion, naturally enough, that it would be advantageous if the artists of Manchester and other towns in Lancashire were permitted to compete for an opportunity of doing some of the Art-work to be done in one of the most important edifices in their own county.

SUDBURY.—We hear that a project has been started for the purpose of erecting some memorial of Gainsborough in this, his native town; the undertaking is said to have the support of the Earl of Stradbroke and other gentlemen of Suffolk, and also of several members of the Royal Academy.

SCARBOROUGH.—This favourite place of summer resort is rapidly becoming a recognised seat of Art. Painters of the highest merit have here from time to time taken up their residence, revelling in the magnificent marine and landscape scenery to be met with at every step in the vicinity. A promising young artist, Mr. C. H. Cook, of Cork, is just now attracting the attention of the numerous connoisseurs who at this period visit Scarborough. An Irishman himself, he has thoroughly identified himself with the delineation of rustic Irish life and character. His style is bold and vigorous, and he imbues his subjects with a quiet humour thoroughly in keeping with the nationality illustrated. Just now he has completed several good pictures, and one especially, which is entitled 'Consolation.' The picture represents a drawing-room, in which are two figures, females, one dressed in the sober garb of a sister of mercy, and the other portraying a beautiful young lady, who, from her dejected attitude and countenance, as well as the open letter in her hand, seems to have received afflicting news from afar. The sister of mercy is in the act of giving what consolation to her friend she is able. The subject is well handled, and the colouring subdued and natural. Another well-painted picture, more lively, but with a tinge of true pathos, is that of a figure

of an Irish emigrant, sitting on a stile, repeating to himself the words of a well-known song, "I'm sitting on the stile, Mary." The 'Irish Cow Doctor,' and another picture, 'No one to Love me,' are both characteristic illustrations of Irish peasant life, which Mr. Cook so loves to depict, and which, taken from his own personal sketches, are undoubtedly true to life. Many of his pictures have, we hear, found purchasers.

WANTAGE.—The illustrious and good King Alfred is supposed to have been born, in 849, at the royal manor of *Vana-thing*, now known as the pleasant and picturesque village of Wantage, in Berkshire, near to which is the mansion of Colonel Loyd-Lindsay, one of the members of the county, of Crimean fame, and an ardent supporter of the volunteer movement. Towards the end of July Wantage held high festival, the occasion being the inauguration, by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, of a statue of his famous ancestor Alfred the Great, which Colonel Loyd-Lindsay had presented to the inhabitants. The statue is the work of H.S.H. Count Gleichen, who is related to her Majesty, and has his studio in St. James's Palace, whence he has sent forth every year to the annual exhibition at the Royal Academy examples of Art which have gained for him a good name among us as a sculptor. In his statue of Alfred the Great the count had nothing whatever to take as a model for the portrait, save traditional descriptions of the king's personal appearance, and, for costume, the assumed dresses which have come down to us from the earliest sources, as the Bayeux tapestry, &c. A figure in the famous Alfred jewel has afforded some help in the general design. On a huge massive boulder, about eight feet high, approached by a flight of three granite steps, stands the colossal statue of the king, nine feet in height, sculptured in Sicilian marble. He holds a battle-axe in one hand and a roll of parchment in the other, typifying the monarch in his twofold character of warrior and lawgiver; he wears on his head a close-fitting helmet, encircled by the plain band that was the Saxon emblem of royalty, and by his side hangs a sword. The costume consists of a tunic ornamented with crosses of raised work, emblematic of the Saxon king's Christianity, and a long mantle hangs over the left arm. The features of the face are fine, the beard and moustache are full, and masses of long hair fall from underneath the helmet and cluster over the shoulders. On the feet are buskins, fastened by strips of hide. The statue is altogether an impressive example of sculptured work, of which the people of Wantage and its vicinity ought to feel proud, and for which they owe hearty thanks to the generous donor, Colonel Loyd-Lindsay.

WOKINGHAM.—The little town of Wokingham, in Berkshire, has been the scene of a gathering of Art works lent by collectors, chiefly residing in the county. The exhibition was opened by Mr. Walter, M.P., on the 18th of July, who, in his address, spoke of the advantages of such displays in educating the tastes of the industrious classes. The exhibition was, we are told, originated by a resident of Wokingham, Dr. Ginsburg, an eminent philologist, and an ardent lover of Art. He possesses also a fine collection of engravings, which were, of course, contributed on the occasion. The pictures numbered nearly one hundred, and included works by both old and modern painters—Wouwerman, Gaudenzio Ferrari, Gainsborough, Hogarth, Morland, Wilkie, V. Cole, A.R.A., P. Graham, A.R.A.; a large cattle piece, the joint production of T. S. Cooper, R.A., and F. R. Lee, R.A.; water-colour drawings by Robson, Girtin, Smith of Chichester, Prout, Professor Ruskin, and others. Dr. Ginsburg possesses a splendid collection of rare editions of the Bible, several of which were in the exhibition-room; and Mr. Barford, a medical gentleman of Wokingham, contributed a large number of engravings by Sir Robert Strange.

THE WORKS OF JAMES M. HART.



JAMES McDOUGAL HART, distinguished as an American landscape painter, was born in Kilmarnock, Scotland, in 1828. At an early age his parents emigrated to the United States, and settled in Albany, New York, where he made his first essay in Art as a coach-painter. His genius, in this humble position, rapidly developed, and he soon abandoned this pursuit for the profession of an artist.

In this latter capacity Mr. Hart achieved success, and the pictures produced by him at the time, although crude in their character, found many admirers, and induced him to continue the practice of landscape painting. He now set himself earnestly at work, and soon gave evidence of the talent which has now so richly matured. In 1851 he went to Düsseldorf, and studied in that renowned school of Art under the direction of

Schirmer. In the following year he returned to his home in Albany, but, after a few years' residence in that city, he removed to New York. This was in 1855, and from that time his rise in the profession was rapid. Two years later Mr. Hart, whose pictures had already attracted the notice of the Academicians of the National Academy of Design, was made an Associate of that institution. His picture exhibited at the time, and which secured his election, was a pastoral landscape, entitled 'Midsummer in Essex County, New York.' This early recognition of his genius was followed, in 1859, by his election to the grade of Academician. His Academy picture that year was an early morning view on 'Loon Lake, Adirondack.'

Mr. Hart always introduced domestic animals prominently into his landscapes, but it is only within a recent period that he has made them an especial study, and as such they have now become a leading feature in the composition. In his studies of



A Summer Day on the Boquet River.

cattle, the same earnestness is apparent which is so attractive in his more simple landscapes, and when the two are united the most delightful harmony is observed in every detail. Of Mr. Hart's later works, 'A Summer Day on the Boquet River,' his contribution to a recent exhibition of the National Academy of Design, and which we engrave, is a fair representative example.

The view represents a pasture-field on the bank of the Boquet River, in Essex County, New York—which is usually reduced to a sluggish brook, at midsummer—with cattle upon its bank, slaking their thirst from or quietly standing in the cool water. The cows are grouped under the great trees in the immediate

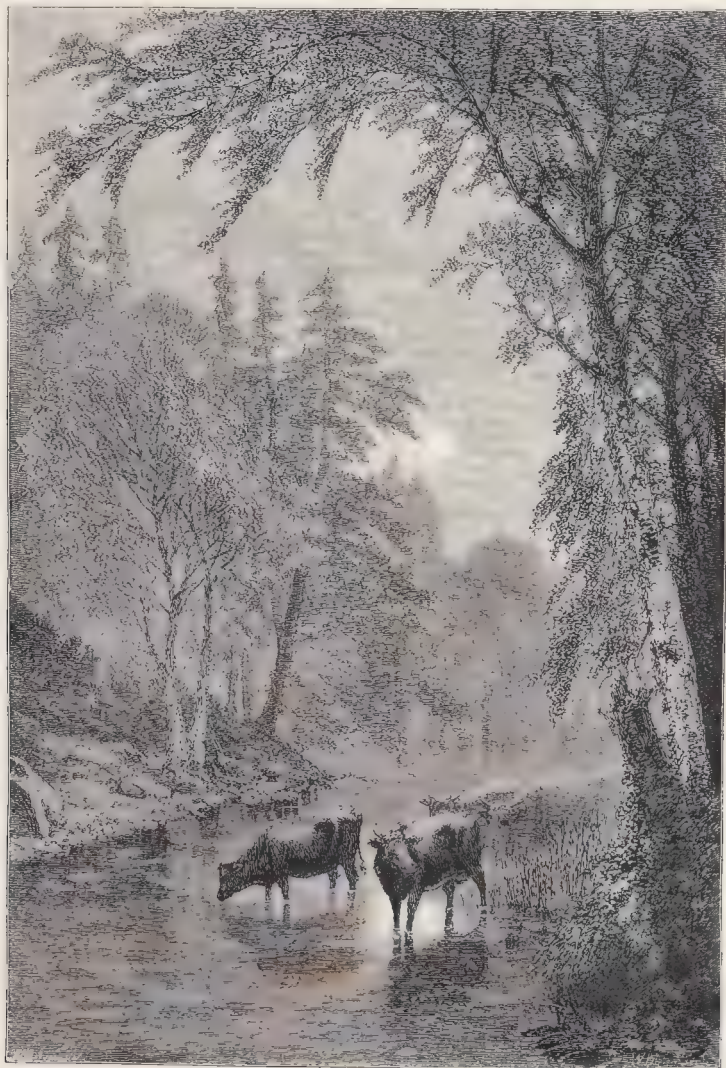
foreground; and to the right, in the middle distance, is a flock of sheep, two of which have left the main body and are apparently examining the texture of a scarlet shawl which rests at the base of the great tree on the river bank. The left bank of the river has a luxuriant forest-growth to the water's edge; and the general composition of the picture shows, in every matter of fancy and detail, the handiwork of an accomplished artist. The group of foreground elms is particularly characteristic of Mr. Hart's work, and there are but few admirers of nature who will fail to recognise the species to which it belongs. The drawing of the limbs, from the large branches springing from the trunk to

the interlocked twigs which support the dense masses of foliage, is very truthful, and forcibly suggests the conscientiousness of the study.

A great element of strength, however, in the picture, is the drawing, grouping, and painting of the cattle, every detail of which shows the enthusiasm and earnestness with which the artist has pursued his motive. The work throughout evidences a thorough knowledge of the properties of light and shade, of

atmosphere and perspective, and in its gradations of colour the result is masterly. The subject is one which, by its freshness and unconventional treatment, charms alike the resident of the city or the dweller of the country where such scenes are found; and the expression of feeling and sentiment with which it is invested will strike a responsive chord in every heart. This picture has been purchased by Mr. Alexander T. Stewart, of New York.

The companion picture, entitled 'Cattle going Home,' is yet



Cattle going Home.

in the possession of the artist, and has never been exhibited out of his studio, but the charming poetical sentiment which it embodies is very cleverly expressed in the engraving. The cows are fording the brook on their way home from a distant woodland pasture-field, and the group shows in strong relief against a background glowing with the brilliant and mellow light of a late afternoon's sun. Among the cows one may readily distinguish the Alderney, and other favourite stock, which, in careful draw-

ing and faithfulness of form, show the feeling of a study from nature. Among the trees bordering the brook there are the white birch, the tamarack, the maple, and other varieties of hardy growth peculiar to the northern forest region of America. The picture manifests skilful aerial perspective, and its firm yet tender treatment, as well as the delicate and luminous tones of the cloud-tints, will be appreciated by every admirer of the attractive and beautiful in landscape-art.

ART-NOTES FROM THE CONTINENT.

ANTWERP.—A festival in honour of the third centenary of the birth of Rubens was held here on the 19th of August, after our sheets were at press; we must postpone, therefore, for the present any account of the proceedings. It has always been generally assumed that the head of the great Flemish school of painters was born at Antwerp, in June, 1577, although Cologne, and, still later, the little town of Siegen, have respectively put in claims for being his birthplace: in both cases, however, without any reliable title. Some documents which have recently come to light through the aid of M. Van den Branden, assistant librarian of the city of Antwerp, go far to establish the right of that place to the honour it asks for.

BRUSSELS.—It is stated, according to the *Architect*, that the Duchess of Arenberg has sold to the Emperor of Germany a large number of the most valuable paintings which form the well-known gallery in the Arenberg Palace at Brussels.

GENEVA.—The mausoleum of the late eccentric Duke of Brunswick, which is about to be erected in the Jardin des Alpes, and is estimated to cost about £56,000, is, it is reported, to be ornamented with six white marble statues of the duke's ancestors, beginning with Henry the Lion, and ending with his father, who fell at Quatre Bras, and whom Byron, in his "Childe Harold," speaks of in one of those magnificent stanzas describing the battle of Waterloo—

"Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sat Brunswick's fated chieftain."

The monument is also to have representations of remarkable incidents in the history of the House of Brunswick, and a recumbent figure of the duke himself under a canopy supported by six marble columns, the whole surmounted by an equestrian statue.

PARIS.—The *Moniteur des Arts* reports the death of M. Laurent-Jan, well known in the Art circles of Paris, both as a painter and as a man of letters. He at one time was the director of the School of Design and Mathematics in the Rue de l'École de Médecine. He died at the age of sixty-nine.—The same journal also reports the death of M. Michel Arnoux, a clever *genre* painter, who died at Scouen before he had reached the age of forty-four. Arnoux was a pupil of Léon Cogniet and of E. Frère.—A third death is announced in the *Moniteur*, and in the following terms: "We learn also the decease of Mlle. Harry Kœpper, artist painter, who had acquired a certain notoriety in England, where she was especially noted for the decoration of the ceilings of the library of St. James's. It is very rare to find work of this nature executed by a female." We, the *Art Journal*, must plead entire ignorance of this lady, of whose existence even we do not remember ever to have heard.

"Steadily," the *Builder* reports, "in the midst of the natural excitement caused by the political state of France, the works of the great Exhibition advance toward their completion; but ten short months separate us from the time when the palaces of the Champ de Mars and the Trocadero will be thrown open to the world. While on every side huge girders are being adjusted in their places, and the elegant colonnade of the Trocadero is rising, the general commission has also been hard at work completing the arrangement of the regulations. No less than 33,500 demands, against 19,000 in 1867, from French exhibitors alone, have been received; and although the space is considerably larger than in 1867, though the Quai d'Orsay has been granted for the animals show, the administration has, unfortunately, not been able to accord to certain exhibitors all the space that they require." We shall soon have more to report, probably.

ELAINE.

Engraved by E. STODART, from the Statue by F. J. WILLIAMSON.

TENNYSON'S "Idylls of the King" have been almost a mine of wealth to M. Gustave Doré, and they have supplied many excellent subjects to various other painters; occasionally, too, these exquisitely graceful and tender poems have been used by sculptors to good purpose, as is seen in Mr. Williamson's figure of 'Elaine, the lily-maid of Astolat,' who is introduced as contemplating the "sacred shield of Lancelot"—

"High in her chamber up a tower to the east,"

where she kept and guarded it with the utmost care and reverence, making a covering of silk, emblazoned with all manner of devices, for its reception, "fearing rust or soiture." The lines which especially suggested to the sculptor the spirit of his subject are in the opening passage of the poem. Elaine

"Day by day,
Leaving her household and good father, climb'd
That eastern tower, and entering, barr'd her door,
Strip'd off the case, and read the naked shield,—
Now guessed a hidden meaning in his arms,
Now made a pretty history to herself
Of every dint a sword had beaten in it.

And ah, God's mercy! what a stroke was there!"

It is the last line which calls forth the expression of sympathy shown by "Elaine the loveable," as with uplifted hand she pictures to herself the mighty arm that had left such an indentation in the warrior's shield. The figure is eminently suggestive of absorbing contemplation; and independent of its graceful form and elegant modelling, is rendered rich, as a work of Art, by

the manner in which the costume is treated; this is very picturesque, and sets off to great advantage the symmetry of the maiden's figure. The statue, in plaster, was in the International Exhibition of 1874, and is now being executed in marble.

Mr. Williamson's name as a sculptor cannot be unknown to our subscribers, for in 1873 we gave an engraving from an *alto-relievo* by him, called 'Sunrise,' representing a chubby little child drawing aside the curtains of his bed as the light enters his room. In 1875 we engraved another *relievo* by him, entitled 'Spring and Autumn,' a composition of numerous figures; and in the February number of the present year is an engraving of his fine statue of Dr. Priestly, lately erected in Birmingham. We cannot doubt of his 'Elaine' finding quite as much, if not more, acceptance with our readers than any of the preceding.

This sculptor has been successful in obtaining royal patronage, which certainly ought to "lead on to fortune" in every way. In the late Academy exhibition were three designs by him, models to be executed in marble for Claremont, the English home of the late King of the Belgians, Leopold I., and his wife the Princess Charlotte: he has now almost completed marble statues, for the Queen, of her Majesty's grandchildren, the sons of the Prince of Wales. Mr. Williamson lives in the quiet country village of Esher; we should think he would find it to his advantage to come within the bounds of the London Art circles: a sculptor, no less than a painter, has need, we think, not to be quite out of humanity's reach, if only for the convenience of his friends and patrons.





SCULPTED BY MRS. J. W. WILKINSON

MINOR TOPICS.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—However other picture galleries may have suffered, as it is generally reported they have, from the state of commercial depression throughout the country, as well as from other causes, that in the Crystal Palace has been most successful: the sales, which include the majority of those works that had prizes awarded to them, exceeded in amount those of any previous year. The picture gallery has always been a great attraction at the Palace.

THE LIVERPOOL ART CLUB gave a dinner-reception last month to Mr. Warrington Wood, the eminent sculptor, who, a permanent resident in Rome, was at Liverpool to superintend the placing of his three statues, two of Michael Angelo and Raphael, and one emblematic of "Liverpool," in positions outside the Walker Art Gallery; and the citizens of the great provincial capital of commerce availed themselves of the opportunity to do him honour, several artists, Messrs. E. M. Ward, R.A., W. P. Frith, R.A., Luke Fildes, and others, being present. Lord Sandon congratulated the great port and the artist, and paid well-merited compliments to both. Mr. Warrington Wood is a native of the town of Warrington, and is yet comparatively young in years and in Art. But he already occupies a high position, and has produced several sculptured works (one of which we have engraved) that have placed his name among the foremost in his profession. Report speaks of the three statues at Liverpool as among the best productions of modern Art. The compliment thus paid to him has been well merited, and we rejoice to place on record the gratifying fact.

THE PORTRAIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES, in the uniform of the Naval Brigade, painted by Herr Von Angeli, court painter to the Emperor of Germany, has been placed by his Royal Highness in the hands of Mr. Zobel to engrave. The plate—which will doubtless, from what we know of Mr. Zobel's works, justify the Prince's selection of the engraver—is only for private circulation among the friends of the Prince of Wales.

FOLEY'S EQUESTRIAN STATUES.—The statue of Lord Canning, Governor-General of India, the full-sized model for which was commenced by the late J. H. Foley, R.A., but completed by Mr. Thomas Brock, has been executed in bronze, and will immediately be shipped for Calcutta, for which city it was commissioned, and where it will be placed with the noble groups of Hardinge and Outram, two of Foley's most noted works. Mr. Brock has also completed the full-sized model of the equestrian statue of the late Lord Gough, for Dublin, from the small model made by Foley. His lordship appears as field-marshal, habited in the costume of the "Blues," of which regiment he held the rank of colonel. The figure is very spirited, and has a noble soldierly air and bearing. The horse is a reproduction of the charger in the famous 'Hardinge' now in Calcutta, and it will, we are assured, be a source of gratification to the public to learn that a *replica* of that grand study of equine form will thus be secured for erection in the United Kingdom. The model will at once be placed in the hands of the bronze founders.

THE CAXTON COMMEMORATION.—Mr. F. C. Price has recently completed a series of fac-similes illustrative of the introduction of printing into England and the labours of William Caxton at Westminster. As a memorial of the Caxton celebration it is of the highest value, owing to the careful handiwork everywhere apparent in the ten fac-similes which form the principal features of the book. Accompanying the copy of the celebrated vignette in the Lambeth Library, an attempt is made to prove the identity of the "figure in black" with our first printer, and we really think that Mr. Price has made out his claim to the authenticity of the portrait. The well-known woodcut of the Crucifixion, printed by Caxton as a frontispiece to the "Fifteen Q's, and other Prayers," is also included in the

1877.

work. This design is entitled to great consideration as a specimen of early draughtsmanship and composition, and in these respects it must rank as the most considerable woodcut printed in England *ante* 1500. It should be said, however, that it bears evidences of being the work of either a Flemish or Dutch artist.

MR. HOLMAN HUNT is painting a large picture in Jerusalem. It appears that his models have struck, not for wages, but in dread of "the evil eye," whether that of the artist or of one of the painted figures report does not say. It will no doubt form the subject of speculation and inquiry when the picture is exhibited in London.

"PENSION" FOR LADY ARTISTS IN ROME.—The admirable plan for the establishment of a "pension" for ladies who study Art in Rome is worthy of all support. Those who have resided for any length of time in that city must have seen the privations so often endured by our young countrywomen in their endeavour to render themselves fit for the position of professional artists. It is of little use to say that instruction can be procured in London superior to that of any continental city, though that may, to a certain extent, be true; yet the longing felt by all who are inspired by a love of Art, to work and study beneath the sunny skies of Italy, is not to be eradicated. Common sense arguments are of little avail in a struggle against such an enthusiasm as this: and we could scarcely wish it otherwise, for the education indirectly gained in scenes so full of human interest and Art associations is one peculiarly fitted to develop the artistic nature. What remains, therefore, is to protect and direct this strong instinct, and in no other way can this be so well done as in the establishment of such a "pension," in which the student will find the comforts and the protection of a home, and where every information may be at once obtained with regard to the best possible means of procuring instruction. Subscriptions to the amount of £500 have already been received towards the establishment of this "pension;" for though it is to be based upon strictly self-supporting principles, yet, to avoid pecuniary difficulties at the outset, funds sufficient to pay for the furniture of the home, and the rent for the first two years, must be forthcoming. Further donations to complete the sum of £1000 required will be received by Messrs. Smith, Payne, and Smith, Lombard Street, or by the Secretary, Miss Mayor, 8, Gayton Crescent, Hampstead, who will be glad to supply any further information.

MESSRS. GRIFFITH AND FARRAN are, we hear, preparing for early publication an important work entitled "Masterpieces of Antique Art:" it will contain twenty-five photographic illustrations of the most celebrated ancient sculptures in the Vatican, the Louvre, and the British Museum, including the Venus of Milo, the Apollo Belvidere, and the finest of the statues attributed to Phidias, Myron, and other Greek sculptors. The subjects have been selected by Mr. Stephen Thompson, who will supply the letter-press descriptions, both historic and artistic, for the volumes.

THE GILT AND CARVED PICTURE FRAMES OF FLORENCE.—Some years ago we directed public attention to the Florentine productions that supply, at a cheap rate, though of perfect character, the indispensable aids to artists—frames to their pictures. The rich gilding of Florence is very valuable to them; when it is old it is as pure and fresh and strong as when it is new. Examples are shown that have stood untarnished during many years the test of London atmosphere and London gas. Our present purpose is to confirm the opinion we gave in 1871: the frames are very beautiful specimens of Art, finely carved, richly gilt, and in great variety as to size as well as design, while they are sold at prices very little, if at all, larger than productions in ordinary *compo*. The establishment of the agents, Del Soldato & Co., is in Garrick Street, but they have

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recently opened an atelier at Park-side, Knightsbridge, and they have added to their extensive collection other Florentine Art-productions, some in ceramic art, while others are copies of renowned paintings by the great Italian masters, made by students in the several galleries of Italy—at least we suppose they are “students,” from the prices affixed to the copies: but they are admirably executed, so good, indeed, as to satisfy the most fastidious taste and reach the desires of experienced critics. A long list of “patrons” of these picture frames is headed by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and contains the names of many leading artists.

AT THE BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTION a paper was read by Mr. George G. Adams, who has made a reputation as a sculptor and also as a medallist; the subject is British History, illustrated by its Coins. The theme is one of very deep interest. No doubt it has been often treated, but we shall be curious to know what can be said concerning it by a practical and professional artist, and probably be in a position to report his views.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE is on its way to England, a costly and liberal gift to London on the part of one of its citizens. Where it is to be placed on its arrival is not yet determined. Its history

and details as to the difficulties of its removal may be postponed. We venture to doubt whether the generous donor might not have found a better way of disposing of the large sum it will cost. It is curious, interesting, and very venerable; but it is without associations, except such as it derives from time, and has nothing from which instruction may be obtained.

A NOVELTY IN FURNITURE is always a boon: Messrs. Jetley, of North Audley Street, decorative designers and upholsterers, have given us one. It is not altogether new, but they have made it new by the skilful and artistic manner in which they have brought into use a material that would not appear promising. It consists of the horns of the stag, principally the Sambre deer and the Indian antelope, the horns being substituted for wood. The effect is exceedingly good; made so by the exercise of skill in construction, the natural horns being so arranged as to be highly ornamental. There are great ingenuity and considerable merit in the suite altogether. This especial suite is made to the order of an Indian nabob, who probably supplied the horns; but there are many noblemen and gentlemen whose parks would furnish material as good, while the spoils of some monarch of the Scottish mountains might be even better. For a hall in some baronial mansion, or in a hunting-lodge, there could be no furniture so effective.

ART-PUBLICATIONS.

UNDER the title of “New Zealand Scenery,” Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co., of Belfast, have issued a remarkable folio volume,* containing fifteen large prints in chromo-lithography. This gorgeous book cannot fail deeply to interest the British public, not only because of its great merit as an Art-work, but as introducing us to the glorious picturesque of a new world with which we have become of late years very intimately associated. It is difficult to convey by descriptive details any idea of the sublime and beautiful as here produced: the mighty mountains, the huge cataracts, the prodigious rivers, mingled with passages so full of gentle grace that one might imagine they were sketched in the Isle of Wight rather than in a vast “continent” that is to be another new world hereafter, and at a period not very distant. We extract a passage from the introduction:

“New Zealand occupies a somewhat similar position in reference to South America and the great Australian continent that the British Isles do in reference to North America and the continent of Europe, and has, from this, been designated the Great Britain of the South. In many respects, such as the fertility of its soil and the energy and industry of its Anglo-Saxon colonists, its constitutional government, free press, and noble educational institutions, it resembles Great Britain; but its natural advantages are greater and its physical features grander and more diversified. In the salubrity of its climate and the variety and luxuriance of its vegetable productions New Zealand will bear comparison with the most favoured countries of the continent of Europe.”

The description of each print is brief, but it suffices; it is clearly written, explaining fully the theme treated by the artist, whose name is new to us; but he has powers of a high order, and will certainly take rank among our best landscape painters. He has been fortunate in his publishers: Messrs. Ward have been lavish in their expenditure; better chromo-lithographs have rarely been produced. They have made a step in this admirable publication; proving that “replicas,” for such they really are, of size, demanding great skill in manipulation and requiring the careful revision of the artist, are as much within their resources as the graceful and beautiful Christmas cards that are the admiration of a season.

* “New Zealand Scenery,” chromo-lithographed after original water-colour drawings, by John Gully, with descriptive letterpress by Dr. Julius von Haast. Published by Marcus Ward & Co., London and Belfast.

THE same eminent publishers have issued a History of Belfast, the great, industrious, and prosperous town with which their name is so closely associated.* Art is not its prominent feature. It is however, a complete history compiled with great industry, an assemblage of useful and interesting facts, and an important addition to the store of topographical works descriptive of the British Islands. The rise of Belfast has been rapid: it is now, as it has long been, the capital of the linen manufacture, and flourishes far beyond any other town in Ireland, maintaining the supremacy of the fabric against all competition, and keeping the foremost place in the markets of the world. Belfast is continually quoted in evidence of what “all Ireland” might be. It has no natural advantages that other towns have not; indeed, those of Cork and Waterford and Galway are much greater; yet a comparison of what is done in either with what is done in Belfast conclusively proves the one has in its favour much that the others have not. It was a right thing to do, to publish such a book as that Messrs. Ward have issued; and we have to thank them as well as the author for a contribution to the library much wanted and of great value.

THE Third Part of M. Viollet-le-Duc's Lectures on Architecture has reached us: it contains the essays numbered eight to ten,† and ranges over a large variety of subjects associated with the art of construction, especially useful to those engaged in the practice, or acquiring the knowledge necessary for its pursuit. Speaking of the teachings given to students in his own country—under the direction of the State—he says that by it “They learn nothing more than the production of designs according to programmes that are generally very vague, and often very remote from the architectural requirements of the time; while they are not aided in their work by any information relating to the cost, the locality, the materials to be employed, or the local modes of building. This course of instruction does nothing more than present to the pupils certain architectural forms, interpreted with more or less ability, belonging to a period of the arts anterior to our own time, to the exclusion of others; it almost ignores the bold innovations that have been suggested by the employment

* “A History of the Town of Belfast, from the Earliest Times to the close of the Eighteenth Century,” with maps and illustrations. By George Benn. Published by Marcus Ward & Co., London and Belfast.

† Lectures on Architecture. Translated from the French of E. Viollet-le-Duc. By Benjamin Bucknall, architect. Published by Sampson Low & Co.

of modern appliances; and at its close, as the highest reward for an implicit submission to its precepts, it sends young architects to Rome or Athens, to enable them to produce, for the hundredth time, a restoration of the Coliseum or the Parthenon." Something of the same kind, we think, may be applied to the "travelling studentships" of our own Academical Schools; and yet, notwithstanding the public teaching is often considered to be so defective in both countries, somehow or other architecture has assumed in both a high position, though widely different from that of Greece and Rome in their palmy days.

These lectures, as we have hinted when noticing earlier parts, are written in a style so pleasant and generally untechnical as to afford most agreeable reading to others than professionals.

MR. ARTHUR BECKWITH has done good service to collectors of majolica and fayence by the publication of the manual, bearing his name, now before us.* The work is one of considerable research, and its arrangement is judicious and convenient. First we have a very nice introductory chapter on "the Use of Majolica," and next "its Development in Italy"—the movement of the Art, the introduction of processes, and its development in that country; Della Robbia and his wares; inscriptions on Italian majolica and fayence; majolica in the Venetian States, Lombardy, Sardinia, the Northern Duchies, Tuscany, the Duchies of Urbino, the Marches, the States of the Church, and Southern Italy; and a notice of *graffiti* ware. Next we have chapters on Persia and Persian fayence, its history, ornament, symbolism, technical characteristics, and modern copies; on Rhodian fayence, its history and characteristics; Anatolian, Damascus, and Roumanian fayence; Sicilian, Siculo-Persian, and Siculo-Moresque fayence, and Majorcan and Hispano-Moresque ceramics. These are followed by instructive essays on "Art," and "Propositions in Ornament;" and these in turn are succeeded by sound and useful "Hints for Painting on Pottery," in which a vast amount of practical and valuable information is given on every point required by the amateur, and in such a condensed form as not to weary or confuse him in perusal. The volume closes with notes on modern fayence of various countries at the Philadelphia Exhibition of 1876, which notes we would have liked to see much more full and accurate than they are. Mr. Beckwith's volume is illustrated by a large number of light sketchy illustrations that add much to its interest and value. As a *résumé* of general information upon the matter on which it treats, this volume will be invaluable for purposes of reference to collectors both at home and abroad; it forms an important, useful, and pleasing addition to ceramic literature.

A BOOK of "Poems, Lyrics, and Songs," demands a few words of cordial and earnest praise;† they are the compositions of an author who is not an "author by profession," but he is the friend of many who are, and his claim to hold high place in their ranks will not be questioned. There are poems here of which the best of them might be proud. The graceful volume is not illustrated; but it is full of effective Art-headings, and if the painters want suggestive themes they may find them in abundance in the contents of this book. Several of the poems are in the Scottish tongue, if so we may term the corrupted English that greatly aids the Scottish poet: we might point to many compositions that mainly owe their popularity to the words of which Mr. Bennoch gives us a glossary. The author is a man busied all the day in occupations essentially unpoetic: buying and selling and getting gain, he woos the muse when the merchant's work is done, and she bestows the "exceeding great reward" of which one of the loftiest of all the poets gratefully speaks. They are, consequently, written at various times, and the earliest of them dates a long way back. It is not difficult to trace those which were penned in early youth, and those that are the fruitage of matured age: yet we fancy the latter even more than we do the former. They manifest genuine sympathy and generous love of

kind; are full of lofty and broad and manly thought, and show an acquaintance with, and appreciation of, nature we could scarcely expect in one whose intercourse with her can have been neither close nor frequent, for he has passed fifty years of his not very long life as a labourer at the desk. But so have many of the men who live in the land's language, and have made their names famous for all time. We may add to this not light or slight praise, that the versification is harmonious; the principles inculcated, pure and good, taught in melodious rhymes; the writer (we need not scruple to term him the poet) has contributed to poetic literature a book that does honour equally to his mind and heart.

AN Art gem of the purest order has been recently issued by Messrs. Agnew—an engraving from a most beautiful painting by the great artist of the century, Ary Scheffer, engraved by the burin of an eminent French engraver, Adolphe Salmon. The print is called 'Christ teaching Humility,' illustrating the deeply touching passage, "Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven." The Saviour is laying his hand on the head of "one of these little ones," while the other hand is uplifted in warning. The expression of "the Master" is divine; no painter of our epoch knew better than Ary Scheffer how to combine the God and man in a portrait of Him who was both. But the nature of the artist was essentially holy: he pictured what he felt, and placed on canvas that which he conceived. The print is small, but it is very beautiful: Art is here made a teacher. It is impossible to look on it without the heart being touched and the mind elevated.

THE question of affording a suitable water supply for the city of Manchester and its neighbourhood is raising considerable discussion among persons interested in the project which is before the public. It seems that the Corporation of Manchester, as we gather from a pamphlet* which has been sent to us, "have determined to apply for an Act, during the session of 1878, by which they will be enabled to convert Thirlmere Lake into a reservoir; and, by means of a tunnel through Dunmail Raise and a covered aqueduct thence to Manchester, to obtain an increased supply of water for the use of the town and its neighbourhood." Thirlmere, or Thirle-mere, as it is sometimes called, is a small lake about five miles from Keswick, overshadowed by Helvellyn; it is about three miles in length by a quarter of a mile broad, and according to the author of this pamphlet, "is, beyond comparison, the most beautiful shore of the Lake District; and to raise or drop the level of the water, even twenty or thirty feet, would utterly mar the whole effect. The mountains would remain, but the Lake would, for centuries, be simply an artificial reservoir." This last extract serves to show the view Mr. Somervell, a gentleman residing near Windermere, takes of the proposed plan, and he supports it by some forcible arguments, and especially by explaining how Manchester can have its wants supplied without "turning the beautiful valley of Wythburn into a vast reservoir." This is an age when the picturesque has but small chance of conservation when put in competition with utility; still, if the latter can be secured without sacrificing the former, such a plan should be adopted in preference; and this the citizens of Manchester—men certainly not blind in their perception of the beautiful, as is abundantly shown by the liberal patronage they give to Art of every kind—will, we are sure, most readily admit. Of the schemes proposed we know nothing whatever; our remarks go no farther than to help in upholding all that is lovely in nature when there is no absolute necessity for interfering with it.

METAL WORK.—There is, perhaps, no subject in the whole range of Art manufacture so interesting as this to a very large proportion of our readers. It is of deep importance, considered in a hundred different ways, for England has long maintained supremacy in the use of one metal that has been well described as worth all the rest; if not considered a "precious" metal,

* "Majolica and Fayence: Italian, Sicilian, Hispano-Moresque, and Persian," by Arthur Beckwith. New York, D. Appleton & Company, Broadway. With photo-engraved illustrations.

† "Poems, Lyrics, Songs, and Sonnets," by Francis Bennoch, F.S.A. Published by Hardwick and Bogue.

* "Water for Manchester from Thirlmere." By R. Somervell. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.; Manchester: J. Heywood.



THE WORKS OF ANDREW MAC CALLUM.



HE name of this excellent landscape painter declares his nationality, at least by descent; for he was not born in Scotland, but in Nottingham, where his father was engaged as a merchant. The date of Mr. MacCallum's birth is about 1828. His boyhood being spent in the vicinity of Sherwood Forest, with its traditions of Robin Hood and his "merrie men," and near the wild moors and the Druidical and other caves with which Nottinghamshire abounds, these scenes and objects fostered in him by degrees an ardent love of landscape art, which he would at once have gladly begun to study, but he found no sympathy at home with his aspirations, and, much against his will, was articled to the business of his father when he had arrived at a suitable age. Every spare moment he could devote to the purpose was given to the practice of drawing, but often at night, as we have heard

him say, with his "candle literally under a bushel," to prevent his father discovering the light and the use made of it. The first encouragement he received was from Mr. Thomas Bailey, author of "Annals of Notts" and father of Mr. P. J. Bailey, author of "Festus," &c.; but after all, it was a kind of negative encouragement, and certainly not very complimentary to the profession, for the remark made by the elder Bailey was simply, "MacCallum, don't you be a painter; they are a set of *ne'er-do-weels*;" yet at the same time he gave the young artist permission to copy whatever pictures he pleased in his own collection at Nottingham, which was also generously opened to the public gratuitously. The Government School of Art was founded in the town about this time, and Mr. MacCallum became a diligent student in its schools, then, if we remember rightly, under the direction of Mr. J. A. Hammersley.

On the day he had attained the age of twenty-one he left his



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

Lago Maggiore, Italy.

[Engraved by J. and G. P. Nicholls.

father's house without a shilling in his purse. It must have been a painful separation from the home of his childhood and youth, for his father was so strongly opposed to his Art life that for many months he would not so much as speak to him after they had parted, though living in the same town. He managed to maintain himself by teaching and painting for some little time, (his first picture, and the only one he ever remembers to have sold in the place, was bought by Mr. W. Emfield, then the town

clerk of Nottingham) when he left his native town and came up to London. He here became a "stipendiary" student in the Government School of Design, then occupying a portion of Somerset House. An offer had previously been made to him of a mastership in the Potteries, but it was declined in favour of one who seemed to stand more in need of such pecuniary advantages as belonged to it than did his friend. A journey into the north of England, about the year 1849, supplied him with

the subject of the first picture he exhibited at the Royal Academy.

After remaining in London two or three years, during which he acknowledges to have received valuable instruction from Messrs. J. R. Herbert, R.A., R. Redgrave, R.A., J. C. Horsley, R.A., and H. G. Townsend, who at that time were the masters in the Government School of Art, Mr. MacCallum was sent, in 1851, to Manchester as second master in the school there, his friend, Mr. J. A. Hammersley being head master. While there he painted 'The Life of a River,' in a series of pictures, five in number, emblematic of human life; the subjects being taken from Welsh scenery. Thus, Infancy, the birth in the hills, was taken from Llyn Idwall; Youth, the junction of the Idwall and the Ogwen, and their fall into the Pass; Manhood, the Pass of Naul Fracon, with the river meandering through the sunny valley; Old Age, as a millstream; and Death, as the sun setting in the sea at Beaumaris. He did not, however, remain very long at Manchester, his next appointment being to the head

mastership of the Stourbridge school. While thus engaged he found opportunity to paint several pictures of the seat of Lord Lyttleton, Hagley Park, near Stourbridge; 'Pedmore Church,' in the same locality, was in the Academy in 1854.

The scene of Mr. MacCallum's labours, both as associated with the Department of Science and Art and as regards his own Art-work, then changed, as in 1853 he was sent to Italy by the Department, commissioned to select and to send home fac-similes of every kind of mural paintings, as examples for our schools of Art; the arrangement being that he was to devote one-half of his time to the public service, and to be at liberty to use the other half for himself. He went first to Milan, staying there some months, and working in the Brera Gallery and in the churches, after Crevelli, Luini, and Leonardo da Vinci. The next resting-place was Verona; the churches there supplied him with a few subjects, chiefly arabesques by unknown artists. At Mantua, where he stayed several months in the year 1854, he found a rich mine of the best period of decorative Art, and beautifully



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

Near the Goat Pen, Windsor Great Park.

[Engraved by J. and G. P. Nicholls.

executed, in the Palazzo del Te and the Palazzo Ducale, where Giulio Romano and his pupils have left such striking and instructive examples of their art. Venice and Florence next occupied the attention of the traveller, but at neither place did he remain long, being anxious to reach Rome for the winter. There, of course, he found abundance of such objects as he was in search of, in the works—in the *loggia* of the Vatican—of Raffaello, Giovanni da Udine, and Giulio Romano. All the drawings executed there were sent home, and exhibited in the West Gallery of the South Kensington Museum; they are now mostly used as examples. After visiting Naples, where, in the Museum, objects taken from the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii furnished him with some good subjects, and especially some very fine early specimens characterized by pure Greek feeling, Mr. MacCallum, who had been five years absent, returned home, and soon set to work completing some decorations for the Department, in the Theatre especially; he also

arranged a "chamber of horrors," by way of illustrating the prevalent folly of buying costly objects of bad taste. In the empty panels outside the Sheepshanks gallery, he introduced, for the first time, an Italian mode of decorating exteriors called *sgrafittura*, produced by putting on a coat of dark cement, and afterwards a thin layer of lighter cement, applied with a brush, when, with a *stylus* or point, it can be drawn upon in any pattern. The first panel occupied him two days to execute, the last, from practice and experience, only two hours. Subsequently, from these works and the information afforded by the artist, a number of panels have been executed in other parts of the Museum and in other buildings.

Hitherto the career of Mr. MacCallum has been principally followed out officially as it were; that is, as a master of Art schools, and as employed by the Government for purposes connected with those institutions: it remains that some notice should be taken of him as a landscape painter. Wearying of the

desultory, as it may be called, kind of Art-work, and of official matters, which for several years had occupied his attention, he, in 1858, took from Mr. T. Webster, R.A., the remainder of the lease of his house in the Mall, Kensington, and fairly started in that department of Art by which he has gained his well-earned reputation. Not that he had, up to that time, neglected the easel; for when in Florence, in 1855, he sent to the Academy 'View of Santa Maria della Grazie, Milan,' and 'Corner of St. Mark's, Venice'; he also brought home numerous sketches of places visited, which served him usefully in later years. The first principal picture contributed to the Academy, after his return, was 'The Approach of the Malaria: Ancient Rome.' Windsor, so far as related to its noble park, had always been favourite sketching ground with the painter when he chanced to be within reach of it; and, once again in England, he was not long before he found his way thither. As a result he exhibited at the Academy in 1859 'Near the Goat Pen, Windsor Great Park,' a work which did not escape at the time the notice of the critic of the *Art Journal*, who spoke of the "details of the trunks and

branches of the trees being carried out with exemplary patience." In the following year he sent four pictures, of one of which, 'A Moorland Queen,' it was said in our pages, "In tree painting there may be as much labour bestowed on a single bole as on any most intricate surface. This 'Moorland Queen' is an ancient and gnarled beech, standing alone in an open plain; the distance is a sordid waste divided by a river; and for a story of a life, a poor hunted deer is passing beneath the tree. In sunshine and shade we may say that months must have been passed in realising this work; the tree presents a pattern of most assiduous study." The picture was bought by the late John Phillip, R.A. Four paintings, executed about this time, were purchased by Mr. James Nasmyth, the inventor of the steam-hammer; they illustrated the four seasons, namely, 'Spring,' the outskirts of Burnham Beeches, to which the Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts awarded their silver medal; 'Summer,' also a scene at Burnham; 'Autumn' and 'Winter' in Sherwood Forest. 'Spring' and 'Winter' were in the Royal Academy exhibition of 1861.



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

Rome, from Monte Mario.

[Engraved by J. and G. P. Nicholls.

Towards the end of the last-mentioned year Mr. MacCallum was near Paris, where he painted several pictures; among them, 'Winter' and 'Spring,' scenes in the Gorge and Loups, Forest of Fontainebleau, both bought by Mr. A. Morrison. Returning home, he painted 'A Leafy Path,' in the possession of Mr. D. Martineau, of Clapham; 'The Harvest of the Wood,' bought by Sir Daniel Cooper; 'The Last Gleam of Autumn in Fontainebleau,' now belonging to Mr. A. Morrison; 'The Vanguard of the Forest,' purchased by Mr. Hollins, of Pleasley Vale, but now the property of Mr. A. Morrison, for whom the painter obtained it from its former owner. This last work was exhibited in the Paris Salon, and one of the French Academicians withdrew his own picture from its place on the line that the English work might have a place of honour: an act of courtesy on the part of the Frenchman which our countryman gratefully acknowledges. In 1863, he painted a view from the top of the Long Walk, Windsor, with the hawthorns in full bloom. It belongs to the present Marquis of

Hertford, to whose kindness, and pre-eminently to that of Her Majesty, during many years, he owes, to use his own words to us, "numerous tranquil painting months, having had the privilege of furnishing and living in the upper story of Cranbourne Tower, in the Forest of Windsor, for some years."

It is quite impossible, within our limited space, to follow this painter through his pictorial wanderings. In 1864 he was at work on the Rhine and in Switzerland, and exhibited that year in the Academy 'Mont Blanc, from the Val d'Aosta,' in 1865 he sent to the same gallery 'Rheingrafenstein, on the Rhine,' and 'Rome, from the Ilex Groves of the Villa Mellini.' In 1866 he was once more in Italy; his contribution to the Academy that year was 'Venice—Morning,' bought by Mr. J. Cunliffe. The winter of 1866-7 was passed near Paris, where he occupied himself in painting a picture of the celebrated Charlemagne Oak in the Forest of Fontainebleau. It was on this occasion Mr. MacCallum acquired among the French artists who frequented the forest the *sobriquet* of *le diable anglais*, because

of his constantly being at work there all through the winter, painting his pictures on the spot; a practice altogether new to them and which they deemed impossible. About the year 1870 he had arranged to go to Persia, through the invitation of Moza Khan, then ambassador, and an arrangement was made to meet him at Venice in the following year; but the famine which broke out in Persia at the time altered the plans of the artist, and he turned his steps towards Egypt. The trip proved in every way so enjoyable and so prolific of artistic fruits that it was repeated in four successive years. Among the many pictures, both in oils and water colours, which were the results of these visits, may be pointed out 'A Sand-drift, near Philæ, Egypt,' and 'The Vocal Memnon: Sunrise, Plain of Thebes,' exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1873, and 'Mysterious Night: Memnonium, Plain of Thebes,' exhibited in the year following. He had, in 1874, the good fortune to discover a chamber at Abou Simbel 3,000 years old. On one of these Eastern expeditions the travellers (for Mr. MacCallum was always accompanied by his accomplished wife whenever he went abroad) visited the Holy Land, returning by Constantinople and up the Danube, his pencil finding ample materials for exercise on the way. An exhibition of a number of the painter's works was held in Nottingham in 1873, the committee asking him to fill a room in the Museum for the purpose.

A work of a very different kind from anything the artist had yet painted appeared in the Academy last year: it was called 'The Eve of Liberty.' The canvas is large, and shows the Athenian Acropolis, lighted up by the lurid fires arising from the bombardment by the Turks during the Greek struggle for freedom; fitful moonbeams contending for mastery with the flames of the burning edifices. The picture is certainly one of mark among those from the hand of the artist.

It is not from want of material that this desultory biographical sketch is thus almost summarily dismissed: there are many more of the artist's pictures deserving of note; and much also of other matters connected with his career to which we would gladly refer if space admitted. About two years ago he was compelled to leave off work at home to proceed to the South of France, whither his wife had gone for her health; and there, at Antibes, he had the misfortune to lose her who had been the companion of his happiest days, and his fellow-traveller wherever he went. After "laying her to sleep" at Cannes he returned home for a very short time, and then journeyed on to Scotland, to complete commissions he had the honour of receiving from the Queen to

paint for her five views near Balmoral. Mr. MacCallum speaks in most grateful terms of the condescending kindness and deep sympathy of Her Majesty and H.R.H. the Princess Louise at the time of his bereavement and when he was engaged on these works.

In 1866 he had the courage to open, at the Dudley Gallery, an exhibition of thirty-five of his own oil-paintings, and several water-colour pictures. We have used the word "courage," because it always requires boldness to induce an artist to tempt the judgment of critics by placing in juxtaposition a number of works from his own hand. The trial, however, was most satisfactory in its results: the collection was as dissimilar in subject as it was diverse in effect; and the public press, without an exception, so far as we remember, was unanimous in acknowledging the merits of the exhibition. We thus alluded to one remarkable picture, 'The Charlemagne Oak, Forest of Fontainebleau,' mentioned in the preceding page: "An ancient and now broken bole, painted with such precision as to give not only every crevice of the gnarled trunk, but, by patient and honest painting, the complete reticulation of the extremities of the branches. The ground is covered with the dead leaves of the last autumn, but the day is sunny and bright, and we see far into the misty distance down the slopes of Mount Ussy, on which we are here placed." The picture is of very large dimensions, almost filling one end of the room in which it hung: it had for a *vis-à-vis* another of like size, called 'A Glade in Sherwood Forest.' The painter had also another exhibition at 16, Carlton House Terrace.

Though Mr. MacCallum is, essentially, a tree painter, and revels in the glories of the wood and the forest, he has produced works, as already shown, that prove his labours have not been limited to such objects: his sylvan life has been alternated with glacial mountain scenery, with the architecture of Venice and other places, and with the arid deserts of the East. In some of these latter works we see the influence of a poetic feeling, which is generally absent in his other pictures: here he is real and naturalistic, material and scientific. "Nobody," as one of his critics has said, "ever drew the strength of a beech tree or the lightness of a birch with more understanding of the nature of the tree; and the giants of the forest were never celebrated by a hand more faithful and laborious."

The three engravings we have had made from his pictures require no explanation: they speak for themselves.

JAMES DAFFORNE.

THE BOUQUET.

A. TOULMOUCHE, Painter.

G. BERTINOT, Engraver.

THIS engraving is from a picture by a French artist, who has long since gained honours and popularity in his own country, though he is less known in ours than many others of his school. Auguste Toulmouche is a native of Nantes and was a pupil of Gleyre. He gained a third-class medal for portraiture in 1852, "honourable mention" in 1859 for *genre* painting, a second-class medal in 1861, and was nominated Chevalier of the Legion of Honour in 1872.

The pictures by him exhibited in London have been chiefly, if not entirely, at the gallery of Mr. Wallis, in Pall Mall, where we remember seeing, in 1868, three of his paintings, which called forth the following remarks in our Journal: "Among French artists, of whom we English have not seen overmuch"—these were the first works, if we remember rightly, he had sent over—"is A. Toulmouche. He has been far too fastidious to be over fertile. He will never drug the market, and his prices preclude multiplicity of purchasers. His three pictures, which perhaps do not rise above the standard of Parisian-Dutch products, show his accustomed care and calculation in cast of drapery and balance of unobtrusive colour." In the next year we spoke thus

of the only work he then sent: "We cannot close this enumeration of *chefs-d'œuvre* by anything more dainty or enticing than 'Pleasures of Imagination,' by M. Toulmouche; perhaps the colour may be a little weak, but the taste is supreme." One picture only he contributed also in 1871: its title 'The Fair Correspondent,' our catalogue has, we find, on reference to it, a note of approval against the painting. From that date till last year we remember seeing nothing in Pall Mall from the pencil of this artist, but at the latter time two pictures by him were exhibited: their titles, 'A Dangerous Kiss,' and 'Will Papa consent?' sufficiently indicate the subjects.

A lady holding in her hand a large nosegay of rare and beautiful flowers is in itself an attractive theme for a picture, though boasting of no novelty; but this especial 'Bouquet' contains something more inviting to its fair owner than the flowers themselves: a letter has been concealed among them—a *billet-doux*, one may be sure—and it has been discovered by her, probably because she expected it. The expression of the lady's face shows that the nature of the communication is perfectly satisfactory to the recipient, whose nationality cannot be mistaken.





A. J. W. & Co. N.Y.

1870

THE ART OF DRESSING AND OF BEING DRESSED.*

By PERCY FITZGERALD, M.A., F.S.A.

EVENING DRESS.



As we approach the department—to use the mercer's phrase—of a lady's evening dress, the prospect becomes more bewildering. Here the sumptuousness of the materials, the presence of light and glitter, flowers, jewellery, help to cover many æsthetic mistakes. But at the outset an application of the principles we have been studying will show that what is technically called "a low dress" is rather indefensible, and belongs to the toilette of barbarous countries. This refers, of course, to the "low dress" pure and simple, where it runs in a straight line across the chest and below the shoulders, the bust rising out of the dress as from an enclosing case or holder. This straight line is opposed to all the curves and sinuosities of the figure, and with the tightened waist cuts it into three portions.

The theory of "dressing" is found in the accepted fact that the figure, or trunk, is to be covered, and is to "carry a dress." A dress, or a cover, is a complete thing in itself; we cover a picture or a statue, and though it may be partly left open, and display portions of the object, it still can be called covered. But no woman could consider a picture covered which had its upper corners exposed. A lady's dress proper should at least include the shoulders. As it is, dressmakers are driven to the most awkwardly ingenious contrivances to make the dress "keep up," there being no ledges or corners to give support, the whole being made to rest on the waist.

Does then good taste require the abolition of the "low dress"? On the contrary, any one who wishes to display a beautiful neck can do so with infinitely more effect. The "cut-down" body, as we believe milliners call it, is an approach to the true system, as it displays the neck without dividing it by a line from the body. But there can be no doubt that the horizontal line, which indicates what is called a "low neck," as being at right angles with the line of the body, is opposed to harmony and grace. Of course it may be said that the aim is to display the neck as much as possible at a ball or evening party; but this can be done with far better effect, and with the due effect of full dress, by following the original principles of good sense. A diagram of the outline of the neck and "low dress" would take the shape of a sort of triangle, of which the edge of the dress forms the base, the outlines of the shoulders the sides, the chin being the apex. The true diagram should be that of a lozenge, the two lines ascending to the chin, and two others descending from the shoulders towards the waist. Even on the present system, how unpleasant to see the two corner knobs, or shoulders, protruding; and even their mechanical working is frustrated by the belt or strap which passes across them, and, as it were, fixes them to the body. It is obvious that where anything is working in a socket, as the arm is, it should be covered only so as to have free play. Such a diagram as we have described will be found to answer all the æsthetic ends which the present mode of displaying the neck attempts. What we mean is, that an equal amount of "neck superficies" might be exhibited without the shoulders being protruded. It is indeed the sumptuousness of the materials and decorations used that dazzles the æsthetic eye, and one is only conscious of a figure supporting somehow and anyhow a mass of colour, glistening silks or satins, laces, furbelows, jewels, and flowers; otherwise a ball dress, into which the form is laced tightly, to the straining of the seams and stitches and even the texture of the material, is really not like a "dress," but, as was before said, a sort of "case." It is habit that has now so associated the idea of

these extravagantly low necks with full dress; and we forget that our grandmamas used to attend balls and evening parties in enormously spreading *hats*, as a glance at a coloured "Fashions" of the "Belle Assemblée" will show. When we come to think of it, the arrangement of the bare arms and low dress, with a sort of little "basket" between, doing duty as "a body," seems a very mechanical and skimpy arrangement, and certainly has nothing graceful.

As we walk the streets, we note the numerous back views that are presented to us, the *contour* of which suggests one unvarying type, that of a lozenge set on a cone; indeed, the division of the upper and lower portions of the figure has been made so complete and thorough, that it suggests the fanciful idea of a wooden toy, where the body was *screwed* into the sugarloaf block below. This division, as was said before, is altogether arbitrary, for the figure from "top to toe" should be presented as one. Hence all those mechanical devices for female dress, clumsy and ever failing, the securing of the tightened edges with hooks and eyes strained to bursting, the creation of "a waist" by this precarious leverage, and the sham of the belt fixed on for ornament and not for use. Under the classical system, where the belt is used simply to confine the dress, it divides the figure no more than the bit of bass mat divides the stalks which it ties up to the supporting stick.

Those beautiful "taper waists," the ambition of every "fair one," and which they contrive to produce by that terrible engine, the stays, are more deserving of ridicule than the treatment of the feet by the Chinese ladies, who "lace" their feet instead of their waists; and of the two, the Chinese practice seems to be the least injurious. It is a strange ignorance which cannot see that this attempt at "figure" really destroys the figure, which, as we have seen, is a graceful sinuous column of unequal thickness, rather Doric in outline, surmounted by the head or capital. This column it is sought to make thin and slight in the middle, and thus produce that "egg-boiler" outline which is so longed for. Nothing is more beautifully balanced than the various parts of the figure, and this balance is utterly destroyed by the lacing. The head is poised on the slighter neck, and the chest and shoulders on the slight waist. The proportion is so nicely adjusted that any addition above, or thinning below, would destroy it. Of course where there is an abnormal expansion due to fat or other causes this contrivance has its use.

Having said thus much on the general treatment of the figure, we may now turn to the separate elements of dress, both for morning and evening. As may have been gathered from what has just been said, the system of having the various detached portions of dress "shaped" to the figure and limbs is abhorrent to all Art and grace. The mere sight of a "body," with its empty, meagre sleeves, its "gores" and innumerable patchings and seams, to get it into something like the human shape, is in itself something barbarous. So with that wonderfully made thing, a "skirt." It can be seen in a moment that these things are inartistic from the mere reminder of the fact that there is no Art in literal imitation, though the vulgar are apt to take pleasure in such mimicry. An exact cast of a beautifully shaped hand would have no value in an artistic sense, as such a cast would fail to catch the fleeting and momentary grace from the play of muscle and nerve which the artist seizes and reproduces. A photograph gives a "sun cast" of the face, and is popularly held to be the best of likenesses; but it only supplies the vacant stare of the moment—the features composed for the lens, not the careless, natural unstudied glances. Merely, therefore, to cover the figure and arms with a skin, say of silk, is like taking a cast. The paltry and laborious shifts and cuttings to compass this shape convey a certain meanness, and the act of

* Continued from page 295.

"getting into" these garments requires stretchings of a gymnastic kind. Indication, not mimicry, is one of the secrets of Art. The great actor will indicate a reserve of passion, while the inferior one out-herods Herod in his blatant force, and yet is not effective. And thus the aim of clothing the figure should be, *not a figure cased in clothes, each portion being accurately fitted with a case of its own, from the neck to the feet, but a draped figure.* And it should be marked how the material is degraded by such treatment, as the "sleeves and body" of a silk dress are treated in a meagre fashion unworthy of the material, and are mere mechanical casings.

THE "BODY" AND SLEEVES.

It must not be thought that in these remarks there is the faintest design of turning back the female devotees from flinging themselves under the car of fashion, or indeed of attempting even a remonstrance. These are merely sound principles that we have been insisting on, and it is quite possible to adopt such principles, even under the inflexible rules of fashion that now obtain. For instance, to lay down that silk would be doubly effective when treated with a free flowing abundance, and not like papers pasted flat to the wall, does not entail the abolition of the dressmakers' shaping and cutting; indeed, in some of its innumerable caprices, fashion has found its profit in occasionally adopting rational principles as a novelty, just as it has lately by formal edict abolished crinolines. It is quite possible to be in the fashion, and yet, like a judicious French prefect, who administers the law in a "mild" spirit, contrive to conciliate the caprices of the mode with good sense. This is the more easy, as it is a characteristic of the mad devotees of dress that they must be extravagant or nothing. The general principle, in short, might be this, that dress is to be ruled by the shawl and not by the glove principle—that the fitting of fabrics so as to follow the surface of the figure, is no more "dress," than the web attire of a gymnast is dress; this limitation being founded on the fact that the life and movement and grace of the figure are to be revealed. Nothing illustrates this principle better than a dress which is seen abroad, viz., that of the abbé, who walks in his gown, or *soutane*. It is almost perfect as a dress, fitting the upper part of the figure easily, confined with a broad sash at the waist, and thence descending in a full yet not inconvenient draping, that reveals the muscular limbs beneath, which are yet perfectly covered. The movement of the legs in walking is ungraceful, but the motion itself is not. The gown, therefore, worn by men owes its dignity to this circumstance, and it is to be remembered that the legs are almost as much revealed beneath the gown, though in a different way, as though they were incased in knee-breeches. This principle of the *soutane*, subject to regulation and modification, should be the basis of all graceful female dress.

In this view the cloak and shawl are certainly the most artistic form of dress. They answer the purpose of covering and keeping the figure warm, require no artificial training or shaping, and fall into graceful and meaning folds. The cloak or shawl, of course, offers but a limited range, as people cannot all (and always) go shawled or cloaked; but its perfect success shows where we are to look for the true principles of dress. It would be hard, however, to define modern dress logically, or describe it. What is the dress? will be the question. Is it "skirt," "body and sleeves," or one of those innumerable tunics, "tabliers," "peplunes," or other fantastic novelties? It will be seen that the jacket, with its two *tubes* or sleeves attached, is an awkwardly contrived and too mechanical a device. If we look at the old dresses, even of those of so late a period as the first empire, we shall see that these tubes or sleeves were unknown. The body of the dress was, in theory, a small shawl, crossed over the chest in front, being joined with the back by an enlarged shoulder-strap with a kind of frill, out of which the arms emerged. Long gloves, that covered the whole arm, supplied warmth, while, for out of doors, a cape or shawl served the same end. The long glove had some meaning, but the present "tube" has none. Do we then reach the almost ridiculous conclusion that sleeves should be abolished on artistic grounds? By no means; but, if used, we

should apply the principle that we have already worked out in the case of the other limbs of the figure. We have seen that the lower half of the figure should not be transformed into a solid cone or sugar-loaf, but should present the notion of what is really the truth, limbs that support the trunk, and are in motion—limbs shaped, tapered, and combining strength with grace. Yet no one, from the "tubes" we have been speaking of that do duty as sleeves could conceive that there was within so elegant a thing as the human arm, thick where it joins the trunk, thinner at the elbow, swelling out below and tapering off to the wrist, where it grows close and knitted, so as to give support to the broader hand. Our sleeve, therefore, to exhibit these beauties, should certainly be covered with a loose and flowing material that will fall into draperies and reveal the shape and motion of what is within. It should be anything but the likeness of a bent bar, the strict parallelism of whose lines are opposed to all the curves of the figure. A sort of artistic *juste milieu* is reached in the brocaded dress of George the Third's day, when the arm had a sort of sleeve down to the elbow and then opened out with lace lappets, shell-like, and revealed about half the arm. An entire sleeve seems to overweight the arm, and make it too solid for the light and airy motions it encounters. This apparent solidity also destroys the proportion that should exist between the trunk and the arms, and shortens the height of the figure. For the open air the principle of shelter for the arms would be found in an uninterrupted covering for back and shoulders, or something founded on a cape, and beneath which the arms reveal themselves. The same principle is carried out in what used to be called *canazus*, or Berthes, that cross. To sum up, this is only applying the same principle adopted with regard to the lower limbs, and thus fitting the upper ones with a sort of skirt. The *shawl principle*, a covering that is supported on the projecting points of the figure, and allowed to fall free below, is certainly the true basis of all dress. This will be seen when we consider what the sharp hard outline, starting from the neck along the shoulders, and down the arm, becomes when cased in a modern dress. When the figure itself is exhibited, as in the instance of a gymnast, this outline almost disappears, as the muscles and bones cause different levels, and it seems a series of beautiful waving lines and surfaces. Above all, as we have seen, the shape of the arm itself, which starts slight, then grows out, then grows thin again, and is gently sinuous, lends a sense of airiness and proportion; but when the whole is *incased* in the ordinary sleeve, the material will not lend itself to any of such inequalities, and a sort of geometrical figure is the result. At the same time, as we have seen, its starting-place, where it is fitted into the hole cut in the "body," has a very awkward and mechanical air, the line of juncture seeming to show that both are separate, not as in the real arm, where the surface of the body is continued into the arm. As we have seen, the little cape, or the old-fashioned "pelerine," crossed in front, is always becoming, and for this reason: it carries out the unity of body and arms. A sort of epaulet, or tulip-shaped flap, covers the line of juncture, and continues the idea of the body. Such is the philosophy of this important article of the sleeve.

Again, as the tube material has to follow the bend of the arm, it must be cut into an absurd scimitar shape, and the dressmaker has to contrive seams and patchings "on the bias" and what not, all of which impoverishes the effect of the material. Sleeves, therefore, have no connection with the dress proper, which belongs to the figure alone. These coverings, if they are used, should be attached to another garment worn underneath: a truth that milliners have lately recognised in their effective costumes with coloured sleeves. It is, in reality, one garment, but the fiction is carried out of an under waistcoat, to which the sleeves are attached. In the old Books of Beauty are to be seen enormous diaphanous clouds of tulle as sleeves, inside of which the arm reposed. This "system" was in keeping with the style of the day—all gauze and lace—and the "virgin whiteness" of the novelists. Often in ball-dresses a broad fringe of lace edged the little short sleeves, so that the arm emerged, as it were, out of a flower. This was artistic enough; as the

hard edge divided the arm across like a bar, the lace which, drooping down in points, took off this effect. Even here, however, is a fiction, such laces being sewn on to the dress just as ruffles were in court suits of the men; the meaning of such adornments in both cases being, that the lace was but the ornamented extremity of a linen garment beneath. But the whole of dress, with its furbelows and flounces, is based on such fictions.

The more we study female dress the more completely shall we see how every coherent principle is set aside. What is called "a costume" appears to consist of a number of coverings of different material, each laid over the other; yet the whole is considered the "dress proper," or outside covering. There is a jacket and a waistcoat, a petticoat with the proper bundle behind, and the *tablier*, or apron, in front; yet these elements are all jointed and pieced together in the most mechanical and "make-believe" way. The "body" is fitted on separately, the *tablier idem*, the petticoat the same. Any one, too, of artistic mind must be revolted by that strange article seen hanging at a draper's door, the PETTICOAT, and with which the figure is invested in some awkward manner known only to the tiring women. So one might get into a box or a bag with both its ends open.

A favourite dress for comforting purposes is the "jacket," multiform and multi-material, and certainly one of the most strangely grotesque garments in existence. Owing to the odd *penchant* for planting the waist in the centre of a sort of mound, this useful covering is forced to take the corresponding shape. The eye has grown so accustomed to these vagaries that it has ceased to notice the absurdity; but it is when we see a silk jacket "trimmed," as it is called, where the surface of the trimming almost equals that of the material trimmed, with a heavy fur, that the ludicrousness is effectively revealed. The article is usually scooped out at the back under the shoulders, brought down into "a neat waist," from which it starts again with a sort of heavy "flap," running round. It is here that the so-called fur trimming is exhibited with effect, being supported on the favourite, "hump," or "panier." Nothing more unsymmetrical or ungraceful can be conceived. As the band of fur crosses the back at a right angle to the figure, and is thus accentuated, as it were, it shortens the height and gives an air of Dutch squatness. This bordering is carried round to the front, where it suddenly changes its course and goes upwards, to be united by a hook and eye at the neck. It will be noted, too, that here the edges of the garment are made to meet, but do not overlap, so that warmth is not secured and the air enters. In short, the "lines" of this garment have neither beauty nor grace, nor shape nor comfort. The jacket itself becomes obscured by the obtrusive mass of fur, while the latter, though thus favoured, is not in a sufficiently important place to lead. It is the old story, in short, of the plate with the landscape

painted on it, which, instead of a plate ornamented, becomes a landscape set off by a plate. Here the fur answers to the landscape. The trimming should merely edge the velvet, which should assist it, the object being to set off the velvet. Fur being a rather coarse and striking material, a slight edging should be sufficient. And it may be added, that these broad bands of sealskin which we see on ladies' jackets have no pretension to supplying warmth, for they are disposed in the wrong place, all the edges of the cloak being already amply protected. Few think that the *raison d'être* of a fur bordering is really only the turning over of the inside fur lining of the jacket; it has therefore there a certain meaning. But our dames, true to their principles, set meaning aside, and look merely to show, whether it be irrational or not.

Sealskin is a bold, rich, though coarse material, and, like all such, should be treated in large style and large surfaces. Thus in architecture, the rough granite is used for the walls and broad surfaces, while the "dressings" and edgings are formed of Portland and other more delicate stones. Cutting up granite therefore in strips and borders suggests the idea of waste and of something spoiled—the result where a *large* material is put to petty uses. On the other hand, a small material only fit for decoration, on being forced into large treatment, produces the feeling of meanness and shabbiness. Sealskin should be dealt with in bold masses, not cut up or shaped into tubular sleeves, and should fall into drapery. A cape with a small collar would be something after the true principle. If, however, it must take the shape of the jacket, it should do so subject to the rules of rational dressing before laid down. It need not be forced out from the figure, sack-shape, in the sort of bee-hive that swells below the waist. As the material will not lend itself to tightened sleeves, the fur fraying and creasing, while a broad one admits the air up these stiff funnels, we must do without them.

It is impossible to discover any rational explanation for the various caprices and fancies which the milliner-mind each year devises for what it deems the adornment of the female figure. What, for instance, signifies the enormous bundle which it used to be fashionable to carry on the back, and which is styled a *panier*? That part of the figure was surely already sufficiently ample. It might indeed be suggested that here was conveyed the fiction of a long train that would sweep the ground, and now for convenience' sake gathered up into a bundle or knapsack. There may be something in this idea, as it usually combines with a sort of apron in front, drawn back as tightly as possible, so as to make walking difficult; but a train of this kind would, if gathered up, never fall into such a shape. The chief bulk would be low, near the ground, and the line of folds would run from the waist in front and slope downwards. This can be seen in a lady's court dress, or in the train of a foreign ecclesiastical dignitary.

(To be continued.)

DECORATIVE ART IN BRITAIN: PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

NOT long ago we deemed it our duty to direct public attention to the erroneous views put forth by two specially appointed guides of public opinion—E. J. Poynter, Esq., R.A., and the Rev. Mark Pattison—who entertain a belief, and seek to spread it, that British Art manufacture has not advanced, but retrograded, within the last thirty or forty years. We entered fully into the subject, and, as we think, confuted their statements by evidence indisputable: indeed it is a marvel—the possibility of their looking about them in manufactures and shops, and arriving at conclusions so very opposite to notorious facts. To contend that notwithstanding all our recent aids to progress we still have not progressed is simply absurd. Forty years ago there were no Art schools; there were no illustrated publications; there were no Art designers; in none of the

manufacturing districts were artists employed to design. How very different it is now! British Art found no patrons or purchasers. There had been no public exhibitions to lead, to encourage, to reward. But we need not again enter upon a topic we have thoroughly discussed. Our purpose now is to show that our views are endorsed by a gentleman who certainly knows more of Art manufacture, what it was and what it is, than the gentlemen who, *ex cathedra*, instruct us. We call into court as an important witness Mr. George Wallis, who now holds a prominent position at South Kensington, and who has been Master at the Art schools of Manchester and Birmingham. His evidence cannot fail to have weight, for there are few among us who have had greater experience or more ample means of forming a judgment as to the matter on which we offer his testimony.

Not long ago, Mr. Wallis delivered to the students of the Manchester School of Art a lecture which he entitled "Decorative Art in Britain: Past, Present, and Future." From that lecture we copy some passages.

"We are told that there is no such thing as Decorative Art in Britain, that our Schools of Art are all a mistake, that they have done more harm than good, and that we are in a worse position in relation to those Arts than we were thirty years ago! How many people believe this it is impossible to say, for the race of credulous unbelievers, if I may be permitted such a term, is not yet extinct. Perhaps a few facts from an eye-witness may assist their speculations in the future, however oblivious they may be as to the past.

"I maintain that a very great advance has been made in the character of the designs applied to carpets, wall-papers, furniture fabrics (especially furniture lace), linen damasks, brassfounders' work, chandeliers, gas brackets, fire grates, fenders, and fire irons, some classes of furniture, and even silver plate and Birmingham jewellery. Nothing is more clear than the fact that there are hundreds of tastefully arranged and furnished houses in this country at the present time, which would have been impossible at any price thirty years ago; even had the taste which dictates them at the present day existed, which it certainly did not.

"I could go *seriatim*, not only through these but other industries, and prove by most unmistakable illustrations, arising out of a personal knowledge of the facts, that a more or less systematic improvement has been going on during the last forty years in all of them, and that the contrast between what was produced and sold (for there was nothing else to sell) from 1837 to 1847, and the same class of objects now, would astound our pessimist friend and all who think with him.

"Take carpets. As regards English designs, which were mostly French made for the English manufacturer, we had flowers of the size of cabbages represented in full relief sprawling over our floors, and not only the flowers but the flower-basket in perspective; scrolls in imitation of carved work, and the endless *rococo* panelling of the style of Louis Quatorze, with a bouquet stuck in each. A design representing a plane to walk upon, or a geometric pattern of any kind, could not be got for love or money.

"Wall-papers partook of the same character; there was no rest for the eye, everything was represented in bold relief and in the most brilliant colours. The gorgeous French papers, the designs of which seemed interchangeable with those of the carpets, were the luxuries of the wealthy, whilst cheap copies were got up for people of smaller means. The common papers were pretentious imitations of the superior ones.

"Furniture fabrics simply repeated the same kind of thing, both woven and printed.

"The Harness muslin curtains, which appear to have been pretty nearly supplanted by the Nottingham lace curtains, were all after the same irrational method as regards the decorative forms—a gigantic vase in the middle, with flowers sprouting out of its bell mouth. I have seen fountains and waterfalls, mountains and moorfowl, swans, peacocks, and even elephants, represented in these Harness curtains. Contrast these things with the majority of the designs produced at Nottingham at the present day.

"The same kind of thing found favour in linen damasks so late as 1851.

"As regards metal work, the chandeliers, gaseliers, and brackets of Birmingham were excrescences of the most obnoxious character. Brass gooseberry bushes turned upside down, with the sconces or burners stuck on anyhow, would have been symmetry itself in comparison with some of them.

"Silver and gold plate was in the same condition. It was bullion weight, and not beauty, or utility, or anything except the number of ounces to be got into a service, and no one seemed to think of anything else.

"With regard to progress in England, I can fall back on my patriarchal memory, and therein I find considerable consolation; for whether the people understand Art better than they did forty years ago or not, one thing is perfectly clear to myself, that a very much larger percentage of the whole people care for Art, take an interest in it, read about it, study it practically in a more or less systematic manner, discuss it, and desire to see works of Art, and so far as the critical luminaries of our time allow them, by not misleading them, try to understand Art rightly."

It is needless to say that our views entirely accord with those of Mr. George Wallis; we rejoice that he has exerted his deservedly large influence to correct the statement of his "esteemed and able colleague." We regret much that Mr. Poynter holds opinions that cannot be other than prejudicial to Art progress: for assuredly if nothing has been done to advance Art during the past forty years, with "all appliances and means to boot," we must be, confessedly, a people incapable of improvement; and had better be content with the semi-barbarism to which our Art-producers condemned us half a century, or indeed a quarter of a century, ago. But the two learned gentlemen who teach us that all is wrong and nothing right are marvellously mistaken; they would fain convince us that what we have done is of no worth, and that what may be done is in no degree to be trusted; in short, that public grants have been wasted, that Art schools are failures, that taste is in a mist, Art-learning in a fog; that to acquire pictures is only a transfer of capital from cotton to canvases; that the millions who now see and buy for small sums the most perfect productions of the graver and the press, were better educated in Art when all that taught the eye and the mind was worse than misleading and corrupting.

A very high authority, the Earl of Derby, at the great Art-meeting in Liverpool, made some observations confirming our views and those of Mr. Wallis: his lordship said, "Let us not despair of the future of Art in England. Compare what we are now with what we were forty years ago—when the National Gallery was in its infancy; when South Kensington did not exist; when schools of Art would hardly have been an intelligible idea, and when probably there was not one printseller or picture dealer for ten that we have now."

THE DOG AND THE SHADOW.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE SHEEPSHANKS GALLERY.

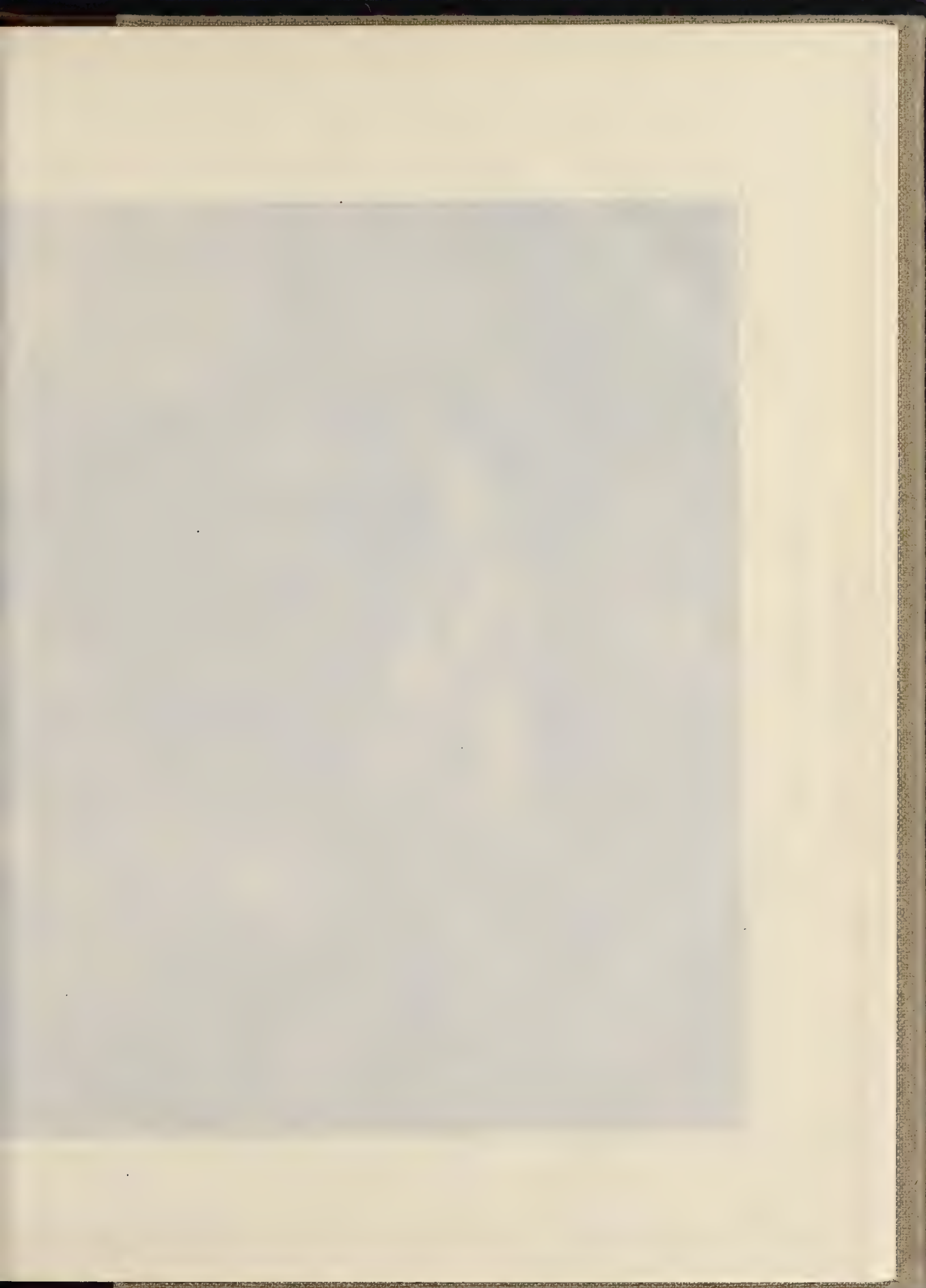
Sir E. LANDSEER, R.A., Painter.

C. COUSEN, Engraver.

THE picture from which this engraving is taken is a comparatively early example of Landseer's works, having been exhibited with two others, 'Dead Deer and Highlander' and 'Deerhound and Dead Game,' at the British Institution, in 1826, the year in which the artist was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy. When it came into the possession of its late owner we do not know, but it formed a part of the noble gift Mr. Sheepshanks presented to the nation in 1857.

As a specimen of Landseer's early mode of painting landscape nothing more to the point could be found. He seems to have executed it almost for the purpose of showing what he could do in this way, for the dog occupies but a small portion of the canvas, though it figures prominently in the composition. The landscape—whether real or imaginary we do not know, but

it seems to be more of the latter than the former—is put together with a feeling for the picturesque, and every part of it is presented with an elaboration and minuteness very different from the artist's later works. The trunk of a tree which has fallen across the stream—not shallow water, certainly—would make but an unsafe bridge for human footsteps, and yet some one has probably crossed it, judging from the pair of shoes and the worsted cap lying on the bank near; which, looking at the loneliness of the place and the entire absence of any living being, are rather suggestive of some one having committed suicide; and if the dog had not the piece of meat in his mouth, one might suppose he was examining the water for the dead body. All this is, undoubtedly, very far from what Landseer intended; but one is apt to read a picture by the ideas it suggests.





NORWAY.*

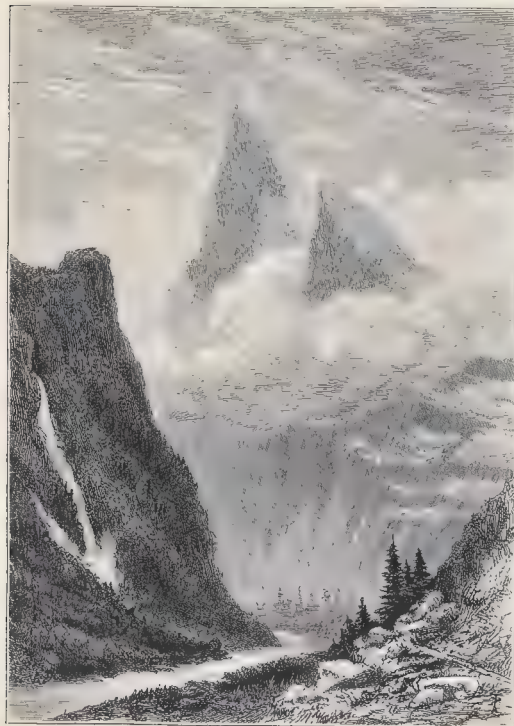
By R. T. PRITCHETT, F.S.A.

CHAPTER X.



LEAVING the Nordfjord and passing through much that is grand, we start from Faleidet, and when we arrive at Haugen have a glorious view of the Horningdals Vand, and our hopes are buoyant, for it is a "fast" station; our appetites are good, and what natural beauty around us! To be happy, however, requires a combination that is seldom realised. In this case one thing was wanting, and to travellers such as ourselves it was a most important item: it was food. The station was fair to view.

On the stone steps young children were playing; and the numerous family were nursing each other—rollicking, chubby-faced, and unwashed: for Norwegian children they were merry.



The Horningdalskrakken, near Haugen.

In the road in front of the house was standing a gaunt figure, with knee-breeches and stockings; his braces hauling on to the short waist, his long hair and straggling beard, made a good

type of what he really was—a slayer of bears. Above the entrance, over the merry group of children, were two "skulls"—bears' skulls: the triumph, joy, and pride of the slayer. Short of provisions, we soon went on a voyage of discovery, and investigated the interior; but what a blank it proved! The fast station folk knew nothing, or pretended to know nothing. "A



Haugen, near Hellesylt.

cradle" of good carved wood, a bed in the corner of the room, and a fireplace, seemed to be all in this homestead. The only fladbrod we could procure was of that unwelcome class prepared for travelling, which means that it is flabby and tough enough to be rolled up and folded without breaking. When the practical reader thinks of the shaking, jolting, convulsive jerking action of stol-kjærs and even carriages, no wonder this food is left rather doughy for its journey. Happy the man who, when he meets with this material, can set it up on end. Dry it to the oat-cake condition, then it is good indeed—very good. Still, we made the best of it, and came to the conclusion that one of the charms of travel is the variety of situation; and then after all, with pleasant companions, anything short of bad accidents is only the kind of thing which the true traveller must expect, and almost seeks. "So we look forward to the next good meal we can get, but which must be very late in the day.

Some one suggested the advisability of smoking down our appetites. That was declined as injudicious, and we longed for Hellesylt. The second stage on, near Haugen, we saw a wonderfully grand peak. Some idea of its towering grandeur may be

* Continued from page 292.

formed by setting its printed name on end. It is no end of a name; here it is: "Eorningdalskrakken." What a pity one cannot have time to "do" all these peaks, this one especially, isolated, commanding a most interesting range, with so many fjords at its feet, the Hjørrendfjord and its shriven peaks bristling below. In these days of express trains, fish torpedoes going twenty knots an hour, telegrams, and instantaneous photographs, people will not give sufficient time to do anything with steady enjoyment. Scurry and scuttle are too prominent by far.

As we approach Hellesylt the mountains become higher, more bluff, their formation more tortuous, and we anxiously begin to look out for our descent to the station—town, one cannot call it, in fact, hardly a village. Arrived at the top of the pass, with the river dashing, splashing, the zigzag of the road is like patent cucumber scissors—twenty zigzags or more. At one's feet lie the Storfjord and the Geiranger district and Søndmur. Of course there is the usual church, most prominently posted, with a good station, to welcome those who escape from Haugen's



The Geiranger Fjord; Seven Sisters Fall.

natural grandeur to the stomachic comfort of Hellesylt. What a good meal we all thought supper was that night! It was a meal—not the pleasure of going in for a meal only, but we had felt the want of it, and now were thankful to enjoy thoroughly the good cheer before us. There are very few parts of Norway which exceed the grandeur of the neighbourhood of this place. The Storfjord is immensely grand, but the Geiranger is a climax. The steamer from Hellesylt to Aalesund goes down the Storfjord, affording a great variety of scenery with considerable

comfort to passengers, as the vessels are well served; and in this case, the steamer has a captain known to all who have travelled here, and always remembered with the most pleasing associations. Captain Dahl has done much for this district, and has opened up the Geiranger fjord, which is unparalleled in grandeur. Are not his good qualities recognised and noticed through Norway by ladies? Having said so much, we hope to visit Geiranger again, under the captain's kind care.

We were up early indeed the morning after arrival at Helle-

sylt. What a morning! Hardly a breath as the steamer lay at the little pier waiting for us. We had arranged with Captain Dahl to go up the Geiranger as far as Maraak, so as to pass the glorious fall of the "Seven Sisters," and see it in all its beauty. We were very fortunate in all the circumstances connected with this visit—weather fine, scenery grand, cicerone full of enthusiasm and information, companions reliable, food, after Haugen, one may say, "Good, plentiful and good." The characteristic feature of this Geiranger, which has only been known to travellers during the last few years, is the extremely

precipitous façade of rocks that inclose it, the paucity of landing places, and its beautiful fall, the Seven Sisters. We arrived at the foot of them about six o'clock, A.M., and as the sun was well to the eastward the effect was fairylike—the prismatic rays seemed to pervade the base of the fall. The Seven Sisters come over and take their first flight some two thousand feet above the fjord, and the streams, seven in number, according to the pressure of melted snow above, combine and separate, lose themselves in spray and spoon-drift, and then collect again from the dripping face of the rock, and finally the whole base is



Hellesylt.

"gauzed," so to speak, with the dash of mist, with the prismatic rays called by sailors "blossoms"—really portions of rainbows. We wanted to linger over the beauty of this spot—such delicacy of form, as the streams shot forth some of the rocket-jets, losing themselves for a time, and then collecting with renewed energy for the final dash into the fjord; but at last even Captain Dahl goes ahead, and we steam on for Maraak, at the end of the fjord. Opposite to the falls we see a relic of old Scandinavian paganism. Jutting from steep rocks, of two thou-

sand or three thousand feet, above a solitary boathouse, is shown a prominent rock, called "the Pulpit," and above that the gigantic profile of a Viking; above these some farms are situated, well away from modern improvements. If any one dies there during the winter they keep the body until the snow is sufficiently melted to allow of its being brought down to be taken to Hellesylt; it is their custom also to tether their children, for the "go-cart" conveyance of the seventeenth century, as shown in "Quarle's Emblems," would soon be over the edge, urging its

wild career to the depths below. The very thought of such a position would be enough to frighten some people; but how happy in themselves are these poor folks in their simple belief and faith and home-love and trust! How difficult to consider this kind of life happiness, when the same family goes on in the same position in life for three hundred or four hundred years, in the same costume, and the same old silver ornaments! "How bad for trade!" some would say. "What stagnation! how slow!" Yet how enviable, when we have tasted the bitters of over-strained brain-work, and the furious competition of millions of people, all massed and arrayed for the daily struggle of modern times. It is from this latter men retire for a while to take a refresher; it is on account of this extra brain-work that change of air and circumstance is really required as matter of necessity; and so London, after a season of gaiety and rush, is left in favour of outlandish places, simple fare—and in fact to get away from the daily jostle of life, to be ready for the next bout.

After our return from Maraak, Captain Dahl continued his passage towards Aalesund. The Gieranger features were less

marked until we arrived at one immense perpendicular surface of rock, evidently but recently exposed to view; and its appearance is explained by the fact that some years ago the whole facing of this mountain came bodily down into the fjord, raising an immense wave which swept across the expanse of water and almost entirely destroyed the village on the opposite side. A more recent case occurred in the Nordfjord. The Hornelen mountain rises majestically from the fjord, going down from Bryggen. Out of compliment to this monarch and giant a new steamer was named after it; and on the first occasion of passing, the captain honoured Hornelen with a salvo salute, which was promptly answered by a great mass of rock being launched from the mountain side, throwing up a wave which nearly annihilated the saluters, and frightened some of them so much that they will never venture to repeat their *feu de joie*. It is equally dangerous to disturb or cause any considerable vibration in the atmosphere under glacial ice or snow-drift; many lives have been lost in this way, and the fact cannot be too strenuously impressed on the minds of all travellers.

THE RUBENS TERCENTENARY AT ANTWERP.

LATTERLY, the fashion of paying periodical homage to the memory of the illustrious dead has come to be regarded as a national duty. The birth-years of the great master-minds that speak no more from our midst are no longer left to the curt neglect of biographical dictionaries and almanacs. Commemorations, jubilees, and centennials, have broken the cold silence which was wont to hover over the tomb of genius, and the shroud of death has been lifted from the grey graves of Handel, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Petrarch, Michel Angelo, and Caxton.

But of the many bygone great who have had their posthumous praises sung by jubilant multitudes, no man, to our mind, has been more worthy of the honour of a tercentenary, nor had such honours more worthily paid him, than the great Flemish painter, Sir Peter Paul Rubens. The complete success which has attended the recent efforts of the Burgomaster, the Town Council, and the citizens of Antwerp to commemorate, by a series of sumptuous *fêtes*, the three hundredth birth-year of their great townsman, has proved beyond doubt, that the recollection of the splendid services rendered by Rubens to the Low Countries has not as yet faded from the recollection of his countrymen. To the great ambassador-artist the Flemish people owe a double debt of gratitude; for not only to his rare diplomatic skill was due the emancipation of the Netherlands from the tyranny and oppression of Spanish rule, but to his consummate genius must also be conceded the honour of having freed Flemish Art from the shackles which the crude and affected imitators of the Italian school, headed by Mabuse and Van Orley, had bound about it. To the unfettered master-hand of Rubens was assigned the task of once more placing his native school in the foremost ranks of Art, and what John and Hubert Van Eyck did for their country a century and a half before, Rubens repeated when he stepped proudly from the studio of his master, Otto Venius, and took his place in the ancient Guild of St. Luke as Master of the Painters' Craft. Thus by the influence of his wondrous brush was once more restored to Flanders an Art reputation, different indeed in kind, but fully equal in degree, to that which it had formerly enjoyed. To the genius of such a man the lasting gratitude of Antwerp is assuredly due, and to the memory of the great painter-prince tribute has been paid with no niggardly hand by the grateful *Anversois*.

With the controversy concerning the true birthplace of Rubens we have, at present, no space to deal. It is sufficient here to mention that Antwerp, Cologne, and Siegen have, each in turn, asserted their right to call the great painter townsman. Pro-

fessor Wallraf has settled this vexed question, to his own satisfaction at least, by boldly proclaiming Rubens to be not only a native of Cologne, but "the Apelles of German painters." On the other hand, that distinguished scholar, Bakhuizen van der Brink, has, in his turn, as loudly asserted that to neither the Netherlands nor to Prussia, but to Westphalia, belonged the contested honour of being the true birthplace of Rubens; and in accordance with this decision of the learned Dutchman, Siegen duly commemorated the painter's three-hundredth birthday on the 29th of June last, and signalled the event by inserting a bronze *plaque* with an appropriate inscription in the façade of the Town Hall, after the fashion of another tablet which is to be seen embedded in the walls of a house in the Sternengasse, in Cologne. Finally, although during the recent *fêtes* at Antwerp documents were produced at one of the sittings of the Historical Section of the Art Congress, which were said to prove that Rubens' mother did not follow John, his father, into exile in Germany, and that consequently Peter Paul must be regarded as a veritable Fleming after all; still, let this vexed question be settled as it may, to Antwerp will always remain the proud distinction of having fostered the almost superhuman gifts of this great artist.

In Antwerp Rubens worked and lived through a proud life of honour and renown; and although the grand old city on the Scheldt can number the names of nearly three hundred celebrated painters and more than two hundred eminent engravers who have dwelt, at one period or another, within the walls of this veritable City of Art—although Quentin Matsys and Sir Anthony Van Dyck and David Teniers were natives of the city—Rubens will always be regarded as its presiding genius. For of him it has been well said that there was the same breadth and magnificence in his character as in the colour of his compositions, and that his mind was as free from littleness as his works. Indeed, there was a consciousness of latent power in his every action, as there is the evidence of an unconquerable vigour in the swift dexterity and amazing fertility of invention which followed every sweep of his glowing brush. It is one of the attributes of genius to feel a calm confidence in its own superlative powers; and that Rubens possessed this splendid quality to the full is evidenced by his saying, "Every one according to his gifts. My endowments are such that I have never wanted courage to undertake any design, however vast in size or diversified in subject." We shall have more to say concerning the Rubens *fête* in another paper, with illustrations.

ATHOL MAYHEW.

OLD NANKIN BLUE.

By E. B. SHULDHAM, M.D.

PART II.

OUR ancestors loved good cabinet-work; they took a pride in their dainty little tables, their elegant side-boards, their refined secretaires, and they liked the contrasts that Oriental porcelain would give to this work, so that we find Oriental porcelain decorating their cabinets, sideboards, and side-tables. These beautiful old specimens of English work were neglected at the beginning of this century; they were sold at auctions for a mere song, they were banished out of sight, if possible, to lumber rooms; the cabinet or secretaire that once graced the dining-room was carried away up-stairs to the second-best bedroom as a thing of the past, to be forgotten as soon as possible, to be banished from good society, and to be smiled over with mingled pity and contempt if ever seen by a curious guest or relative. In the very room in which I now write is a most beautiful example of inlaid work with an Angelica Kaufmann design in the centre; it is a kind of dainty cupboard, whose back rests with comfortable looseness against the wall, and whose chest forms a delightful curve in front, like the flat back and prominent chest of a soldier on parade. This very piece of furniture belonged to my grandmother (worthiest of grandmothers by the way, Heaven rest her soul!), and some forty years ago she spoke in most disparaging terms of this work of Art, and wished to pack it off in exchange for some more modern and less tasteful piece of goods; her daughter pleaded for possession of the Angelica Kaufmann design, her pleadings were respected, and the elegant cupboard stands now against the drawing-room wall, and supports a cabinet of old Dresden or the best and most artistic period; but a few choice pieces of Old Nankin Blue would give it a glory it is worthy of, which neither Dresden nor Sèvres could ever confer.

Well, my excellent grandmother was influenced by the taste of the first quarter of the nineteenth century, nay, even the first half, and this taste was for heavy, falsely-called substantial work, for sombre work that frowned but could not decorate, for heavy mahogany tables and chairs, that held good wood and clumsy workmanship. As time went on taste became worse. Kidderminster and Brussels vied with each other as to which should produce carpets of the most atrocious patterns, and most hurtful to the public taste. Wall-papers became cheaper and more hideous in design as manufactories prospered of every kind of mechanical work. The duty on glass was taken off, and then mirrors of every conceivable size and ugliness burst upon an astonished world, to dazzle and blind it against all true principles of artistic decoration.

This sad work went on for a long time unchecked till an enlightened and enterprising firm took the matter in hand, and determined to endeavour to improve the public taste as to house decoration. Aided by artists of ability and by skilful workmen, with ample resources, they offered to the public their first productions. These, as might have been expected, excellent as they were, were not at once, nor indeed for a long time, justly and generally appreciated. But gradually, though slowly, from various causes, the public taste has improved, till at the present day a palpable and highly satisfactory change for the better in the taste of all classes, as regards the application of art to the uses and adornments of domestic life, has taken place, if we may take the opinion of those best qualified to form an opinion; a change which has influenced the work of every firm entitled to be called artistic, and has reached the heart of every householder who loves to be surrounded by beautiful harmonies instead of dwelling in the midst of discord.

Now we come gradually on to our position in connection with Old Nankin Blue, and its fitness for the best modern house decoration. A beautiful room was designed by the firm alluded

to, and some charming sideboards were to grace the room. All was complete as far as wall-paper, carpets, curtains, and furniture were concerned; but when an eminent house-decorator then asked, "This is all very beautiful and harmonious, but what will you put on the side-tables and brackets?" the answer came promptly from a great colourist, who had superintended the whole delightful work, "Why, Old Nankin Blue, of course."

And Old Nankin Blue was thus pressed into the grateful service of house decoration once more, after a period of long and shameful neglect.

The answer, "Why, Old Nankin Blue, of course," implied that there was no doubt or shadow of a doubt in the artist's mind as to the fitness of this peculiar china as a harmony to his delicate sideboard of pale oak. If decorators would only study the laws of harmonizing contrasts in colour, they would never hesitate or doubt as to the eternal fitness of things that reigns in decorative as in pictorial Art. The introduction of Old Nankin ware as a beautiful contrast to dark woods, and a subtle contrast to pale woods, marks an important and glorious page in the history of decorative Art. Our ancestors in the middle of the eighteenth century felt these contrasts to be right; our contemporaries know them to be right by careful experiment and sound artistic principle.

The quality of colour in the Old Nankin ware is of a most subtle character; the blue is of infinite sweetness, a blue-green rather than a purple, containing, that is to say, more yellow than red, and this very tone allows it to form such charming contrasts with the pale yellow satin-wood tables, as also with the darker cabinets which it illuminates. In the Old Nankin ware we have also various shades of blue, from a full deep tone to the most delicate gradation, and therefore it admits of infinite choice in adapting it to its immediate surroundings. For instance, we can either strike a contrast between the pale yellow of a satin-wood table and a full-toned blue jar or beaker; or we can place a delicate grey-green bottle against a black wood cabinet. Here we make use of the law of contrast; now to introduce subtle harmonies of colour, we can also place the delicate wash of grey blue against the refinements of a pale yellow or salmon-coloured ground; or we can place the full tones of a deep-blue hawthorn ginger-jar in voluptuously majestic harmony with a black wood cabinet. If we simply have discoloured or papered walls to decorate, and are not richly possessed with the cabinets and work-tables of our forefathers, yet we can strike those beautiful contrasts with our Nankin Blue. Nay, if we are condemned to live in rooms where the wall-paper is eternal trouble to the eyes, we can mark off a little corner of happiness for ourselves by buying a few feet of some artistic serge, in any tone of colour that may delight the eye; cover the offending paper with the serge, and let the Nankin Blue rest lovingly against it, in the harmonies for which one's mind yearns. Here I speak for those whose lot is cast in a lodging, and not for the householder, that man of doubtful joys and certain sorrows.

All this time I have taken no account of the groundwork on which the blue decorations of Nankin ware are painted; but this must ever be taken into account in our striking of contrasts and harmonies, artistic contrasts being ever also artistic harmonies.

The groundwork on which the Chinese artist has placed his decorations with cunning hand is either of a delicate creamy white or else of a soft grey green, the tone being due either to the purity of the paste or else to the character of the glaze. As a rule, the finest decoration and the most brilliant colour are found on pieces where the paste is of a very pure creamy white, as the snowy prominences of a white cumulus cloud give such value to the lake of blue in which it floats.

THE USE OF ANIMAL FORMS IN ORNAMENTAL ART.

By F. EDWARD HULME, F.L.S., F.S.A.

CHAPTER VI.



FISH forms, we often find, are introduced together with other marine types, as symbols of maritime power; the form ordinarily introduced is that known as the dolphin, one so far conventionalised as to bear but little resemblance to the real animal so called. An old writer tells us that the "Dolphin is reckoned the King of Fishes, as the Lion is of Beasts, and many fabulous stories are told of Him by those who, pretending to see further into the Nature of Things than is possible for us to do, spread abroad their own Inventions among the Credulous for certain Truths. These inventors of groundless Stories have told us that the Dolphin is so much admired and beloved by the other Fishes that they follow him about as their Leader and Chief. These Fancies have been borrowed from the Ancients, who have left us many Ridiculous Notions, which some of the Moderns think themselves obliged to believe because of their Antiquity. The poet Licophron says Ulysses bore a Dolphin on his Shield because his son Telemachus, being yet very young, fell into the Sea, where he was taken up by Dolphins and laid upon the Shore,"



Fig. 59.

In classic Art examples of the dolphin are very abundant. Many such may be seen in the British Museum. It is also a favourite device in mediæval and modern heraldry; when introduced it is almost always "embowed," *i.e.* bent into a curve like a bow, as though springing from the water. It was in the Middle Ages the especial device of the Dauphins, the eldest sons of the kings of France, who bore as their arms those of France, marshalled with this charge, a blue dolphin on a golden shield. An old herald affirms that "Fishes are the emblems of Silence, because having no lungs they cannot form any sort of voice. They also represent Watchfulness, because they sleep very little, or not at all; for if they ever happen to slumber it is so lightly that the least noise or any sudden light doth awaken them. Some have made them the hieroglyphic of health; and as they keep to their element they may represent those who never forsake their country, their prince, or their honour."

Dercetis, a Syrian maiden, threw herself into a lake near Ascalon, and was changed into a fish. She was, therefore, worshipped by the Syrians as a goddess. The upper part of her statue represented a beautiful woman, while the lower part terminated in the tail of a fish. She was probably identical with Dagon, one of the great deities of the Philistines. The common device of the heralds, the mermaid, is, we need scarcely

stop to point out, very similar in character. Another of these ancient myths is that of the Pristrix, the sea monster sent to devour Andromeda. In ancient Art it is always represented with draconic head, the neck and breast of a beast, having fins in place of the fore-legs, and the body and tail of a fish. This form was generally selected by the early Christians in their representations of the creature that swallowed Jonah.

The hippocampus is another form frequently met with in ancient Art. It is a fabulous monster, having the head and forequarters of a horse, the body and tail of a dolphin. The



Fig. 60.

horses that draw the car of Neptune over the waves are almost invariably of this form.

Several kinds of fish were considered sacred by the Egyptians, and little figures of them are often found during the progress of excavations. The Egyptian collection in the British Museum contains a large number of these.

Fishes and other marine forms are often introduced as accessories; thus in the Assyrian slabs the form of the waves is so conventional, that any one unaccustomed to the study of these ancient remains would hardly conclude that a representation of water was at all intended, were it not that the numerous fish represented leave no possibility of doubt as to the intention. In the same way, in the bronze room of the British Museum devoted to Greek and Roman antiquities is a figure of Orion

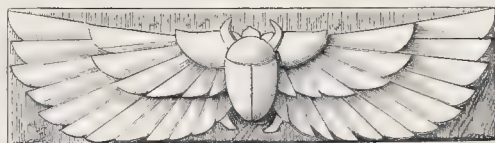


Fig. 61.

crossing the sea; seven fishes are introduced to further indicate the scene where the circumstance represented occurs. In another instance the head of a marine deity is represented on a circular disk; round the cheeks are two dolphins, their tails interlacing beneath the chin, and around the head are other dolphins, crabs, shrimps, and various sea shells.

Several very interesting mosaics from Carthage, a state essen-

tially maritime, are preserved in our national collection. Many of these are almost entirely composed of designs introducing various forms of fish and other marine creatures; the long-snouted wrass, swordfish, perch, lobster, mullet, tunny, eel, and prawn, are readily recognised, and great use is also made of the more conventional form of the dolphin.

Fish forms are frequently found in blazonry, ordinarily either as an allusion to the name of the person bearing them, or as an indication of some connection between the bearer and the sea. Some of these allusions are tolerably clear, as in the case of the barbels borne by the family of De Barre; but others are very whimsical and far-fetched; the family of Atsea, for example, bears three shrimps on the arms, being creatures that are found



Fig. 62.

at sea. The luce, or pike, the roach, herring, and barbel, are the forms most commonly seen. The family of Shelley bears three golden whelk-shells, the opportunity for a punning allusion to the name being too great to be resisted; while the family of Tregarthick has the extraordinary charge of two lobster's claws, boiled, evidently, as they are red on a field of silver.

Of the various reptile forms the serpent stands pre-eminently forward, and we proceed, therefore, briefly to indicate its influence in classic Art, amongst the nations of antiquity, as seen in the temples that fringe the Nile or that are perishing amidst the rank vegetation of the forests of Mexico and Central America; and, lastly, in Christian Art.

The group known as the Laocoon will at once rise to the mind

of many of our readers. The original is preserved in the Vatican, but it must be so familiar to almost every one, from the casts or illustrations of it that abound, that we need not stay to dwell upon its nature. The myth has been several times treated in classic Art. Virgil, Sophocles, and other ancient writers give the story. Laocoon, we are told, was a Trojan, and priest of Apollo. He tried to dissuade his countrymen from drawing within the city the famous wooden horse that was at once an object of veneration to them and the source of their woe. To show the danger to which they were so treacherously exposed, and to dissuade the people from paying honour to an object so unworthy of it, he hurled a spear into its side. His counsels passed unheeded, and while he was preparing to offer a sacrifice

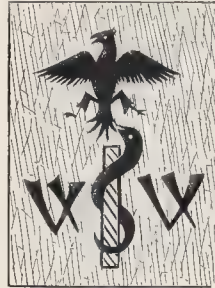


Fig. 63.

to Poseidon two serpents were seen swimming to the Trojan coast. They rushed on Laocoon and his two sons, who remained by the altar, and killed them before the affrighted multitude. Why they suffered this fearful death is differently affirmed: according to some versions of the legend, it arose from his attack on the horse, a creature sacred to Poseidon, while others say that it sprang from the displeasure of Apollo at his having married contrary to his will. A third version is, that Laocoon, as a prominent public character, suffered vicariously as an indication of the displeasure of the god against the whole nation.

The serpent was also regarded as the symbol of eternity; and as an emblem of renovation, from its annually shedding and

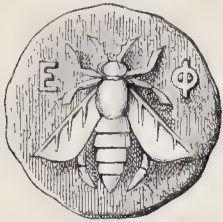


Fig. 64.



Fig. 65.

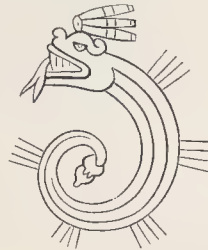


Fig. 66.

renewing its skin, was especially attributed to Æsculapius. It also figures in representations of the Fates and Furies of classic mythology. Homer mentions only one, Gorgo, but in the writings of Hesiod the names of three are given—Stheno, Euryale, and Medusa. These frightful creatures of fancy had brazen claws, and their heads had for hair a mass of writhing and hissing serpents. Those who gazed on them were turned to stone. Perseus, however, killed Medusa, avoiding the necessity of looking at her when attacking her, and the consequent penalty, by watching her reflection on his burnished shield. Minerva afterwards placed a Medusa in the centre of her breast-plate, or, according to other representations, in the middle of her shield.

The serpent has almost invariably been regarded as the symbol of evil power, and, when worshipped, has been regarded with

fear rather than love. Almost all mythologies produce some great hero who destroys this malignant foe. Python is slain by Apollo, Kaliya is slain by Vishnu, Nidgard is banished by Wodin to the depths of ocean, and the dragon-slaying exploit of our own St. George (Fig. 59, from a Norman church) is only another manifestation of the same myth. Fig. 60 is an illustration of serpent-worship from an Egyptian wall painting. The serpent figures very largely in Mexican work. The great temple in the capital city was built entirely of large stones, fashioned like interlacing snakes; and amongst the ruins of Yucatan, at Uximal, is a structure having two massive walls of stone 128 feet long and 70 feet apart. The sides facing each other are carved with gigantic serpents which run the whole length of the walls. Any of our readers who feel sufficient interest in the subject can,

on turning to Squier's "Serpent-worship in America," find numerous other examples both figured and described. Fig. 66 is from a Mexican MS.

In Christian Art the serpent, or asp, is often represented as in Fig. 62, trampled under foot, to denote the triumph of the good over the evil principle. Our illustration is from an effigy in the Temple Church.

Though the serpent is thus ordinarily employed, both in ancient and modern times, and by Pagan and Christian, as a symbol or emblem, undoubtedly many illustrations might be brought forward where its introduction arises solely from the ease with which its lithe and flexible form may be treated; hence we often see it in modern jewellery as a ring or bracelet—an idea we venture to think essentially vulgar and repulsive. Fig. 63 is from a printer's mark of the Middle Ages.

Other reptile forms are less commonly met with. The tortoise figures in two or three instances in the classical remains in the British Museum. It is in one case associated with Venus; but was more especially sacred to Hermes, the corresponding deity to the Mercury of the parallel mythology. The beliefs of the Greeks and Romans were, we need scarcely say, very similar, though the attributes were at times somewhat different, and the names bestowed were not identical.

The lizard figures largely in old work, but is more especially met with in Christian Art; not indeed from any particular meaning ordinarily attached to it, but because, less repulsive from its associations than the serpent and dragon, it with equal

readiness lent itself to ornamental requirements, and is therefore largely found in the old MSS. or entwined amidst the foliage of the stone-carving of our cathedrals and other Mediæval buildings.

The British Museum gives us one example of a frog-headed goddess, and the crocodile figures from time to time in ancient examples therein preserved. Arsinoë, or Crocodilopolis, the leading city in Middle Egypt, was the chief seat of the worship of this creature. A large effigy of an alligator occurs on a high hill in Ohio, the work of a people of whom nothing is now known. The city of Nismes bears a golden crocodile on a field of blue as its heraldic device, and the form is occasionally met with elsewhere in blazonry.

Descending to still lower organisms, the sacred beetle of the Egyptians (Fig. 61) at once occurs to the mind; examples of it are exceedingly common in all collections of Egyptian antiquities. Fig. 64, the bee, is from a coin of Ephesus. The coins of the Greek colony of Metapontum frequently bear on one side a grasshopper, the device also, it will be remembered, of Gresham, the founder of the Royal Exchange. The bee and the butterfly also occur in English heraldry. Many species of insects are very beautiful both in form and colouring, and would well repay a more attentive regard at the hands of our designers. Fig. 65 is but one illustration of many that might be given, confirmatory as we believe of our commendation. Even where not actually introduced in work, the colour suggestions they afford would often be found of service and value.

OBITUARY.

JAMES DRUMMOND, R.S.A.

THIS painter, who had long held a leading position among the modern Scottish school as a delineator of *genre* and of historical subjects, died at his residence, Royal Crescent, Edinburgh, after a long illness, on the 13th of August. The son of an Edinburgh merchant, he was born, in 1816, in the house, in the Canongate, once occupied by that zealous old Protestant preacher, John Knox. On leaving school he was employed, as a draughtsman and colourist, by the late Captain Brown, the author of several books on ornithology and other similar subjects. After remaining only a short time in this situation, he began to teach drawing. This work, however, was not of long duration; he soon quitted it to become a student in the School of Design, under the direction of the late Sir William Allan, R.A., making such progress in his acquirements that, when he was in his twentieth year, a picture by him, 'Waiting for an Answer,' was accepted by the Royal Scottish Academy, and hung in the gallery in the exhibition of 1835. From that date to the present year, when he exhibited his last picture, 'The Printing Office of Andrew Hart, the famous Scottish Typographer in the Time of James VI.,' Mr. Drummond was a regular contributor to the annual exhibitions of the northern Academy, of which he was elected Associate in 1846, and Academician in 1852, but his pictures were not often seen in London. Among the most important are 'The Porteous Mob,' purchased by and engraved for the Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland, and which now hangs in the National Gallery of Scotland; 'The Covenanters in Greyfriars Churchyard;' 'John Knox bringing home his Second Wife;' 'Montrose on his Way to Execution,' &c. Two of Mr. Drummond's smaller pictures, 'Peace' and 'War,' were exhibited at the British Institution in 1850, and were purchased on the opening day by H.R.H. the Prince Consort: they are now at Osborne. Both were engraved in the *Art Journal*, as forming a portion of the royal collection: the former appeared in 1860, the latter in 1861.

Mr. Drummond was chosen, in 1857, librarian of the Scottish Academy, and on the death of Mr. W. B. Johnstone, R.S.A., in

1868, was appointed curator of the Edinburgh National Gallery. He was also one of the most active and useful members of the Royal Scottish Society of Antiquaries, at whose meetings he frequently read interesting papers, principally associated with Scottish archæology and history: many of these papers he beautifully illustrated. He was an ardent collector of antique objects of various kinds, old portrait-prints, ancient studio "properties," &c., and also was a man personally held in great esteem, and having a knowledge of and feeling for Art which gave much value to his opinions.

JOHN PIGGOT, F.S.A.

We regret much to report the death of this gentleman, which occurred on the 30th of August, at the Elms, Utting, Essex. His name must be tolerably familiar to the majority of our readers, for he contributed during the last few years several papers, chiefly on archæological subjects, to our pages. He died early, in the thirty-first year of his age.

JOSEPH ALESANDRE GUICHARD.

The death of this French painter is announced to have taken place, at Marseilles, towards the end of August. He was a marine-painter of considerable repute in his own country, but we cannot recollect seeing any of his pictures in England, though he was a constant exhibitor at the Paris *Salon*, where his works were recognised as faithful to nature, and executed with great conscientiousness. His death occurred at the age of forty-seven.

LAURENT JAN.

The *Moniteur des Arts* reports also the decease of this artist, long and widely known, not only in the world of Art, but also in that of letters. He was, till somewhat recently, Director of the School of Drawing and Mathematics in Paris. M. Laurent Jan died at the age of sixty-nine. He was the intimate friend of Balzac, L. Gozlan, and Mérimée.

DECORATIVE FURNITURE.*

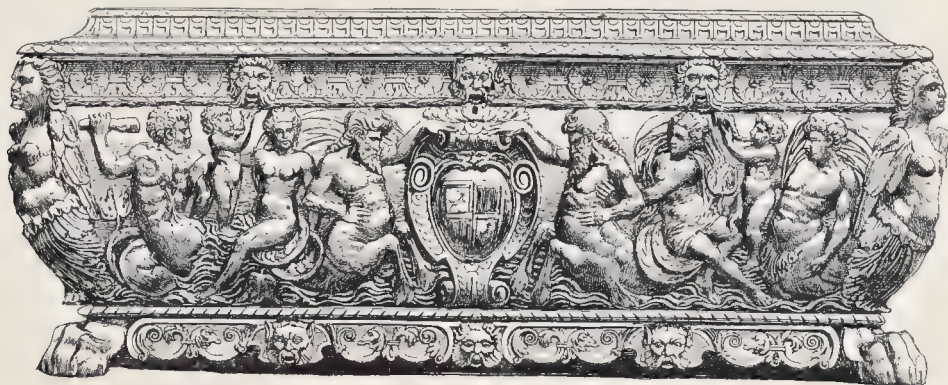
A CONNECTED history of decorative furniture has not before been attempted. With the exception of the "Dictionnaire du Mobilier" of M. Viollet-le-Duc, the important works of M. Labarte, and Mr. Hungerford Pollen's admirable "Catalogue of the Furniture in the South Kensington Museum," the subject remained to be written. It was reserved to the late Albert Jacquemart to fill up the gap; so well known for his studies on ceramic art, no one was more fitted to the task. Indefatigable and patient in research, careful in his verification of names and dates, he gives us the fruit of the studies of a life. Unhappily he did not live to see the completion of the work; the task of publishing it has devolved on his son, who has admirably fulfilled his labour of love, and has embellished the book with his excellent and truthful illustrations.

It has been too much the habit to decry furniture as a mere industrial product, the work of the joiner and the cabinet-maker, and having nothing in common with Art; but in former days the most famous sculptors, architects, and painters, did not hesitate to assist the artisan with their taste and genius. They considered so doing the surest road to public favour. The multitude were not rich enough to instruct themselves by buying pictures and statues, they could best be reached through the medium of the industrial arts, of the objects in common use; so the old masters

thought, and they liberally furnished designs for the locksmith, the goldsmith, or the cabinet-maker, and the most humble object of domestic use issuing from their hands became a work of finished Art. The great artists must, therefore, be studied and judged, not only by their masterpieces in painting, sculpture, and architecture, but must be followed into the workshops where such excellent works were produced after their designs. The history of furniture, therefore, is a complement to the history of Art.

To derive advantage from the subject the history of furniture must be studied systematically. The first question which arises is, What is *moblier*? "Everything which serves to furnish the apartment," says the dictionary of the Academy. M. Jacquemart takes it in its widest acceptance, and divides it into four industrial groups: furniture properly so called; tapestry and hangings—the work of the upholsterer; the small furniture which serves for decoration—that is, objects of Art derived from the statuary; and objects of ornamental Art.

Of all the monuments of domestic life belonging to the Middle Ages, household furniture is the rarest, and can scarcely now be met with; but we know that in early times it was "movable" in the strictest sense of the word. The requirements of defence caused castles and fortresses to be built, both to stop the



Italian Coffer of the Sixteenth Century.

invasion of an enemy and to protect the peasants who grouped around them. Lords and vassals, rich and poor, foreseeing a victorious invasion, or the necessity of fighting far from their homes in the cause of their country, held themselves in readiness to pack up in huge chests (*bauxis*) their goods and chattels, money, and other valuables, to carry away with them. The chest, therefore, was the earliest piece of furniture; and even later, when the articles of furniture had become more numerous, the necessity of transport still existed. Beds made with joints, tables on trestles, chairs to fold—in a word, a whole camp furniture ready to be packed up and placed on sumpter mules, with the hangings and carpets which were hooked to the walls or spread upon the seats, wherever a residence was found for the moment. Kings and nobles, whether in peace or war, carried their goods about with them, and portable furniture and hangings were the principal objects of household use.

It is, therefore, strictly speaking, after the disturbed times of the Middle Ages that furniture, as we understand it, exists; that

is, a number of objects placed in the different divisions of a house to give it an agreeable aspect, and to satisfy the various wants of its inmates.

The primitive workmen were the carpenters; with them Art was secondary, solidity the primary quality for these chests, destined to travel upon the backs of sumpter mules; and their most ancient ornamentation consisted in wrought-iron clamps and hinges to add to their strength.

The first requirements in furniture were very limited, the chest to contain the property, a seat to sit upon, a table to eat upon, and a bed for repose. Sometimes the chest answered for all these requisites.

The furniture of the Middle Ages was entirely of oak, and the finest specimens are to be found in the sacristies and stalls of the cathedrals, or in the seignorial habitations, where the chair of the master of the house, with high back and dais, was elaborately carved with Gothic foliage and tracery.

In the sixteenth century furniture adapted to modern use becomes more common, the practice of transport still exists, but the more cumbersome pieces are shut up in the *garderobe*, or storeroom.

The Renaissance now appears, the Gothic makes place for

* "Histoire du Mobilier: recherches et notes sur les objets d'Art qui peuvent composer l'ameublement et les collections de l'homme du monde et du curieux." Par Albert Jacquemart. Paris, Hachette & Cie. 1876.

Classic art, oak is replaced by walnut, the wood-sculptor takes possession of furniture, and enriches it with elegant groups and graceful arabesques, inspired by Jean Goujon and his school. Distant navigation procures Indian products, and introduces the porcelain, carpets, and lacquers of the East. The chest, originally destined to contain the furniture and goods of the owner, has its surface now decorated either with gold and paintings, or inlaid with the geometric patterns derived from the East, styled "*certosina*," from the Carthusian monasteries where the art was practised. They were also sometimes profusely decorated with figure-sculpture, and filled the wall-spaces of the halls and corridors. These chests were given as marriage presents to contain the clothes of the bride: a custom that has been perpetuated in the *corbeille de mariage* of present times. The South Kensington collection is especially rich in these *cassoni*.

The sixteenth century was the age of ebony, either carved or incrustated with ivory; it was specially adopted by the court of France, but its gloomy style was soon dispelled by the advent



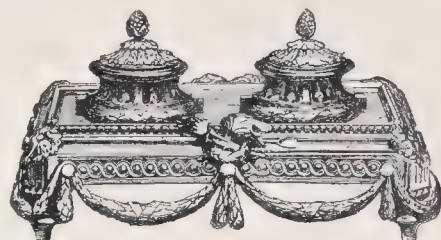
Chair: time of Louis XV.

of Louis XIV., whose reign forms the great epoch in the history of furniture. It was then that Art rose in France to its greatest perfection; thenceforth all sumptuary fashions were French, and the leadership which France retained for one hundred and fifty years was due to the personal taste for splendour of the king, and more still to the intelligence of his minister Colbert.

Louis XIV. is certainly of all sovereigns the one who best knew how to surround royal majesty with the most dazzling lustre. He required sumptuous palaces to reside in; Versailles realised his dream, and he then desired that the furniture to be placed in these galleries, resplendent with mirrors, gildings, paintings, and sculptures, should be worthy of such company, and show to the world a splendour hitherto unknown. Clear in his conceptions, the king understood that it was necessary to confide to real artists, not to mere mechanics, the manufacture of his carpets, furniture, and goldsmith's work. In order to surround himself with the most competent, he first granted lodgings in the Louvre to those artists who had distinguished themselves by the production of exceptional works; but to effect

the harmony necessary among all the manufactures, and to submit to one common thought all individual compositions, he centralised the different workshops at the Gobelins, placing them under the direction of his principal painter, Lebrun. Tapestry, carpets, goldsmith's work, mosaics, cabinet-makers, chasers in metal, were all under his charge, and not a lock, furniture mount, or the smallest object of room decoration, was allowed to pass without his immediate supervision, if not after his own design.

Those who visited the Exhibition of Costume at Paris will



Inkstand of Marie Antoinette.

recollect a remarkable tapestry commemorative of the royal visit to the Gobelins. Attended by Colbert and Lebrun, the king, as the contemporary Gazette relates, entered the courtyard, which was hung round with tapestries, and ornamented with pictures, statues, and trophies, forming a triumphal arch. On a buffet raised on twelve steps was set out the gold and silver plate, basins six feet in diameter, and other magnificent pieces of equal dimensions. His Majesty next went to the workshops



Italian Candlestick of the Sixteenth Century.

to see the pictures, sculptures, inlaid woods, high and low warp looms, and Persian carpets. This tapestry is the more important as giving us representations of many works which have since entirely disappeared.

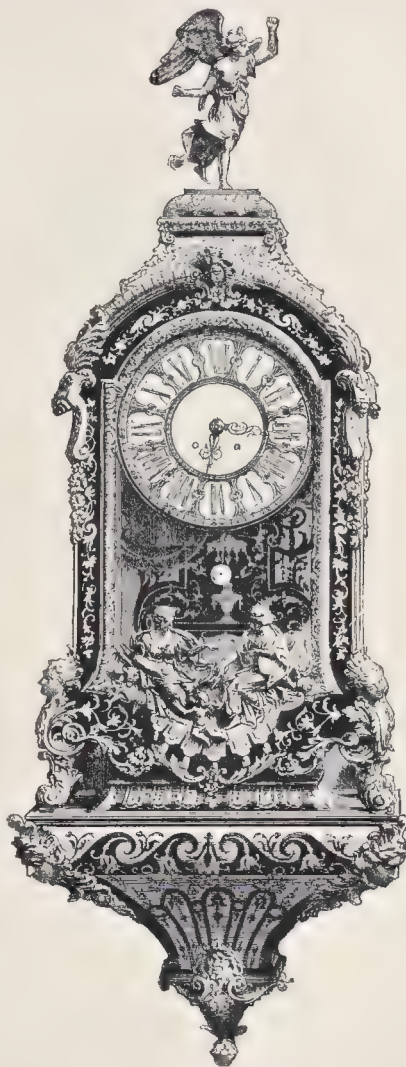
Among those who designed the furniture such as befitted the royal residence was André Charles Boulle, who introduced the marquetry of brass and tortoiseshell which bears his name. He

covered the large surfaces of his ebony furniture with inlaid tortoiseshell shaped out and incrustated with arabesques, scrolls, and ornaments in thin brass and white metal, sometimes enriched by engraving. This brilliant mosaic was also accompanied by bas-reliefs in metal chased and gilded, masks, scrolls, mouldings, terminal figures, and other elaborate ornamentation. To give the desired exactness to the work of incrustation, Boule contrived the plan of superposing two plates of equal size and thickness, one of metal the other of tortoiseshell, and after having traced his design, cutting them out with the same stroke of the saw; he thus obtained four proofs of the composition: two at the base, where the design appeared in hollow spaces; two ornamental, which were placed in the spaces of the opposite ground piece, fitting therein exactly and without any perceptible joining. The result of this practice was seen in two different and simultaneous pieces of furniture: one, designated as the first part, was the tortoiseshell ground with the metal applications; the other, called the second part, was *appliqué* metal with tortoiseshell arabesques. The counterpart therefore being still more rich than the type, the pieces were arranged with crossed effects; and in his great compositions Boule found means to add to the splendour of the effect by simultaneously employing the first and second parts in suitably balanced masses. This assemblage is to be seen in perfection in the pieces of Boule furniture exhibited at Bethnal Green by Sir Richard Wallace. While admitting the grand effect as a whole of the two styles invented by Boule, we must be of opinion that the first part should be held in higher estimation as being the more complete. Take, for instance, one of the beautiful types issued from the hands of the artist, and we shall see how the elaborate graving corrects the coldness of the outlines, the shells trace their furrows of light, the draperies fall in graceful disordered folds, the grotesque masks become animated, the branches of foliage are lightened by the strongly marked veins of the leaves, everything lives and has a language. Observe the counterpart; it is but a reflection of the idea—the faded shadow of the original.

The furniture of Boule was specially adapted to decorate the gigantic saloons and state apartments of Versailles. Those large console tables, with carved legs and rich mounts in chased metal, filled the piers between the windows, and were laden with vases of porphyry or jasper, with golden mountings and chased wreaths reflected by countless glasses. Mirrors, not brought from Venice, but of French manufacture, became a general element in room decoration; tapestry heightened with gold and silver; Turkey carpets of extraordinary dimensions, lacquers of China and Japan, associated with marquetry, clocks, bronzes, columns of Florentine mosaic, statues ancient and modern, everything that luxury could desire was assembled together; but at the same time a complete absence of furniture for comfort or use. This also was the age of wood carving and gilding. Contemporary with Louis XIV. was our great sculptor Grinling Gibbons, who carried wood-carving to the highest pitch of technical execution, as well as of truth in natural forms. The flowers and foliage of his groups sweep round in harmonious curves, his animals are so many creations of nature.

Never was there a greater change than on the accession of Louis XV. Exaggerated caprice takes the place of grandeur, simplicity is unknown. Adieu to architectural symmetry and geometric lines; everything is twisted and tortured in broken and fantastic rock and shell curves, whence the terms *rococo* (from *rocaille*) and *coquille*, given to the style of the period. Exuberant foliage appears in everything. Once entered into the new style, the cabinet-makers plunged desperately on; nor was bronze free from the eccentricities of wood; glasses were surrounded with impossible vegetation which twisted into girandoles and lustres, invaded picture-frames, and surrounded the portraits of Vanloo and Natoire. The eighteenth century is the climax of marquetry of coloured woods. The impulse had been given under Louis XIV. and developed rapidly, from the time of the Regency to the end of the century. The progress of commerce had a considerable share in this development, distant countries contributed their brilliant products, and furnished new woods of varied tints; but soon afterwards even these became

too restricted, and a method was invented of submitting the wood to artificial colouring. Splendid vases of flowers, in their natural colours, their leaves varied with every shade of green, appear on the sides of the *armoires*, and Boucher's pastoral scenes cover the panelling of the cabinets. Oriental porcelain is introduced into every decoration, the jars of China and Japan and the grotesque *magots* are mounted in richly chased metal. Later Sèvres and Saxony added their products, and



Clock: time of Louis XIV.

tables and chimney-pieces are covered with groups, vases, and girandoles. Caffieri produces his capricious but exquisitely executed bronzes, and Martin introduces on snuffboxes, tables, and carriages, the fine lac varnish which bears his name. Chipendale at this period carved mahogany in the French *rococo* style.

Towards the end of the reign a reform is evident; furniture assumes a more tranquil appearance. The change is attributed

to Madame de Pompadour, who diplomatically called it the "style à la Reine." Marie Antoinette was to complete the reformation.

With Louis XVI. elegant simplicity reappears—a protest against the *rocailles* and excesses of the preceding reign. The style is modelled after the antique, scrolls of slender acanthus support the mouldings, the quills which fill the fluted columns are cut into beads, fine arabesque work, after the *loggie* of the Vatican, forming the panelling of the rooms. This is the epoch of delicate ornamentation, simple white relieved by pink or sky-blue takes the place of gilding, and the consoles are white with marble tops; the furniture of a pale figured satin. Room decoration had found the secret of refined taste, as may be seen at the South Kensington Museum, in the room prepared, it is said, under the direction of Marie Antoinette, for one of her ladies. Oriental porcelain was out of fashion, and replaced by Sèvres; beautiful furniture was made with *plaques* of Sèvres china, painted expressly to form panels for such pieces, while Reissner's exquisitely worked marquetry was enriched with the gilt bronzes of Gouthière; these two artists working in concert. The secretary or rounded bureau made for Stanislaus, King of Poland, now belonging to Sir Richard Wallace, is one of the finest specimens of Reissner's cabinets. Another nearly similar, by Gouthière, is in the Louvre. In England at this period worked Cipriani and Angelica Kauffman, who both painted medallions and ornaments upon table tops, consoles, and cabinets made of satin-wood.

At the end of the century, massive mahogany appears, and continues under the Directory, Empire, and Restoration. As in the sixteenth, so in the eighteenth century, new ideas rushed extravagantly in the direction of Republican antiquity and Roman taste. Under the Empire, after the Egyptian campaign, classical designs were affected, and chairs and tables were copied from vases and bas-reliefs.

Abandoned by sculptors, architects, and painters, the artisan, at the present time, employs in turn the processes and materials of every century, without striking out a style of his own. In the thirteenth century furniture was the work of the carpenter and painter; in the fifteenth that of the joiner, and in the sixteenth that of the sculptor. In the seventeenth the cabinet-makers and workers in metal regulate the style; in the eighteenth marquetry and chasing; now it is the work of nobody.

After a general sketch of the history of furniture, M. Jacquemart takes each kind in detail, not forgetting the products of the East, which the author has made the subject of his unceasing study. First is furniture in carved wood, then furniture incrustated in *piqué*, ebony incrustated with ivory, furniture with hard stones, or *pietra dura*, ornamented with bronze, with *plaques* of tortoiseshell and metal (Boule), with marquetry of different

woods, overlaid with porcelain *plaques*, lacquered, &c. He next passes to the second division of his subject—tapestry, embroidery, and tissues. Dagobert, when he lavished all the resources of the art of the goldsmith and sculptor upon his new Cathedral of St. Denis, caused the walls and columns to be covered with hangings of gold enriched with pearls. So early as 985 the monks of Saumur wove tapestry ornamented with flowers and animals, and the prelates of Italy addressed their orders for tapestry and carpets to a manufactory at Poitiers. Later, Arras, Lille, Brussels, &c., spread everywhere their products, crowned by the inimitable tapestries of the Gobelin looms. Embroidery took its part in the magnificence of the age, and Marie de Médicis, on the occasion of the baptism of one of her children, wore a dress embroidered with 32,000 pearls and 3,000 diamonds. Louis XI. developed the silk manufacture, and Henry IV. encouraged paper and leather hangings.

The objects derived from the statuary form the third division; stone, marble, alabaster, ivory, bronze, and wax, are all reviewed in succession, finishing with the terra-cottas, of which Luca della Robbia and the artists of the Renaissance made such use, and the splendid groups of Clodion, so little appreciated by his contemporaries, and now prized as gold.

The fourth book comprises objects of ornamental Art, among which bronze, one of the first materials employed by human industry, furnishes its medallions and *plaquettes*, in which it traces, in imperishable effigies, contemporary celebrities. Ivory begins its decorative part with the Greeks and Romans, and, later, exercises an important part in art decoration. Bronzes held an important place; candlesticks, fire-dogs, hand-bells, caskets, and even the most common utensils, rivalling in beauty the works of the goldsmith. The finished chasing of the objects in dead gold of the period of Louis XVI. renders them easily recognised. Clocks and timepieces enter into the category of ornamentation, from the monumental clocks, with Boule inlaying and chased bronzes of Louis XIV., to the clock set in diamonds of Marie Antoinette; a specimen of these clocks was sold this year at Christie's for £3,000. Forged iron, *repoussé* copper, and damascened metals, in which M. Jacquemart furnishes a long list of articles, goldsmith's work, jewellery and enamels, ceramics, Oriental lacquers, complete the brilliant succession of works of ornamental Art enumerated by M. Jacquemart in this interesting and instructive book. In his long promenade through the arts, through centuries and nations, the historian of furniture unweariedly pursues his way, scrutinises public and private collections, prepares lists of artists, ranges everything in its place with the patience of the historian, the taste of the artist, and the passion of the amateur. A conscientious, instructive work, learned yet not pedantic, but putting within the reach of all the fruit of his life's labour.* F. P.

THE STUDENT.

J. L. MEISSONIER, Painter.

UNLESS we are mistaken, this engraving is from a picture which Meissonier painted about 1841, and called 'The Reader;' a more appropriate title, perhaps, than that which has since been given to it; for this gentleman—a good specimen of the higher classes of the last century—looks less a student than a reader, though his mind is evidently intent on the book he peruses. There is an easy, nonchalant, but at the same time rather elegant air about the position in which the figure is placed, that shows the artist is an accomplished "student" of the human form, whatever position it may assume. Though the man is seated somewhat awry on his tapestried chair, the lines are by no means ungraceful, and the whole of the upper part of the figure is disposed as naturally as artistically: even the lappets of the coat show elegance in the curvature of the lines.

The reader's face, as it is bent down over his book, is most intelligent; and though we cannot see the eyes, which are always assumed to be the light of the mind, there is no disputing the fact that the man here presented to us is one of some considerable mental calibre. An attractive and impressive peculiarity of M. Meissonier's compositions, whether of a single figure or of a group, is the interest he always manages to give to the faces: there is about them a reality, a life, and a character, that show the painter to be a man of keen and shrewd observation in all the varieties of human physiognomy, and equally skilful in delineating them, whatever the expression assumed.

The engraving, though slight, sustains the character and effect of the original, quite as much as if it were highly finished.

* Messrs. Chapman and Hall announce a translation of this work.





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THE DERBY FINE ARTS EXHIBITION.

NEARLY forty years ago Derby set an example to the world by the inauguration of an Art and Industrial Exhibition, which our own, and nearly every other, nation were not slow to follow, and which led the way to similar loan exhibitions, not only in most of the large towns of our country, but in many of the more important cities of Europe and America. The Derby exhibition to which we allude (held in connection with the Mechanics' Institution) was followed by Leeds and other towns in the provinces, and became the germ of, and the incentive to, the "World's Show" of 1851, from which so many other "internationals," with unfathomable and untold good results, have sprung. To Derby, therefore, pre-eminently belongs the honour of having first set the example so widely and universally followed, of holding exhibitions, the very nature of which teems with usefulness and good to nations, to peoples, and to towns. With such a prestige to start with, and with the additional and pleasant experience resulting from the eminent success of the later exhibition held in the Drill Hall a few years back, it was natural to expect that, in forming a similar "show" this year, Derby would again be successful, not only in wideness and liberality of range in objects and in excellence of arrangements, but in the extent, the beauty, the value, and the interest of "exhibits" in every class. This expectation has been fully realised, and the "Fine Art Exhibition" lately open in that important and central town takes front rank in all these particulars, and is all that its promoters or the public can hope for or desire.

The exhibition, which was held in the recently-erected and admirably-constructed buildings of the "Central School of Art," on Green Hill, Derby, consisted of a marvellous collection of oil paintings, water-colour drawings, prints, and etchings; ancient and modern sculpture, carving, and bronzes; an extensive assemblage of choice examples of china and earthenware of most known makes; a vast collection of examples of Art-work in precious and other metals; specimens of English and foreign textile fabrics, including rare old lace; cases of loan objects from the South Kensington and the Indian Museums; rare MSS. and books, including some choice Caxtons from the library of the Duke of Devonshire; and numberless manufactured objects in various branches of industry. The treasures thus gathered together from the homes of their owners, and made educationally available to the public, were effectively and judiciously arranged in the various galleries, corridors, staircases, and apartments of the building, and formed altogether a display of Art worth a journey from any part of the kingdom to see.

The paintings and drawings naturally, of course, were one of

the main features of the exhibition, and in this department it must be frankly admitted that few assemblages of the kind yet brought together for the public benefit and behoof have, for their extent, contained so many and such perfect gems of Art as this. Some of the more valued treasures of Chatsworth—itsself a perfect mine of artistic wealth—and of grand old Hardwick, where are garnered many of the choicest examples of the old masters, were, through the extreme liberality of the Duke of Devonshire and his son the Marquess of Hartington, permitted to be brought to the walls of this exhibition to gladden the eyes and educate the minds of thousands of visitors who otherwise would never have had the opportunity of seeing them; while Kedleston and Tissington, Chaddesden and Willersley, Donington, Langley and Coleorton, Allestree and Osmaston, and a score or two other well-known "Homes of Art," gave up their choicest treasures to add to its attractions. The space at their disposal will not, however, permit of even a brief enumeration of the pictures that adorned the walls.

In sculpture and bronzes the exhibition contained a number of matchless Art-treasures—including Baily's original work, 'Eve at the Fountain,' lent by Mr. Wareham, and Gibson's 'Ariadne,' lent by Mr. Mundy—various carvings, &c., lent by the Baroness Burdett Coutts, the Marquis of Hartington, and others; a bronze model of the hands of the great Duke of Wellington, lent by the present Duke; and numberless other objects of equal interest and value. Then, in the miscellaneous cases, Sir Henry Wilmot, M.P., contributed a magnificent assemblage of Chinese and Japanese Art treasures; the South Kensington Museum and the India Museum sent a large number of the choicest treasures from those rich collections; and objects of intense interest and matchless value were lent by contributors from various parts of the kingdom. The assemblage of examples of ceramic art, embracing English and foreign porcelain, earthenware, and terracotta, of most of the more famed seats of manufacture, was a notable feature of the exhibition, and one deserving of special attention. Of the ice caverns, stalactite grottoes, rockeries, and ferneries—good in their way—it is not necessary to speak; they added to the attractions of the exhibition and pleased many people. Nor is it necessary to say much of the "Industrial Department." It was one of the most striking and useful features of the exhibition, and in it was to be seen such an assemblage of interesting objects as are not often found congregated in one building. The Derby Fine Art Exhibition was in every way a decided success, and, thanks to the energy of Mr. John Walsh, its general manager, and its hard-working committee, it effected an amount of good that must have been gratifying to all interested in the undertaking.

ART SALES OF THE SEASON.*

MOST unquestionably the most important sale of the season was that of the gallery of Baron Albert Grant, sold by Messrs. Christie & Co. on the 27th and 28th of April. The auctioneers described it in their catalogue as "containing, perhaps, the largest number of masterpieces of the English school ever offered for sale." The rooms in King Street were as densely crowded with visitors on the days the pictures were "on view" as are those of the Royal Academy during the early part of the season; it was quite impossible to move about with any comfort whatever. The baron had been seven years in collecting his works, and he spared no expense to acquire them; but very many

now sold for less than he paid for them, while a few realised considerably more. The total number of pictures, both in water colours and in oils, was 205; namely, 20 of the former and 185 of the latter. A record of the dispersion of so important and valuable a collection should have a suitable place in the pages of the *Art Journal*; we therefore devote more than our usual space to report it.

Water-colour Pictures:—'Teaching Dolly to Dance,' Birket Foster, 280 gs. (Agnew)—it was reported to have cost Mr. Grant about £500; 'Interior of Milan Cathedral,' L. Haghe, 205 gs. (Pocock); 'A Happy Trio,' L. Haghe, 160 gs. (Agnew); 'Grace before Meat,' W. Hunt, 370 gs. (Agnew)—sold in Mr. Farnworth's collection for 400 gs.; 'Summer Flowers and Early

* Continued from page 312.

Fruit,' W. Hunt, 380 gs. (Agnew)—sold in the collection of Mr. J. Heugh for 500 gs.; 'The Baron's Hall,' G. Cattermole, 285 gs. (Agnew)—sold with the collection of Sir F. G. Moon for £560.

Oil Paintings.—'A Lifeboat going to the Rescue,' J. Brooks, engraved in the *Art Journal*, 158 gs.; 'A Quartette Party,' F. D. Hardy, 760 gs. (White); 'A Canal Scene, Venice,' J. Holland, 240 gs.; 'After Drill,' H. Le Jeune, A.R.A., 150 gs.; 'Opening the Gate,' James T. Linnell, 628 gs. (Agnew)—sold in the Manley Hall collection for 475 gs.; 'A Bacchante,' G. Patten, A.R.A., 160 gs.; 'On the Coast of Sutherland,' P. Graham, A.R.A., 200 gs.; 'The Sea Cave,' small, W. E. Frost, R.A., 220 gs.; 'The Holy Family—the Carpenter's Shop,' J. R. Herbert, R.A., 450 gs.—sold in the Farnworth sale for 720 gs.; 'The Reconciliation of Oberon and Titania,' D. Maclise, R.A., 350 gs. (Hildyard)—Mr. Grant, it has been stated, paid 750 gs. for this picture; 'Mother and Child,' very small, P. F. Poole, R.A., 290 gs.; 'Tranquil Waters,' R. Redgrave, R.A., 180 gs.; 'An Abyssinian Coffee Bearer,' F. Goodall, R.A., 110 gs.; 'My Lady's Pets,' W. P. Frith, R.A., and R. Ansdell, R.A., 240 gs.; 'The Nun,' A. Elmore, R.A., 160 gs.; 'Melrose Abbey,' D. Roberts, R.A., 152 gs.; 'The Nativity,' W. C. T. Dobson, R.A., 250 gs.; 'The Wounded Ram, Loch Frieg,' R. Ansdell, R.A., 514 gs. (Agnew); 'Scotch Sheep,' R. Ansdell, R.A., 525 gs. (Agnew); 'Take, O take, those lips away,' P. H. Calderon, R.A., 270 gs.; 'I know a maiden fair to see,' W. P. Frith, R.A., 250 gs.—Mr. Grant is reported to have paid 600 gs. for it; 'The Duke and Duchess reading *Don Quixote*,' J. C. Hook, R.A., 135 gs.; 'Hermione,' C. R. Leslie, R.A., 340 gs. (Agnew)—purchased at the sale of the Manley Hall collection for 515 gs.; 'View of Jerusalem,' D. Roberts, R.A., 334 gs. (Gilbert); 'Collecting the Flock,' J. Linnell, 550 gs. (Gilbert); 'La Senora,' J. Phillip, R.A., 110 gs.; 'Mountain Solitude,' B. W. Leader, 510 gs. (Pearmain); 'Startled Foresters,' R. Redgrave, R.A., 140 gs.; 'Charles I. leaving Westminster Hall after Sentence of Death,' Sir J. Gilbert, A.R.A., 640 gs. (Agnew); 'Stolen Glances,' J. C. Horsley, R.A., 400 gs. (Hildyard); 'Falstaff personating the King,' C. R. Leslie, R.A., 1,447 gs. (Agnew); 'The Head of the House at Prayer,' F. Goodall, R.A., 1,144 gs.; 'The Miniature,' W. P. Frith, R.A., 360 gs. (Cox)—reported to have cost Mr. Grant 1,000 gs.; 'Hetty,' A. Elmore, R.A., 150 gs.; 'Tobias and Raphael, and the Angel, journeying to Media,' W. C. T. Dobson, R.A., 250 gs.; 'Children of the Mist,' T. S. Cooper, R.A., 510 gs. (Pearmain); 'The Queen of the Tournament,' P. H. Calderon, R.A., 613 gs. (Frith); 'Sterne's Maria,' W. P. Frith, R.A., 500 gs.—sold at the Manley Hall sale for 900 gs.; 'The Road to Seville,' R. Ansdell, R.A., 660 gs.; 'Are Chimney-sweepers always Black?' J. C. Hook, R.A., 1,118 gs.; 'Lago di Garda,' C. Stanfield, R.A., 1,456 gs.—sold at the Bicknell sale for 820 gs.; 'The Last Sleep of Argyle,' E. M. Ward, R.A., 900 gs.—sold for 800 gs. in the Manley Hall collection; 'The Last Scene in the Life of Montrose,' E. M. Ward, R.A., 800 gs.—sold for the same in the Manley Hall collection; 'Balaam and the Angel,' J. Linnell, 450 gs. (Lloyd)—sold in the Farnworth collection for 500 gs.; 'The Garden of Gethsemane,' W. Dyce, R.A., small, 370 gs.; 'George Herbert at Bemerton,' W. Dyce, R.A., 1,040 gs.; 'The Scotch Baptism,' J. Phillip, R.A., 1,500 gs. (Agnew)—this picture, one of Phillip's earlier works, was sold in 1860 for £275, in 1873 for £420, and in the year 1874 for £1,845; 'The Spanish Flower-dealer,' J. Phillip, R.A., 1,800 gs. (Agnew); 'La Lotteria National,' J. Phillip, R.A., 3,000 gs. (Goupil)—sold in the Manley Hall collection for 4,000 gs.; 'The Morning of the Week,' C. Stanfield, R.A., 2,560 gs. (Agnew)—250 gs. more than Baron Grant paid for it; 'The Battle of Roveredo,' C. Stanfield, R.A., 2,016 gs. (Agnew)—stated to have cost its late owner £4,000; 'The Eddystone Lighthouse,' C. Stanfield, R.A., 750 gs. (Agnew)—this picture formerly belonged to Charles Dickens, after whose decease it realised £1,039; 'Mary at the Foot of the Cross,' J. L. Dyckmans, 368 gs. (Hibbert); 'Coast Scene,' with peasants and sheep, Aug. Bonheur, 400 gs. (Agnew); 'The First Sail,' J. Israels, 1,600 gs. (Vokins); 'Hebe,' Ary Scheffer,

1,370 gs. (Agnew); 'The Giaour,' Ary Scheffer, 430 gs.; 'Pleasing Reflections,' T. Brooks, 260 gs.; 'A Wedding Breakfast,' F. D. Hardy, 760 gs.; 'A Bright Night—Goring-on-Thames,' B. W. Leader, 400 gs.; 'English Cottage-Homes,' B. W. Leader, 430 gs.; 'A Welsh Landscape,' J. Linnell, 1,450 gs. (Agnew)—Mr. Grant paid 2,000 gs. for it; 'Milking-Time,' J. Linnell, 1,330 gs. (White); 'Lilacs,' J. Tissot, 230 gs.; 'Tito Melema,' Miss E. Thompson, 370 gs. (Agnew); 'The Death of Chatterton,' H. Wallis, 150 gs. (Vokins); 'A Classical Landscape,' Sir A. W. Callcott, R.A., 612 gs. (Agnew); 'The Venturesome Robin,' W. Collins, R.A., 800 gs. (Agnew); 'Le Bon Curé,' W. Collins, R.A., 470 gs. (Agnew)—Mr. Grant paid 700 gs. for it, it is said; 'Haddon Hall—Rook Shooting,' D. Cox, very small, 376 gs. (Palmer); 'The Penny Wedding,' Sir D. Wilkie, R.A., full-size sketch for the finished picture, 340 gs. (Martin)—sold in the Gillott collection for £720; 'A Market-Cart,' W. F. Witherington, R.A., 160 gs.; 'The Favourite Calf,' R. Ansdell, R.A., 420 gs.; 'The Guardian of the Herd,' T. S. Cooper, R.A., 620 gs. (Agnew); 'Doctors differ,' H. Marks, A.R.A., 228 gs.; 'Dutch Pinks, Scheveningen Roads,' E. W. Cooke, R.A., 460 gs. (Agnew)—reported to have cost 740 gs.; 'Army Organization in Morocco,' J. E. Hodgson, A.R.A., 380 gs.; 'A Brittany Lane,' H. W. B. Davies, R.A., 540 gs.; 'A Rainy Day,' P. Graham, A.R.A., 760 gs. (White); 'A Highland Croft,' P. Graham, A.R.A., 610 gs. (Holms)—reported to have cost its owner 1,100 gs.; 'Madrid,' E. Long, A.R.A., 630 gs. (White); 'The Adjutant,' H. S. Marks, A.R.A., 190 gs. (Agnew); 'The Sentinel,' H. S. Marks, A.R.A., 230 gs. (Agnew); 'St. Francis preaches to the Birds,' H. S. Marks, A.R.A., 1,000 gs. (Agnew)—Mr. Grant paid 1,500 gs. for this picture; 'The Last Moments of Raffaele,' H. O'Neil, A.R.A., 1,010 gs. (Agnew); 'The Bluidie Tryste,' Sir J. N. Paton, R.S.A., 470 gs.; 'A Bacchanalian Festival,' W. E. Frost, R.A., very small, 190 gs.; 'Outside the Cover,' R. Ansdell, R.A., 540 gs. (Harland); 'The Young Lord Hamlet,' P. H. Calderon, R.A., 330 gs.; 'Axmouth Harbour, Devon,' E. W. Cooke, R.A., 330 gs.; 'The First Glimpse of the Sea,' F. Creswick, R.A.—the figures by J. Phillip, R.A., the animals by R. Ansdell, R.A.—1,052 gs. (Agnew); 'Abraham and Agar,' W. C. T. Dobson, R.A., 350 gs.—sold in the Manley Hall collection for 460 gs.; 'Life in Algiers,' A. Elmore, R.A., 510 gs.—sold in the Farnworth collection for 748 gs.; 'Wandering Thoughts,' A. Elmore, R.A., 150 gs.; 'Hope' and 'Fears,' companion pictures, by W. P. Frith, R.A., 610 gs. (Pope)—Mr. Grant paid 900 gs. for them; 'A Dream of Venice,' J. C. Hook, R.A., cabinet size, 200 gs.; 'Goatherds, Bay of Gibraltar,' R. Ansdell, R.A., 720 gs. (Agnew); 'The Virgin's Bower,' P. H. Calderon, R.A., 727 gs. (Foster); 'November,' T. S. Cooper, R.A., 648 gs. (Agnew); 'St. Michael's Mount, Cornwall,' T. Creswick, R.A., and R. Ansdell, R.A., 1,350 gs. (Agnew); 'A Dresden Flower-girl,' W. C. T. Dobson, R.A., 420 gs.—sold in the Manley Hall collection for 166 gs.; 'The Finding of the Saviour in the Temple,' W. Holman Hunt, 350 gs. (Agnew); 'Lo Spozalizio—Bringing Home the Bride,' K. Halswelle, R.S.A., 800 gs. (Grindlay)—Mr. Grant is reported to have paid 1,500 gs. for it; 'The Emperor Charles V. at the Convent of Yuste,' A. Elmore, R.A., 1,200 gs. (Agnew); 'Charles II. and Lady Rachel Russell,' E. M. Ward, R.A., 800 gs. (Agnew); 'The Crossing Sweeper,' W. P. Frith, R.A., 300 gs.—engraved in the *Art Journal*, for 1864; 'Hunt the Slipper,' F. Goodall, R.A., 520 gs. (Polack)—sold in the Farnworth collection for 600 gs.; 'Sea-earnings,' J. C. Hook, R.A., 1,060 gs. (Pilgeram); 'Malvolio in the Sun, practising,' J. C. Horsley, R.A., 380 gs.; 'Pluto carrying off Proserpine,' W. Etty, R.A., 710 gs.—sold in the Gillott collection for 1,000 gs.; 'The Opium Dealer,' W. Müller, 470 gs. (Higgin); 'Interior of the Temple of Osiris at Philæ,' W. Müller, 2,200 gs. (Goupil); 'Peaches,' J. Sant, R.A., 500 gs. (Agnew); 'Josephine Signing the Act of her Divorce,' E. M. Ward, R.A., 950 gs. (Agnew); 'The Lady and the Pomegranate,' F. Leighton, R.A., 765 gs. (M. Colnaghi); 'Before Dinner at Boswell's Lodgings in Bond Street, 1769,' W. P. Frith, R.A., 3,050 gs. (Agnew)—the artist received £1,200 for this picture, which was subsequently sold in the Manley Hall collection for

4,350 gs.; 'Winter Fuel,' J. E. Millais, R.A., 1,696 gs. (Agnew); 'Scotch Firs,' J. E. Millais, R.A., 1,750 gs. (Agnew); 'The Knight Errant,' J. E. Millais, R.A., 1,446 gs. (Grindlay); 'Victory, O Lord!' J. E. Millais, R.A., 1,948 gs. The next six pictures are by Sir E. Landseer, R.A.: 'Portrait of Sir Walter Scott,' 520 gs. (Bartlett); 'A Highland Lassie,' 590 gs. (Agnew); 'The Otter Hunt,' 5,636 gs. (Agnew)—this picture was painted for the Earl of Aberdeen, at the sale of whose collection it realised 2,375 gs.: Mr. Grant paid 10,000 gs. for it; 'Prosperity,' 1,406 gs. (White); 'Adversity,' 1,426 gs. (White); 'Napoleon I. and the Pope,' Sir D. Wilkie, R.A., 1,800 gs. (Agnew)—Wilkie received £500 for it.

After the sale of the oil paintings by Landseer, twelve drawings in crayons by him were disposed of at sums varying from about 40 gs. to 200 gs.; one, however, 'Well packed,' sold for 270 gs., and another, 'The Venison House,' as much as 570 gs. The entire amount realised by this magnificent collection was £106,262.

The sale of the works of the late J. F. Lewis, R.A., consisting principally of sketches, left in his studio, took place at the rooms of Messrs. Christie & Co., on the 4th and 5th of May. There were in all about 400 examples, bearing witness to his assiduity no less than to his almost unrivalled talent in that department of painting he had made his own. There is no need for us to enter upon much detail in reporting the sale: the highest prices were given for 'The Temple of Edfou from the top of Propylon,' bought by Mr. G. E. Street, R.A., for £265; 'The Host of Mr. Lewis's House at Cairo,' £365 10s.; 'The Gorch' (unfinished), £300: these pictures are in water-colours. 'An Old Sheikh reading,' study for the painting of 'The Arab Scribe,' sold for £105; and 'A Levantine Lady' for £153 6s.: both are oil paintings. Two works by Mr. Lewis, but a "different property," were sold at the same time; one, a rather large upright drawing in water-colours 'The Gorch,' for £457 10s.; the other, 'The Siesta,' an oil-picture, showing a Turkish lady reclining on a sofa, shaded by a green transparent curtain from the strong sunlight striking through the lattice; near her are Indian vases of red poppies, white lilies and roses; the lady's feather-fan lies on an ottoman whereon is a plate of peaches: this luxurious picture, glowing with the richest colour, was bought by Mr. Agnew for £1,013 5s. The whole realised nearly £7,160.

A number of portraits, about forty-nine, painted by the late Sir Henry Raeburn, R.A., the distinguished Scottish portrait-painter, who died in 1823, was sold by Messrs. Christie & Co. on May 7; these works had been recently exhibited in the gallery of the Royal Academy and in that of the Edinburgh National Gallery. They were sold by order of the painter's family. The principal were a 'Portrait of Sir Henry,' 510 gs.; 'Portrait of Lady Raeburn,' 950 gs.; 'Portrait of their son, on a grey pony,' 410 gs.; 'Sir Walter Scott,' 310 gs.; 'Study of a Boy with Cherries,' 240 gs.; 'Study of a Child,' 280 gs.; Mrs. Johnstone as 'Contemplation,' 185 gs.; 'Mrs. Hamilton,' 225 gs.

Next in importance to Baron Grant's Gallery among the sales of the past season was the collection of Mr. George Fox, of Ilarefield, near Wilmslow, Cheshire. It contained 180 pictures, of which nearly one-half are of foreign schools. The principal of these were—'Nègre assis,' Barque, 380 gs.: 'The Sick Lamb,' H. Camptostoto, engraved in the *Art Journal*, 158 gs.; 'The Little Sulker,' W. A. Bouguereau, 600 gs.; 'Mass in the Campagna,' O. Achenbach, 300 gs.; 'A Domestic Interior,' T. E. Duverger, 285 gs.; 'Faust and Marguerite,' G. Koller, engraved in the *Art Journal*, 460 gs.; 'The Vow,' W. A. Bouguereau, 430 gs.; 'The Impending Storm,' T. H. L. De Haas, 270 gs.; 'Landscape, with Cattle and Sheep,' F. A. Bonheur, 380 gs.; 'Pasture and Cattle,' near Inchville,' E. Van Marcke, 240 gs.; 'Breakfast Time,' E. Frère, 370 gs.; 'General Bonaparte at Cairo,' J. L. Gérôme, 710 gs.; 'Cattle Resting,' Troyon, 290 gs.; 'The Standard Bearer,' J. L. E. Meissonier, very small, 740 gs.

The English pictures included—'Landscape,' by F. W.

Hulme, with cattle by H. B. Willis, 270 gs.; 'Landscape, with Cattle—Sunset,' G. Cole, 260 gs.; 'Showery Weather,' G. Cole, 240 gs.; 'The Fight,' G. Morgan, 240 gs.; 'The Valley of Slaughter, Skye,' 240 gs.; 'The March of Miles Standish,' G. W. Boughton, engraved in the *Art Journal*, 250 gs.; 'Reading the Will,' F. D. Hardy, 540 gs.; 'The Anthem,' E. Long, A.R.A., 290 gs.; 'My Lady's Page in Disgrace,' H. S. Marks, A.R.A., engraved in the *Art Journal*, 264 gs.; 'The Brook,' Birket Foster, 280 gs.; 'Katharina and Petruccio,' W. Q. Orchardson, A.R.A., 250 gs.; 'The Sanctuary,' J. Pettie, R.A., 280 gs.; 'Padre Francisco,' E. Long, A.R.A., 260 gs.; 'Spanish Shepherds,' R. Ansdell, R.A., 265 gs.; 'Her children rise up, and call her blessed,' W. C. T. Dobson, R.A., 350 gs.; 'Gabrielle d'Estrées,' W. P. Frith, R.A., 340 gs.; 'Edward II. and his favourite, Piers Gaveston,' M. Stone, A.R.A., engraved in the *Art Journal*, 490 gs.; 'The Banker's Parlour—negotiating a Loan,' J. C. Horsley, R.A., 1,108 gs.; 'Casus Belli, *Power of the Peak*,' W. Q. Orchardson, A.R.A., 350 gs.; 'Olivia in the Hayfield,' W. P. Frith, R.A., 480 gs.; 'A Highland Scene,' P. Graham, A.R.A., 450 gs.; 'Moorland Scene,' under an effect of twilight after rain, a companion to the other, P. Graham, A.R.A., 410 gs.; 'Pay for peeping,' J. C. Horsley, R.A., 570 gs.; 'Christ bearing his Cross,' the large picture exhibited in 1847, at Westminster Hall, when it gained a prize of £300, Sir J. Noel Paton, R.S.A., 360 gs.; 'The Ornithologist,' H. S. Marks, A.R.A., 768 gs.; 'Arrest of Lady Alice Lisle,' the finished oil-picture for the fresco painting in the corridor of the House of Commons, E. M. Ward, R.A., 450 gs.; 'Dr. Johnson in the anteroom of Lord Chesterfield,' a replica of the same subject in the Vernon Gallery, but somewhat altered, E. M. Ward, R.A., 510 gs.; 'Robbers dividing the Plunder,' boys with stolen fruit, T. Webster, R.A., 360 gs.; 'Crossing a River in North Wales,' J. Linnell, 340 gs.; 'A Landscape,' J. Linnell, 680 gs.; 'John Knox Preaching,' an altered replica of the larger picture painted for the late Sir R. Peel, by Sir D. Wilkie, R.A., 200 gs.; 'Bettys-y-Coed Church,' D. Cox, 260 gs.; 'News from Home—Maternal Care,' T. Faed, R.A., 750 gs.; 'God's Acre,' T. Faed, R.A., painted by Mr. Fox, 1,400 gs. The 180 pictures realised £33,614.

The collection of Water-colour paintings, about 100 in number, formed by Mr. John Knowles, of Manchester, was offered for sale by Messrs. Christie & Co., on the 19th of May, and reached the aggregate sum of £24,571; it was, however, understood by many in the sale-room that several of the works were bought in. The collection, it may be remarked, was rich, in quality though not numerically, in works by Turner, D. Cox and Copley Fielding. The leading examples among the whole were—'Rouen,' R. P. Bonington, 150 gs.; 'Sunset,' G. Barrett, 177 gs.; 'Canterbury Meadows,' T. S. Cooper, R.A., 214 gs.; 'Transcript of Tournay Cathedral,' Louis Haghe, 240 gs.; 'View in Surrey,' B. Foster, 325 gs.; 'The Chair-mender,' B. Foster, 310 gs.; 'Oxford, from the Thames,' B. Foster, 377 gs.; 'Marseilles,' J. D. Harding, 262 gs.; 'Windsor Forest,' J. Linnell, 250 gs.; 'The Young Scholar,' F. W. Burton, 330 gs.; 'Fur Gatherers,' F. Tayler, 260 gs.; 'Spanish Gipsies,' 205 gs., and 'The Gipsy Toilet,' both by F. W. Topham; 'Forest of Fontainebleau,' Rosa Bonheur, 360 gs.; 'Quinces, Plums, and Blackberries,' W. Hunt, 330 gs.; 'Flowers and Plums,' W. Hunt, 210 gs.; 'The Acropolis, Athens,' W. Müller, 420 gs.; 'Jean d'Arc contemplating the bodies of Talbot and his Son,' Sir T. Gilbert, A.R.A., 260 gs.; 'Rubens in his Studio,' by the same, 400 gs. The next three are by J. F. Lewis, R.A.: 'The Greeting in the Desert,' 330 gs.; 'A Curiosity Shop, Venice,' 315 gs.; 'The Giralda, Seville Cathedral,' 505 gs.; 'Church of St. Pierre, Caen,' D. Roberts, 220 gs.; 'Shrimp Boats, Northfleet Creek,' E. Duncan, 320 gs.; 'Salvator Rosa sketching Banditti among the ruins of an ancient Temple,' 404 gs.; 'The Turret Stair,' F. W. Burton, 634 gs.; 'The Fish Shop,' F. Walker, 215 gs.; 'The Arrest of the False Herald—*Quentin Durward*,' Sir E. Landseer, R.A., 190 gs.; 'Raising the Maypole,' F. Goodall, R.A., engraved in the *Art Journal*, 320 gs.; 'Eastern Woman carrying her Child,' F. Goodall, R.A.; 526 gs.; 'Nuremberg,'

S. Prout, 468 gs.; 'Lago Maggiore,' C. Stanfield, R.A., 190 gs.; 'Portsmouth,' by the same, 200 gs.; and 'The Channel off Fort Rouge, Calais,' also by the same, 370 gs. The next four subjects are by Copley Fielding: 'Loch Lomond,' 250 gs. 'Vessels in a Breeze,' 300 gs.; 'Landscape, with cattle, a road, and seated figures,' 380 gs.; 'The Clyde: Isle of Arran and Goatfell,' 620 gs.; 'Lowther Castle, Cumberland,' P. De Wint, 625 gs.; 'Stacking Hay,' D. Cox, 265 gs.; 'Junction of the Rivers Llugwy and Conway,' D. Cox, 788 gs.; 'Bolsover Castle,' D. Cox, 410 gs.; 'Shepherds Gathering in their Flocks,' D. Cox,

375 gs. The following drawings by J. M. W. Turner brought the sale to a close: 'Lake Nemi,' 270 gs., sold in Mr. Heugh's Sale in 1874 for 240 gs.; 'Leeds,' 320 gs.; 'Wharfedale,' 370 gs.; 'Tintagel Castle, Cornwall,' 380 gs.; 'Welsh Coast, near Flint Castle,' 420 gs.; 'Richmond Hill,' unfinished, 315 gs.; 'Orfordness,' 375 gs.; 'The First Steamer on the Thames, with the Tower of London,' 730 gs.; 'Nottingham,' with the double rainbow, 1,098 gs. Some of these Turner drawings have been engraved in the England and Wales Series.

(To be continued.)

ART-NOTES FROM THE PROVINCES.

BIRMINGHAM.—The Autumn Exhibition of the Royal Society of Artists was opened in the early part of last month with a collection of 646 oil pictures and 182 examples of water-colour painting: there is not, so far as the catalogue informs us, a single specimen of sculpture in the gallery. Some works, whose acquaintance we made in London in the earlier part of the year, were exhibited, as T. S. Cooper's, R.A., 'Passing Shower' and 'Evening Repose,' 'Arundel,' by V. Cole, A.R.A.; 'Sundown,' by H. W. B. Davis, A.R.A.; 'A Quiet Morning in Early Autumn,' by J. W. Oakes, A.R.A.; 'Hunted Down,' by J. Pettie, R.A.; 'Mount's Bay,' J. Brett; 'The Last of the Light,' H. Moore; 'A Waif,' A. Johnston; Otto Weber's 'He's Cast a Shoe,' D. W. Wynfield's 'Gold!' and others. Some of these pictures, it should be stated, were lent by their respective owners for the occasion. Among the members of the Birmingham Society, and other local artists who exhibited more or less numerously, were F. H. Henshaw, A. E. Everitt, secretary of the

society, H. T. Munro, H. S. Baker, H. H. Horsley, C. T. Burt, J. P. Pettitt, C. H. Radclyffe, &c. To the works of these painters, and of others whose merits are not unknown to us, we would gladly give special attention but for limited space.

BRIGHTON.—The fifth annual exhibition of pictures by living British artists was opened early in September in the gallery at the public Museum. The collection is, in point of number, above the average of former years: it contains between 800 and 900 works, in nearly equal proportions of oil paintings and water colours.

LIVERPOOL.—By some mischance the reports of the opening of the Walker Art Gallery and of the Exhibition of the Liverpool Academy of Arts, both of which occurred in the early part of September, failed to reach us in time for publication this month, though, as our correspondent there writes us word, they were duly forwarded.

ART-NOTES FROM THE CONTINENT.

ANTWERP.—During the late Rubens fête at Antwerp, M. C. Verlat, the new Professor of Painting at the Antwerp Academy, has been exhibiting a series of twenty-one pictures painted by him whilst in Jerusalem. These works bear splendid witness to the genius of the modern Belgian school. Of the many artists who have chosen Eastern subjects for their canvases it would be difficult to recall the name of one who so thoroughly realises and brings so vividly before the eye the characteristics of the Holy Land as this accomplished painter. In his 'Veu pris à Mâr-Saba,' the atmospheric effect of blazing light which appears to beat upon the scorching boulders of golden sand in the Desert of Judea, to sparkle on the azure of the Dead Sea, and to tremble on the distant blue-shadowed mountains, is rendered with a fidelity to the scene and a dexterity of handling which could not be surpassed by Brett or Holman Hunt. Indeed, in his landscapes, M. Verlat is remarkably like the former artist, while in his figures it would be difficult to mention the name of any living painter who so thoroughly portrays with such force of colour and with such learned realism the gorgeousness and squalor of the Eastern races. The two most remarkable works in the exhibition, however, are entitled 'Vox Populi' and 'Vox Dei'; but as it is M. Verlat's intention to exhibit them in London shortly, we shall reserve all notice of them until their arrival in England.

BRUSSELS.—It is stated that the Belgian government has purchased, at the cost of 20,000 francs, M. Louis Gallait's fine

picture of 'The Taking of Antioch:' it will go to enrich the Brussels Museum.

PARIS.—The *façade* of the building for the International Exhibition next year in the Champ de Mars will be adorned with original statues, each representing one of the nations contributing to the Exhibition: commissions for the works have already been given to various sculptors. England is to be represented by M. Allard; British India by M. Cugnot; Australia is assigned to M. Roubeaux; South America to M. Bourgeois; the United States to M. Caillé; Sweden to M. Allasseur; Norway to M. Moulin; Italy to M. Marcellin; China to M. Captier; Spain to M. Doublemard; Austria will be represented by M. Deloye; Hungary by M. Lafrance; Russia by M. Lepeyre; Switzerland by M. Gruyère; Belgium by M. Leroux; Greece by M. Delorme; Denmark by M. Marqueste; Persia by M. Chattrousse; Egypt by M. Otin; Portugal by M. Sanson; and Holland by M. Tournon. Each of these twenty-one figures is to cost 4,000 francs; and in addition to them there are to be six large statues, emblematic of the six great continents of the world, America being considered as two.

ANGERS.—A statue in honour of Pierre Jean David, the distinguished French sculptor, best known under the name of David d'Angers, is to be erected in this town, and near the house in which he was born. David died early in the year 1856, leaving behind, in the shape of statues or busts, sculptured representations of numerous celebrated contemporaries.

ANCIENT IRISH ART. THE FICTILIA OF THE CAIRNS AND CRANNOGS.*

By LLEWELLYNN JEWITT, F.S.A.



THE pottery found in the crannogs presents many peculiarities of pattern. The vessels are considered by Mr. Wakeman, to whom the antiquarian world is indebted in many cases for their discovery, to be the remains of what have been used for cooking purposes. They are mostly vessels, sometimes of very large size, wide at the mouth, contracted in the neck, and gradually, with easy flow of line, tapering downwards on the sides. Mostly they appear to have had handles at the top, which take a gradual curve from the rim down to their junction with the tapering body. They are more or less decorated with punctured, incised, impressed, or other simple ornaments.

discovered—the "Lough of Drumgay"—is a picturesque sheet of water nearly midway between Enniskillen and the village of Bellinamallard, in the county of Fermanagh. The examination of these lake-dwellings yielded many highly interesting and important results, and brought to light several fragments of pottery, and many other objects of antiquity. Some of the patterns of fictile ornamentation are shown on Figs. 16 to 20, which are drawn of one half their real size. One pattern is a simple chevron; another a punctured right-line ornament, very characteristic of this primitive race; another has a series of incisions, giving the rim somewhat the effect of a cable moulding; and another is reticulated, or has what may be described as a series of *saltires* all round the rim.



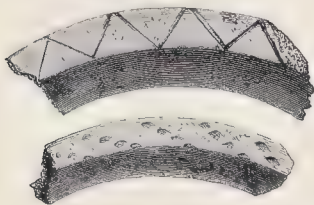
Fig. 14.—From Drumgay Lake.



Fig. 15.—From Ballydoolough.

The general form of these crannog vessels will be best understood on reference to the engraving Fig. 14, which is a restored example from fragments found in a crannog in Drumgay Lake, near Enniskillen, and carefully described by Mr. Wakeman in the *Journal of the Royal Historical and Archaeological Association of Ireland*. The lake wherein this crannog was

Some other excellent examples were yielded by the examination, by Mr. Wakeman, of a crannog in Ballydoolough,† in a lake of about twenty-four acres in extent, a few miles from Enniskillen, not far from the old road to Tempo. The "lake dwelling" where these fragments were found is said to be "one of the most instructive yet discovered in Ireland." In it, among



Figs. 16 to 20.—Fragments from Drumgay Lake.

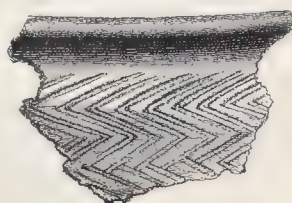


Fig. 21.—From Lough Eyes.

other interesting remains, were found a very large number of fragments of pottery along with quantities of bones of *Bos longifrons*, *Cervus elephas*, *Sus scrofa*, *Equus asinus*, and other animals, including the goat, which gave good testimony

to their being portions of cooking vessels. A restoration of one of these "crock" is given in the accompanying engraving, Fig. 15, and its pattern is shown on a larger size in Fig. 23. "It measures three feet two inches round the mouth, and is

* Continued from page 300.

† Ballydoolough, the place or town of the Dark Lake.

tastefully ornamented on the rim and sides. The decoration, which was impressed upon the soft clay before the vessel was burnt, is extremely like that which appears upon silver bracelets preserved in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy, and also found amongst the Cuernale hoard"; its colour is drab, or light

Indeed, the decoration of many of these domestic (?) vessels is exactly identical with those of some of the finest sepulchral urns found in that country. "It may be said further that in the numerous designs found upon the crannog vessels there is not one that is suggestive of the work of Christian times in Ireland; on the contrary, the greater portion, chevrons and circular

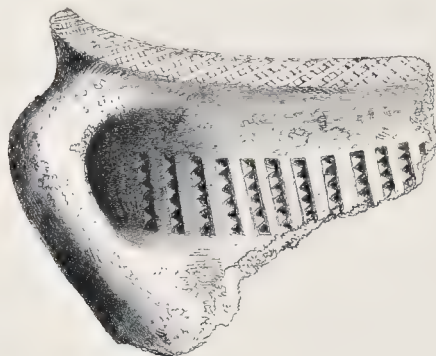


Fig. 22.—From Drumgay Lake.

yellowish-red, and it is of close texture. The pattern is impressed or indented, and from its chevron character is undoubtedly early. Several varieties of this pattern occurred. Figs. 21, 24, 25, 28, and 29, exhibit simply a series of zigzag incisions of precisely the same character as is found on Celtic culinary urns.

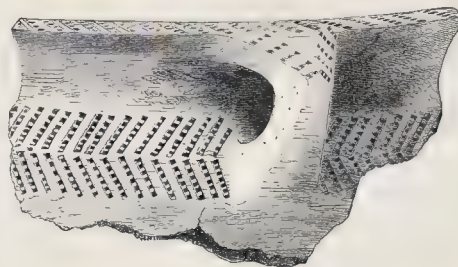
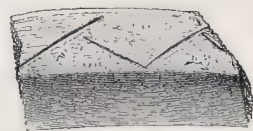
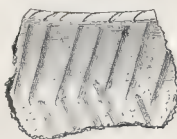


Fig. 23.—From Ballydoolough.

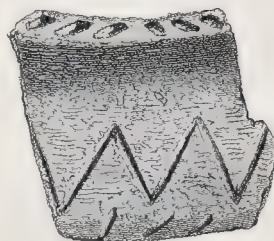
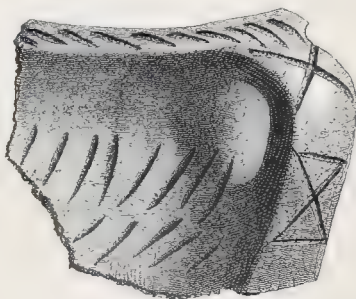
depressions, are all expressive of pagan ideas of ornamental art. The log-house at Ballydoolough is almost precisely of the same size and of the same style of construction as the celebrated dwelling described by Captain Mudge in the "Archæologia," in which was found a stone hatchet; these crannog vessels must not, therefore, be assigned to a later period than pagan times.



Figs. 24 to 27.—From Ballydoolough and Lough Eyes.

Some other examples from this crannog are of extreme interest. The "larger fragment bears upon its side," says Mr. Wakeman, "two figures somewhat like a St. Andrew's Cross, but which here, I apprehend, need not be regarded as a Christian symbol. Such figures have been found in Ireland inscribed on rocks, and upon the walls of natural or partly artificial caverns, and even

within the enclosure of pagan tumuli, as at Dowth, accompanied in several instances by 'scorings' at present unintelligible." Many appear in the cave of Loughnacloyduff (the *Loch of the dark trench, or mound*) and in the "Lettered Caves" on the cliffs of Knockmore. These vessels are "of a dingy brown colour, and their 'scorings' are deeply impressed in what was a



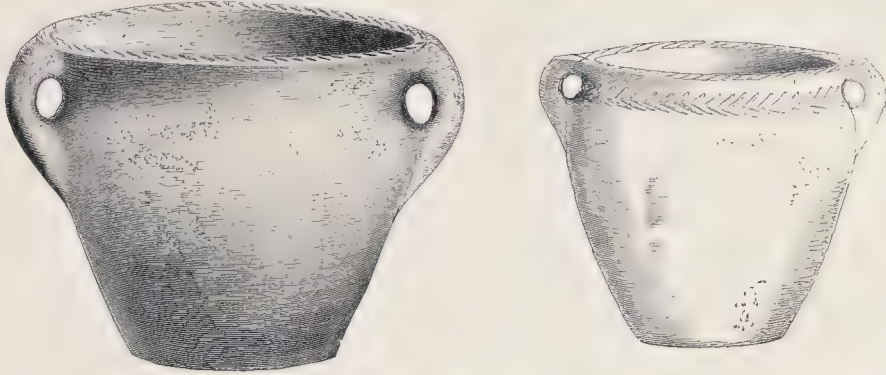
Figs. 28 to 30.—From Ballydoolough and Lough Eyes.

paste of unusually gritty matter. It may not be out of place to state here, once for all, that between the crannog pottery and the vases found in cairns and usually styled sepulchral there is apparently no difference in the style of manufacture. Strange to say, both classes exhibit the action of fire more

strongly upon the interior than upon the external sides or base. Their colouring upon the whole is generally similar, varying from a dull red to a dark brown, nearly black; and in no instance, as far as my observation carries, has glazing been practised."

In another remarkably interesting lake-dwelling in Lough Eyes, not far from Lisbellaw, in the same county of Fermanagh, a variety of patterns of crocks along with bones of animals, including the "remains of *Bos longifrons*, or ancient Celtic short-horned ox, and of the red-deer, ass, sheep, goat, and pig," were found. These were of the same general form as those

already described, and were more or less ornamented with indented patterns, sometimes arranged simply in lines, and in others in chevron or zigzag designs. It is worthy of special note, too, that several flat discs of the same material as the crocks were found with them; these were, it may fairly be assumed, covers or lids.



Figs. 31 and 32.—From Lough Eyes.

A very unusual and clever "provision for the escape of steam during the process of boiling or cooking is observable in several of these earthen pots. It consists of a small circular hole in the neck or upper side of the vessel, just below the point where the lid would be supported or caught;" the lid of course resting on the narrower part of the neck. Doubtless the contraction of the neck would be formed for this special purpose. The perforation

is shown in the fragments (Figs. 33 and 36) here engraved. The next woodcuts show, very carefully, two examples of ornamentation on pottery from this crannog; the one with incisions only, the other with both incisions and impressed ornaments, the dotted pattern being almost identical with some found in the lake habitations of Switzerland.

The other woodcuts give very clear representations of other

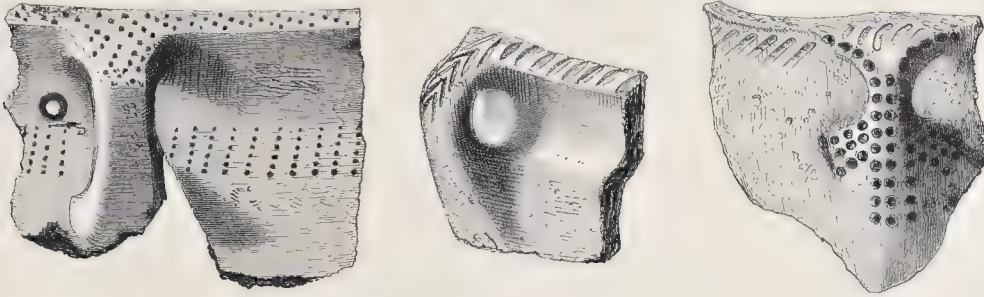


Fig. 33 to 35.—From Lough Eyes.

patterns found at Lough Eyes. One of these (Fig. 21) has both the impressed herringbone and rim patterns; Fig. 39 is simply notched on its edge; Fig. 37 has a series of incisions or "thumbnail" indentations; Fig. 27 has the zigzag pattern; and Fig. 38, a series of lozenge-formed indentations. Fig. 21 is one of the most pronounced examples of the "herringbone"

or zigzag pattern which these lake-dwellings have produced; and others, as the engravings show, are exact counterparts in appearance, character, and style, with that which forms so marked a characteristic of Celtic sepulchral urns of one kind or other.

The examples, of which, through the kindness of the Council of the Royal Historical and Archaeological Association of Ireland,



Figs. 36 to 39.—From Lough Eyes.

and of its gifted Honorary Secretary, the Rev. J. Graves, I am enabled to give engravings, will, I think, be sufficient to show the general style of ornamentation which characterizes these early examples of Irish fictile art. These decorations will bear comparison with the ornaments upon the early metal work, the

rude sculptures, and other Art-work of the early inhabitants of Ireland, and of other nations and peoples of prehistoric and early historic times.

Of other branches of Irish Art, including some other examples of pottery, I shall have more to say in future articles in these pages.

EXHIBITION OF THE ART UNION PRIZES.

THE council of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours has generously lent its gallery to the Art Union of London for the display of the prizes of the current year, and these, including two marble busts, consist of forty-five water-colours and one hundred and forty-seven pictures in oil. They have been selected from the various London exhibitions, including the Crystal Palace, and a few of the prize-holders have, not unwisely, gone farther afield, and found what they liked best on the walls of the Royal Scottish Academy, Edinburgh. Although the prize-holders generally have restricted themselves to the amount of their prize, in several instances they have gone far beyond it, and this circumstance helps, of course, to enhance the character of the exhibition. Dr. Williamson, for example, drew a prize of ten pounds, but gave fifteen guineas for C. Law's pretty picture of 'A Sussex Farm;' Mr. H. Glenny drew forty pounds, but added to it ten pounds in order to secure E. J. Cobbett's 'Rustic Scene,' with three sweet fern gatherers on a bank under a sunset effect; Mr. J. Richardson was a twenty pound prize-holder, but gave thirty to get W. Bromley's interesting picture called 'Teaching Brother;' Mr. J. L. Drake doubled his twenty-five pound prize for 'The Image of his Father,' by T. Roberts; and Mr. J. A. Jameson just as wisely doubled his forty pounds, that he might call his own that remarkably clever picture by J. C. Dollman which hung on the walls of the Royal Academy entitled 'Uneasy lies the Head that wears a Crown.' The most notable case, however, of adding to the money amount of one's prize in order to secure a first-class work is that of Mr. J. Carr, who drew a forty pound prize, and added thereto a hundred and sixty pounds, that he might claim John Charlton's most spirited picture of the 'Rescue' of seven horses from the fire which threatens them from a neighbouring stable. We have mentioned these instances simply to show, first, that a prize often stimulates the winner to a larger expenditure; and that, secondly, when such is the case, his choice is in the main æsthetically healthy, and the work he has secured is worth the extra outlay. Without the prize in the first instance, we suspect there would have been no dreaming of the purchase.

Most of the pictures of mark here we have noticed when they hung in their respective exhibitions. Arthur Hill's life-sized girl in loose white Oriental robe selling 'Oranges,' for instance, we praised, when in the Academy. Its value is a hundred and fifty pounds, and its lucky holder is Mr. T. H. Hayes. Another prize of like amount is the very sunny picture from the Society of British Artists by E. J. Cobbett, representing some peasant-women 'Returning from Market,' selected by Mr. J. Rossiter. The ploughing with oxen under a nice silvery effect of 'Spring Morning,' selected from the Crystal Palace Gallery by Mr. H. C. Campos, is a thirty-five pound prize; but its modest author, H. Baisch, will soon be able to raise his prices. Another clever work from the same gallery is C. M. Webb's 'Arrest of Poachers,' whom we see seated around a table with dice. Its fortunate owner is Mr. A. Lillywhite, and the prize amount was a hundred and fifty pounds. Noticeable for its conscientious workmanship and nice grey tone is D. Cameron's 'Kincraig Point,' on the Fife-shire coast. It was a thirty-five pound prize, and has been selected by Mr. W. Barkley from the Royal Scottish Academy. Among other pleasing pictures we would name 'Forest in Spring,' by J. Wengheim; 'Where the Green Leaves bud,' by W. Luken; 'Autumn,' showing grapes and other fruit, by W. J. Muckley; a sweet girl in blue feathered hat, white wrapper shawl, and brown dress, in a glade, having 'A Shot for the Golden Ring,' by A. Phillips; 'Highland Washing,' by J. Gow; a lovely girl with a basket of roses, saying 'Buy, Lady,' by J. Morgan; and J. Ballantyne's no less charming girl leaning her cheek on her hand, engrossed in a novel, having arrived at 'The very most Interesting Part of the Story.' Then we have a very noticeable bit of *genre*, with a nice Van Hoogish effect,

representing a mother watching her little one toddle to the door to meet "dada" on his home-coming, illustrative of that passage in the Psalms, 'Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labour until the evening.' Its author is the rising young artist, Adrian Stocks. Farther on are Tom Lloyd's capital picture of a mounted traveller on a white horse, splashing through a wet, heavy road 'A Hundred Years Ago;' and Robert Leslie's full-rigged ship as seen at 'Daybreak on the Atlantic.' Nor must we omit mentioning E. H. Fahey's two hundred pound picture of a girl driving ducks away from 'Tempting Waters;' F. Muschamp's two pictures of 'Burnham Beeches;' nor A. B. Collier's sweet view of 'Widmouth Bay, Cornwall.' 'Music hath Charms,' a lady and her lover in antique dress, by R. J. Gordon, is one of the hundred pound prizes; and 'Harvest Time near Dolgelly, North Wales,' with reapers in the foreground and mist on the hills, by A. W. Williams, is another. C. Cattermole's highly dramatic picture of 'Disarmed' is also here; John Scott's 'Escape,' and W. Bromley's 'Come Along,' are from the Society of British Artists. A Ludwig's 'Mother's Sacrifice,' comes from the Crystal Palace, to obtain which Mrs. E. Reed added twenty to her hundred pound prize.

Among the water colours the most notable is 'The Plough,' by A. Hopkins. It is one of the hundred pound pictures, and is the finished study of his large oil picture in the Royal Academy. There are also excellent works by H. Darall, W. Hall, T. M. Hemy, C. Davidson, W. Sharpe, S. G. W. Roscoe, Kate Greenaway, Louise Rayner, David Law, F. J. Skill, J. C. Reed, W. Callow, G. F. Glennie, and J. H. Barnes; and from the mention of these names it will be perceived that the water colours are by no means the least interesting portion of the exhibition. There belongs to it, moreover, E. A. Goodall's delightful picture of 'Venice,' on which Mr. W. Purdy has set his heart, and added forty-nine pounds to his thirty-five pound prize that he might obtain it. In the same section of the gallery will also be found E. Duncan's splendid drawing of 'Port Eynon, Coast of Gower, South Wales,' which Mrs. A. Crossman wisely secured by adding twenty-five pounds to the fifty which she drew. It is after this same distinguished artist's 'Return of the Life Boat,' commissioned expressly by the Art Union of London, that Mr. Arthur Willmore has made a most effective plate, which will be the engraving for the current year, and will form an admirable pendant to the 'Dutch Trawlers.' In the circular inviting their subscribers to call and inspect the proof of Mr. Willmore's plate the council take occasion to refer to a passage in their annual report touching upon a matter of vital importance to the true Art lover. In that report the council remarked as follows upon certain "schemes set on foot with the effect of spreading broadcast through the land a flood of impressions from worn-out plates by engravers who would have shuddered at the notion that their works would ever be so abused." "An advertisement is inserted in some respectable newspaper to the effect that, by cutting out a certain coupon there to be found, and sending it, with a sum of fifteen pence, or so, in stamps to some shop which calls itself an Art Union, the sender will receive an impression of a first-class engraving. It were to be hoped that the disappointment which must await the recipients of the articles for which they have performed the ceremony of coupons, stamps, &c., could be widely enough known to act as a deterrent to others from being taken in in a like manner. Unfortunately the number of people ready to be imposed upon is even greater than of those who have the wit to victimise them; and though, no doubt, in time the evil will cure itself, still it is to be regretted that much money will be thus spent in the acquisition of positively worthless sheets of spoilt paper, when a few good impressions of good works might have been had for the same money." It is with great satisfaction we thus extend the publicity of these remarks, and aid the council in exposing and denouncing practices so detrimental to the true interests of Art.

THE LUCCA EXHIBITION.

FAT, jovial little Lucca, the doughty old citadel of Castruccio's power, has been holding a high festival all the golden month of September, in memory of her ancient prowess, Art, industries, and riches. It has been done, too, with so small a flourish of trumpets, that it has taken most of the time for the outside public to get a correct idea of the treat prepared for those who chose to go within its time-battered ramparts to partake of it. Rumours of what the proud old aristocratic families, heartily seconded by the municipality, the clergy, and the people generally, had accomplished, in bringing together and exhibiting the artistic treasures of their city, were unusually slow, even in this slow country, in spreading themselves; but at last it came to be whispered socially rather than proclaimed by the press, that tiny Lucca had enticed out of their hiding-places, and put in tasteful array, a mass of Art and Art objects, the accumulations of its past centuries, which, as a local show, surpassed the recent exhibitions of similar works at Naples and Milan, great cities as they are; unmistakably demonstrating how inexhaustible Italy still is in these riches, despite the heavy annual drains of foreign museums and collectors.

But there is good cause why provincial Lucca should be relatively richer in these things than the larger cities. Owing to their local isolation, intense clanship, and pride of birth-place as well as of blood, the chief noble families have heaped up and kept together in their solemn old Etruscan palaces, since they emerged from plebeian into patrician blood, more artistic heirlooms and specimens of defunct fashions of their many ancestral generations than those of most towns, more exposed to the æsthetic invasions of covetous foreigners. Perhaps a portion of this civic virtue may be ascribed to their freedom from temptation hitherto; but whether it will still chastely hold out, now they have displayed their antiquarian charms fully to public gaze, remains to be seen. An inscription in flaming letters of gold over the chief entrance to the Exhibition proclaimed that they did it for the honour and glory of their old, and to stimulate their reviving, Art. Brave words, and let us believe, true ones. Surely it is a marvel that a city of perhaps twenty thousand souls only should be able, out of its own æsthetic resources, quietly, at short notice, to improvise from a few households and churches a museum of Art objects which in number and quality would be a remarkable exhibit for any European capital; while its orderly and tasteful arrangement left little to be desired for effect and convenience of study in detail or as a whole.

The principal exhibition was admirably placed in seventeen consecutive halls of the huge Provincial Palace, formerly the residence of the ex-Empress of France, Maria Louisa, the court-yards being charmingly decorated with plants and flowers. One room was given to Japanese objects of no remarkable character, and there was a good show of Saxon and other china; but it was the Art of Italy, and especially of Lucca, that chiefly filled the rooms. Only the more conspicuous departments can be named. Most tempting to fair eyes, and lovely for its significance to men's also, were the variety and profusion of antique lace of rich designs and elaborate workmanship, filling one hall and festooning its walls. Of Gobelins, Flemish, and other tapestries in perfect condition, there were literally acres of display. The passion of Lucca in its days of pomp and power must have been intense for this aristocratic wall-hanging, as also for gold and silver wrought brocades and finest needle-craft in silk, all which were abundant and choice, betokening a skill and application now virtually lost, or imperfectly superseded by machinery. Antique costumes of several centuries past extensively figured, in large part mounted on lay figures of life-like character, one group of which, of Louis XIV.'s time, with all accessories, were playing a game of cards. Their gorgeousness of apparel and extravagance of cut were entertaining, if not enviable, to modern eyes, accustomed to the sombre tints and style

of our day. They glowed and glittered like so many human peacocks. Beside them stood quaint musical instruments, equally brilliant and varied in hues and shape, vying not unfavourably in these respects with the wonderfully decorated effigies of their whilom owners and performers. Fans alive with Boucher and Vanloo coquetries were conveniently at hand for post-mortem flirtations, in case the costumes, as might be expected, thus assembled together in gala array, should be magnetically so inclined from the sheer force of cherished souvenirs of their living loveliness and triumphs. Were they inclined to renew housekeeping, there was their favourite furniture, dating from the twelfth century to the eighteenth—some, to be sure, a little dull or worm-eaten, but in the main serviceable—all about them, in tempting suggestiveness, revealing sundry mysteries of past noble toilettes, and all the kindred luxuries and vanities. Most conspicuous were the massive gilded and carved *cassone*, or marriage chests, of very archaic patterns, once the joy of all noble Italian brides. On one of them lay the full-length effigy, in marble, of perhaps its former owner—who knows?—in silent rest—a beautiful image of death to balance the seductions of life.

The display of state beds was the most imposing feature of the furniture department, with the richly-mounted and heavily draped *baldachinos*, raised platforms, costly stuffs, needle wrought and gold interwoven, valued at incredible sums, but quite too stately and superb for the uneasy heads that wear crowns to get much wholesome slumber thereon. That owned by Count Bernardina was catalogued as "a masterpiece of upholstery," evidently without any touch of latent irony in the expression. The fact, doubtless, to any lover of garish, incongruous, misplaced decoration, was unquestionable. Even this monster of upholstery was surpassed by another of greater magnificence, belonging to Count Sardi, and so intensely grand as to have elicited from the judges a diploma of "Massima Onorificenza,"—the highest honour! one of the only *two* that were given in the Exhibition; which is sufficient evidence of the impression its sublimity made on them at least, certified by a printed placard commensurate with the occasion.

"Frailty! thy name is no longer woman, but antique Venetian glass, of exquisite lightness and form," might fairly be exclaimed, on looking over the specimens here shown; although its sister Art, good old Gubbio majolica of the Xante and Fontana standard, was conspicuous for its absence, there being but few specimens of second-rate value contributed. The variety and abundance, however, of other mediæval and renaissance objects shown in the Provincial Palace, made up an historical tableau of profound interest. Mingled with the domestic articles there were rich series of church utensils, terra-cottas, Luca della Robbia ware, notably a St. John, with much of the pose and head of the famed St. George, sculptures by Matteo Civitali, bronzes, ironwork, engravings, medals, coins, Roman relics, miniatures—in fine, an epitome of Italian civilisation for two thousand years, which Lucca would do well to hold permanently as a museum of primary interest, both to Italians and foreigners, and as an investment to draw crowds to visit the fine old city.

To enhance the general attractions, the two Mansi palaces were opened to visitors. That of Via S. Pelligrina was worth a pilgrimage to Lucca alone to see its fine old cortile, tapestries, and state rooms; not to speak of its gallery of Dutch and Flemish masters, one of the finest this side of the Alps, with specimens of Rubens, Jordaens, Ruysdael, Berghem, Terburg, Van Dyck, and other notable artists. The other palace, of more recent architecture, contained a similar and smaller collection.

The Italian masters were chiefly hung in the Provincial Palace and formed a very fine series, beginning with the period of Giotto, and coming down to the later Bolognese school. Outside of Fra Bartolomeo, however, there were none ranking as remarkable masterpieces, although many of fair characteristic

value. The gem of all was Fra Bartolomeo's "Ecstasy of St. Catherine," one of the noblest and purest productions of true Christian Art, as wonderful for its spirituality as its technical excellence. This altar-piece, in the decision of the judges, was placed on a par with Count Sardi's bedstead, and received a "diploma of highest honour" also. Shade of the pious old painter! what must he have thought of the feeling for Art of this boasted century of progress, if he read the two placards, confusing his sublime production with a piece of gaudy upholstery!

However, he had no cause to complain of being forgotten, like some of his distinguished contemporaries; for another picture received a premium of the first class, and some very fine drawings a second; three distinctions in all; whilst Tintoretto, Giovanni Bellini, Sandro Botticelli, and Andrea Mantegna, each represented by perfectly pure and excellent specimens of their genius, were passed by in silence.

This system of honouring masters dead and gone to dust with diplomas and premiums, or the present owners of their productions, whichever it may be, was a novel and curious feature of this exhibition, and seemingly capriciously exercised in many instances. None of the foreign masters were honoured, although in considerable force; the Japanese objects alone receiving a second-class prize. Coins, dresses, vases, &c., came in for a few premiums. Francesco Francia, made to stand sponsor for

his weak brother, got the highest honours under a diploma; Lorenzi di Credi, D. Ghirlandajo, poorly represented, obtained second-class prizes. That third-rate Florentine painter, Zanotti Michiavelli, received a first-class one, whilst a picture given to his master, Fra Angelico, but in reality a Gothic production of an earlier date, was put off with a third-class premium, the lowest of all. There were two so-called Raphaels, both Holy Families, one of which, weak in colour, hard and strong in design, with a touch of the Siggiola Madonna in the head of the Virgin, and highly finished, possibly the work of Perino della Vaga or Cesare da Sesto, a good painting in itself, obtained a first premium, and its companion, a small, injured picture, with no claim to attention except its attribution, got a second, apparently for its name alone.

Was there ever, or will there ever be, an immaculate hanging and awarding committee on pictures? If the managers of the Lucca Exhibition were a little eccentric in their application of diplomas and premiums, they succeeded notably in its chief features, and provided a rare and instructive treat for the visitors, quite superior in its distinctive parts to anything of like nature yet attempted by the Italian cities, and surprising every one by exceeding the promise of the occasion in lieu of disappointing, as is more frequently the case.

FLORENCE, Oct. 1st.

J. JACKSON JARVES.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.

THIS society is again holding its annual exhibition in the gallery of the Water Colour Society, Pall Mall East, which is hung with about five hundred and forty examples of the art, including those displayed on the screens. It appears to us that during the last very few years photography has reached such a point of excellence, that to go beyond it is scarcely to be expected—is, indeed, simply impossible; and if the society is unable to show that any strides have been made in a new direction since its last public exhibition, and if the increased skill and knowledge of our leading photographers have produced no novelties, it may at least be maintained that nothing has been lost. If, on looking round the gallery we miss from its walls the rich and beautiful masses of colour the painters give us when the room is open in the months of the spring and summer, we have still the picturesque composition, and the life-like individualities of nature, such as no human hand could trace out on canvas or paper; and side by side with the beauty of landscapes are individualities of another kind—in the "human face divine," either singly or grouped in companionship with the landscape, or engaged in occupations of various kinds.

The Royal Engineers' School of Photography at Chatham exhibits numerous exquisite examples of the art, conspicuous among which is 'Woodland View, Deer Leap Wood,' wherein the distant haze of a misty morning is marvellously expressed, softening, but not concealing, the objects whereon the subdued sunlight rests. Stillfried and Andersen, of Japan, contribute some very interesting specimens of the people and scenery of that far-off country. Colonel Stuart Wortley is, as usual with him, grand in his delineation of wave and cloud: wonderful 'Studies' they are, in breadth of expression, variety and force of cloud-form, and in curve of ocean wave crowned with beams of sunshine, and rippling waters moving lazily out to sea and sparkling as they go. Some such scene as the latter is the pretty girl contemplating, whom Mr. R. Slingsby represents, under the title of 'Alone,' seated on a bench overlooking the sea: a most attractive picture in every way. 'Studies of Children,' by Mr. R. Faulkner, is a frame containing upwards of seventy pictures of little ones, in almost every conceivable attitude and action: an amusing and pretty "portrait gallery."

'Waiting to go on,' by the honorary secretary of the society, Mr. H. Baden Pritchard, is also an amusing picture; a child dressed in "motley" waiting the stage manager's summons before the curtain. Among several very charming landscapes by Mr. F. Beasley we particularly notice two Devonshire scenes, 'Ivy Bridge' and 'Holy Street Mill.' 'Lizzy' and 'Eliza,' by G. Nisbitt, are two striking and spirited portraits; and his 'Tired Companions,' a noble dog and a young child sleeping together on the floor of a room, is a pretty subject treated with true artistic effect. H. P. Robinson, of Tunbridge Wells, contributes a most effective picture which he calls 'When the Day's Work is done,' an aged couple seated in their cottage home, the man reading the Bible to his wife. If this be taken from life, it is a wonderful application of the artist's taste in arranging his materials, so skilfully and pictorially are they set out and so efficiently is the whole produced. 'Thunder and Lightning,' exhibited by the Autotype Company, is from a painting by L. Cattermole; it shows a herd of horses alarmed by the storm, and careering about as if they were wild animals: the composition reminds one of Mdlle. Rosa Bonheur's 'Horse Fair.' 'Bird Nesting,' by A. Ford Smith, of Llandudno, presents to the spectator three or four young girls, in pretty walking costumes, searching for birds' nests among the shrubs and brambles of a wild-looking expanse of copse: a more attractive picture of its kind one can scarcely imagine. H. Painter, of Brighton, famous for his amusing photographs of 'Cat Life,' has numerous specimens of these domestic animals. Mr. S. Thompson's architectural views of continental towns and cities could not be excelled.

Besides the photographs from Japan already noticed, there are specimens from F. Gutekunst, of Philadelphia; C. Klary, Algiers; B. Mischewski, Dantzic; Dr. Van Monckhoven, of Ghent; C. Relvas, Lisbon; Schulz and Suck, of Carlsruhe; Taeschler, of Schwartz in Switzerland; and L. W. Seavey, of New York, whose contributions to the society testify to the interest felt by foreigners in its operations.

On the table in the gallery are various objects connected with the practice of the art, stereoscopes, cameras, photographic albums, lantern slides, &c., exhibited by Messrs. Murray and Heath, G. Hare, and others.

MINOR TOPICS.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.—The forthcoming exhibition of drawings by the old masters promises to be of much interest. This country is rich in such works, but they are widely spread in a variety of collections. Several of our public libraries contain some; but there are others of great value in the possession of her Majesty, who will, it is understood, be a contributor to the exhibition, as will also the Earl of Warwick, Miss de Rothschild, and others.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.—The decorations of this sacred edifice, which were stopped some time since on account of a difference of opinion as to the superabundant use of colour, have been resumed, we hear, and are advancing vigorously but quietly. It is stated that a number of windows are being introduced, that the crypt is to be provided with stained glass, and that the morning chapel is to be similarly treated: Mr. Westlake to be employed on the former, and Messrs. Hardman, of Birmingham, upon the latter.

THE CERAMIC ART UNION.—The annual meeting was held as usual at the end of September, and as usual Dr. Doran wrote and read the report. It was so far satisfactory, that if the excellent and useful society has not gained, it has not lost, subscribers during a year when economy became a duty, and the enjoyment of luxuries is a pleasure necessarily postponed. Art has undoubtedly suffered much from a war the most unnecessary and useless that the world has witnessed for centuries. The society is well grounded in public opinion; more than twenty years have passed since it was founded as "the Ceramic and Crystal Palace Art Union:" it has issued more than a hundred examples, very varied, but all good. Indeed, they could not be otherwise than good, for the names of a number of gentlemen high in position and renowned as critics guarantee that the society shall send forth nothing that is not excellent; and to a committee so formed every design is submitted before the society introduces it. Although at the meeting referred to there was a distribution of sixty "prizes," and sixty persons were thus gratified, we do not hesitate to say that those who obtained none had no reason to be dissatisfied, for the objects they selected and took away at the time of subscribing were each well worth the guinea subscribed, and which constituted membership. The issues of the society cannot but have aided much to produce the present improved and improving state of British ceramic art. People will not be content with mediocrity who are accustomed to excellence. The most notable production of the year is a charming statuette of 'The Cottage Girl,' adapted from Gainsborough's picture; it is next year to have a companion taken from 'The Strawberry Girl' of Reynolds. Both are by an accomplished sculptor, M. Malempre, "a Belgian-Englishman," whose works are deservedly in high repute.

One of the best, if not the very best, of the oleographs yet produced has been issued by Mr. Raphael Tuck, of the City Road. It is of large size, and admirably finished in all its details: the less important, as well as the most important, touches are put in by a master hand. As yet few productions so good have been published in England, and we believe, nothing better in Germany. It will go very far to remove the prejudice that yet exists against the new art, for certainly this copy would grace any drawing-room and not discredit any collection. The picture is the production of a German painter—Herr Sichel. He is comparatively unknown in this country; but the work under notice will give him fame. The theme is English: it is a sad one, for it commemorates the dismal fate of the Scottish Queen, Mary, and is entitled 'The Last Moments of Mary, Queen of Scots.' The subject has been often painted, but never so forcibly to the imagination as in this remarkable picture. The group is not crowded; there are but twelve figures—the unhappy lady occupying the centre; at her feet

kneels her steward, Andrew Melville; while in the background are the attendant ladies of her prison-court. The *cortège* is about to descend the stairs that lead to the block; but that is rightly hidden. The subject is treated with much judgment and skill, as well as with great ability.

GRAPHIC SOCIETY.—At the annual general meeting of this society, held at University College on the 10th ult., the following artists were elected Members: *Painters*—Eyre Crowe, A.R.A., W. W. Ouless, A.R.A., J. W. Oakes, A.R.A., Marcus Stone, A.R.A., G. F. Boughton, Haynes King, J. Syer. *Architect*—Thomas Cutler. *Engraver*—W. H. Simmonds.

THE TURNERS' COMPANY offered, some months since, prizes in competition for turning in ivory, pottery, stone, and jet; and in steel, brass, and gold, for horological purposes. On the 13th of October the Lord Mayor, who was supported by the Lady Mayoress, several of the aldermen of the City of London, and others, distributed at the Mansion House, in the presence of a large number of persons invited for the occasion, the prizes to the successful candidates. A supplementary gift of £25 in money prizes was contributed by the Baroness Burdett Coutts. The proceedings commenced by addresses from the Master and the Lord Mayor, introducing the object of the meeting. The various prize works were placed on the tables in the hall, and formed an interesting exhibition of Art and skill, more especially the extremely delicate models in ivory, which evinced most refined workmanship. A short practical address on the merits of workmanship in fashioning out of the clay the beautiful models exhibited, was delivered by Mr. Doulton, whose attractive Art works from the well-known potteries at Vauxhall have a world-wide reputation. Mr. John Jones delivered a eulogy upon the labours of those who toiled only for the honours of the Company, as evinced by the object which gained the first horological prize, a ship's chronometer escapement, by Charles Crisp, of Stoke Newington. Mr. Jones, who had for years been a member of the Company of Turners, informed the audience that the workmanship of this specimen was the finest the world could produce. The first prize for ivory was taken by John Hegley, of Hoxton, for a pair of ivory vases on ebony bases; for pottery, in Class A, the first prize was given to E. Byron, who gained the freedom of the Turners' Company and £5 for a large vase thrown on the wheel; the second prize, a bronze medal, was awarded to H. Byron, for a very large vase thrown in white clay. In Class B, E. Byron received a silver medal for a large majolica vase. For stone and jet, the first prize was given to John Mankervis, of Helston, Cornwall, for a tazza in serpentine; and for steel, brass, and gold, to Charles Crisp, to each of whom was awarded a silver medal and the freedom of the City.

PICTURES BY J. F. MILLET AND M. ROUSSEAU.—The *Academy* says, "There is some prospect of the exhibition in London of at least a portion of the collection of the late M. Alfred Sensier, which is to be sold in Paris, as we have already announced, in the course of the winter. The collection is probably the richest in France in such works of the newer landscape and landscape-figure painters as were executed before the artists in question attained celebrity. M. Sensier, as a proprietor at Barbizon, near Fontainebleau, was for many years the landlord of Jean-François Millet and Théodore Rousseau; and as they lived in his houses when their works were plentiful and money was scarce, it was with their works rather than with money that they were wont to pay their rent. M. Sensier was a shrewd man, and did not refuse payment in this kind, and by this means, as well as by the accident of his friendship with some of the leaders of the modern school, did he become possessed of that assemblage of pictures, sketches, and drawings, illustrative of its rise, of which it is to be hoped that the more characteristic may be seen here before their final dispersion."

ART-PUBLICATIONS.

TWELVE HEADS AFTER HOLBEIN.—These are reproductions in autotype from drawings in the collection of her Majesty the Queen. They are published in a portfolio by Messrs. Chapman and Hall. It is needless to say they are grand works, productions of a great painter; that the artist may study them with advantage, and learn something from every touch. They are, moreover, historic portraits of men and women famous in British history. Only a master hand, guided by a greater mind, could have done so much with so little; but the slight pencil lines are put in with marvellous power. Such studies are of great value to the artist as well as the student, and cannot fail to give delight to the amateur. We hope the publishers will meet with such encouragement as to induce them to continue the series, for no doubt the rich store contains many others of a worth equal to those we have the great pleasure to notice.

WILLIAM BLAKE! The name is suggestive of the mystery of mysteries. Are there seers who can see into a world beyond what is called "the grave," to which "death" is, as the poet Longfellow considers it, the "portal"? The artist-dreamer, it is certain, believed in the verity of what he pictured; that is all we venture to say on a tender subject. It is a good work, at least for Art, to bring together a series of his drawings, and we cordially welcome a collection of his sketches, described by a mind sympathizing with and honouring the poet painter.* The designs must be read by a light the critic cannot supply. To describe them would be idle, if not impossible; but they have each a weird teaching, to the mass utterly incomprehensible. Blake painted in a language he knew that no one would understand. But in his art he was pure and true; quaint, heedless, and sometimes indifferent as to whether he guided his pencil wrongly or rightly. Yet his whole soul was in his work, and it is sure that he had faith in the inspiration that placed thought upon paper. We owe much to Mr. Scott for his sound and judicious views, and for his guidance to appreciation of the artist's singular productions. It is not for him to enlighten us as to the painter-poet's inner life—the light that ruled the soul of the remarkable man; but this work is entitled to, and will receive, a cordial greeting from more than one class of Art lovers.

Those who have thrown with a double-handed rod a fly over the Tweed or the Shannon, and landed a mighty salmon, nay, those who have robbed the waters of some Irish or Scottish lake of its spotted and heavy denizens, would look down with scorn upon the humble Thames fisher; yet we doubt if their delights are equal to his who brings only roach and dace and the four-inch-long gudgeon into his punt on a sunny day of leafy June, when health-giving breezes are about him, and birds are singing happily in the trees that gladden the banks; to say nothing of associations called up at every spot where he moors his boat, perpetual reminders of good women and heroic men, of the pen or of the sword, whose earth-dwellings were somewhere in the vicinage of Father Thames. We do not undervalue the joys of those who are homeward bound with a load they find it difficult to carry: but our own all-glorious river has advantages, great and grand, in comparison with those that any other British river possesses. We are much indebted to the author of one of the best and pleasantest books we have lately held in hand;† indebted the more because he has not ignored, or even made light of, the humbler brethren of the gentle craft. Indeed, his book largely caters for their tastes and needs; it is, in fact, their book; more theirs, at all events, than it is a "belonging" of voyagers to distant Norway or places more remote; where the absence of the quiet enjoyed at home is scarcely paid for by the joy of pulling out a seventy-pound monarch from some broad river

or brawling stream. Mr. Manley is not only a practical angler, and so a useful guide and teacher, but he is a scholar in the craft; there is hardly a book that has been written on the subject with which he is not acquainted: he gives the reader the marrow of them all. A pleasanter book to read we have seldom met with, but a more delightful companion to all who love the gentle craft, to spend "the idle time that is never idly spent" by the brooks, or rivers, or lakes, even the ponds, that furnish recreative and contemplative sport in our islands, has rarely issued from the press.

THE initials "E. V. B." have long been recognised and honoured in Art literature; we rejoice to meet them once again.* If the book before us may be accepted as evidence of what the season is to produce, we shall have great progress to report before the year 1877 has gone into the past. The letter-press consists mainly of old rhymes familiar to us in our own childhood—"a long time ago." At least they remind us of venerable friends, but they may be adaptations. They are certainly pure and simple enough to be old, and will weary no little mind that may seek to learn them by heart. The drawings are very charming—charming as portraits or as groups. A rarely accomplished pencil has traced the lines; each print tells a story, and while it cannot fail to delight a little reader, it gives a lesson in Nature as well as in Art. There will not be many Christmas books more attractive than this.

MESSRS. ROWNEY & Co. have not issued many chromolithographs during the past year; two very charming works of the class are, however, before us, and both are from the pencil of C. Bentley; one is of 'Ilfracombe,' the other of an 'Old Pier Head' on the coast of Normandy. They are good examples of the art, pleasing as pictures, and useful as studies, while they may fitly decorate the most fastidious drawing-room. It is a great gain, the facility to obtain at comparatively small cost such acquisitions; they refresh the mind and eye, and the difference between copies and originals is by no means obvious.

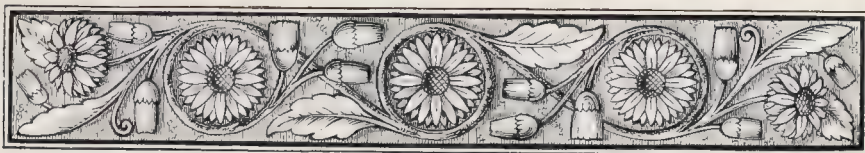
"**RHYMES ULIDIAN**" is the title of a collection of poems—"fugitive pieces"—by Mr. J. W. Montgomery, of Downpatrick; it is a country book by a country writer, but one who has lived much with the "Nature" he woos and ardently loves. He writes with a pure feeling for the beautiful; all his poems tend to improve and refine, and most of them seek to impress some social, moral, or religious truth. They are good in sentiment and also in style; some of them might justly occupy places among the productions of the poets who—with loftier aims, it may be, and higher powers—would not have hesitated to accept this comparatively humble associate of the Muses into their company without insisting that he should sit far below the salt. Mr. Montgomery's minor poems would justify strong praise; they often remind a reader, and not to his prejudice, of the compositions of his great namesake, whose early home was not far from the place whence these new contributions to poetic literature are dated. Mr. J. W. Montgomery has produced a charming volume, to be read with pleasure and profit.

MR. EDWARD STANFORD, of Charing Cross, has published a small but interesting and useful book, entitled "Round about London." It is a collection of historical, archæological, architectural, and picturesque notes, which, taken together, supply a most instructive guide to a large number of places "round about" the great city, every one of which contains something a reader, and especially a traveller, will desire to know; which indeed it is often essential that he should know. Who the F.S.A. may be by whom the work is done we cannot say, but he has done it well, with judgment to condense, industry to collect, and ability to describe. The book is neat, cheap, and good.

* "William Blake: Etchings from his Works." By William Bell Scott. With Descriptive Text. Published by Chatto and Windus.

† "Notes on Fish and Fishing." By J. J. Manley, M.A. With Illustrations. Published by Sampson Low & Co.

* "A New Child's Play. Sixteen Drawings by E. V. B. 'Deep meaning lieth oft in children's play.'" Published by Sampson Low & Co.



NORWAY.*

By R. T. PRITCHETT, F.S.A.

CHAPTER XII.



HE travelling in Norway is principally carried on by cariole, row boat, and steamer. From the immense extent of seaboard the latter mode has naturally been much cultivated and well developed; more especially as the Government has not only countenanced it, but encouraged its development in every possible way. Our route in this paper draws our attention to this last mode of conveyance, and we leave Bergen, with all its interesting monuments, associations, costumes, and commercial interests, to wend our way up the coast to the north. Starting from the port, with its varieties of shipping from all parts of Europe, its Nordlander "Jagts" always prominent, its churches standing well out from the

moist haze and smoke of the city, a scene at all times picturesque, we soon settle down for steamboat travelling. On this occasion there was a very unusual bustle at the mouth of the port, a freshish breeze was blowing, and a small schooner yacht was being towed out for a trial trip. From the amount of bunting and excitement, not only on board the yacht, but on shore and on our steamer, this was evidently a great event. Her sails all ready to be hoisted as soon as the hawser was let go, one would imagine that chase was about to be given to a smuggler, or that a viking had appeared in the offing. It was, however, only for a sail, and our little coast steamer was soon away by herself, ploughing in loneliness through the fjord. And now for the healthy pleasant delights of sea-coast trips. With our luggage quietly stowed awaiting our bidding, and a calm satisfaction that the steamer was well found, our meals punctual and plenteous, our captain well up to his work, the steward anxious to take care of us, and our travelling companions likely to be agreeable—the Norwegians being kindly to strangers who are courteous to them—there is in fact only one drawback to the steamer work; it is this, and it occurs in the forepart of the vessel. "Schaal" † for Gamle Norge is a good thing and a noble sentiment, but too often repeated, with the usual accompaniments, it becomes offensive. The peasants come on board at the numerous stations, and can procure on board every variety of spirit which cannot be obtained on shore. They, therefore, make the most of their opportunity, and soon the demon of our own land appears—"inebriation"—bringing discomfort to the recipient, misery to his belongings, disgust in his surroundings, and finally a besotted and wrecked old age; for although strong constitutions may resist its inroads for a time, they must inevitably succumb at last and pay the penalty. Either the victim is quarrelsome or maudlingly stupid: the demon makes his mark in so many ways. The natural expression of the features is no more to be found, the eye loses its brightness, its sweetness is changed for heavy moistness, its telegraphic and sensitive

expression is no more, the lips, before so full of character, are no longer the exponents of subtle feeling, the hand trembles, the feet shuffle, the whole frame is limp, the muscles are flaccid, and the brain muddled to futile dreaming. If this be a curse in public, what must it be when it invades a home, and the wife longs to see her husband free from this evil spirit and restored to his former noble nature?

But let us turn to the feast to which nature invites us. At every moment the seascape changes, new peaks open to us, the clouds are massing, ready to be gilded by the setting sun, and soon we have the heavens in a blaze of fiery glory and impressive grandeur. As we approach the outer islands of the Norwegian coast we find strong glacial markings, less vegetation, and the characteristics of the line of route, all up the west coast of Norway, can be carefully and comfortably studied by the most moderate "sailors," as the outlying islands keep the steamer track quite smooth, and it is only when the entrance of some large fjord is passed that any motion is felt or any rolling occurs. The villages



Nordfjord Peasants.

generally nestle close to the water-side, the church in the centre, the præstegaard close by; but a variation occurs in one village particularly: the church answers the double purpose of God's service and the fisher's beacon, and is placed well upon the top of the hill. There are many excuses made by exemplary Christians for not going to church, but the difficulty of access to the one in this case suggests to the pilgrim the frequent cry of "Excelsior," while he would be very thankful if it were lower. In making this passage those who are in Norway for the first

* Continued from page 332.

† Health.

time must be struck by seeing that both sides of the vessel are sometimes within three feet of the bare rocks, which go down precipitously into the sea. No wonder, then, that the old woodcuts of the sixteenth century show large rings in the face of bare sea rocks for the vessels to moor to. One part of the coast near

Steensund is most bare; the masses of rock, entirely rounded by ice in past ages, seem to be too smooth for vegetation to get a footing. The spot, however, finds favour with lobsters, who seem to thrive here, and ultimately find themselves in England, ending their days decorated with the usual dish garnishing



Ouson.

of parsley. Even for lobster, travelling is very expensive, for the difference of price between lobsters there and lobsters here is simply astonishing.

On some parts of the west coast red deer are found, and now that these animals are scarce it seems a pity they should be in danger of extermination. Better far would it be if the *chasseur*

had strength of mind and self-denial sufficient to induce him to give these last of their race such a respite or a series of closed seasons as to let them increase in number. One fine head came on board—a very healthy, powerful horn, and royal on both sides. The beam was much thicker than it usually is in the horns of stags killed in Scotland, and very grand in form.



The Island of Alden.

The haunch weighed thirty-eight pounds English, so that it must have been a "gude beastie."

After passing the entrance of the Sogne Fjord, and having experienced a little rolling, we sighted the island of "Alden," a very imposing mass of rock, supposed to resemble a lion's head; and, fortunately for us, there was less mist rolling

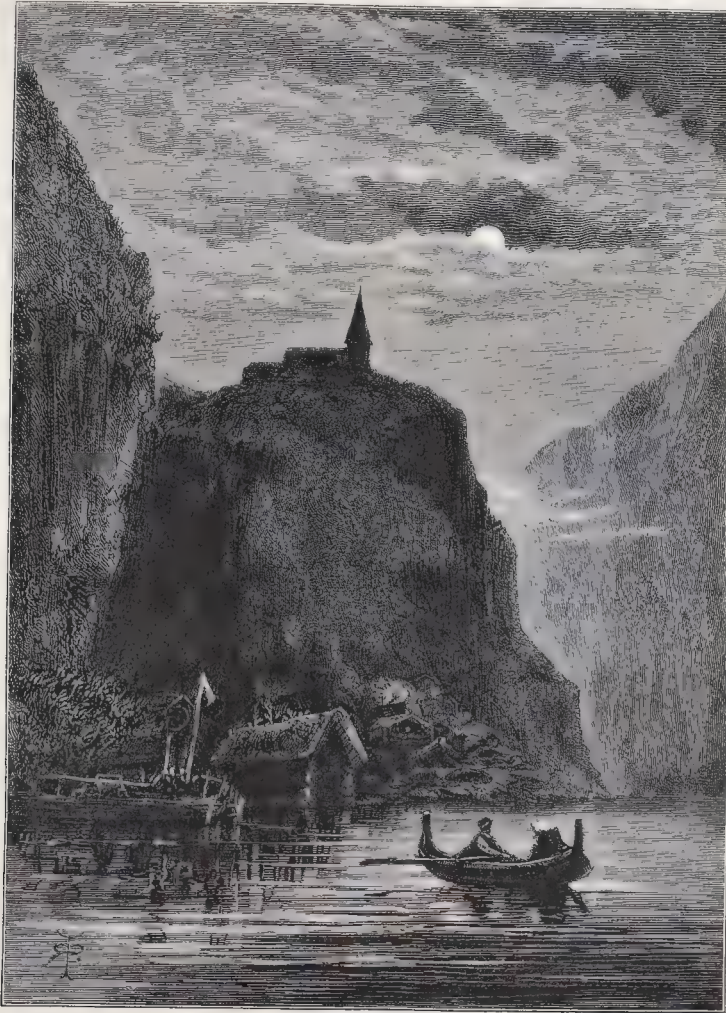
around it than usual. It would have been a sad disappointment had we only had its whereabouts suggested to us—and that is the fate of many who are anxious to see it. Our wholesome little craft soon leaves Alden far behind, and we begin to worm our way through narrow passages, with the rocks nearer than ever to her sides; and at last we leave her to take a boat,

in order that we may row up to Ousen, a lovely spot, with such garden roofs, such farm buildings, and such a farm-house! The spot where we landed is shown in the woodcut. The river was of the most beautiful soda-water-bottle colour; the wooden buildings topped with the mountain-ash in all its gala beauty of bright clusters of berries. The beams used in the construction of the houses were very old and very large, and the size of the Sea House suggests the importance of this locality as a centre for general merchandize. We arrived here about three in the morning, and the servant at the farm-house showed us to our

rooms, which had a weird ghostly appearance from their bareness, size, and height. The old staircase indicated that once it had been well kept up; and then, as we looked about for some indication of date, we at last found a good specimen of a snapbalance pistol, dating about 1625, which tallied well with the period we had already assigned to the house.

We had now left the sea for a time, and, after a few hours' rest the Tentmaster-General reported everything ready for a start. And soon we were *en route* for Sande.

Sande is a place of sweet waters to the traveller. After rough



The Village and Church of Alva.

roads, bad beds, sparse food, and occasional parasites—what a change! The probability is that a stranger would pass the comfortable-looking house, with its creepers over the porch, its well-stocked garden, and English home-life and generally inviting appearance. The geniality and kindly welcome offered by the master of the house is also a joy, and every one who visits it has a strong wish to rest for a while in such agreeable quarters. The valley is very bold and grand, and good expeditions can be made in all directions. The Paymaster-General, with honest

pride, pointed out to us where, on a former visit, he had killed a fine fish, and seemed to realise the fact that, having once experienced that pleasure, you can go on killing the same fish, with all its pleasant associations, for the rest of your life. Soon had we, however, to leave this inviting spot for rougher quarters. We were due north, to be up for August 1st for reindeer; and as time, tide, and August 1st wait for no man, we started for our next station—Nedre Vasenden, on the Jolster Vand; and when we arrived there no luxuriant garden growth welcomed us.

Instead of a south aspect, it was a north aspect. The atmosphere was changed, and we missed our beloved Sande. As we arrived on Saturday night, we looked forward to a quiet Sunday, with church, the meeting of the peasants, and a good chance of seeing all the costumes of the district, which is wild, barren, and uncultivated. The Sunday morning was inviting, and we took the opportunity of going to the lake, at a spot where the mountain path came down to the water's edge, for a quiet bathe in a retired spot. We bathed; but no sooner were we in the water than a troupe of peasant girls came slowly down the path. Confusion and dismay! Norwegians do not understand our amphibious tendencies. However, No. 1 dived (his retiring

disposition), leaving a certain disturbance of the water after his splash, which attracted attention. Besides this, only the smallest possible part of two heads might be seen. Now came the anxiety of wondering what the spectators would do—would they throw stones at us, to make us run? or examine the contents of the chief's pockets? or try on some of our garments? No. While we were all wishing that we had the epidermis of a Captain Webb the whole group suddenly laughed, and moved slowly off, evidently thinking how curious the English are in their habits. We afterwards again met at the church porch.

(To be continued.)

SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS, ABERDEEN. THE ART SECTION.

IT was a happy thought, that of having the author of 'Marie Antoinette' and of the gladiatorial figure of 'The Dying Guardsman' for chairman of the Art Section of the Social Science Congress, at Aberdeen, and the public is indebted, for the successful carrying of it out, to George Woodyatt Hastings, Esq., President of the Council. This choice was afterwards justified by the admirable manner in which Lord Ronald Gower conducted the business of his section; and, but for his firmness and suavity, one of the discussions might have degenerated into an unseemly squabble over the Sunday observance question. With a prescience, which the chairman doubtless inherited with his Scottish blood, he divined the theological tendency of the æsthetics, first of one speaker and then of another, and with a neatness that delighted everybody he nipped the polemic growth in the bud.

It ought to be premised that the meeting at Aberdeen was, in proportion to the extent and population of the city, far more numerously attended than the one held last year at Liverpool, and that the financial results were in corresponding ratio. The great educational centre of the North was stirred, and gave a welcome to the *savans* of the South, which was as discriminating, appreciative, and intellectual, as it was kindly and hospitable. The commercial classes of the city and the aristocracy of the surrounding country, many of whom represent historic names, did their best to make the Twenty-first Annual Congress a success, and the forthcoming report of the Council will show how complete that success has been.

The first special question discussed in the Art Department, which was held in the great hall of Marischal College, was, "What principles should govern the restoration of ancient buildings, or their preservation as memorials?" Papers on the subject were read by Mr. George Aitchison, architect, London, and by Mr. E. M. Ward, R.A. The former insisted that, in all cases of restoration, an artist, an architect, and an antiquary should be employed, and that all these should be men sympathizing with the age to which the building belonged. Without such conditions the "restorer" was the worst Vandal the world had yet seen. Mr. E. M. Ward's paper enforced the rule that preservation was better than restoration, and reprobated the destruction of the character of ancient buildings to satisfy the whim of any one, as had been done in the Round Tower of Windsor Castle, which had now the appearance of a gigantic bandbox instead of a fine old Norman keep.

Dr. Phené afterwards read a voluntary paper on "The humanising and refining effects of Art."

On the following day, Friday, the special question, "Are Art competitions favourable or unfavourable to Art progress?" was treated by Mr. J. Forbes-Robertson in a paper, which E. M. Ward, R.A., characterized as instructive, poetical, and strictly practical. After dwelling on the antiquity and universality of the competitive idea, and on the fact that it pervaded the whole of

cosmic life, the lecturer touched on the various objections to Fine Art competitions, such as the waste of time, money, and creative energy, arising in the main from the incompetency or prejudice of the judges; and he gave instances of honourably conducted competitions, citing those for the gates of the Baptistery of St. John, and for the raising of the dome of the Cathedral of Florence. He denied that the old Roman adage as to there being no disputing about taste embodied a whole truth, and maintained that all the variable elements of taste must bear a certain relation to those which are permanent, and which by the general consensus of cultured men, have in all ages been recognised as canons. "These accepted," he said, "the ground for controversy among persons of trained perceptions and educated tastes is narrowed immensely, and the question becomes a mere matter of method or school, age or country."

Mr. Forbes-Robertson answered the question affirmatively.

In the discussion which followed Mr. E. M. Ward agreed with Mr. Forbes-Robertson that "competition would be a fine thing, if the judges could be depended on," and referred with perfect good humour to some reflections the lecturer had made on the shortcomings of the Royal Academy in rejecting meritorious pictures or hanging them miserably when accepted.

The voluntary paper was by Mr. H. H. Statham, secretary of the Art Department, in answer to the question, "Is the prevalent taste for art furniture and bric-a-brac indicative of a sound and healthy æsthetic culture?" In this paper the lecturer deprecated generally the "art-furniture" idea, and said that to go into a cabinet-maker's shop and ask for art furniture was as unreasonable as to go into a boot-shop and ask for a pair of art boots. He deprecated also the long-limbed female figures of neo-Greek type, so lavishly used in decoration, with their placid vacuity of expression, and the mania for old china and Japanese bric-a-brac.

Another voluntary paper followed, and this time by a lady. The subject was that "Beauty is not incompatible with Labour." The fair lecturer was Miss Hill Burton, sister of the Scottish historian, and in one of her leading arguments she attributed the usual combinations of ugliness and labour to the fact that people are ashamed of labour. Miss Lydia Becker, of Manchester, took part in the discussion, and defended the love of dress in women as being an endeavour on their part to express that beauty which is the foundation of all art. She had heard of a French lady who had said that the sensation of being well dressed gave a feeling of inward tranquillity which religion was powerless to bestow. Mrs. Parker, of Dundee, referred to her experience of a visit to America, where she found that although the ladies had to get through a large amount of household work, they succeeded in dressing in a much more elegant manner than the ladies who attired themselves in morning wrappers at home and kept their visitors waiting often twenty minutes or half-an-hour before they could make themselves presentable.

The same evening, at half-past eight, Lord Ronald Gower delivered his address as President of the Art Department of the Social Science Association, to a very crowded and distinguished audience, in the Sheriff Court-room, County Buildings. This apartment is three or four times as large as any court-room in London. The subject of Lord Ronald's paper was, "The Rise and Progress of the Art of Portraiture in Scotland." The paper itself was full of eloquent and historic reference, but was somewhat marred by too hurried a reading. During the reign of James I. of England and VI. of Scotland a transformation came over the dwellings of the wealthier class throughout the land; "the grim castles became light and picturesque, and soon appeared north of the Tweed dwellings which could almost vie with the graceful châteaux on the banks of the Loire or the Seine. Then arose the towers of Hawthornden—doubly famous for the fairy-like beauty of its aspect and for having been the home of the poet Drummond—Pinkie House, the Castle of Glamis, crowded with picturesque turrets, the redecorated Palace of Scone, Fyvie Castle, Dainagowan, Castle Frazer, Craigievar, Seton House, and Falkland Palace; and even on the storm-beaten coast of distant Orkney habitations worthy of the name of palaces were built."

Lord Ronald then touched on and characterized several of the early cultivators of Art in Scotland. At length, he continued, Scotland produced an artist worthy of her name and fame; and on visiting Aberdeen for the first time he confessed to a feeling of some surprise and disappointment to find that no memorial commemorating the name of an artist of whom all Scotland should be proud, especially his own townsmen; for with George Jamesone commences the grand muster roll of Scottish artists. He was the precursor of such men as Ramsay and Raeburn, Wilkie and Allan, Watson Gordon, Duncan and Dyce, John Phillip, and of two living Scottish artists, Sir Daniel Macnee and one who was present that evening—George Reid—who, although young, had given already proofs of high talent in portraiture as well as in landscape painting.

His lordship then went rapidly, yet critically, over the leading Scottish painters, emphasizing with his approval such men as Raeburn, Dyce, and Phillip; touching also gracefully on the living sculptors, Sir John Steel and William Brodie, and winding up with the earnest hope that one of the effects of the Congress would be the formation of a gallery worthy the ancient fame of the city, where future generations of Aberdonians might be enabled to study the works of their former townsmen, collected and treasured in the city which they loved so well. They had seen such a building at Liverpool, the gift of a single individual; could not a town like Aberdeen do likewise? Was it too sanguine to imagine a stately building rising by the shores of the Dee, which shall contain Art treasures to prove that in a northern city, and under a sullen sky, artists of high merit have lived and worked—artists of whom Italy might have been proud, and to whom Scotland should be grateful?

The Earl of Aberdeen, President of the Association, in pro-

posing a hearty vote of thanks to Lord Ronald Gower for his address, said, among other things, that our pleasure and gratification in having him for President of the Art Department had been increased by having had the opportunity of listening to his able and interesting address.

On the day following the special question was, "How can Art be best introduced into the houses of persons of limited income?" Papers on the subject were read by Messrs. J. Forbes White and Mark H. Judge.

The main drift of the second paper—that read by Mr. Mark H. Judge—was, that Art is too costly to be "introduced into the houses of persons of limited income;" that museums were the only true means of propagating a knowledge and love of Art among the people, and that the best day for seeing such museums was Sunday.

Mr. E. M. Ward approved very much of Mr. White's paper, and was glad to think that public attention was now being turned to so important an article of household decoration as tapestry. He himself had been commissioned to design three or four pieces. Mr. Forbes-Robertson recommended the photographeur process for the permanent reproduction of works of Art, and warned the people of the North against purchasing engravings from worn-out plates, which were often hawked about the country by unscrupulous persons as fine impressions.

Afterwards Mr. J. J. Stevenson read a short paper on "The Architectural Treatment of Granite," in which he advocated bold and simple treatment, and pointed to the cathedral in Old Aberdeen as a successful example of the manner in which true artists used the material. Mr. Arthur Clyde, a young Aberdeen architect, after several comments from Mr. Collins and Mr. Statham, made some admirably appropriate remarks on the paper read, and showed that the ancient Egyptians did not hesitate, when they wished to give additional effect to their grand masses of light and shade, to lavish on portions of their buildings the highest polish and most delicate workmanship they were capable of executing.

The programme of the department having been exhausted, the Fine Art Section of the Social Science Congress rose at four o'clock on Monday, the 24th September, and the great hall of Marischal College echoed their voices no more. That the seed sown by the various speakers fell on good ground none can for a moment doubt. The city which produced George Jamesone, William Dyce, and John Phillip—not to mention its possession of a most promising living school headed by George Reid—cannot be stony ground in the æsthetic, however granitic it may be in the physical sense. Architecturally, Aberdeen, like other places, has its failures; but taking it all in all it is one of the handsomest cities in the three kingdoms.

The Art Section, moreover, as well as the Art-history of the city, as set forth by Lord Ronald Gower, showed that these northern men are perfectly alive to all the advantages of æsthetic culture, and there can be little doubt that whatever of worth dropped from the lips of their Southern visitors will grow in their heads and hearts and fructify in their hands.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM: ITS RECENT ACQUISITIONS.

THE continued and systematic increase of the National Collections of Industrial Art at South Kensington is a fact of much greater importance than, we fear, is taken into account by very many persons engaged in Art manufactures, to whom the lessons of the collections should be invaluable, if they would but make proper use of the facilities offered. From all we hear, French and German designers and manufacturers avail themselves much more largely than do our own countrymen of the now unsurpassed collection of objects of Industrial Art, primarily got together for the education of the latter.

We do not consider this fact creditable to the foresight of those more immediately concerned, and are sometimes inclined to

think, that if the South Kensington Museum were located at Paris or Brussels, or even at Berlin or Dresden, with equal facilities for studying the examples, more advantage would be taken of the opportunity afforded; although of late, if we are to be guided by recent annual reports to Parliament, a greater disposition than hitherto has manifested itself to make use of the collections, especially of textile fabrics, metal work, furniture, and the Japanese collection.

Be this as it may, it is quite clear that the authorities are perfectly alive to the importance of making the various divisions of the collection as complete as possible; and that, in directions in which a few years ago it was singularly weak, it is now very

strong. In short, the weak points have received special attention, and have been successfully strengthened as opportunity served.

The remarkable Persian collection, which some seven or eight years since, had practically no existence, received special attention in this Journal at the date of its opening in 1876. It has more recently been added to, by a gift from the Shah of Persia, consisting of carpets, shawls, table-covers, and embroideries, all most characteristic in design and especially suggestive in colour. The carpets are products of Feraghan, Kurdistan, Meshed, and Chain in Khorassan, and vary considerably in the details of the designs. The embroideries are Resht work, and the elaboration of the "chain stitch" is remarkable alike in application to form and combination of colour. The more miscellaneous fabrics are chiefly of Kashan and Silsilch work.

A very interesting letter from His Excellency Emin-ul-Mulk, to Major Murdock Smith, acting in Persia for the Museum, accompanied the present, and appeared in the newspapers on the arrival of the collection; in which it is stated that H.I.M. the Shah desired to present examples of Persian work to the Museum as a souvenir, and to show his appreciation of the manner in which works of Industrial Art from Persia had been received in England.

The connection between Persia and the East, especially with China, in the seventeenth century, led to the collection of large quantities of Chinese porcelain in the first-named country; and with the Persian objects the Museum has acquired a most interesting and valuable addition to the collection of Oriental porcelain.

Japan has had the most attention after Persia. A few years ago the Japanese objects, exhibited in connection with the Chinese were comparatively few; but during the past two years the Japanese collection has assumed an importance which fairly places it in front of the Chinese, and probably at the present time the Museum possesses a series of the most varied and interesting illustrations of Japanese Art to be found in Europe, though it is still comparatively poor in Japanese enamels.

The recent addition of a series of old *cloisonnés* on copper gilt, has enriched the Chinese section of enamels on metal in a very satisfactory manner. The objects are mostly very large, and were brought from the Summer Palace, Peking.

In Japanese Art the principal additions are bronzes and pottery, with some excellent examples of lacquer work. The bronzes are of a very varied and suggestive character, some of the finest being especially elegant, and the decorations admirably adapted to the forms. The skill manifested in the modelling and casting of some of these works is marvellous, and did space permit of full descriptive details, the knowledge as well as the science displayed in the workmanship would scarcely be believed without a minute inspection of the objects themselves. Notably we may quote a peacock, the mythical Ho Ho of Japan: it is a refined example of conventional treatment of bird-form, feathers, &c. The object is an incense-burner, and on the back of the bird (which is two feet five inches high, and two feet nine inches from the vertical line of the neck to the end of the tail) is a perforated lid with a hinge to secure it in its place. Another incense-burner is in the form of a goose—full life-size—the quaint action and expression of which are inimitable.

The most important example of Japanese or Chinese bronzes ever brought to Europe has now been acquired by the South Kensington Museum, after being exhibited in that institution for a period on loan. It is a colossal figure of a Bodhisatwa, a sacred being, destined to become a Buddha, and therefore frequently called Buddha. The figure is seated in Oriental fashion on a bronze pedestal, and is draped. It is ten feet in height without the pedestal, which raises it another two feet or more. The hands are placed in front, and the attitude and expression are those of contemplation. Although brought from a temple in Japan, it is not certain that it is Japanese work. An inscription on the base, incised in Japanese characters, leaves it doubtful whether it was made at Loyang in China or is a Japanese copy of a similar figure existing at that place. In the back is a hinged door, covering an orifice capable of admitting a small man to the inside. This may be a priestly contrivance for some

special purpose. These examples give a fair idea of the character of recent additions to the collection of bronzes. Many of the smaller specimens are equally fine from an Art point of view, and in many respects even more suggestive.

An opportunity appears to have presented itself in connection with the International Exhibition at Philadelphia, 1876, to obtain a systematic illustration of the ceramic wares of Japan, and the Japanese Government undertook to make such a collection for the South Kensington Museum; exhibiting the specimens thus got together, as part of the Japanese contribution to the American Centennial Exhibition.

This collection presents features and illustrates technical and artistic specialities in a manner hitherto unknown, and as a descriptive catalogue was prepared by a Japanese well acquainted with the subject, the information thus made available in relation to the varied products of pottery and porcelain in Japan will be of great value in the future. The collection consists of about two hundred and ten pieces, and embraces examples of the wares of most of the provinces of the Japanese Empire, and of various periods in the development of the technical skill in which that country has become so famous.

The list of the different kinds of wares is too long for insertion here, but the student of Ceramic Art will find a wide field of investigation opened by this collection, alike as regards fabric, glaze, design, marks, and enamel colour. The origin of the potter's art in Japan is attributed to a period antecedent to the Christian era, and the actual records take the manufacture back to an early date. Some of the specimens in this collection are of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

Being of kindred character to the Persian pottery, the Damascus ware of the Museum has received from time to time during the formation of the Persian collection some interesting additions, chiefly in tiles. The most important pieces are two bowls on low feet: one is decorated with a series of spiral foliated scrolls, very suggestive of Venetian design, in citron, with rosettes and lines in blue. The effect is very elegant and illustrative of pure surface decoration as applied to ceramics. The other is more distinctly Oriental in the character of the decoration, which consists of painted vases, flowers, and cypress-trees, in dull red, green, and blue, with an outline of black similar to the details of some of the Persian examples. A Rhodian ware bottle, of not very dissimilar treatment as regards decoration, is also noteworthy from the brilliancy of the enamel colours—red, green, and blue.

In enamel work on metal two Russian specimens of a somewhat rude character as regards Art, but highly interesting in a technical and historical sense, are important additions to this class of objects. One is a chandelier of copper, the body being of a vase form with sockets for candles; this constitutes the upper portion. The lower part is pear-shaped with an oviform pendant. The whole is suspended by three double chains, formed of oval links enamelled and meeting in a corona. The surface of the body, &c., is covered with floral ornaments of a conventional character, with diaper details in *cloisonné* enamel of yellow, and two shades of blue on a white ground. The other object is a book cover containing a copy of the Gospels; it has sides of wood covered with copper plates, enamelled in *cloisonné*, with two enamelled clasps. The decorations consist of conventional flowers and diaper, a scale pattern and a central cross, all very characteristic of the influence of the Greek Church on the arts of design in Russia during the seventeenth century.

But the most remarkable examples of the highest form of Art by the enamel process are what we may really consider as the most important acquisitions of this year. These consist of a Triptych and a Medallion. Both were much coveted by the administrators of the Louvre, where the pendant to the medallion is deposited, but the proprietor, the late Mr. Henry Danby Seymour, preferred disposing of it to the authorities of the South Kensington Museum, together with the triptych; so that they might remain in England. Both are well-known historical pieces, and therefore are appropriately placed with other historical enamels in the Prince Consort's Gallery.

The triptych is by Nardon Penicaud, of the best period of the Limoges enamel (1499 to 1513). It is a combination of nine

plaques. In the centre is the Annunciation, and above and below are rows of angels. The left *violet* contains representations of Louis XII. and St. Louis, the arms of France being above and below. In the right *violet* are Anne of Bretagne and St. Anne, with the arms of France and Brittany above and below. Nothing can exceed the perfection of this work as regards harmony of colour and beauty of enamel, alike opaque and translucent. The medallion is of unusual size, the design being inserted in a frame of wood, two feet five inches high by twenty-two inches wide. In the centre is an oval portrait, in Limoges enamel on copper, of Charles de Guise, Cardinal de Lorraine (1524 to 1574). This is treated in a broad and effective but perfectly finished style, and is surrounded by eight plaques enamelled in colours, or in grisaille, either flat or in bosses. It is the work of Leonard Limosin, and belongs to the second half of the sixteenth century, possibly 1560 to 1580. £2,000 each was paid for these remarkable works, and certainly the nation is to be congratulated in securing them at such a price.

The Art section devoted to the industry of France has received very few additions of late years; however, a vase of Angoulême porcelain recently acquired is remarkable, and deserves notice for the artistic excellence of the painting in grisaille. The vase is of elegant form and proportions, and the central part is decorated with an elaborate composition of 'The Rape of the Sabines,' the lower portion having caryatid figures, trophies, and foliage in grisaille on a burnished gold ground. It is of the

date of the latter part of the last century, and the painting is executed with great skill and delicacy of effect.

An interesting collection of thirty-seven pieces of white Sèvres porcelain has been presented by the French Minister of Public Instruction. These are very elegant and suggestive in form, as well as of great technical excellence in manufacture.

Italian Art is further illustrated by the addition of a sixteenth century model, in terra cotta, of a river-god of the school of Michael Angelo. It is a very clever sketch in clay, but we doubt the value of such an example to students. Such specimens represent the culmination of power in a great artist, but are dangerous examples to emulate, without some approach to the same power, as the result of long practical experience. Another Italian work, presented by Mrs. McGarel, is a remarkable group of Cape-di-Monte porcelain. It represents the genius of an Italian city; Fame is in attendance, and they reject the supplication of a kneeling female on behalf of a prostrate man and little boy. A river god reclines at the feet of the genius. This group is on a platform supported by four figures representing the figures by Pietro Tacca on the Mola at Leghorn. The base is a framework decorated with military trophies and resting on eight Nereids as feet.

There are other important acquisitions in the sections of textile fabrics, architectural decorations, metal work, and a remarkable reproduction of the Tabernacle of Léau, Belgium, to which we may refer hereafter.

J. K. W.

THE RUBENS TERCENTENARY AT ANTWERP.

THIRTEEN hundred works, assumed to be in great part the labour of his own right hand, has Rubens bequeathed to posterity as the evidence of his stupendous labours and his vehement and abundant fancy. Among these multifarious creations, embracing almost every aspect of life and nature, there is, in our National Gallery, a picture of a *fête flamande*, in which, with matchless skill of drawing, grouping, and colour, the great master has portrayed the junketing and merrymaking of a Flemish *kermesse* in the early part of the seventeenth century. Curiously interesting at any moment is this painting, with its groups of capering peasants wheeling round in the dance, and its crowds of elated boors overflowing with a restless revelry and joyousness, which seem in actual motion on the canvas. But of double attraction is the study of this work at the present moment, from the contrast it affords between the homely Flemish festivities of Rubens' time and the gorgeous galas which the citizens of Antwerp have recently given in honour of the painter of this humble 'Fête Flamande.'

On Saturday, August the 18th, the picturesque old town of Antwerp was *en grande tenue*. Triumphant arches and trophies had risen, as if by magic, in the public squares; a forest of fir-trees, Venetian masts, and gilded standards, had sprung up in the streets; festoons of flags, and garlands of flowers ornamented the façades of every building; clouds of bunting fluttered from the quaintly-gabled house-tops, while bells pealed, carillon chimed, and guns thundered out the official inauguration of the Rubens Tercentenary. The Burgomaster, the Town Council, and the Committee of Organization had held their final meeting, and by the walls of the Hôtel de Ville was to be read the result of their labours on two gigantic illustrated programmes twenty feet high. A glance at the almost endless items contained in those Brobdingnagian bills of fare will be sufficient to show what a surfeit of sight-seeing had been provided for the delectation of the thousands who had crowded into the hospitable town. There were horse fairs, cattle shows, and exhibitions of agricultural implements opened on the Place de la Commune—for the special behoof of the blue-bloused peasants, as well as their wives and daughters brave in mob-caps with lace flaps hanging down on their shoulders as large as elephants' ears. The historical

cortège, too, headed by the colossal wooden giant and giantess "*de eerste bewooners van Antwerpen*," was appointed to perambulate the town, followed by the ancient City Guilds of crossbowmen and drapers, joiners, coopers, boatmen, and masons, dressed in the picturesque costumes of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and enveloped in the customary blaze of torchlight and odour of pitch. Then a "*Cantate Flamande*," composed expressly for the fêtes by M. P. Benoit, was to be sung by one thousand voices at the foot of the Rubens statue on the Place Verte. Next there followed an almost interminable list of the meetings of the forty-one French, German, and Dutch choral societies assembled in the town; while there were an equally formidable number of regattas on the Scheldt to be attended and pigeon matches and horse races to be witnessed. So that what with banquets at the Bourse, Te Deums at the Cathedral, assaults-of-arms at the theatre, concerts in the park and Zoological Gardens, balloon ascents, the opening of the Plantin Museum, the unveiling of M. Jules Pecher's bust of Rubens in the hall of the Museum of Paintings, and a hundred and one other inaugural ceremonies, scarce an interval of an hour's rest was permitted between the customary *salves d'artillerie*, *carillons*, and *sonnerie des cloches* which aroused one at half-past six in the morning, and the brilliant *fêtes de nuit* which, towards midnight, lighted us to our well-earned repose.*

It must not be imagined, however, that the Rubens Tercentenary was organized merely as a vehicle for pageantry and processions. Weightier matters were under consideration during the ten days' duration of the fêtes than the mere successful organization of *cortèges* and shows. For while the more frivolous minded visitors to the city were enjoying a round of carnival, the studiously disposed followers of Art were meeting from day to day in the Rue d'Arenberg to discuss the several important questions which the Art and Literary Congresses, conducted under the auspices of the "*Cercle Artistique, Littéraire, et Scientifique d'Anvers*," had to lay before them. Thus the Literary

* It may be remarked that Messrs. Defries and Son, of London, successfully contributed a large portion of the decorations and illuminations for the fêtes; conspicuous among which were those on the Place Verte, the Statue of Rubens, the Hôtel de Ville, the Théâtre des Variétés, &c.

Congress had for the principal subject of debate the vexed questions relating to the reform of the laws of international copyright in works of Art, whilst the Art Congress, under the presidency of M. E. Pecher, and divided into its several legislative, æsthetic, artistic, architectural and historical sections, had for discussion, among other matters, "The influence of democracy on Art," "How to encourage monumental painting to the best advantage," and "Ought the governing body to interfere in encouraging the Fine Arts?"

Nor were the several loan collections of works of Art, exhibited gratuitously during the period of the Tercentenary, a whit less interesting than the æsthetic conferences in the Rue d'Arenberg. The most remarkable of these, however, was unquestionably the collection of engravings, etchings, photographs, designs and documents illustrating the works of Rubens, and brought together under the auspices of the Communal Administration by the Archæological Academy of Belgium. Fuseli is said to have observed, whilst addressing the students of the Royal Academy on the subject of the great painter of Antwerp, "that it would be easier to say nothing at all of Rubens than to say only a little," and the truth of the remark is confirmed by a sight of this most marvellous "black and white" exhibition.

Most Art students are aware that Rubens ranks as one of the most prolific of painters, and that his unbounded fertility of invention and swift dexterity of hand enabled him to send forth from his rotunda-shaped studio in the Place de Meir a succession of creations which, for pomp and potency of colour, stand unparalleled in the achievements of Art. But it required a visit to the gallery in the Rue Aveugles, and a close inspection of the nine hundred and thirty-seven reproductions from the authentic works of Rubens, enumerated in the catalogue, before the mind could fully comprehend the almost superhuman industry and diversity of the man who could paint history, allegory, animals, landscapes, and fruit and flowers in such endless profusion, and yet with such ever-changing variety of treatment that there was scarcely a single instance of a repetition in composition in the entire exhibited works.

A most remarkable proof of the ease with which Rubens could treat the same subject over and over again with ever-varying novelty of arrangement, was evidenced by a glance at the nineteen engravings, from as many different paintings, of the 'Crucifixion,' arranged side by side on the walls of the gallery. Regarded from this point the collection was one of wondrous interest and instruction; and it was with this object of illustrating the giant labours of the great master that the collection was formed from the museums, galleries, and academies of Brussels, Antwerp, Haarlem, Leyden, The Hague, Brunswick, Oldenburg, Christiania, Copenhagen, Vienna, Dresden, Madrid,

Rouen, Stockholm, Munich, Lyons, Rotterdam, Louvain, Malines, and Cologne. It is, however, matter for surprise and regret that England did not contribute a single engraving, etching, or photograph from the many splendid examples of the great Fleming's Art which we possess in our public and private galleries.

No painter's works have been more highly praised or more severely condemned than those of Rubens. Mr. Ruskin says he is only to be seen in the 'Battle of the Amazons,' and briefly dismisses his claim to any high Art rank as "a healthy, worthy, kind-hearted, courtly-phrased animal, without any clearly perceptible traces of soul except when he paints children." By some his works are held to be deficient in religious feeling. Thackeray, in one of his "Roundabout Papers," exclaims, "Better see Rubens anywhere than in a church. At the Academy, for example, where you may study him at your leisure. But at church? I would as soon ask Alexandre Dumas for a sermon." Others again quarrel with him because he was a learned classical scholar, yet committed the wildest anachronisms in manners and costume. And yet a third batch of critics denounce him because he was familiar with the grace and grandeur of the antique, and could feel and understand both, yet was sometimes guilty of the strangest solecisms in character and form.

But in the face of all this adverse criticism, despite his anachronisms and his want of refinement, Rubens' claim to be admitted into the foremost rank of artists will always assert itself. In expressing the tumult and energy of human action in full power and motion Rubens excelled, and this is surely no mean excellence, whilst as a colourist he is entitled to be placed side by side with Titian.

It is out of respect for the genius of their greatest Flemish artist, then, that the good citizens of Antwerp become conspicuous as one of the first communities to pay public tribute to the memory of Art. For it is curious that while most countries have duly recognised their greatest exponents of poetry, literature, and music, the renowned masters of painting should—at least as far as centennial ceremonies are concerned—have remained almost entirely neglected. The Michel Angelo Fête at Florence and the Rubens Fête at Antwerp are the solitary exceptions to this rule. But although the claims to national recognition of such Art pioneers as Cimabue and Van Eyck, Raffaele and Albert Dürer, have as yet been overlooked by their countrymen, still, if we may judge from the thousands of Flemings and foreigners who flocked to the Rubens Tercentenary, the worshippers at the shrines of Art are as numerous and as enthusiastic in their reverential regard for posthumous greatness as the idolaters of music and literature themselves.

ATHOL MAYHEW.

(To be continued.)

JOHN HENRY FOLEY, R.A.

Engraved by G. STODART, from the Bust by THOMAS BROCK.

THIS bust may be accepted as a tribute of the respect and esteem a pupil entertained for his master, Mr. Brock having been many years in the studio of Foley, the greater part of whose unfinished commissioned works it devolved upon him to complete; and we believe that in every instance this has been done—at least hitherto, for there are still one or two statues remaining to be finished—to the entire satisfaction of every one concerned in the works.

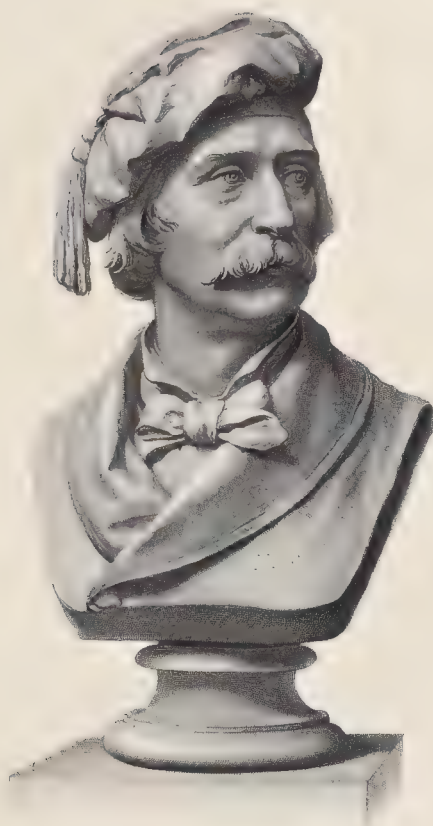
Mr. Brock modelled this bust solely for the pleasure of doing it, Foley giving him several sittings for it a few months prior to his lamented death; and it was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1873. Mr. Brock still retains the model in his possession, but has never reproduced it in marble, or had casts taken.

We have had many opportunities of recording our opinions of the genius of Foley, when commenting upon the various works

by him we have engraved during the last quarter of a century; while on the occasion of his decease, in 1874, our pages contained a long biographical sketch of him and his career: it is, therefore, unnecessary for us to touch upon the subject again, further than to say that his name must always stand among the greatest of British sculptors. It may, in fact, be questioned whether any sculptor of modern times, whatever his nationality, has produced finer and grander equestrian statues than did John Henry Foley. As much too may be said of some, at least, of his portrait statues—the John Hampden, for example.

Mr. Brock has produced a striking and life-like bust of his deceased friend and preceptor. We should have preferred it, however, without the cap he wore in the studio, which certainly detracts from the dignity and expressiveness of the face.





W. H. R.

THE WALKER ART GALLERY, LIVERPOOL.

LIVERPOOL was *en fête* on Thursday, September 6, on the occasion of the opening of the Walker Art Gallery. The proceedings of the day comprised a procession of the trade societies and official authorities, the opening ceremony, a presentation of a testimonial to the donor of the gallery, and a grand banquet in St. George's Hall.

The aspect of the town during the procession was one to be remembered in connection with Art. The whole place was in holiday trim, and the streets were crowded with people. Close to the Walker Art Gallery, in the grand square, there were massed at least sixty thousand people, arrangements having been made for the opening ceremony to take place on a raised platform on the right of this vast multitude. The procession, which marched through the principal streets of the town, consisted of nine thousand artisans, carrying trade banners and emblems. This procession passed the Town Hall *en route*, and was followed there by the town councillors, public officials, representatives of the various local public bodies, the foreign consuls, magistrates, the mayors of the neighbouring towns, and the invited guests.

On reaching the platform in front of the Art Gallery, the mayor (Mr. Alderman A. B. Walker) said that a public building for Liverpool, suitable for Art culture, had long been an acknowledged want, and his object had been to satisfy it. He trusted that the establishment of a permanent gallery would enable the town to secure a large number of valuable works and collections that otherwise would find a home elsewhere. His worship concluded by delivering over the building to Alderman Weightman, as chairman of the Finance Committee, for the benefit of the town. Alderman Weightman, in acknowledging the gift, said that, as his worship had provided the temple, he trusted that ere long they would see its walls covered, and its halls crowded, with the Art contributions of those who, possessing the means, possessed also the disposition to emulate, in greater or less degree, the mayor's generous example. Mr. Rayner, the town-clerk, then read the address of the corporation thanking the mayor for his munificent gift.

The banquet in the evening in St. George's Hall was a bril-

liant gathering, at which due honour was given to the donor of the gallery. Lord Derby proposed the toast of the evening, and warmly eulogized the munificent gift that the mayor had made to the town. Among the toasts was that of the Royal Academy, to which Mr. E. M. Ward, R.A., responded.

The Art Gallery contains six rooms on the ground floor, and six on the first floor. The lower rooms are intended for statuary, porcelain, bronzes, and similar works of Art: at the opening it contained a very choice collection of Japanese porcelain, lent by Major Walters, some fine pieces of sculpture, and a selection of the pictures now belonging to the corporation. In the upper saloons the autumn exhibition pictures are hung, the private view of which took place on the 7th of September. The exhibition this season is good, particularly so in oil pictures. There are upwards of 1,300 examples, comprising oil pictures, water-colour drawings, drawings in black-and-white, sculpture, and miniatures.

The splendid silver-gilt casket which forms the public testimonial to the mayor bears on its top a splendid model of the Art Gallery, to be repeated in oxydized silver. Around the casket are bas-reliefs of 'The Triumph of Love.' The arms of Liverpool, in enamel on gold, are in the centre panel of the front of the casket, upheld by two silver figures representing Sculpture and Painting. At each corner of the casket are four exquisitely-carved ivory figures on silver pedestals, representing the four quarters of the globe. At the sides are the monograms of the mayor and the mayoress, in enamel on gold. Accompanying the casket is a splendidly-bound album in crimson and gold, with a silver plaque, in the centre of the cover, of 'Neptune being drawn by Sea Horses,' and medallions typical of wind and water. In this album is contained the address of the subscribers—upwards of 5,000 in number, of whom 4,000 belong to what is conventionally called the "working classes"—splendidly illuminated by Mr. I. O. Marples, who also designed the casket and was the originator of the memorial; the scheme was taken up most readily by all, and most ably managed by Mr. J. B. Cooper, who has acted as honorary secretary to the testimonial committee.

ART-NOTES FROM THE PROVINCES.

LIVERPOOL.—The autumn exhibition of modern pictures was opened, as stated above, in the Walker Art Gallery. As we always expect to see in these provincial pictorial galleries, there are here many works not entirely new to us, as A. B. Donaldson's 'Edric the Fisherman'; 'Prayer,' and 'The Sanctuary,' by E. Crowe, A.R.A.; 'William III. at Windsor,' by E. M. Ward, R.A.; 'Barf, and Lord's Seat,' by the late J. S. Raven; Sir J. Gilbert's 'Wolsey at Leicester Abbey,' 'Serf Emancipation,' by E. Armitage, R.A. (this picture, the price of which is marked in the catalogue at 1,500 guineas, has been purchased, we understand, by Mr. Alderman Bennett, for presentation to the Walker Art Gallery); 'Sacrifice,' by Marcus Stone, A.R.A. Among other well-known artists who contribute are G. Watts, R.A., W. P. Frith, R.A., R. Ansdell, R.A., L. Alma-Tadema, A.R.A., J. A. Houston, R.S.A., P. R. Morris, A.R.A., E. Hayes, R.H.A., R. Gavin, A.R.S.A., W. Gale, W. Helmsley, Mrs. E. M. Ward, S. R. Percy, J. G. Naish, A. Perigal, R.S.A., E. A. Goodall, G. F. Tenniswood; and of local artists are works by W. G. Herdman, W. J. Bishop, President of the Liverpool Academy, J. Pinnie, W. L. Kerry, C. Aubrey, W. Collingwood, W. Eden, J. S. Morland, R. T. Minshull, &c.

1877.

WARRINGTON.—An Art gallery having been erected by the Corporation of Warrington, as an addition to the public Museum of the town, it was inaugurated with a loan exhibition on October 4. Mr. J. Warrington Wood's group of 'Michael overcoming Satan,' exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1875, was a commission for this gallery. Besides works by Mr. Wood and some other notable artists who are connected by birth or education with the town, the exhibition contained several well-known pictures by old and modern masters: the collection, both in painting and sculpture, was commendable. To represent other branches of Art there were illuminated manuscripts; a large collection of book covers in silver enamel, &c., lent by Mr. William Bragge, F.S.A.; embroidery, bronzes, *repoussé* work, enamels, and loans from South Kensington and the India Museum. The committee worked under difficulties by reason of the proximity, both in time and space, of the autumn exhibitions at Manchester and Liverpool.

PENZANCE.—An exhibition of paintings and sculptures, with the addition of "loans" from the South Kensington Museum, was opened in September last in St. John's Hall, in this town by the mayor and corporation, who attended in state.

THE WORKS OF CHARLES HENRY MILLER.



THE subject of this sketch, Charles H. Miller, is one of the younger members of the American school of landscape painters. He was born in New York in 1842, and received his academic education in the Mount Washington Collegiate Institute. His attention was early directed to Art pursuits, and while at school he devoted much of his leisure time to drawing and painting. His father, however, the late Jacob Miller—descended from a well-to-do Dutch family, the progenitors of which settled at Claverack, on the Hudson—desired to have Charles adopt either the law or medicine as a profession. He chose the latter, and after the usual course of study received the degree of Doctor of Medicine in 1863.

During the years of his professional study, young Miller did not entirely desert his easel, but painted an occasional picture.

His first painting appeared in a New York exhibition in 1860. It was a study from Nature, entitled 'The Challenge Accepted,' and represented the interior of a farm barn with two young game cocks preparing to fight. In 1864 young Miller made a professional voyage to Europe as surgeon of the ship *Harvest Queen*, a "Black Ball" packet, and on his arrival visited London, Paris, Dundee, and other places, where he passed most of his time in studying the picture galleries. On his return from this voyage he made up his mind that the practice of medicine was not congenial to his taste, and in consequence he gave most of his time to the study of landscape art from nature.

In 1867 he made another voyage to Europe, and visited London, the great International Exhibition in Paris, and other Art centres, and finally settled in Munich, where he remained nearly three years. On his arrival in Munich he entered the studio of Professor Lier, the landscape painter, as a pupil, and also



Return to the Fold.

studied in the Bavarian Royal Academy, where he enjoyed the friendship of Carl Piloty, the great colourist, and the renowned Wilhelm von Kaulbach.

It was his ambition to become a great artist, but not the abject follower of a school, and in consequence of this resolution he made frequent visits to Vienna, Leipsic, Berlin, Dresden, and Paris, where he studied the work of the different masters with great earnestness. Mr. Miller's first pictures painted in Europe were exhibited at the National Academy in 1870. They were entitled 'An Old Mill near Munich,' and 'Roadside near Munich,' and were received with marked favour. Their method of treatment was bold, and the quiet and refinement of sentiment with which they were invested indicated a high order of genius in the painter.

Of Mr. Miller's early works his 'Twilight at Dachau, near Munich,' exhibited in 1871, is one of the most charming. It fairly sparkles with reflected light, and yet every material object in the perspective is in effect shrouded in mystery, and the impression left upon the mind when studying the picture is that the light is fading out as in Nature, so subtle is its treatment. In the following year he exhibited two pictures, one of which, 'A Long Island Mill-pond,' was noticeable for the exquisite poetry of its colouring. It was greatly admired by artists for its originality, and it also directed attention to the neglected scenery of Long Island as offering subjects for pictures. In 1874 he sent to the exhibition of the National Academy 'A Long Island Homestead—Study from Nature,' and fairly startled the critics by the boldness, or, as we might say, audacity of his work.

It was simply a study of a great and cold white farmhouse standing in a flat landscape, with one or two formal trees beside it. Notwithstanding the poverty of the subject, Mr. Miller, by the temperance of his treatment, in the judicious massing of the varying effect of light and shade which plays over a summer landscape, and the delightful harmony of his colouring, succeeded in making one of the most attractive pictures in the exhibition; and in recognition of the genius shown in the work he was elected an Associate of the National Academy.

In 1874 he sent to the Academy a study of 'Old Oaks at Creedmoor,' and 'The Road to the Mill,' both of which showed the same unconventional style of treatment which had already brought his name so prominently before the public. The study of the 'Old Oaks' is particularly clever. The foliage is crisply drawn, and its colouring very truthful. The subtlety of Mr. Miller's treatment is well displayed in this work in the greens, under the ever-varying effect of light and shade. There are all shades and tones in the picture, and not the least expressive are the greys. The 'Road to the Mill' is a sparkling work, but

lacks the quiet sentiment of the 'Old Oaks.' His most important picture painted in New York was in the Academy exhibition last spring, where it was awarded a position of honour. It is a view of 'High Bridge from Harlem Lane, 1873.' The style of treatment is broad, but no matter of detail has been sacrificed for effect; every object is given as it appears in nature. As a companion-picture, Mr. Miller sent a millpond scene, entitled 'Sheep Washing,' which was also noticeably successful. The exhibition of these pictures secured his election as an Academician of the National Academy.

We engrave two characteristic works from Mr. Miller's easel, of which the second, 'The Return to the Fold,' is one of his earlier pictures, and was painted during his residence in Munich. Although representing a German landscape, it is suggestive of American life, and quite as charming in its way. It is a twilight scene, and the flock appears passing down the farm-lane under the eye of the watchful shepherd, who stands on the brow of the hill. The background is glowing with light, and this effulgence is repeated in the delicately clouded sky and shim-



Old Mill at Springfield.

mers in the distant tree-foliage with magical effect. In the foreground the shadows are massed on the right, but here too there is an indication of the general glow, the reflection of which strikes the still water of the duck-pond, and brings its sedgy banks into strong relief. There is a fine display of drawing in the foreground objects, as well as in the trees and their broad-

spreading branches in the perspective. The sentiment of the work is exquisite. The pendant represents an 'Old Mill at Springfield, Long Island, at mid-day in summer. The water glistens in the sunlight and the clouds which hang over the horizon line have a silver lining, in harmony with the repose and poetical sentiment of the scene.

ART SALES OF THE SEASON.*

A NUMBER of pictures belonging to the late Mr. Robert Vernon which did not come into the possession of the nation with the noble collection he gave to the country, numerous portraits and several other works, both by old and modern artists, were sold by Messrs. Christie & Co. on the 21st of April; they included a portrait of 'Lord Grandison,' in crimson dress and

scarf, whole length, Van Dyck, 100 gs.; 'The Marquis Spinola,' in armour, Rubens, 100 gs.; 'Sir Kenelm Digby,' in armour Van Dyck, 95 gs.; 'Dudley, Earl of Leicester,' Zuccheri, 190 gs.; 'Count Sully,' Van Dyck, 137 gs.; 'Sea Piece,' with men-of-war and boats, W. Van de Velde, 155 gs.; 'Interior,' with a lady opening a window near a table covered with a carpet, on which are a ewer and dish, G. Metz, 385 gs.; 'A Fête Champêtre,' Watteau, 100 gs.; 'Waterfowl and other

* Concluded from page 344.



THE ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM

THE ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM. THE DONKEY. THE PALM BRANCHES. THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN. THE CRY OF THE PRIESTS. THE CRY OF THE PEOPLE.

THE ART OF DRESSING AND OF BEING DRESSED.*

By PERCY FITZGERALD, M.A., F.S.A.

FLOUNCES, BOWS, AND ORNAMENTS.



HERE is a curious likeness between the abuses of decoration in female attire and the accepted fictions of architecture and furniture. In the case of the two latter it has become the practice to imitate, by way of ornament, the appearance of the various constructed portions.

Thus knobs and rosettes, which were originally merely the extremities of pieces of wood jointed together, are often glued on for effect, though the jointing has nothing to do with them; so with the scrollwork on large gilt looking-glasses. These were originally simply the carvings of the various portions of the frame. But it was found that a carved frame was a much more costly and troublesome affair than a frame *with carvings*; so it has become the fashion to fix on with needles and nails a number of those unmeaning curves and shells. The dress-makers have not been behindhand with their flounces and furbelows. A fashionable lady of means would wear several skirts over each other, one a little shorter than the other; hence the original idea of flounces, which are the edges of the longer skirt projecting under those of the shorter one. The result was a richness as well as a contrast, for as there was "no deception," the number of these skirts showed that the dress was handsome and had cost much, to say nothing of the effect from what might be called the "layers" of material. But now entered into competition those meaner minds who wished to produce the same effect at a cheap cost; and hence it was thought that by sewing on strips of material equal in width to the margin of each skirt, an equally good result would be produced. But it was forgotten to take account of another element, viz., the effect of a number of skirts; whereas here is now contrived a single skirt, overburdened with a number of rims sticking out at various angles, presenting an extraordinary mechanical arrangement. Thus are our fair ones "hooped round" as a cooper would hoop his casks. It is when we think of the true principle of a dress laid down as above, a drapery flowing down from the shoulders to the ground and confined at the waist, that we see how incongruous and unmeaning are these rings which cut the lower part of the figure, as it were, into slices, and diminish the height. Very different and artistic are the flowing natural lines into which the drapery falls, and which drop parallel to the direction of the figure. This mode of decoration, too, is quite opposed to the treatment of objects of corresponding shape. A bell, for instance, or some object that is bell-shaped, has its ornamentation on the upper portion, as being the most substantial, and is less adorned at the edges, where it grows thinner.

On the other hand, one might favour the sort of heavy flounce, or frilling, that sets off the lower edge of the "costume" skirt now in favour, and without infringing on the principles now laid down. For as this skirt is made with the rational aim of covering the lower limbs, and not of covering a metal cage which it is the function of the limbs to carry about, the border gives the idea of supplying strength to the edges, by the motion of the feet this loose material undergoing a good deal of wear and tear, "flappings," &c., besides being touched by the heel and instep. Here also is conveyed the philosophy of the "border" to a handkerchief or a shawl, and which people, no doubt, accept merely as a suitable ornament, without reflecting that the edge of a material requires strengthening, as being liable to rough contacts.

This system of decorations that have no purpose is carried out all over the female dress, with the result of suggesting poverty,

instead of richness of detail. All these bows, furbelows, and trimmings, were originally the finish of some function of the dress, and thus represented to others details seen or unseen. The ornament, and the details that belonged to it, supplied a certain elaboration. Thus a row of bows down the chest was originally the termination of strings which tied the dress on. But now rows of buttons are sown on, though they button nothing; braid is fixed on here, there, and everywhere, though its real function is to strengthen weak places. The difference between the false and the simulated richness can be best shown by the instance of the cuff. The legitimate cuff is the extremity of the sleeve turned over, so that the sleeve can be shortened or lengthened at will, and it was kept in its place by being buttoned. There was thus a double thickness of material. Now the outline of the cuff is simulated by braid and button that have nothing to fasten. The deception is only revealed by there being no double thickness of the material; but poverty is conveyed instead of richness from there being what Johnson might have called "the elaboration of pretence," without anything to support. So we see the outline of a skirt, or "basque," marked out by two lines of frilling, starting from the waist, stretching round towards the back. Instead of the richness produced by one skirt over the other, there is actually an air of "skimpiness" and saving produced, as the frilling becomes an excrescence without function or meaning, and the material to which it is attached is doubly burdened, having its own legitimate frilling to support besides this "counterfeit presentment" of a skirt.

It would be an interesting inquiry to trace the hidden meaning of this craze for ornaments that have no purpose. Why, it might be asked, not have bows that are real strings tied in bows?—real cuffs?—buttons that button? No imitation or simulation in dress gives the effect of the original. The contrivances for securing the dress—hooks and eyes, buttons, catches, and pins—are all in the nature of makeshifts, and from their very precariousness seem to protest in a practical way against their being used in such a fashion. The mechanical principle of a button and buttonhole is utterly false, and would not be tolerated in any other department, for the leverage is all working against a fulcrum formed of thread, which must give way. There is something so mean and mechanical in a row of hooks and eyes that care is always taken to hide them jealously from view, besides being comparatively inefficient, as occasional burstings and explosions testify. Pins are equally feeble. What, then, it will be said, do these objections point to, since no substitute is offered? To this: that there is something wrong in the system of dress which requires such aids; and that a dress, independent of such contrivances, would be not only more practical but far more artistic. This may cause a smile, but it must be recollected that within living memory artistic dress was almost independent of such aids; and if such mechanical leverage must be called in it should be on a principle independent of all risk of tear and breakage. If it be asked, Where is this principle or means to be found? we have only to point to the old shawl pin, which holds "like a rock," and yet cannot injure the fabric, or to the old buckle for the belt (now-a-days we have seen belts *pinned* on), and which was a handsome looking object.

Every one will have noticed the peculiar effect of a frill round the neck, imparting a sort of graceful, "cozy" air, that is eminently attractive. It has become almost identified with our pleasing and interesting Princess, whose grace it specially sets off, as indeed it sets off nearly every one who adopts it. Its advantages are founded on pure aesthetic and rational grounds. According to the inexorable rule of the dressmaker, which insists on the dress being in departments, as body, skirt, &c., the

* Continued from page 327.

former is terminated at the neck in a sort of ring, the line being at right angles with the line of the neck, and, as it were, a species of decollation, thus, besides giving an air of shortness, forming an artificial division. Naturally there is, and should be, no such division, the unbroken lines of the neck flowing on from the shoulders and chest. The secret of the charm of the frill is, that it follows this line, the "pipes" being in a line with that of the neck; and if it be open in front it lends still further the notion of grace and sinuous length.

Again, a starched linen collar, besides bisecting the neck, has something harsh in it, which habit perhaps prevents us noticing. It is a circular white ring or bar between the face and the material of the dress. The theory of the collar is, of course, that it is the termination of a linen under-garment, turned over on the neck, so as to avoid being a mere edge. To be really graceful, it should be broad and fall in folds, as we see in the Vandyke or Venetian pictures. The folds supply bends and shadows, and where the material is very fine the dark material below is seen through, as may be noted in portraits of the Dutch burgo-masters. Hence the fine warm tones of the flesh are properly contrasted. But now see to what mechanical arrangements we have come. The collar is detached, and secured on by a system of buttons; as from its small size it would soon become a mere rag or string, it is starched into a metallic-like smoothness, which prevents its falling into folds. There is no doubt that this is fatal to the effect of many a complexion, as well as to the tones of the neck, which are robbed of all mellowness and brilliancy from contrast. Many an average face would have at least the charm of softness, and would certainly lose a tendency to "platter" shape, by being carried on, as it were, into the neck, now enclosed by this starch fence, sadly to its prejudice. I would reform the prim and trim collar which neat-minded and neat-handed ladies affect, and have the neck open in front, as we see in the portrait-photographs of Lady Dudley. This is, of course, only the principle. It is for those of the guild to carry it out, subject to conditions of convenience, and what is in each case more becoming.

THE MAN'S DRESS.

It is conceded that gentlemen's dress has no claim to merit of any kind. The frock-coat, the "dress," or evening-coat, the trousers, the waistcoat, all are unmeaning and savage. These garments, in cut or size, have no reference to warmth or beauty, or indeed to any known object. How difficult, for instance, it would be to describe a frock-coat, or explain the purpose for which it has been made to assume its peculiar shape! It is virtually an oblong bit of cloth hung by the two arm-holes. The excessive meagreness and "skimpiness" of the skirt is made even more remarkable by the thinness of the material. When buttoned close to the figure, it becomes, if well cut according to the tailor's view, a sort of oblong tube or stove-pipe. In fact, *the tube* is the note of the Victorian era in men's dress, as the same idea is carried out in the hat, trousers, and sleeves. As already hinted, the principle of the gown is the principle that should govern the construction of a man's coat. But let us advance step by step.

As fine cloth is the material, any arrangement that displays it in flat surfaces and not in folds is a wrong one. As a man requires the use of his arms more than a woman does, his sleeves are made so as not to interfere with the freest movement, and they should be narrow at the wrist; but there is nothing to prevent a free use of the material, in the shape of folds, in the upper part. But, in truth, the model coat was that in use in the days of *The School for Scandal*, when there was a handsome amount of material used, when the waist was shown and duly marked, the coat being cut in, then spreading out and starting from the hips, down in the full fold as of a skirt. In the present "frock," perhaps the most absurd portion is the unmeaning collar, continued into the lapelle in front. In these old coats the collar was not "buckramed" as it is now, and as indeed is the whole coat, but lay in easy folds, and terminated with the neck. In front it was so cut that, when unbuttoned, it lay in to the chest, not after the ambiguous attitude which the unbuttoned

frock-coat now assumes. The collar and lapelles are too heavy for the skimpy material below, while the lapelle is so cut that it will not carry out its function of being buttoned across. The small collar of the old coats was a graceful ornament. It seemed to balance the fulness below: even the heavy cuffs of the sleeves were not without effect, for the edge of the sleeve should be of extra thickness to meet the additional liability to injury from its coming in contact with other objects. The walking-coat with the short cape on the shoulders was also effective. Nowadays such an addition to a frock-coat would be grotesque; but it must be taken in connection with the mode then in use for the lower limbs—boots and knee-breeches. The shapelessness and thickness produced by trousers would make the addition at the shoulder more clumsy. In fact, though coat and waistcoat may pass, and might be improved with something more suitable, yet one despairs of the trousers. Nothing can be done in the way of reform so long as that objectionable form of garment is retained. Their very shape when taken off has something grotesque. In all statues and pictures the form of the legs and their relation to each other, the muscles, the lines, the varied thickness and thinness, have something exquisitely graceful. The act of walking, that is, of projecting the body alternately forward, would be in itself most ungraceful were each prop straight and of the same thickness all down; but by the shifting of the muscles, owing to each motion, there is a perpetual change, which becomes motion, as it were, within motion. This movement abolishes the idea of a fixed outline, and therefore suggests flexibility instead of stiffness. By the trousers, or casing, of equal thickness all the way to the ground, we restore the idea of stiffness and inflexibility; we make the leg appear too thick for the weight carried, and destroy that elegant tapering which distributes and economizes strength. It is evident, therefore, that something of the pattern of stockings and knee-breeches is your true nether attire.

But there is another view. By the present system, a number of bars, like those in the columns of "Bradshaw," are drawn across the figure, thus stunting it,—the ends of the trousers, those of the coat, waistcoat, hat, and the straight bow of the collar. This tends to make the figure squat and square. On the other hand, the old dress of the last century gave an effect of airiness and roundness; there were no angles and corners to limit the eye; everything was sinuous and curved. The flowing wig and collar, flowing skirt, wavy legs; the figure stood like a flower in a field.

But what shall be said of the dress or evening suit of our day—the amazing swallow-tail and expanse of shirt being the chief elements? A jacket, with an apron behind, might be the analysis of the garment. Each department is as "skimpy" as it can well be made. The folds into which black cloth would fall are as effective as those of any other material, and it would be light and cool under such conditions, were the buckram and lining removed. The "tail" evidently is the remnant of the original day-coat, the skirt being turned back and buttoned behind; it then seemed less cumbersome to cut away the turned-back portion altogether. It may be doubted whether black cloth be at all suited as a material for evening dress, and perhaps a more abundant use of the material than now obtains would have a heavy effect. Rich silks and subdued colours are more suitable. Any one who has seen Mr. Irving dance his minuet in the *Belle's Stratagem*, will have seen a matchless evening-dress. Then for the shirt front. The idea of a great triangle of glaring and glazed white, ruled off mathematically and let into the front of the figure, seems ridiculous and unaccountable. We are accustomed to it, and do not note how the violent contrast of the black and white affects the tone of the face. As we have shown, starching is unsuited to linen; and is, indeed, the idea of enamelling the stuff and making it metallic, as it were. This glare of white darkens and muddies the skin. Even the shadows and recesses made by folds would give a relief, and within living memory "the frill" was displayed at dinners and parties of high state. "Fine linen" is a delicate and beautiful fabric, and it is conceivable that there would be many ways of displaying it without thickening it with a stiff paste. How absurd,

too, when we come to think of it seriously, are the sacred *two buttons* affixed on the spine, emphasizing as it were the small of the back! These things are purposeless; they button nothing. They were, of course, originally intended to secure the skirt when turned back; but, as will be seen in the old coats, their place was much lower, and more apart from each other on the hips. It is a pity that the cloak should have gone out; it was a dignified as well as a comfortable garment, and its folds were truly classical. One of the most beautiful and justly-proportioned dresses is that of a Catholic bishop, with its graceful cape on the shoulders, and flowing *soutane*, which suits every one, of whatever height or age. It is curious to think that no one looks picturesque or anything beyond prosaic in the prevailing dress. On the other hand we find that anything in the shape of a uniform, be it that of soldier, railway-guard, or policeman, is more or less "set off." In the ranks of the army there is a large amount of ugly men, who would look their worst in their ordinary clothes, yet who, in uniform, acquire a certain dignity. The reason is that, in this dress, the figure and its movements

are allowed to assert themselves. Were the uniform well-devised this would be still more conspicuous. The dress of an officer in the Guards, with the top-heavy bearskin and skimpy tunic, the "single breast," with the row of enormous buttons, is quite a false principle. The true uniform should be a coat, double-breasted, with skirts down to the knee, to be looped back when necessary. The trousers, it is admitted, are quite unsuited for marching; yet, instead of abolishing this form of garment, there is a series of trifling makeshifts—a shoe and a short gaiter, with the trousers tucked in, after some extraordinary fashion. The Prussian great-coat, on the other hand, is durable and full of "expression." The unmeaning stripes of tape and imitations of lapelles and buttons which cover the soldier's coat should be got rid of.

The most correctly dressed people are the children, the little girls notably, simply because good sense and a wish to be saved from trouble here obtain. A little girl, with her long thick stockings and short petticoats, hat, cloak, and hood, all devised to be useful, is always effective.

OBITUARY.

WILLIAM H. FOX TALBOT, F.R.S.

THE decease of this gentleman, the chief discoverer of the scientific apparatus which originally was called after him "the Talbotype," died at his residence, Laycock Abbey, Wiltshire, on the 17th of September. The eldest son of a gentleman of property, and grandson, on his mother's side, to the second Earl of Ilchester, Mr. Talbot, who was born in February, 1800, was educated at Harrow and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he obtained two university prizes, the Porson Greek prize in 1820, and the Chancellor's medal in the following year. Though earnestly devoted to scientific pursuits, and no less so to the study of archæology, he entered political life on the passing of the first Reform Bill, by his election for the borough of Chippenham. He, however, held his seat during two years only, and then finally relinquished politics, turning undivided attention to pursuits more congenial with his taste.

Turning to the volume of our Journal for 1846, the opening paper of the number for June commences thus: "Through the courtesy of H. Fox Talbot, Esq., we are enabled to present an example of the 'sun pictures,' of the method of the production of which this gentleman is the inventor." On turning to the specimen, we find there is nothing left of it beyond the form, all the rest is vanished; still there is sufficient remaining to determine the subject, a figure seated upon a panther, the well-known German sculpture. The writer of this notice, however, has a few of these "Talbotypes," executed at the same time, which, when he happened to look at them two or three years ago, seemed to retain very much of their original brilliancy.

The paper to which we refer, and another in the next following number of the Journal, give a detailed history of the invention, if it may so be termed, as far as it had then progressed; this Mr. Talbot himself had put upon record, and illustrated in a work, "The Pencil of Nature," published by him in 1844-5. It was in 1833 that, in sketching by the aid of Wollaston's camera, some passages of scenery on the shores of Lake Como, the idea of *fixing* these pictures on paper first suggested itself. Being at Geneva in 1836 he prosecuted his inquiries as to the best method of doing this, by varying in many ways the experiments he had already made. Diligently and perseveringly he pursued his investigation, with various results, but always progressing, up to the year 1840, when he discovered the process called "Calotypic." "By this process the action of light on paper was rendered many hundred times more rapid, allowing portraits to be taken from the life, which could not previously be accomplished." The name "Talbotype" was afterwards given to the scientific apparatus used in getting these sun pictures.

In January, 1839, the discoveries of a somewhat analogous nature by the French *savant* M. Daguerre were announced. Both he and Mr. Talbot had been moving towards similar results on parallel lines, but the processes of each differed; and, as was stated in the article we published thirty-one years ago, "had M. Daguerre never effected any discovery, we should still have had that of Mr. Talbot. Of each of these inventions the comparative available utilities must not be forgotten; to the former, for his ingenious and persevering experiments, all honour is due, and to the claims of the latter not an iota less of distinction is to be awarded. In reducing the two inventions to a consideration of their real utilities, preference must be given to the Talbotype."

What this discovery, Photography, as we now term it, has done for the world—whether it has been really beneficial to Art in the highest sense of the word—may be matter of opinion; but that it has tended greatly to enlarge our knowledge of "things in heaven and things on earth" is indisputable, while the pleasure derived from the examination of photographic pictures, whether of scenery or portraiture, is universally admitted. The world owes a debt of gratitude to all who have contributed to make the science what we now know and feel it to be.

During the latter years of his life Mr. Talbot spent much time in the work of deciphering the cuneiform inscriptions obtained from the Assyrian monuments. He was also the author of "Hermes; or Classical and Antiquarian Researches," "Legendary Tales," "New Arguments of the Antiquity of the Book of Genesis," and "English Etymologies." The deceased gentleman was learned in Biblical archæology, and contributed numerous papers to the society which makes this subject its special study, and also articles to other learned societies.

W. MEREDYTH THOMAS.

During many years the name of this sculptor appeared in the catalogues of the Royal Academy as an exhibitor; his death took place at his residence in Pimlico on the 7th of September, somewhat suddenly, from an attack of apoplexy, in the fifty-eighth year of his age. Mr. Thomas was born at Brecon, in South Wales, and somewhat early in life came up to London and studied in the schools of the Academy, where he gained the prize medal in the antique classes. We believe he was in his early years in the studio of Chantrey. His sculptured works are very numerous, chiefly busts, with a few statues. The Welsh Memorial of the Prince Consort at Tenby is by him, and also the colossal statue of the late Marquis of

Bute, at Cardiff. Occasionally he contributed to the Academy an ideal work, as 'Ariel,' a bas-relief exhibited in 1865; but we have seen nothing of his in the gallery, as far as we remember, for several years. His brother, the late Mr. E. Thomas, was also a sculptor of good repute.

JOSEPH LIONEL WILLIAMS.

We have to record the death, on the 9th of September, of this artist and skilful wood engraver, who was the second surviving son of the late Samuel Williams, a well known draughtsman and engraver on wood, whom, with his brothers, he assisted, in his early years, in engraving some of the quaint designs which appeared in the early editions of Hone's "Every Day Book" and "Table Book." He was also engaged on several other illustrated publications of the time. During the period of the Great Exhibition of 1851 Mr. J. L. Williams had the management of the engraving department of the *London Illustrated News*. Several subjects he executed for that paper testify abundantly to his ability as a wood engraver; so also do some he engraved for publications issued by the Art Union of London, as Milton's "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," Goldsmith's "Traveller," and Byron's "Childe Harold." In an edition of the Bible published by Messrs. Longman are several highly-finished engravings by him from pictures by the old masters. Messrs. Blackie, of Glasgow, employed him much on their various illustrated books, especially on their numerous dictionaries and on Beveridge's "History of India." In years now long gone by we often had the efficient aid of Mr. Williams in the illustrated pages of the *Art Journal*. Latterly he had given his attention to water-colour painting, and was an occasional exhibitor at the Royal Academy, the Dudley Gallery, and elsewhere.

WILLIAM BROWN.

Two brothers, William and Henry Brown, natives of York, and who devoted the prime of their lives to Holland and Belgium, doing honour to their country by the eminence they acquired in their foreign settlement, have now terminated their earthly careers. They were wood engravers, and genuine masters in their art. Henry was signalised by a professorship at the Hague, where he died some few years since. William, who became naturalised in Belgium, succumbed on the 15th of August to a most painful malady, after many months of suffering. We are indebted to the *Fédération artistique* for a generous tribute to the memory of the latter. "The Browns," that journal observes, "may be said to have introduced the art of wood engraving into Belgium." Of the extreme antiquity of that art there cannot be a doubt. To Henry Brown we owe

its introduction. He left us to assume the heavy responsibilities of professorship at the Hague, and William, taking his place, carried forward the operations commenced by the other. We bear in mind many of his works, all executed with characteristic precision and scrupulous care. We may cite, amongst others, a portrait of Rembrandt; Notre Dame de Bon Conseil, after the picture of Van Maldeghem; Raphael's Transfiguration; Jesus about to be Crowned with Thorns, after Vandyke; the Assumption; the Holy Family; and the Last Supper of Rubens. The majority of his impressions have been seen at our Triennial Exhibition, where they have uniformly won the admiration of critical connoisseurs by their delicacy of touch and unaffected execution.

"But William Brown was not merely a skilful manipulator, with the faculty of carving on wood the *relievo* lines of the draughtsman's pencil; he also designed admirably; so much so, that he was invited on a special occasion by the *Académie Royale des Beaux Arts* to give a course of lectures upon drawing. For eight-and-thirty years William Brown fulfilled the functions of government professor. He was a man of an essentially modest nature. He shrank from the suggestion of personal advantage, or indeed from claiming justly-earned recompense. He was a slave to the exactions of his vocation, and only sacrificed his burin to the malady that brought him to his grave. To his children he could only bequeath an honoured name, from which to derive an assured elevation."

RICHARD J. SPIERS, F.S.A.

A few words of kindly yet regretful notice is due in our pages to the memory of this gentleman, who died at Huntercombe on the 28th of September, in the seventy-second year of his age. For many years he carried on a business in Oxford, associated with Art-manufacture, and filled the position of an alderman of that city with great credit to himself and to the satisfaction of his fellow-citizens, by whom, and by very many of the authorities of the university, he was highly respected. Mr. Spiers always showed much interest in the Fine Arts, and possessed at one time a small but well-selected collection of pictures: he had no greater pleasure than to entertain at his pretty and hospitable home in Oxford any artists and literary men visiting the city. As mayor of Oxford several years ago he made himself eminently conspicuous by his liberal receptions of his fellow-townsmen and others. One of his sons, Mr. R. Phené Spiers, has made his name well known in the architectural profession, and is at the present time master in the class of Architecture at the Royal Academy. Some of his other children have also manifested a taste for the Fine Arts.

THE EAGLES' NEST.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE SHEEPSHANKS COLLECTION.

Sir E. LANDSEER, R.A., Painter.

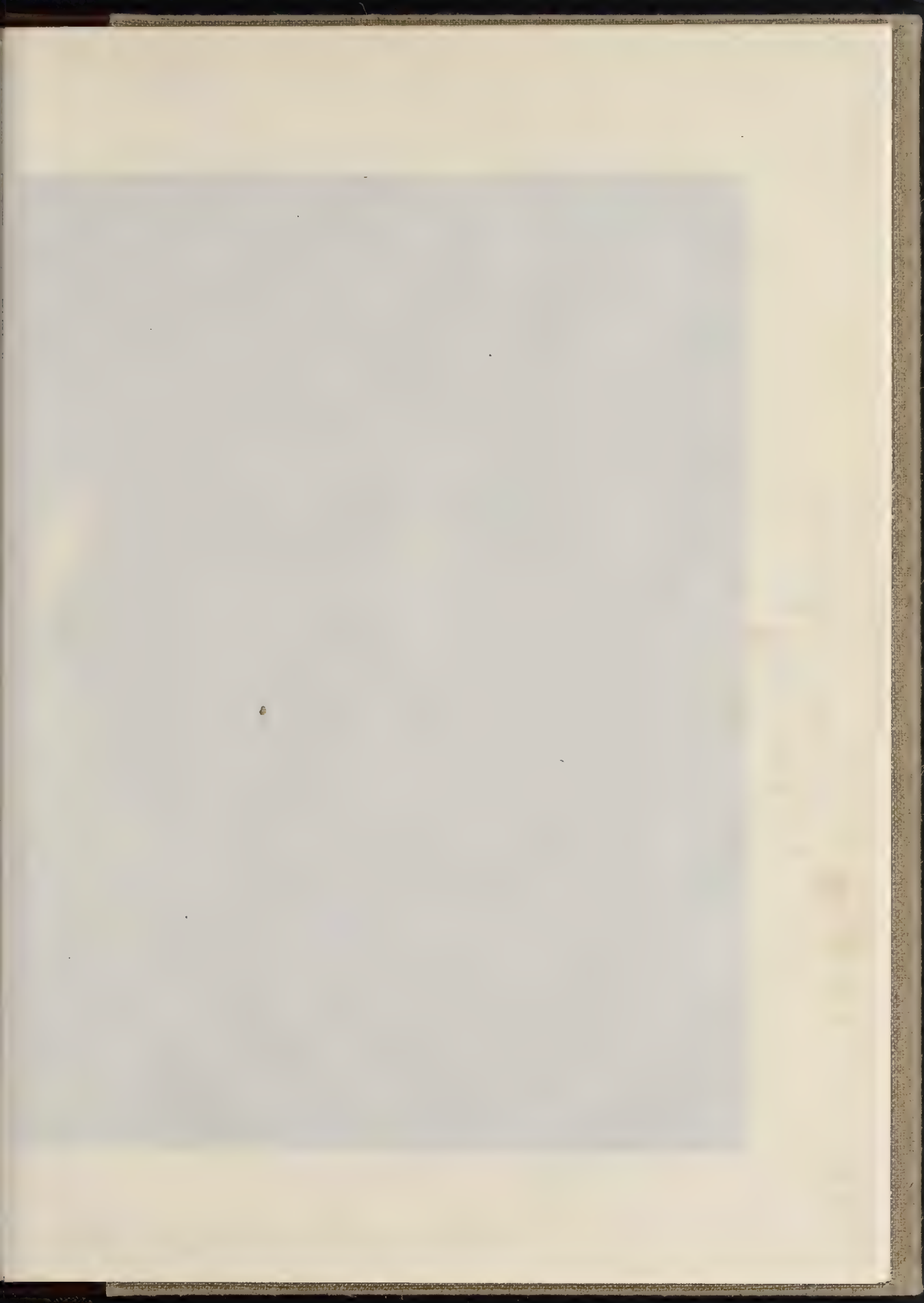
A. WILLMORE, Engraver.

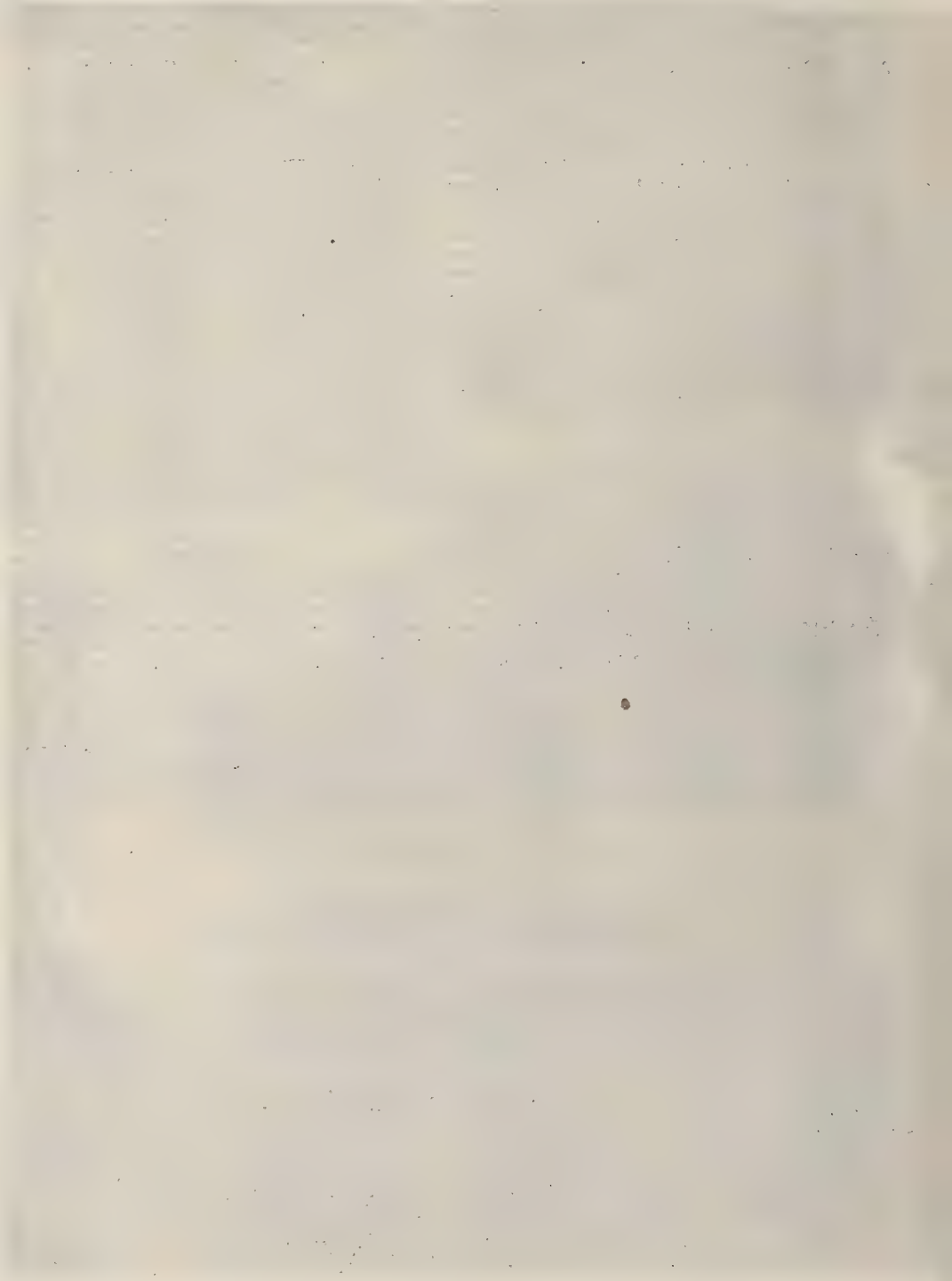
THE painter exhibited this picture at the British Institution in 1834. Whether its late owner, Mr. Sheepshanks, purchased it at that time or on some subsequent occasion we do not know; it, however, came into his possession, and is among the works he presented to the country.

The eagle is said to build its eyry in the loftiest and most inaccessible spots which even an eagle can find: certainly there seems but little probability that the home Landseer has assigned to the "royal birds" will be disturbed by the intrusion of any human being, for it is a region of solitude and desolation; yet, apparently, not of the greatest altitude, judging from the range of distant mountain-land, where a stream of water rushes down a narrow channel of rock to feed the small lake in the foreground of the picture. Through the interstices of rock on the right water is dripping down, adding its silvery and sparkling

contribution to the same basin of reception. Seated on a projecting ledge of the hard granite is the female eagle, watching with open beak the return of its mate from some marauding expedition, and ready to relieve it of any food he may have met with, that she may bestow a portion at least on the pair of eaglets which, among the sticks that form what can only by courtesy be called a nest, are on the lookout for whatever good things their parent may have been able to procure for them. Evidence of former feasts lie around in the shape of whitened bones, and what seems to be the skeleton of a hare or rabbit.

The picture may be accepted as a study of rocky mountain, grand in its varied forms, and almost terrible in its utter gloominess. The only tenants of the solitude, "ravening birds of prey," certainly give something of life to it, but it is life of a kind that is associated with darkness and death.







ANCIENT IRISH ART.

THE FICTILIA OF THE CAIRNS AND CRANNOGS.*

By LLEWELLYNN JEWITT, F.S.A.

REVERTING for a few moments to the fictilia of the cairns of Ireland, about which I gave some particulars in a former paper, I desire to draw attention to some examples of a somewhat different character from those therein engraved. They exhibit, in the case of one or two of the examples, a marked difference in style of ornamentation, and, in some instances, even of

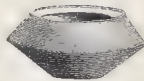
outline. Those I am about to describe were mainly found at Drumnakilly, near Omagh, in county Tyrone, in 1872, and have been most carefully described and illustrated by Mr. Wakeman. "The townland of Drumnakilly," he says, "lying at a distance of five miles and a quarter to the east of Omagh, in the county of Tyrone, though now for the greater part fairly cultivated, was,



Figs. 40 and 41.—From Drumnakilly.

down to about thirty years ago, little more than a wilderness of heath-clad bog. As there was not anciently a church or Christian cemetery in the district, the name *Drumnakilly* must be held to mean 'the ridge of the wood,' and this particular ridge or *druim* is doubtlessly the rather conspicuous ele-

vation" to be seen there, not far from the house of its owner, Mr. Kylie. It rises to a height of about forty feet above the general level of the lands, and has been proved, by excavations and discoveries those excavations have resulted in, to be a grave-mound of no ordinary interest.



Figs. 42 to 45.—From Drumnakilly.

One of the finest cinerary urns exhumed at Drumnakilly is the one engraved on Fig. 40. It was the first discovered; it measures about three feet six inches in circumference at the mouth, and is of proportionate height. It is elaborately orna-

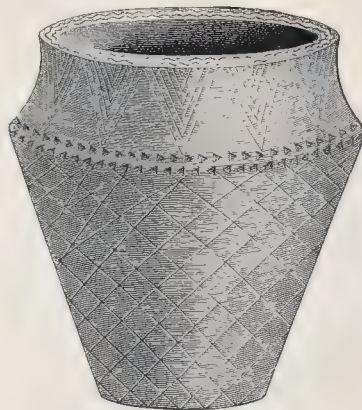
mented with incised lines, "exactly of that class which we find upon the golden ornaments and other antiquities of pre-historic times preserved in our museums." Its outline takes a graceful curve from the mouth, swelling out in the middle, and gradually tapering down to the foot. Around the upper part is a series of perpendicular broad indentations, probably produced by the

* Concluded from page 347.

finger being pressed into the pliant clay and gradually drawn downwards, and between these the surface is ornamented with herring-bone scoriations. Next follow a number of encircling lines, scoriated between; and the middle part of the urn is richly ornamented with zigzag and horizontal lines. The inside of the rim or mouth is also elaborately ornamented. Another, of much the same general form, but (with the exception of a raised encircling band round the neck) entirely devoid of ornament, shows a severe simplicity of design that is very refreshing. In it

was found an equally simple, but severely classic-shaped, "im-molation urn." These are represented by Figs. 42 and 44.

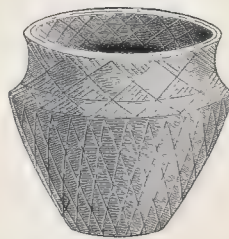
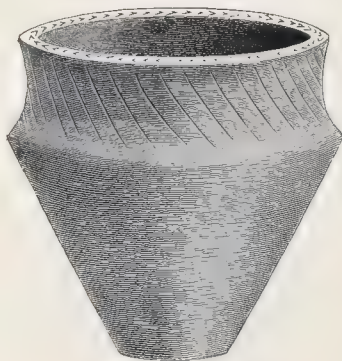
The next example (Fig. 45) is a totally distinct type, in point of ornamentation, from any of the others. It was eleven and a half inches in height and thirty-four inches in circumference. Its neck and lip, though exquisitely proportioned, are devoid of ornament, while the body of the vessel is encircled by a network pattern executed in bold relief. "The substance of this pattern," says Mr. Wakeman, "is different from, and finer in



Figs. 49 and 47. From Drumnakilly.

quality than, that of which the rest of the urn was composed. It is evident upon even a slight examination that this raised ornament was added after the formation and fire-hardening of the vessel, from portions of which it is easily detached. A finishing touch in the process of the manufacture would seem to have been the washing over of the vase and attached ornament with a thin coating of ochreous matter, which, upon a recommitment of the vessel to the action of fire, came out a bright red colour." In it was found a smaller urn, and both, as usual,

contained calcined bones. A fragment of the rim of another urn, in like manner ornamented with raised zigzag pattern, is shown on Fig. 43. The next example (Fig. 41) is a fine large cinerary urn—the largest found at Drumnakilly; it measured no less than three feet nine inches in circumference round the neck, and was one foot four inches in height. Its outline, with the gracefully curved overlapping rim, is particularly elegant, but it is devoid of ornament. Far different in artistic treatment is the next example (Fig. 46), in which are three raised bands encircling the



Figs. 48 to 50.—From Drumnakilly.

neck, two being, as well as the inside of the mouth, elaborately covered with reticulated scoriations, and the third with lines of impressed triangles. Below this is the characteristic zigzag ornament, and around the angular edge is a line of triangular indentations. The lower part of the urn is covered with a rude reticulated pattern in incised lines. This urn, as other Irish examples have been, when discovered, was "inverted upon a squarish block of hard red sandstone, upon one face

of which two cup-shaped hollows were symmetrically cut," and a third, with some scoriations, on the other side.

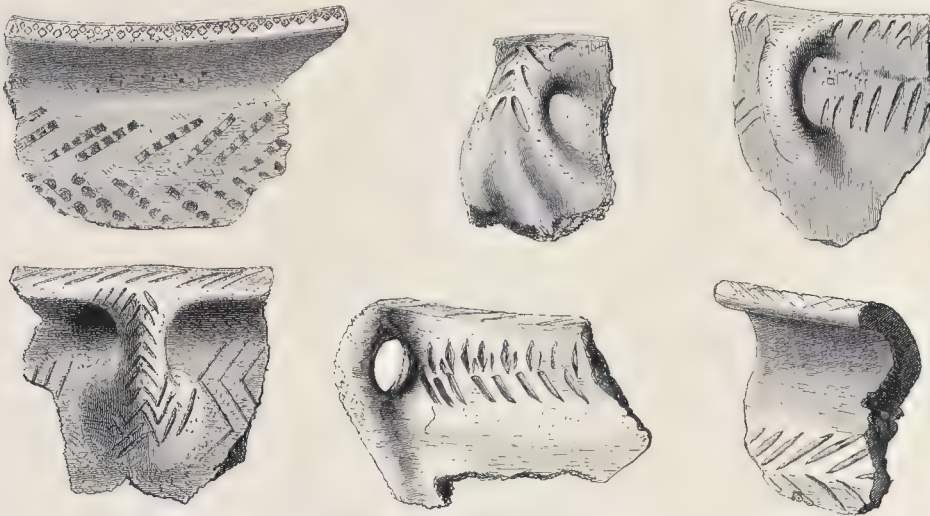
The next two examples which I am enabled to give (and for these as well as others I am indebted to the Royal Archaeological Association of Ireland, through my good friend, the Rev. J. Graves) have their lower portions somewhat elaborately reticulated, and their necks richly and characteristically ornamented. The larger one (Fig. 47) has a double encircling row

of triangular indentations; it is three feet two inches in circumference round the mouth, and stands fourteen inches in height. The smaller one (Fig 49) is seven and a half inches in height and twenty-two in circumference at the mouth; inside the mouth it is decorated with reticulated ornament. Figs. 47 and 49 bear a striking resemblance to each other in general outline; the neck of one is ornamented with diagonal incised lines, and of the other in a similar manner with zigzag pattern. The first measures a foot in height, and the second eleven inches.

In the Glanville Museum some highly characteristic examples of Irish fictilia of the earliest period are preserved. One of these, fifteen inches high, is covered over its entire surface with

zigzag and other ornament, the lower part bearing a series of rude lozenges. In the same collection are several other examples, including cinerary urns, food vessels, and immolation urns.

Of the same general character as the Altegarron urn (Fig. 9), some remarkably fine and extremely elaborate examples have been brought under my notice by Miss Stokes and Mr. Armistage. One of these, in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy, has two raised encircling rims around its widest part; between these it is ornamented with a series of diagonal lines of impressed squares. Around the upper part is a line of curves or undulations between elaborate diagonal indented lines as before,



Figs. 51 to 56.—From Lough Eyes.

and the lower part has around its upper and lower edges a row of undulations, and around the centre an encircling border of rude lozenge-formed indentations. The whole of the rest of the surface is covered with vertical lines of square indentations, of the same character as those shown on Figs. 12, 51, &c. Another is peculiarly rich in herringbone pattern. Another, from county Derry, is of the same general form as Fig. 9, but much more elaborate than it in the way in which it is covered in every part with ornament. Around its widest part is a series of raised knobs. A small urn found with it is entirely covered with triangular indentations.

As further examples, for comparison, of Crannog fictilia, I give some fragments from Lough Eyes on Figs. 51 to 56. They show well the different characteristics of the impressed and incised patterns.

The examples of very early Irish ceramic art I have been enabled to give in these three chapters will, I trust, have been sufficient to call attention to that important branch of manufacture in the "sister isle" in pre-historic times, and to show what were the predominant characteristics of ornament both in the vessels for domestic and for sepulchral purposes in the earliest ages of the history of the sister isle.

INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION AT PIEVE OF CADORE.

PIEVE is the principal town of Cadore, the country of the great painter, Titian Vecellio. Situated within easy reach of some of the finest Dolomite mountains, it is a favourite resort for members of the Italian Alpine Club. On the 25th of August, 1877, a number of these gentlemen assembled there on their way to Auronzo, another village of Cadore, where they intended to hold their tenth congress. The authorities seized the opportunity of the unusual number of strangers gathered on this occasion to open in the town hall an industrial exhibition of works by natives of Cadore, and by scholars of the communal schools. The native talent which has sent forth so many great men, headed by Titian, has not degenerated, though it is to be regretted that the present want of good instruction prevents its development.

Some drawings and models in clay were exhibited by Carlo Piazza, of Auronzo, a boy of eleven years, the son of peasants, which show wonderful natural genius for Art. Executed after a few months' work and without instruction, they manifest an originality in design and correctness of eye which are quite marvellous. He has covered sheets of paper with pencil outlines of hands and feet in every position, evidently drawn from his friends around him. But more extraordinary than these are three small busts modelled in clay. Two represent heads of men, while the third is that of a child. The features are all perfectly proportioned and the expressions excellently given. Without a knowledge of any conventional mode, he has expressed the hair with a few touches; while the mouth of one of the men shows

beneath the moustache and beard with a truth of imitation quite surprising. A subscription is to be made to maintain this gifted lad at the Academy of the Fine Arts in Venice; as has been done lately for another Cadore boy, named Brustolone, whose talent was noticed by a Venetian gentleman. The first year after he had been admitted to the Academy he gained the first prize in drawing and in modelling the human figure, as well as in ornament. The Cadorines seem born ornamentists. The drawings executed in the communal schools are also very interesting, and the progress made in a few months by the pupils is surprising; especially as in several of the schools there is no master or mistress with a knowledge of drawing, and therefore the scholars can only copy what is set before them, with little practical instruction or assistance from example. The first specimens exhibited are from the female school at Auronzo, executed by girls from eleven to thirteen years of age. The best were flowers and leaves, in pencil, the latter copied from leaves which they dry and paste on paper for the purpose. The mistress of the class is a sister of Carlo Piazza; she has received no instruction in Art, but her pupils do her great credit, and she herself is said to show considerable talent. Other examples are from the School of Agriculture, Pasturage, and Forestry, at Ospitale, and are good practical drawings. Several other schools send specimens, but they are less well represented in this branch. Amongst other products is a quantity of women's work, both in clothing and embroidery and in patching of old clothes, with specimens of writing and composition, all of which appear to be thoroughly well taught.

The remaining works exhibited are by Cadorines. A large cartoon by Tommaso da Rin represents Christ driving the money-changers and sellers of doves out of the temple. It is a composition of several figures, and has considerable merit in its effect of chiaroscuro and in the expressions of the principal actors. The artist has been less successful in two oil pictures, one the 'Assumption of the Madonna,' the other 'Tobias and the Angel,' in which, in the opaqueness of his colour, he has not followed the beautiful examples left to him by the great Venetian school, of which some fine specimens are to be seen in Cadore.

Giovanni Battista de Lotto and Matteo Fiori exhibit cleverly carved frames for mirrors in various species of wood. The relatives of the late Professor Talamini exhibit some small examples of his carving in wood and ivory, finely worked designs for paper knives, handles of sticks, and similar objects. Tommaso Toscani of Cadore, now working in Florence, exhibits a *relievo*

called 'Il Genio della Pittura,' represented by a child, who, sitting beneath a pine-tree, draws the scene before him—a building, through the door of which is seen a half-draped female figure; to the right of the building is a distance of landscape. The work is beautifully executed. The price marked upon it is 550 francs. Guiseppe Colli of Perarolo shows excellent smith's work in locks and keys and weighing balances in brass and steel, also two cases containing surgical instruments.

The evening of the opening day was celebrated by illuminations in Pieve and the surrounding country. As soon as it grew dusk seventeen large bonfires blazed on the peaks of the splendid Dolomite called the Croda Lunga, which flanks the south-eastern border of Cadore. These lit up the mist still hanging over the highest point. Some of the lower mountains were also topped with fires. The old Castle of Pieve, which is situated on the summit of a grassy hill to the east of the town, was also illuminated by six bonfires placed in the breaks between the ruined walls, while rockets were sent up from the centre. Boys ran down the steep grassy banks with Bengal lights in their hands, which danced amongst the firs and larches, lighting them up with the white, red, and green colours of Italy. The inhabitants of the town had placed in their windows large Chinese lanterns of all colours, and large wax candles. In the principal piazza of Pieve, which in fact is almost the whole town, stands the town-hall in which the exhibition was held; against its eastern side has been erected a marble monument to Calvi and his companions who fell while driving the Austrians out of Cadore in 1848, and of whom the Cadorines are justly proud. On the west side of the piazza is an old Venetian palace. Its windows on the lowest floor are defended by beautiful old iron work. The owners had placed in these windows wax candles which showed perfectly the finely worked tracery. Near this palace, but hardly within the square, is the small white house in which Titian Vecellio was born, and which on this occasion had only six small candles to illuminate it. The other buildings were lit in various ways, some with blinds of the Italian colours, behind which lights were placed. The fountain in the centre of the square was outlined with small glass lamps, and the whole scene was very fantastic.

The Pretor of Cadore invited Mr. Heath Wilson, formerly of the Glasgow School of Art, but for a long time resident in Florence—whose "Life of Michel Angelo" we reviewed last year—to assist in reporting upon the merits of the drawings, the best steps to be taken for the improvement of the teaching, and to decide as to the distribution of the medals.

ART-NOTES FROM THE CONTINENT.

ANTWERP.—"The influence of democracy on Art," "How to encourage monumental painting to the best advantage," and "Ought the governing body to interfere in encouraging the Fine Arts?" have been fully discussed in the various sections of the Art Congress held under the presidency of M. E. Pecher at Antwerp, during the Rubens *fietses*. In the course of the debate on the last subject, M. Hymans complained of the tax levied for the exhibition of Rubens's Elevation and Descent from the Cross in the cathedral. Moreover, the practice of covering these pictures with a curtain, so as to shield them from gratuitous gaze, was asserted, on the authority of Meissonier, to be very injurious to the works; whilst M. Larominier, speaking to the same question, referred to the rather startling fact that during the last two years visitors to the church of St. Jacques were made to pay for seeing what was in reality a copy of Rubens's picture, instead of the original. Finally, a resolution of this section of the Congress was passed, expressing the hope that all works of Art, whether in museums, churches, or other public buildings, would be exhibited gratuitously to the public. But the most important and difficult subject which the Congress has had under debate, is the vexed ques-

tion of international copyright in works of Art. It will be remembered that in the year 1858 the Brussels Congress strongly supported the claims of artists to protection from piracy; but although this principle was triumphantly carried, and the Brussels assembly, composed, as it was, of the most eminent artists and jurists, sought from time to time to establish on solid bases the public guarantees of copyright, their efforts in this direction remained without any effectual result. The Antwerp Congress of 1861, again, met with but little better success; for although eight European governments sent representatives to this gathering, and the Congress drew up a formula of principles circumscribing the laws of copyright or ownership in works of Art within just limits, and fixing the period when society could and ought to exercise its rights of claiming the resignation of proprietorship for public benefit, their report remained a dead letter. It is to be hoped that the labours of the Antwerp Congress of 1877 will be better rewarded in this direction; for, as the committee of organization point out, the rights of artists are no better secured at the present day than they were in 1861. To quote their own words "counterfeits and forgeries continue to be unpunished," &c.

MINOR TOPICS.

SIR J. NOEL PATON, R.S.A., has on his easel a life-sized figure-subject, representing the 'Man with the Muck-rake,' illustrating this passage in "Pilgrim's Progress:" "There stood also one over his head, with a celestial crown in his hand, and proffered him that crown for his muck-rake; but the man did neither look up nor regard, but raked to himself the straws, the small sticks, and dust of the floor." The sordid character of the worldling is marked with rare intensity in every line of his face, and the figure will, no doubt, be regarded by all as an original creation of no ordinary power.

EARL GRANVILLE, as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, when distributing the prizes at the Dover School of Art, made some impressive remarks on the value of such schools to female students, illustrating his view by quoting the names of a large number of ladies who had attained the highest eminence in Art, not only in the ancient but in the modern schools. He appealed in their behalf for honourable recognition, but he did not allude to their exclusion from the Royal Academy as an act of impolicy as well as injustice.

THE HONOUR OF KNIGHTHOOD has been graciously conferred by her Majesty the Queen on Mr. Walker, now Sir A. B. Walker, the liberal donor of an Art-gallery to Liverpool.

PICTURE SALES.—In our report last month it was inadvertently stated that Mr. Holman Hunt's picture, 'The Finding of the Saviour in the Temple,' sold last year with Baron Grant's collection, realised only 350 guineas, whereas Messrs. Agnew paid 1,350 guineas for it. The picture in question is a highly finished small replica of the large work in the possession of Mr. C. P. Matthews, Hertford Street, Mayfair.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.—The issues for the year 1878 are now to be seen in most of the shops, although "the merrie season" is yet far off. As they have done for some years past, Marcus Ward & Co., of Belfast and London, lead the van. Their productions are in great variety, and number more than a hundred designs, no one of which can be objected to on the ground of inferiority in Art; while some of them, by far the majority indeed, will be classed among its very best examples. We are bound to make some reference to the prices at which they are published. We are aware that such productions are made to "pay" because of their enormous sale, not only in this country, but in the Colonies and in America; we may add, also on the continent of Europe, for there is more than one country where they are extensively purchased; still we are not a little astonished at the smallness of their cost, many of these Art gems being sold each for a penny. Year after year these graceful and happy Christmas greetings have improved—improved in all ways. The tawdry rhymes that used to be attached to them have been displaced to make way for really good verses, sometimes selected, but generally original, the word "copyright" being attached to many. The advanced art of chromo-lithography has been successfully brought to bear on these works; the colours are bright but harmonious, and taste is never offended by injudicious blendings; generally artists of great ability are employed to design and to draw the subjects. These are never coarse, never pander to even frivolous thought; they are, in a word, instructive teachers as well as pleasant reminders of the friendly and family ties that are presumed to be stronger at Christmas than at any other period of the year. We repeat, Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co. are public benefactors in thus combining pure and true Art with the comparative trifles for which there is so great a demand at the season now at hand. Some of the cards of Mr. Rimmel we have also seen; they are chiefly, but not altogether, French; very pretty and very fanciful, full of grace in composition and refinement in execution. And they too are produced in immense variety. There will be many who prefer them—in their delicate tracery and especially their "framings," which are produced by stamp-

ing tools—to the more solid productions of the leading British firms. But from both publishers a choice collection may be obtained. Both have also sent out yearly almanacs, some of much elegance and beauty, some amusing grotesques. We are bound to compliment Messrs. Ward on their exceedingly charming note paper and envelopes, also expressly prepared for Christmas. This firm is doing so much, and in so many ways, that it is very cheering to find all their productions essentially and entirely good. Some cards have been sent to us from New York, through the London agent, Mr. Ackerman, but they do not compete with those of the Belfast firm, which has, we believe, a branch establishment in the great city of the States.

AMONG OTHER CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES, it is a pleasure to notice one that is only a needle case, but one of great importance to the many ladies who have not forgotten that charming women learn "to hem and to sew," and will not ignore their duties even when they struggle for their "rights." We trust the time is very far off when a woman will scorn the needle; when she does, she will soon learn indifference to the hearth, and ignore the blessings to be found "at home." It is in good taste to give woman a graceful, when we present to her a useful, object. Indeed, it is a characteristic of the age that cheap things, things of daily need, may be made beautiful; the present generation has been abundantly and bountifully taught that "beauty is cheaper than deformity." Mr. Harper, of Redditch (the great mart of needles for all the world), has produced a variety of charming needle-cases, decorated by Art as pure and good as that which adorns more ambitious productions. They are filled with needles of the best quality that can be made in the renowned manufacturing district. Certainly they are admirably made, neat and graceful, and at the same time substantial. Of the Art bestowed upon them we may speak more freely; it is, we repeat, exceedingly good, refreshing to the eye and suggestive to the mind.

THE FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART, QUEEN SQUARE.—Again has come round the annual exhibition of the works in water colour, in oil, and in sculpture, executed by the pupils of Miss Gann, and again we have to express our entire satisfaction with the talent and industry displayed in every department. The Queen's scholarship was carried off by Rhoda Carleton Holmes with a series of life-sized water-colour drawings from the life, and the national Gilchrist scholarship by Mary Ann Burnay for outline and shading from the cast, and ornamental analysis of flowers. The Queen's gold medal was won by Angela Mary Marshall for a very ably modelled life-sized bust of a mulatto. A drawing from the antique by Alice Hanslip carried off one national silver medal, and Anne E. Hopkinson's group of dates and grapes obtained another. We have no space for recording the names of all the prize-holders, but it is worthy of notice that among them were ladies who gained two national silver medals, five national bronze medals, and six Queen's prizes. Moreover, Alice Hanslip, Ida Livering, and Catherine Benson, forwarded drawings to the Royal Academy, and have been accepted as students. The works this year were sent up to Kensington with only a number and motto to distinguish them, and the awards were made without any knowledge of the students' names. This shows plainly enough that the Queen's Square students stand entirely upon their own merits, and that Miss Gann's system of teaching holds its own against the schools of the whole country. With her usual zeal she projected a visit to Rome for some of the senior pupils, and with a subscription from each of ten pounds, and the kindly aid of some friends interested in the institution, six of the pupils were able to avail themselves of so favourable an opportunity of visiting the metropolis of Art.

VENETIAN GLASS.—Those who are seeking for novelties as Christmas gifts should examine the productions in Venetian

glass made by Salviati, at Murano. They are shown in great variety at the rooms of the Company in St. James's Street. Some are copies of ancient models, some skilful adaptations, and some entirely original, designed by artists of Venice who have not been deprived of their cunning by Time. It is impossible to see without coveting the graceful and beautiful objects. They are of all shapes and sizes and of various prices, some so small in cost as to be within easy reach of those who, without large means, desire their presentations at this season to be veritable Art-works as well as records of affectionate remembrance.

CARTOON TILES.—Among the Art works exhibited at the recent Croydon Congress were some cartoons, or pictures, executed on tiles, contributed by Messrs. Chubb and Son, of St. Paul's Churchyard, the famous lock makers, who also exhibited at Croydon specimens of ornamental brass and iron work. The cartoons are those prepared for the use of the children of the Wesleyan Sunday School Union, and consist of subjects selected from incidents in the life of Christ: they are printed in monochrome, with outlines of deep brown colour, having a golden background, and are thus well adapted for transferring to the tiles. In this material they might be used ornamentally, as well as instructively, for the decoration of walls.

A CORRESPONDENT asks for information respecting a portrait-painter, Mr. John Robertson, who, during the recent American war, painted life-size portraits of General Stonewall Jackson, General Beauregard, Jeb Stewart, and Jefferson Davis. These pictures were left some time ago in the care of Mr. Bowden, Brompton Road, where they may be seen; he, however, knows nothing of the whereabouts of the artist. Our correspondent says that if Mr. Robertson could be found something might be done towards disposing of the paintings for his benefit, or, if dead, for that of his heirs. We have ourselves made inquiry, but have failed to learn anything about him. It is just possible

some of our readers may be able to assist us. There is or was a clever portrait-painter of this name living at Liverpool, but we have ascertained the pictures in question are not by him.

SHAKESPEARE GALLERY.—A recent number of the *Building News* says, "At the Corporation dinner at Stratford-on-Avon Mr. Graves, of Pall Mall, mentioned that he has left by will all pictures of Shakesperian subjects in his possession at the time of demise to the Shakespeare Memorial Gallery, and offered to subscribe an additional £100 to the Memorial Buildings Completion Fund if thirty-nine other gentlemen will subscribe a like amount, so as to enable the nation to avail itself of Mr. C. E. Flower's offer of £4,000 provided a like sum be subscribed to complete the library and picture gallery."

SKETCHING CLUB COMPETITION.—The fourth annual competition between the sketching clubs of the metropolitan schools of Art took place on the 31st of October, at the Dudley Gallery, Piccadilly. The aggregate number of sketches and models of every description reached two hundred and two, contributed by the five clubs engaged in the competition. The artists who undertook the laborious task of examining and adjudicating upon the works were Sir John Gilbert, R.A., Mr. W. F. Woodrington, A.R.A., and Mr. A. Legros, who gave to the Lambeth Club the award of honour as having produced the best aggregate of work. Prizes of £3 each were awarded to the following students for the best sketch in each of the subjects specified: *For Figure*—'A Critical Moment,' Mr. H. G. Glindoni, Gilbert Club. *For Landscape*—'A Grey Day,' Mr. J. W. Wilson, Gilbert Club. *For Sculpture*—'A Critical Moment,' Miss H. Montalba, South Kensington Club. *For Animals*—'On the Look-out,' Mr. Montefiore, South Kensington Club. *For Design*—'A Decorative Panel,' three prizes of £1 each were awarded respectively to Mr. C. Reich, Mr. W. Swaine, West London Club; Mr. Pearce, Lambeth Club.

ART-PUBLICATIONS.

THE great artist, Gustave Doré, has obtained a wide renown in England; we are not sure that it is not larger here than it is in his own country. The exhibition of his pictures in New Bond Street is always crowded; there are few who are not familiar with his manner, for books illustrated by him are numerous: in a word, he is in Great Britain the most popular artist of the existing epoch. There are those who think his fame is greater than his merit, others who grudge him his renown, others who distrust the general verdict, and others who object to find a foreigner occupying the foremost place in Art. Of his genius there is no doubt; and if his style is objected to, he is beyond question the favourite of all classes and orders, alike of the critical judge and the indiscriminating public, who, receiving delight from pictures, are little disposed to inquire as to the why and wherefore. No painter, living or dead, has treated so vast a variety of subjects; his imagination revels often in themes approaching the sublime, but he is as much at home with the beautiful, and some of his landscapes are as perfect copies of Nature as they could have been if he had been "only" a landscape painter, and had never soared above the woods and glens that give inspiration as well as subject-matter to the pencil. From the commencement of his career he has received justice at our hands; no work illustrated by him, no picture painted by him for his English gallery, but has received from us the notice to which it was entitled and the laudation justly its due. We rejoice to welcome an engraving, large in size, and of great value as a work of Art, from the most prominent, and perhaps the most popular, of all his pictures, 'Christ leaving the Prætorium.' To describe it is needless; there are very few of our readers who have not seen the original. It is in truth a holy work; we should question the natural piety of any

one who could stand before it with his head covered. Such are the great triumphs of the artist, when the actual takes the place of the ideal, and a creation of fancy is accepted as a palpable truth. Just as He is here represented, Christ must have seemed as He descended the steps. The figure that descends the steps is one without precedent or parallel in treatment. A simple white robe—the garment without a seam—drapes a majestic form, which comes upon the eye as if with a visible motion, and prevents attention from wandering to surrounding details of the scene. Masses of Roman architecture fill the background to the right and to the left, while a vista opens between to a hill crowned with buildings, and fading into a deep blue sky. The aerial perspective is magical. Pilate stands at the head of the long flight of steps: a noble figure, waving off the sacerdotal group that addresses him. His gesture is such as he may have used when he said, "What I have written, I have written." Behind this distant knot of figures a veil of volcanic shower thickening the air betokens the coming on of the mysterious darkness revealed by the sacred historians. Nearer the spectator, and close behind Christ, are three of the chief priests, malignantly triumphant. Below these figures is a small group of the friends of Christ—the women who remained faithful when one of the chosen twelve betrayed and another denied Him. The most remarkable figure in this group is that of Mary, the mother of the Lord; a grand and touching conception: a poem in itself. On the left are more ignoble elements—the malefactors who bear the cross, the thankless mob, and the arch-traitor himself, shrinking from the presence of his victim. Between these two groups stern Roman soldiers clear the way. The shadow of the cross falls on the path which Christ has to tread.

We have only to add that the engraving is a production of great ability; Mr. J. C. Bourne has caught the spirit, while he has understood the intention, of the painter. Prints are thus produced that will take "places of honour," and be worthy to fill them, in many English households, teaching the best of all lessons, while instructing the mind and eye, and working out the highest and holiest purpose of Art.

GLENGARIFF! The name calls up associations of all that is charming in scenic beauty, of hill and dale, of mountain and ocean; perhaps there is no "bit" in the dominions of the Queen so entirely lovely. Those by whom the delicious glen—"the Rough Glen"—has been visited will know we do not exaggerate when we say there is no spot in these islands so full of attractions; they all lie within compass of a day's mingled driving and boating; yet a month of days may be joyfully spent among them, for every day will provide something new. The book under review is not a description of Glengariff; it consists rather of extracts from the many authors who have made its beauties known.* But it does more than they have done; it supplies evidence that whatever its natural charms may be, as a health resort the place is of infinitely greater importance—that the climate is peculiarly mild, equable, and genial, especially during the winter months; and that, although moist, as is every part of Ireland, it is exactly suited to patients with delicate lungs, and who have to guard against the approaches of our island malady, consumption. There can be no doubt of this; not only have we the evidence of the highest medical authorities to that effect, but all who have visited the fair glen know it to be so. The Bay of Bantry, although its famous "storm" is historical, and the shipwrecked navy of France rots under its surface, is usually tranquil; calm breezes from the south prevail during nine-tenths of the year; from the bitter winds of north and east the shores and sloping hill sides are protected, and it is rare to have a day when walking exercise cannot be taken. Add to all this the advantage that the beauty of the neighbourhood is well calculated to promote cheerfulness (and cheerfulness to the invalid is the best of all doctors). The views in every direction are extensive; some pleasant object is sure to be in sight, look where one may. Add another fact: there are two admirably conducted as well as auspiciously situated hotels, full of comforts, and with charges very moderate indeed, compared with those that must be encountered at any English or Scottish watering place. Attached to one of these hotels are grounds laid out on a hill side, about which the visitor may walk for nearly five miles, with continual opportunities to "rest and be thankful"; while at every turn his sight will be cheered by overlooking the beautiful bay, with its lovely estuary, and the huge mountain that skirts one of its sides, in which it is said there are three hundred and sixty-five lakes, big and little. In short, we repeat, at all seasons of the year, spring, summer, autumn, and winter—Glengariff has attractions to the tourist second to none, we believe superior to any, in the dominions of the Crown.

We ought to say a word as to other attractions of the locality. "All beautiful Killarney" is within a day's drive, and the route is through Kenmare. The renowned lake of Gougane Barra is also within the distance of a drive. Moreover, there is a railway, the terminus of which is just where the beauties that environ Glengariff begin. We have said enough, we believe, to bring under the notice of our readers the many and exceeding attractions of "the Rough Glen."

It is a boon to artists of a special class, and to a portion of the general public, to issue a collection of the most famous works in sculpture of the great old masters: a volume of twenty-five of the very best, selected from the collections in the Vatican, the Louvre, and the British Museum, cannot be otherwise than of large value to all who practise, study, or love Art.† No doubt they are old friends—acquaintances at all events—no stranger

being here introduced to us, but they are none the less welcome on that account. Moreover, they are actual and accurate copies; every touch of the original is, in all cases, given; as studies, therefore, they are of the highest interest and practical value. The letterpress is entitled to much praise; the editor is an enthusiast; indeed, but that he loved his work he would not have undertaken it, for it is one that will gratify the few rather than the many, and be rightly appreciated only by those who can appreciate the loftier elements of Art.

MESSRS. GRIFFITH AND FARRAN have sent to us a dozen illustrated books for the young—not for the very young. There is little variety in them; they are all of the same family, and have nothing peculiar within or without. But they are all good—good in style, in matter, in getting up, and in Art. In the Art there is no attempt at novelty, but the drawings and engravings are above mediocrity, and are refreshments to the eye and mind of juvenile readers. One is a book of adventure, "Cast Adrift," by Mrs. Herbert Martin, illustrated by Miss Paterson; another, by the Rev. H. C. Adams, relates the adventures of an undergraduate thirty years ago. "Little Mary's Friends" comes with the high recommendation of being illustrated by Harrison Weir, who, associated with Miss Whithers, gives us ten admirable drawings carefully engraved; others are of home life, teaching lessons of domestic duties, and one is a semi-fairy tale. Perhaps the best is by our old friend Mr. Kingston, although in "The Three Admirals" he goes over often-trodden ground. But we fail to find the delight in these publications that we used to find in the issues of the old house at the corner of St. Paul's Churchyard, and can hardly imagine young lads and lasses eagerly turning page after page of one of these well got up books full of pleasant and healthful excitement to unravel the plot of the story. Story books they scarcely are; didactic no doubt, and instructive certainly; but they lack the stimulus that sound teaching may always have. We must go back to past times for publications that are the delights of the young.

TO MESSRS. BLACKIE, of Glasgow—now also of Edinburgh and London—there is a large debt owing for many valuable works; few publishers have done so much to supply the public with instructive books—books that are not only useful but attractive, because of the advantages they receive from good paper, good printing, and good Art. The firm ranks among the earliest of those that sought to combine elegance with utility. The volume now before us is their latest and among their best: it is a new edition, revised and largely extended, of a work that has long been established in public favour, "The Gardener's Assistant."* It is a thick volume, lavishly illustrated by explanatory engravings on wood and in colours. It is, perhaps, mainly addressed to those who make gardening a study or an occupation; but it is also a most useful assistant to all who consider the garden, be it little or big, as a source of healthful enjoyment; who derive constant happiness from the contemplation of Nature's most beautiful works, and who find the most delicious intellectual food among the trees and leaves and flowers of the cultivated parterre, or in the fields and lanes and woods—wherever, in a word, Nature may be studied and enjoyed. It is a pleasant duty to aid in making known a book so pleasant and so interesting as that which Messrs. Blackie have presented to us.

MESSRS. MARCUS WARD and Co. have issued a volume of very beautiful pages—floral illustrations of the Four Seasons. They inclose some poetic compositions written by the Rev. C. D. Bell, one of the Canons of Chester.† We must give to the

* "The Advantages of Glengariff as a Health Resort." Published by R. J. Bush.

† "Masterpieces of Antique Art: Twenty-five Examples in Permanent Photography, from the celebrated Collections in the Vatican, the Louvre, and the British Museum." By Stephen Thompson. Published by Griffith and Farran.

* "The Gardener's Assistant, Practical and Scientific: a Guide to the Formation and Management of the Kitchen, Fruit, and Flower Garden, and the Cultivation of Conservatory, Green House," &c. By Robert Thompson. New Edition, revised and extended, by Thomas Moore, F.L.S., assisted by eminent Practical Gardeners. Published by Blackie and Son, London, Glasgow, and Edinburgh.

† "The Four Seasons on the Lakes." By Charles Dent Bell, Rector of Cheltenham, and Hon. Canon of Carlisle, Author of "Voices from the Lakes, and other Poems." Illuminated by Blanche de Montmorency Conyers Morrell. Published by Marcus Ward & Co.

pictures more praise than we can accord to the verses, which scarcely pass beyond the commonplace. The author is more indebted to the publisher than the publisher to the author, but both owe a large debt to the fair artist. The designs are charming; they are of leaves and flowers, but grouped with them is frequently some pretty bit of landscape—a church a cottage, or a lake in the midst of mountains. The book is peculiarly appropriate to the season usually considered gloomy, when care should be taken to bring cheerfulness to the mind and eye. The sixteen prints are admirable specimens of chromolithography, such as Marcus Ward and Co. do so well, and the volume is beautifully "got up."

THE Religious Tract Society has been chary of its issues this year; a circumstance to be regretted, for its books are always good—in intention and good in Art, making religion (and that is the great duty of the Society)

"Not harsh and rugged, as dull fools suppose,"

but a source of enjoyment to all readers and of happiness to all who think. The two books before us for 1878 are, first, "The Home Naturalist,"* a very pretty volume, full of explanatory woodcuts. It is a free adaptation of a German work, but arranged with due thought for English readers. It embraces a variety of topics—plants, minerals, insects, &c.—and cannot fail to interest and instruct all classes, especially the young. The other book is entitled "English Pictures;"† it is not so satisfactory. Seeing that two learned and titled divines have concocted it and that the theme is so bountiful of material we might have expected a better result. Much of the book is occupied by descriptions of the most glorious of all island rivers, the Thames, which are so dull and heavy as to make one ask how it chanced that no spark of enthusiasm glowed in the soul of the writer—whichever of the two had to perform so exciting a task. The visits to Dovedale, to the country of Shakespeare, to the "homes" of Bunyan and Cowper, and to the English lakes, are details of facts, accurate, no doubt, such as would have been essentials in "Black's Guide;" but they are only that. Fine writing may not have been needed; certainly it is far from the author's thought; but one marvels that so little beyond facts have been gathered by two learned divines when visiting scenes hallowed by thousands of sacred memories. The "pen and pencil" have found ample employment, but there seems to have been nothing for the heart and soul to do. Those who want only descriptions will be satisfied with this book. It is assuredly illustrated by a large number of the very best wood engravings; there is scarcely a page that does not contain one.

ONE of the prettiest and pleasantest of Christmas books for the young—not the very young—is "Prince Ritto," a genuine fairy tale.‡ The story is exceedingly well written; exciting, yet healthily so; interesting also, and commanding perusal. It has, moreover, a good though by no means obtrusive moral, and may be read for profit as well as pleasure. The art is about the best of the season. Miss O'Hara's knowledge has greatly aided her fancy; the drawing is sound and correct; the subjects abound in humour very far from vulgarity; while they are charming in conception, and admirable in arrangement as illustrations to the most agreeable and touching story. The fairies are capitally pictured; seldom indeed have they been brought so thoroughly home to our ideas of what they may be—perhaps have been.

* "The Home Naturalist, with Practical Instructions for Collecting, Arranging and Preserving Natural Objects, chiefly designed to assist Amateurs." By Hart and Coultas.

† "English Pictures: Drawn with Pen and Pencil." By the Rev. Samuel Manning, LL.D., and the Rev. S. G. Green, D.D.

‡ "Prince Ritto, or the Four-Leaved Shamrock." By Fanny W. Curry: with ten full-page fac-simile Woodbury-type reproductions of original drawings, by Helen O'Hara. Published by Sampson Low & Co.

The fairy tale is a treat such as we are seldom now a days permitted to enjoy, and as far as we have yet seen is the most inviting gift-book of the season.

THE efforts which are now being made in every direction to foster and promote education in all classes, prove the public to be fully alive to the truth of Solomon's remark, "That the soul be without knowledge, it is not good;" yet are there many wise and thoughtful men not slow to assert we are taking too wide and rapid steps in this direction—one which, socially at least, may hereafter turn out to be a great mistake. There is no retrograde movement, however, to be attempted now; we have proceeded too far for that; the only thing to be done is to endeavour to make all education productive of as much good, mentally and morally, and of as little evil, as possible. This appears to have been the object aimed at by the author of a series of essays published under the title of "Education progressive through Life;"* a little work we can most cordially recommend, both to those engaged in instructing others, and for young persons, above the age of mere children, who are striving after an increase of knowledge. These essays are truly practical, and as truly catholic in the manner in which the subject is handled. Mr. Trigg's purpose is to build up character in the student quite as much as intellectual power, and the way in which he does this is both interesting and highly instructive. The book throughout is marked by sound sense and enlarged thought: it is suited equally to the youth of both sexes, and even older students may read it with profit to themselves.

"MARY HOOPER:" this lady has obtained renown as a writer of exceedingly useful books; it would be difficult to over-estimate the benefits she has conferred on middle-class families, combining as she has done economic luxury with healthful comfort. Her "Homely Breakfasts" and "Little Dinners" are enjoyments brought within the reach of all persons whose means are too limited to have or to give costly entertainments. Her latest book, if not the most original, is perhaps the most comprehensive,† "Every Day Meals." The title is sufficiently indicative of the contents. Those who are familiar with the other books of this lady will be prepared to believe that every one of the three hundred pages contains information of value, and that the excellent work should find a place in every home where economy and comfort, and enjoyment and health, are duly studied as the foundations of home happiness.

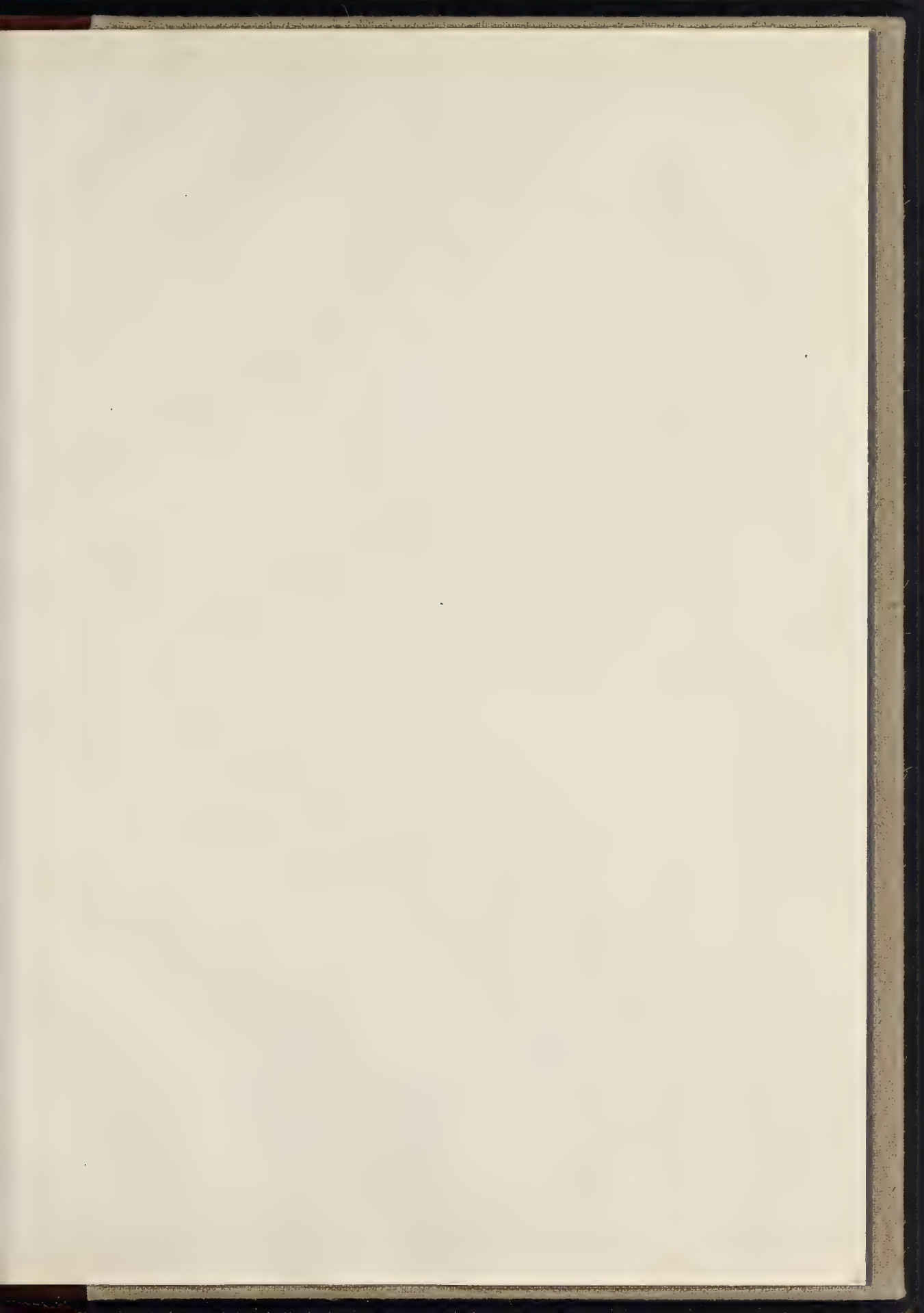
A FEW few years since we referred to a useful little work by Dr. J. G. Graesse, entitled "Guide de l'Amateur de Porcelaines et de Poteries," which the author has now followed by another of a similar kind,‡ giving a collection of the monograms used by several hundreds of the principal sculptors in stone, metal, wood, and ivory, enamellers, armourers, goldsmiths, and medal engravers, who lived during the Middle Ages, the period of the Renaissance, and that which immediately followed the latter. Many of these monograms or marks are in themselves very curious; and this manual is one calculated to be of great service to any collector of such antiquities as are referred to in its pages, in the way of authenticating their possessions. Though the names introduced are mostly those of German artists, there are not a few which evidently belong to other European nationalities.

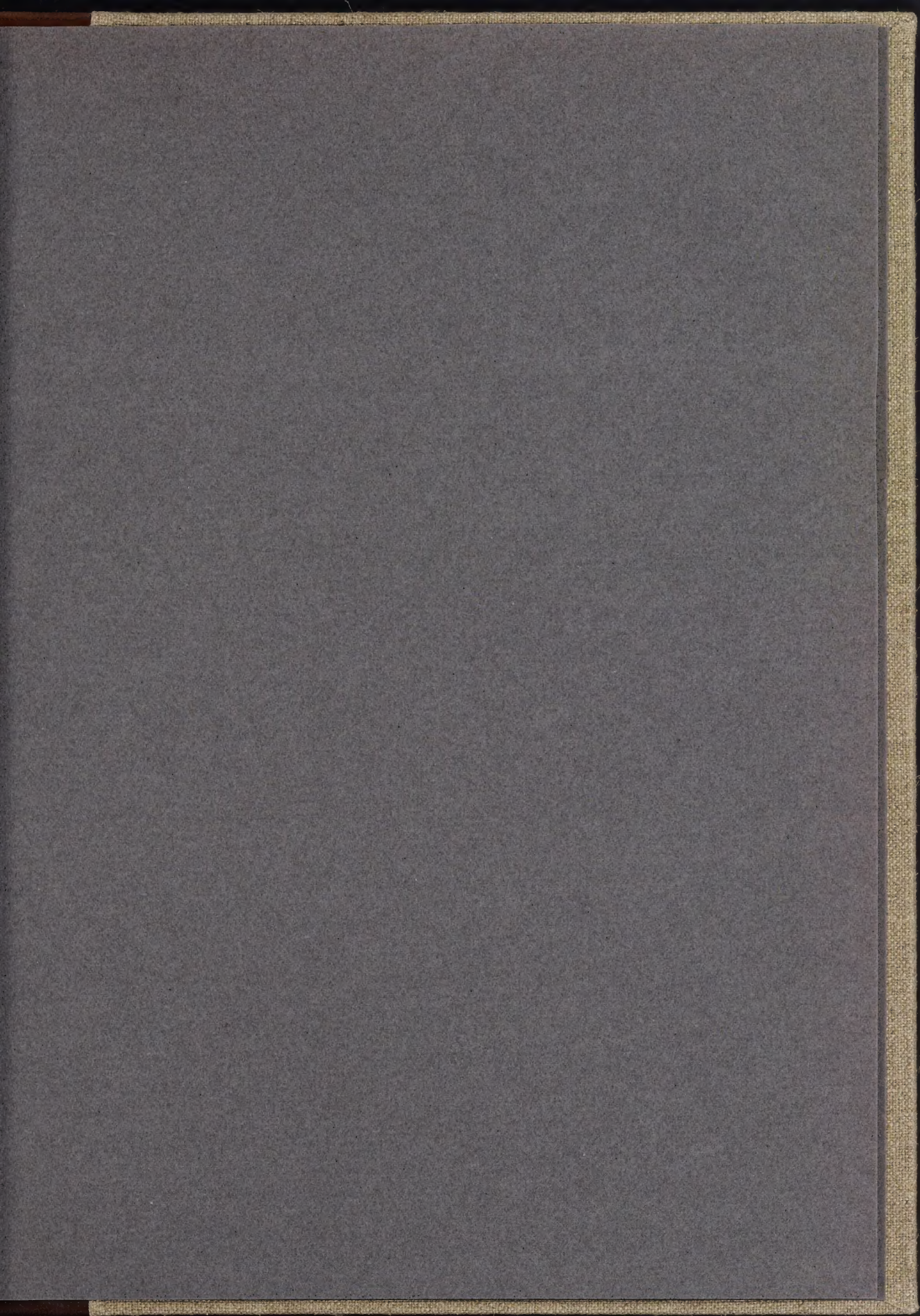
* "Education Progressive through Life. Essays for Students." By Henry Trigg. Published by Elliot stock.

† "Every-Day Meals: being Economic and Wholesome Recipes for Breakfast, Luncheon, and Supper." By Mary Hooper, Author of "Little Dinners," "Cookery for Invalids," &c. Published by Henry S. King.

‡ "Guide de l'Amateur d'Objets d'Art et de Curiosité: ou, Collection des Monogrammes des Principaux Sculpteurs en Pierre, Métal, et Bois, &c." Par Dr. J. G. Théodore Graesse. Directeur du Grûne Gewölbe, et du Musée Céramique à Dresde, &c. Published by G. Schoenfeld, Dresden.

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